

**OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF**

By Lane Leneve

My prediction concerning the past spring was good, to say the least. That is, it was good for a good laugh. With everything pointing to an early spring, arrival of different birds, grouse hooting, flowers blooming, etc., I made the prediction that spring was here. The weather gods must have been laughing up their sleeves, for as you all know, they gleefully poured gobs and gobs of water down upon us for what seemed eons. So now I am not going to be so foolish as to predict an early fall, but I am going to point out a few things that seem to point to the fact that in the disguise of fall, that Old Man Winter is in the act of invading our land. This copy is being written Sept. 5 for the Sept. 22 issue of the Sentinel and it is hard to state just what the weather will be when this rolls off the press. There may be snow upon the ground, the bottom lands may be flooded with water, the river bank full, or—the sun may be shining. Be that as it may, things which look like an early fall at the present time are: The geese flying south, an occurrence that old timers cannot recall in the past at this time of year; huckleberries are ripe, blue and black ones; maple trees are taking on their golden hue and leaves are falling from many trees. Everything points to an early fall—there is no mistaking that fact, but nevertheless the writer isn't making any more predictions concerning the weather.

Not long ago I was over on the head of South Slough. That timbered country holds some interesting headights of history. Somewhere between the head of the slough and old Randolph there lies \$40,000 in gold. Years ago, shortly after the battle of Battle Rock a party of whites pursued by the Indians and carrying the gold, crossed the Coquille river on a raft near Randolph and struck into the woods to elude the Indians. But they were pressed closely and finally abandoned the gold. It was hidden and the party continued on up the coast. Years later one of the survivors returned and sought to locate the gold but the country had grown up and it was never found. It appears to me that prospectors who tie themselves about through the hills year after year in pursuit of the elusive nugget might take a whirl at the \$40,000 along the old Randolph trail. It's there some place between South Slough and Randolph and when it comes to prospecting, it appears to me as good a prospect as any.

Now if any of you treasure seekers locate this gold, remember I have a couple of nuggets coming for tipping you off to it.

Jack Conlogue gave me some interesting dope on the whole country over there at the head of the slough. One of the largest spruce belts in the country ran through there at one time, but millions of feet were taken out during the war. However, there is still quite a stand of that timber there. We measured one tree that was 30 feet in circumference. Mr. Conlogue informed me that he had logged 335,000,000 feet of spruce out of that district. During the war a small army of civil engineers entered that area. They were government men and planned on building a railroad from Randolph in to the spruce belt to take out spruce for airplane construction. The highway was cut and surveyed but the war ended before the construction of the railroad was started. Mr. Conlogue gave me an old survey stake that was still standing that had been put there by the surveyors in 1917.

It is seldom that you hear of an old hunter shooting a fellow hunter by mistaking him for a deer. It is always the novice that does so. This is very easily explained. The old hunter after years of experience in the hunting game goes forth in search of his buck with the idea of getting the meat to eat at once, can or jerk. It is purely a business proposition with him. That meat is going to come in handy. The sight of a deer has long since ceased to cause the old timer's nerves to grow jumpy and his heart to pound with excitement. He is cool and collected, sizes his deer up carefully and places his bullet where it will do the most damage. He knows that it is a buck when he fires. Few killings of does can be laid at the door of the old deer hunter and when one is killed you can bet on it that it was not mistaken for a buck, but was killed for camp meat. No old hunter is going to become so excited or confused that he is mistaking does for bucks and no old hunter is going to become so excited or confused that he is going to murder his fellow hunter in cold blood by mistaking him for a deer.

Now, on the other hand, let's take the tenderfoot that goes hunting. He is in the woods for the first time perhaps and in his breast there burns the fierce desire to lay low a mighty buck. He has planned and dreamed of the time that he can display a set of antlers to his friends and proudly proclaim to the world that he has killed a buck. The lust to kill burns strongly within him and he has no compunction about blasting little harmless chipmunks and song birds from their perches with his trusty rifle, in prac-

ting up for the time when he will come face to face with the lordly buck which he seeks. I am not saying that all tenderfeet war upon birds and squirrels but I believe that the majority of them are so inclined and I make this statement from past association with them. I have seen the novice pull such stunts—stunts that sicken an old timer, who enjoys the company of the squirrels and birds about camp. But the chances are ten to one that this is the way that the old timer himself took to the woods, with the desire to kill burning strongly within him and shooting every living bird and small animal with which he came in contact. I think that most of us are alike when it comes to this. Especially in the old days when conservation was not taught the way it is today, when there were no splendid organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Audubon Societies who constantly fight for the preservation of our birds and small animals. In the old days boys were taught to shoot at an early age and their targets consisted of every bird of the forest, but today it is different. Many old hunters, I am sure, look back with regret upon their early shooting days, when like bloodthirsty little savages they sallied forth and exterminated all the wild life they could account for. But the young Americans of today are getting a break. They are taught right from wrong and each year, I believe, sees less bloodshed amongst our smaller game and birds.

