OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

The campfire had burned mighty low—just a few glowing embers left and I was about to roll up in my blankets when a step sounded upon the trail. I tossed on a few dry limbs and as they crackled into flame, from out the gloom there emerged a familiar figure, that of W. C. Rose. I had about given up hopes of a vistor with a dog story for this week and it was with renewed hope that I greeted him. Seated with our backs against a big log, with our pipes going good, I asked this veteran hunter if he had a dog story for me this week. He removed his hat, scratched his head thoughtfully and launched forth: "Years ago out in Douglas county, Pa owned a couple of good varmint dogs. Many a varmint they treed. They always hunted together and when not hunting they were inseparable companions—always together. Early one morning these dogs struck a track and were off in hot pursuit. They went out of hearing and Pa was unable to locate them. Late that evening one of them came home, but the other failed to put in an appearance. Another day passed and still the dog did not show up. The third day he was given up for lost. What had been his fate? Had he met death by the claw and fang of some varmint he had bayed, fallen over a bluff, been caught in a steel trap, or what? No one, of course, had the answer—the miles and miles of rock-bound timbered country held the secret—just another tragedy of the wilderness. So the dog was given up as lost and with much regret. Late in the evening of the third day of the dog's disappearance, Pa noticed the dog that had returned home sorting food from his daily meal and with his mouth crowded full of bones and meat, set off for the big woods. The fourth day the animal again repeated this performance and Pa followed him. For two miles the dog made its way through the timber and out into a rocky country that had been mined in years past. The animal paused at the brink of an old excavation and dropped the food from his mouth into it. Upon investigating, Pa found the missing dog in the hole, where he had evidently fallen while in pursuit of the varmint he had been chasing and was unable to get out. But his pal was seeing to it that he was supplied with food. The lost dog did not suffer from his experience other than being in need of water.

Now there's another good dog story and it is greatly appreciated. It shows the reasoning powers of a dog. As a rule, varmint dogs are said not to be over-burdened with brains outside of their tracking and treeing ability. However, from experience with them I have found many of them to be very intelligent. Old Cap and young Drum, both owned by myself, had plenty of sense outside of trailing ability, while on the other hand, "Elephant Ear"—why she—but hold on, we've already had a good dog story and one per issue should be plenty, so some time in the future when some one fails to bring a dog story to the old campfire, I shall tell you of these dogs.

I don't want you folks to forget these dog stories told 'round the campfire. Write 'em to me, phone 'em, or tell 'em to me personally. It makes no difference if you are a man, woman, or child, a hunter, a fisherman or a crap-shooter, an owner of dogs, or not an owner, if you've a dog story I want it.

I've been tearing my hair all day trying to recall an idea that struck me at a wakeful moment during the night. It was an inspiration! A bear of a topic to put before my readers—something that I felt sure would interest them. I can recall how enthused I was concerning it and how I assured myself I wouldn't forget it by morning. And while I was assuring myself of this fact, the god of sleep folded me to his breast and upon awakening I discovered that my idea was lost 'way back behind me in the darkness of slumber. Like an elusive nymph it dances just beyond my memory. All the brainstorms I indulge in, all the pipes of tobacco I consume, all the cuss words I explode, fails to bring that haunting memory back. Perhaps by next issue I shall be able to recall it, but all I am certain of at present, is that slumber robbed me of a good idea and at present I don't agree with Sanch Pancho (guess that was him) who said, "God bless the man who first invented sleep."

Yesterday, Mr. Garret, of Honolulu, called on me here at the ranch. He didn't come all the way from Honolulu to give me the once over, but it's a fact that while he only had 24 hours in which to reach 'Frisco that he took time off to drive from Coquille out here to "have a talk with a real trapper," as he expressed it. I feel greatly indebted to his informant in town who paid me the compliment. Having never fished, hunted or trapped and being unfamiliar with the use of firearms in general, his ignorance on these subjects was naturally refreshing to say the least and I experienced little trouble in convincing him that his friend, or relative, had not given him a bum steer. He was a man well met and I enjoyed his little visit a lot. (Thanks, Lisle, for sending him.)

I'll never forget, when a very small lad, I sat upon the floor and read with round-eyed amazement of a gooze hunt in which an airplane was used. The writer had gazed several years ahead—into the future. There was a crude drawing of a plane of sorts—not much resembling the plane of today. The story was pure fiction, of course. There was a pilot and two hunters with shot guns fired from each side of the cockpit. The plane would bear down upon flocks of geese, dive beneath them and as the gunners dropped them, by clever manipulating of the plane the pilot caught them in a huge net spread above the wings. A footnote at the end of the fiction story stated that this was the author's conception as to how geese would be hunted in coming years. He hit the nail on the head to such an extent, that if the law allowed it, the birds would without doubt be hunted in this manner today.

It is really too bad that the sportsman at large does not have a little say in making game laws. It is too bad that the trapper is not consulted concerning the laws governing the taking of fur. Few nimrods are satisfied with the opening and closing dates of our deer season and many satisfactory changes concerning angling could be made. This fixing of game laws seems to be a sort of lottery proposition. Sort of reminds me of the cow-puncher, in one of B. M. Bowers' books, who went into a French restaurant to satisfy a tremendous appetite. He picked out several of the longest words (he was unable to read French) and placing his finger upon them instructed the waiter to bring him some of this and this and this. And in his own words he exclaimed, "What the —— do you think I drew?—a cracker and some pink ice cream." That's the way of the framing of our game laws. Many representatives in the legislature are not familiar with game conditions and in past years it appears that a lot of game commissioners are not too well versed in them and that in framing laws a finger is laid on a big name and a season declared open or closed on it. For instance, let's take "Bassariscus Astutus." If you can't pronounce it, perhaps you can play it on the piano. Any way this little animal with the big name is our ring-tailed cat, and ye gods!—an open season has been declared on him for the entire year 'round. It makes no difference if his fur is valuable during the winter months, it is perfectly all right to slay him any time during the spring or summer when his fur is worthless. This is one of the most likeable little animals that frequent the forests. They are gentle, big, mild-eyed fellows with a deep-rooted craving for human companionship. They will take up their abode under your house out in the hills and with a little encouragement they will become as tame as your old tabby cat. They are great mousers and no rats and mice are found about a cabin where the ring-tails hang out. They catch an occasional bird. But why not? Are they not entitled to wrest their living from the woods in the home that the Lord meant for them without having some wise guys put his finger down on "Bassariscus Astutus" and say, "give us that for a number of years?" And see what he "drew"—a harmless, loveable, valuable little ring-tailed cat— a regular family pet. But when you consider the fact that these same legislatures and game commissions sanction laws that run our deer season to the breeding season when bucks are spoilt and extend the fur bearers' season into mating time and when the fur is poor, I suppose a fellow shouldn't really be surprised at anything appearing in the game code for the state of Oregon.

A sportsman, one who really knows what it is all about, should represent his county at sessions of the legislature and game commission meetings. By doing this we would get some place and pull this lottery business out of the bag for evermore.

GREATEST

Baseball Attraction

Colored

House of David

vs.

Coquille Loggers

Sunday, Aug, 27

2 p. m. sharp

See the fast Pepper ball team and Shadow ball comedy by the bearded boys.

Gilbert and Smith will be battery for the Loggers

Admission 40c for adults
10c for Children

Grants Pass Athletics Bow to Superior Loggers

With a vengeance the Coquille Loggers came back last Sunday to wipe away the previous stains of defeat spread on by the Grants Pass team by reversing the count, 7 to 2, in the return encounter with the Athletics from Southern Oregon. The local win definitely stamped Coquille as the best of the two outfits, and also as the leading aggregation in Southern and Southwestern Oregon.

Each club commenced scoring activities in the fifth frame, Grants Pass connecting for one run and the Fortierites for three. The Athletics' score came as the result of one of Bill Stewart's very rare errors. Garrett, first up in the inning, hit sharply to Bill, who fumbled the ball long enough to allow the visitors' second sacker to reach first. He was immediately sacrificed to second by Blevins and scored when the next batter, Ogle, singled.

This starter seemed to add the incentive which spurred the Loggers on, breaks occurring which aided greatly. After one was away in their half the locals were off to the races, Murray starting things with a screeching triple into far left field. The next two hitters, Woodyard and Fischer, filled the bases when they were hit by pitched balls as Hughes, Grants Pass chucker, struck a momentary wild streak. Sewart, next up, was automatically out on an infield fly to first, but when the initial sacker muffed the ball, Murray scored and Woodyard also registered when Hughes threw wild to the plate on the same play. Fischer, who had gone to third, scored when Drolette missed Brundage's grounder.

This sewed the game up as far as fine results were concerned. Grants Pass added a belated tally in the ninth, and in the eighth Coquille staged a real offensive which made the victory more genuine. Four hits in all and one error accounted for a quartet of counters. Stewart opened by striking out, but Brundage doubled into center field. He scored on Roper's single, and Perry, on the centerfielder's fumble and throw in, reached third. Kolstad followed with another hit which sent across the big outfielder, and himself advanced to third on Pulford's single, the last of the canto. Smith then followed with a short fly to right while the fielder muffed, allowing Kolstad to register and Pulford to continue to third. Smith stole second and on the second baseman's poor return throw, Art came in with the fourth and final Coquille point.

After the game Manager Fortier stated, "The Coquille Loggers have defeated the best of Southern Oregon. We made a great showing against the fast House of David team. We hope and expect to vanquish the colored boys on Sunday, and if we can turn back Salem, we will challenge any other logical club for the state bush league championship."