But nothing on earth, it seems, can prevent the novice from becoming excited and shooting a fellow hunter by mistaking him for a deer and from shooting down old does and fawns. Each season sees several human lives lost in our state, not to mention other states of the union and each season hundreds of does and fawns are slain. The novice, upon sighting a deer, usually begins firing. If he kills a buck, O K, but if a doe or fawn—not so good. Nine times out of ten the latter are left to rot in the woods because the slayer fears he may be apprehended by a warden if the meat is taken care of. That is one reason why I advocate an open season on does for a few years, allowing each hunter a buck and a doe as a bag limit. It would save tons of meat that is left to lie and rot in the woods each season.

The reason that men are mistaken and shot by young hunters for deer is the fact that the novice goes into the woods with "deer on the brain." The first glimpse of moving brush, or of a moving object is taken for a deer and fired on. That is why the killings are practically all laid at the door of the tenderfoot. He simply doesn't use his head—he loses it instead. During the past three weeks I have talked with several dozen young fellows who intend going into the woods this season. Each one eagerly informed me that he was crazy to kill a deer, or words to that effect. If I had the means of finding out, I wouldn't be afraid to wager that each and every one of those I have talked to, upon sighting a deer start in shooting, not stopping to ascertain whether or not it is a buck at which they are firing. All they want is to kill a deer. They are out to do so and the chances are that the buck they pot will be either a doe or a man, for the poor fellow that shakes a brush in any of their faces or crawls upon his hands and knees through the brush in their vicinity sure has my sympathy in advance.

But as the years drag on and these hunters each season take to the brush they gradually overcome their case of nerves, excitement, buck ague and the lust to kill, and look back with amusement and perhaps with revulsion upon the trail of blood they have left behind them. They are now seasoned hunters, endowed with a deep love for the woods and all it contains. They are no longer slayers and the hunting and elaying of their annual bucks is a business proposition. And the men that once trod the forest trails before then are now either too old to hunt, or they lie beneath the soil. But the one time young timer is an old timer now—a veteran of the woods and he casts the same baleful and suspicious eye upon the novice who is now taking to the woods as the old timer, who has now faded from the scene, once cast upon him—the present old timer. And thus it goes, always on the heels of the old timers comes more old timers with tenderfeet trodding in the latter's footsteps—taking toll from the forests, and thus it will no doubt continue down to the end of Time.

**Letter from Dewey Walker**

In a letter to the Sentinel Wednesday, C. D. Walker mentions having seen Coquille's former school superintendent, and the success Mr. Ferguson is making of the venture he started a little more than a year ago:

I was in Port Orchard and made W. V. Ferguson a visit while there. He has a well arranged grocery store and is sure knocking them over. He has six men clerks besides himself. Has opened a second store in Bremerton. Calls his firm "Ferguson Foods." Business is fair with me so far and hope conditions pick up. See you first part of the year.

**Sport Briefs**

(By Mark Seeley)

Coach Hartley's face, once marked with an "at a loss" appearance, has changed to a countenance marked with grim determination as he faces the oncoming football season. The "at a loss" mask was caused by the situation that he faced during the first week of practice when the big huskies of Coquille High turned out to be a more or less shrunken lot with exceptions, of course, arising here and there. And added to the fact that the individuals were not big, the turnout was very slim, it not being until the middle part of this week that the local mentor viewed two full teams on the field.

However, the grim look came over Mr. Hartley's features when he noted that he can at least boast of a few things for the 1933 Red Devils. True, there will likely be weak spots dotting the lineups, but with the reliable Plaep at center and Pook and Stonecypher at the tackle posts, the line is considered to be centered and flanked with strength enough to compete in these respects with any opposition. Then at one end Morris, another letterman, should come forth with a good year, after two years of seasoning as a reserve. Added to this quartet of experienced men is a trio who have been fast fighting their way to the fore. They are Matney, end, Swain, tackle, and Barton, guard, and each is more than determined to make the initial lineup and stay in it.

Hartley, in considering this line, realizes that its quality is, as yet, quite unknown but that it has many potentialities. Plaep, without a doubt, will bear the brunt, but not without much aid. Pook did not play last season due to ineffectiveness, but in 1931 he was a regular.

The backfield, as it is lined up at present, will be composed of midgates, Newton and Davis being at the half-back notches, Bailey at quarter, and Hatcher at fullback. Newton and the latter are lettermen, while Davis has had previous experience at North Bend, but he is not an award winner. Without a doubt this backfield will be a tricky one, but because it is composed of such light men it will require lots of line push. Hartley knows this better than anybody and to this end he is modeling suitable offensive moves. Don't think, however, that these boys are shy about heavy line smacking.

The Coquille team will suffer from lack of reserves but the first team is expected to be whipped into four quarter condition. Don't imagine, though, that Hartley will be a bit backward about making changes if an individual shows any signs of let-down. At least he is going ahead as fast as possible with the first engagement of the season, Marshfield on Golden Field on September 30, impressed on his mind. Marshfield has had a turnout of 45 men but among these is only one regular from the 1932 team, Diehl, guard, who was of all-county caliber. Coach Osborn, nevertheless, always has a huge abundance of fine-looking athletes on hand, and year in and year out the Pirate teams usually are contenders.

Everywhere in the United States football is fast taking the front seat. And along with other players Coos county boys are making marks for themselves on Oregon teams of the schools of higher learning. At Monmouth Normal two ex-North Bend athletes, Wilson Graham and Ken Bowers, are listed by Coach Larry Wolfe as two of his best bets, Graham as a halfback and Bowers at guard. Marshfield High also boasts two, Jack Johannesen, center, and John Corcoran, fullback, on the Columbia University eleven in Portland. Corcoran is playing his third season at Columbia, while the two North Bend boys saw service at Pacific University two seasons ago. Johannesen, in his debut season in collegiate circles, is making the grade as a regular.

**Rains Are Permitting the Lifting of Closures**

Gov. Meier has lifted the closure on the Chetco and Winchuck watersheds and other lands outside but adjacent to the National Forest protective area which required a permit before entry into this closed area was allowed. This was done entirely for hazardous areas.

Another closure approved by the Governor's proclamation requires that each person entering National Forest land in the state observe the three rules which are:

No. 1 "No Smoking While Traveling." This means that the traveler, if he desires to smoke, should stop and do so, and be sure and put out his match or burning tobacco before leaving. This may be done in any place, so long as he is not moving along the trail while smoking. It applies to one-way forest roads, even though the smoker is driving in an automobile. It does not apply on surfaced two-way highways.

No. 2 requires that anyone camping within the boundaries of a National Forest or protective area and not

**FOR RENT**  
**165 TELEPHONES**  
 which have been taken out of service in Coquille during the past three years  
 We are now doing what any good merchant does when he finds himself overstocked with goods—  
**WE ARE MAKING A SACRIFICE—**

**NO CHARGE**  
**FOR INSTALLING TELEPHONES**

**DURING THE PERIOD FROM**  
**SEPT. 25<sup>th</sup> to OCT. 8<sup>th</sup>**  
**INCLUSIVE**

Any employee of the telephone company will be glad to take your order or give you further information.

**WEST COAST TELEPHONE COMPANY**  
 "The Friendly Company"

camping on designated camp grounds set aside and improved for that purpose must have a permit to build a camp fire. This is construed as not to include safe camp stoves which are cooled off, folded up and taken along when the camper leaves.

No. 3. A party entering a National Forest for the purpose of camping over night who is traveling other than on foot must have an axe, shovel, and bucket of suitable size to put out a fire. The axe must weigh at least 2½ pounds, with a 26-inch handle, the shovel must have a 36-inch handle, and the bucket must have a capacity of at least one gallon.

This closure is still in effect and will be until the first of October, unless continued by the Governor's proclamation.

**Supt. Ward on First Three Weeks of School**

(Continued from first page)

public the exact type and number of prizes won.

Now just a word concerning the new members of the faculty: Miss Florence Hill is a graduate of the University of Oregon and obtained her master's degree from the same institution in 1931. She has had twelve years' experience in teaching, two years in Coos and Curry counties, four of which were in North Bend. She is mathematics instructor in the Junior High School and is organizing a Junior Girls League.