Grant Pass	B	R	H	O	A	E
Wade, r	5	0	1	0	0	1
Garrett, 2	3	1	1	1	0	2
Blevins, 1	4	0	1	6	0	1
Ogle, c	5	0	2	5	4	1
Drolette, 3	3	0	1	2	0	1
Powers, l	4	0	0	6	0	0
Ostrom, m	4	0	0	0	0	1
Hughes, p	4	0	2	0	0	1
Chaney, s	3	0	0	4	2	0
Chaney *	0	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	2	8	¶25	6	8

*Batted for Chaney in ninth.
¶Stewart out in fifth, infield fly.

Coquille	B	R	H	O	A	E
Woodyard, 3	4	1	0	0	3	0
Fischer, 2	3	1	0	2	5	1
Stewart, s	4	0	0	4	2	1
Brundage, l	4	1	2	1	0	0
Roper, r	2	1	1	0	0	0
Kolstad, 1	3	1	1	11	0	0
Pulford 1†	4	1	1	5	0	0
Smith, c	4	0	0	5	2	0
Murray, p	4	1	2	1	1	0
Totals	32	7	7	29	13	2

†Ran for Fischer in fifth.

Grants Pass										
Hits	1	2	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	—8
Runs	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	—2
Coquille										
Hits	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	4	0	—7
Runs	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	4	0	—7

Summary—Three-base hits, Murray and Blevins; two base hit, Brundage; sacrifice hits, Blevins, Roper; stolen base, Smith; hit by pitcher, Kolstad, Woodyard, Fischer; passed balls, Ogle, Smith 2; double play, Stewart to Fischer to Kolstad; wild pitch, Hughes; bases on balls—off Hughes 1, off Murray 4; struck out by Hughes 4, by Murray 5; first base on errors, Grants Pass 2, Coquille 4. Umpires, Sturdivant, Richardson and Williams.

Sport Briefs

(By Mark Seeley)

In announcing his all-star team of Southern Oregon League players, Manager Fortier made known the fact that his selection was the opinion of one observer, and that others might not coincide with his findings. His team is composed of two pitchers, one catcher, four infielders, three outfielders, and two utility men. Six of the players named are from Coquille, four from Klamath Falls, and one each from Ashland and Roseburg. The team is: Gilbert, Coquille, and Hilton, Klamath Falls, pitchers; Hauser, Coquille, catcher; Kolstad, Coquille, first base; Thompson, Klamath Falls, second base; Stewart, Coquille, short stop; McLean, Ashland, third third base; Peterson, Klamath Falls, left field; Brundage, Coquille, center field; Thompson, Roseburg, right field; and Fischer, Coquille, and Woods, Klamath Falls, utilities.

The writer knows little about the performers of the other teams. Peterson, regular Klamath Falls first baseman, is a real clouter and Bill names him for this reason. Art Pulford is, perhaps, the best fielding outfielder in the circuit but his low hitting average puts him out of consideration. We rather question the third base nominee inasmuh as McLean, famed for his high shcool basketball prowess while in Portland, saw little service at the lot corner. Ray Woodyard deserves much consideration. In right field Roper, Coquille, Hofford, Eagle Point, and Floetke, Klamath Falls, form a trio which might possibly give the Roseburg fielder competition.

The following are the batting averages of the Coquille Loggers for the ten league games played this season:

	B	R	H	Pct.
Lorenz	6	0	3	.500
Fortier	4	1	2	.500
Kolstad	42	16	17	.405
Woodyard	41	13	15	.366
Roper	35	2	12	.343
Marlow	3	2	1	.333
Gilbert	35	6	11	.314
Stewart	48	14	15	.312
Brundage	23	5	7	.304
Murray	33	8	10	.303
Smith	14	3	4	.286
Hauser	7	2	2	.286
Fischer	44	9	12	.273
McHale	12	2	3	.250
Pulford	39	6	8	.205
Donaldson	2	1	0	.000

Next week we will give the fielding and pitching averages.

Ernie Ferrari's orchestra of six pieces will furnish the music for the Legion Auxiliary Dance at Graham Hall tomorrow, Saturday evening.

Egypt at Fair

King Tut-Ankh-Amen doesn't seem much excited over the charms of pretty Marguerite Bremer, New Orleans visitor to the Chicago World's Fair—A Century of Progress. This statue of the ruler who lived more than three thousand years ago is in the Egyptian Pavilion, one of the Fair's many free attractions.

Here's One Good Way To

END AGONY OF NEURITIS

Newark Man Knows How and Loses 10 Pounds

"Gentlemen: I used Kruschen Salts to try and get rid of Neuritis from which I had suffered for one year in my left shoulder and arm. . . . I took a little of the salts in the morning, sometimes in my coffee, other times in water. I would also occasionally take a dose in water at night before retiring. For 3 months I used the salts and while I lost 10 pounds in weight, the pain in my shoulder HAS ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED. **During the time I was taking the salts I received no other medical treatment so I am fully convinced the Kruschen Salts did the trick.**" C. K. Murray, Newark, N. J.

Take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning—a jar lasts 4 weeks—get it at any druggist in the world—costs but a trifle.

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