Joseph Sayre is a graduate of Eastern Oregon Normal School in March, 1933. He did his practice teaching in the La Grande public schools. In athletics, he is a letter man both in high school and normal school. He is instructor in history and athletic coach in the Junior High School.

Theodore Luebke is a graduate from Oregon State College and a major in Commerce. He has also done graduate work at the University of Washington in Business Administration. His experience consists of three years in the Rainier Union High School and three years in the Roseburg Senior High School.

As we come to the third week of the new school year we are able to give comparative figures on the enrollment.

September 20, 1932, showed the following high school enrollment: Post Graduates 9, Seniors 50, Juniors 48, Sophomores 64, and Freshmen 78. This made a total registration in high school of 249 as of one year ago. Wednesday, September 20, 1933, finds the figures as follows: Post Graduates 10, Seniors 47, Juniors 57, Sophomores 69, and Freshmen 74, making a total at present in our high school of 257.

Washington Building on a corresponding date of last year showed a total of 199 and at present date we have 191. Lincoln Building last year had a registration of 234 and this year shows 226.

The total grade registration on September 20th of last year was 433, the total this year is 417. Total school enrollment last year at this time showed 682, while this year we have 674 enrolled.

Chester L. Ward, Superintendent.

Calling cards 100 for \$1.00.

**Chadwick Lodge No. 68**  
**A. F. & A. M.**  
**Special Communication**  
**Tuesday, Sept. 26, 8 p. m.**  
**Work in E. A.**

**Mrs. E. A. Woodyard, Bac. Mus.**  
 Accredited Teacher of Voice and Piano announces the opening of her studio Sept. 5th.  
 Beginners to advanced students  
 550 N. Henry St. Phone 230-L

**MISS INEZ ROVER**  
**Piano Instructor**  
 Along the lines of the most approved modern methods.  
 105 W. 2nd St. Phone 30-L

**VACATIONS and HEALTH**

By Dr. ERNEST H. LINES  
 Eminent Authority and Chief Medical Director  
 New York Life Insurance Company

**EXERCISE AND REST**

VACATION time is a period when many people whose daily work does not involve physical effort try to catch up on exercise. Some of them go about it in such a way that they do themselves more harm than good.

Choose some exercise that will keep you out in the open air and sunshine. Golf, tennis, swimming, baseball and hiking are beneficial in moderation. Don't try to play thirty-six holes of golf or go on a ten-mile hike the first few days of your vacation.

If unaccustomed to strenuous exercise, do not begin too vigorously. Exercise should leave one pleasantly fatigued, not exhausted. Persons who take little exercise during the winter, especially adults over forty, should be extremely careful to exercise only moderately.

Don't force yourself to the golf course or to the tennis court when you are already physically tired. Many of the sudden deaths of middle-aged men apparently in good health, during or immediately following a game of golf, show the danger of this. Exercise should be a recreation and a pleasure, not a duty to be performed irrespective of the condition of the body at the time. Avoid strenuous exercise during the heat of the day.

**Sleep and Rest**

"Early to bed and early to rise" is a good rule to follow the year round, and especially on your vacation. Get at least eight, and preferably nine hours sleep every night.

The rooms in which you sleep should be well ventilated, particu-

larly during the summer time. By getting plenty of sleep and breathing pure air you lessen the possibilities of exhaustion during excessively hot weather.

Go to a movie, read, or sit around and chat in the evening before retiring. Relax for at least a quarter hour before eating, and for at least an hour after meals. Don't go swimming for at least two hours after eating, or you may have an attack of muscle cramps or indigestion and drowsiness.

Plenty of rest and relaxation is essential to getting the most out of your vacation. Banish business worries and get outdoors in the sunshine. Rebuild your mental and physical resources for the next year's work.

This is the seventh of a series of 12 articles on Vacations and Health. The eighth, on Swimming, will answer the questions:

1. If you are pushed into deep water and can't swim, what should you do?
2. Do good swimmers often drown?
3. What are cramps and how can they be prevented?

(Copyright, 1932, N. Y. L. I. Co.)

**Fair Weather**

Standing with majestic grandeur opposite the Twenty-third street entrance in the geographical center of a Century of Progress—the Chicago World's Fair—the Havoline thermometer tower is one of the most popular rendezvous of the Fair. Located on a grassy eminence overlooking the lagoon, it is a logical meeting place for Fair visitors. In addition to these meetings, scores of telephone calls are received at the tower daily from persons seeking friends.