

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Lanove

Not long ago a man remarked to me, "This hunting and fishing business is sure expensive sport. I paid three dollars for a fishing license and haven't caught two bits worth of fish this season. It's the last license I'm ever going to buy. Hereafter I shall buy my fish at the market and be ahead on the deal; and beside, the license is too high."

The gentleman was correct in both instances — angling licenses are too high. Thousands and thousands more would be sold if they could be purchased for one dollar. And as far as hoping to make your catch of fish equivalent to the sum expended for a license—why that's practically out. Few fishermen do it. It is true beyond a doubt that the average angler could take the three dollars that he spends for an angling license and purchase more fish at a market than he catches in any season. You cannot compare commercial value of game with the sport. The average angler and hunter spends dollar upon dollar in pursuit of fish and game. Many dollars are invested in fishing tackle, guns and ammunition, money is spent for gas, for tires, for food, while in pursuit of game and fish. Few and far between are the anglers and hunters whom one can truthfully say "cash in" on their investment in guns, shells, fishing tackle, pack horses, gas and grub, as far as obtaining the commercial value in game or fish, equivalent to their investments in the pursuit of same. And how many of them expect to really do so? A man who never hunts or fishes and stands on the side lines looking on, no doubt, looks upon a fisherman and a hunter as a couple of saps who throw money to the birds which could be used in the purchase of foodstuffs. He does not understand the man who will part with his last penny to buy a fishing license, or a hunting license, or a box of shells.

To those who do not understand him the hunter and fisherman must certainly appear plumb crazy as he dashes about long before daylight preparing for a journey into the wilds, the marshes, or along some stream. But it is not the commercial value of the game, or the fish taken, which is weighed by a sportsman, a lover of the out-of-doors. He realizes as far as his catch and kill are concerned, regarding their commercial value, that he is a loser in as far as dollars and cents are concerned. But is he really a loser? A person who loves the great out-of-doors and hearkens

to the call of the woods, the call of the stream, the marshes and fields, a person who loves everything connected with the great out-of-doors—can he be called a loser when he spends his money to go forth into that heaven which appeals to him? What is bigger and cleaner than the out-of-doors? Each sportsman has a love in his heart for everything pertaining to it and many's the angler and hunter who derive a lot of pleasure in tramping about the woods, the fields and marshes or along streams just to hold communion with the Great Red Gods of the Forest and though they return with empty creels, or empty hunting coats, they feel that they have been amply rewarded for the time and money spent, just to have been able to get out there among the things which they love. Only a sportsman can grasp what I am writing about, only a lover of Nature, an out-of-doors-man. To the person who cares not for these things, the things I have written would no doubt sound like the prattlings of a nit-wit—for thus are out-of-doors-men classed by many.

Within a few days the Chinese pheasant season will open and hundreds of gunners will crowd the fields in search of the elusive "Chink." The pursuit of deer will be abandoned by many and the attention of practically every hunter in the community will center upon the pheasant. There is a certain fascination in gunning for the "Chink" as this wily old bird is always springing tricks upon the hunter. To those who hunt without a dog the surprises come thick and fast. With no dog to point the birds for him, the hunter must be constantly on the alert. He tramps and tramps about the fields with no result and dragging weary feet homeward, his gun tucked beneath his arm and with all hope abandoned for a shot at a rooster, he is suddenly startled by a roar of wings and a big ring-neck arises from under his very feet and goes thundering off into the face of the setting sun. A hurried shot, a curse, and the gunner stands watching the old bird sail over the cover of a dense briar patch or a big corn field. And these birds, too, have an exasperating habit of taking to the air just when a hunter is crawling between the strands of a barbed wire fence. More than one hunter has lost the back of his shirt or the seat of his pants trying to get through a fence in time to get a shot at the bird which rose only a few feet distant, while, the hunter, was partly through the fence.

But what is the greatest mystery of all is how a big long-tailed rooster

can be standing erect in a stubble-field, looking as large as a turkey gobbler and upon the approach of a hunter simply fade from sight. In a field of stubble which fails to conceal a robin, this old rooster will disappear before your very eyes and upon approaching the spot where he disappeared you will be surprised to see the bird take to wing a hundred yards from the spot from which he disappeared.

And a bird winged by a gunner is lost nine times out of ten unless the hunter has a dog. Just try and catch a "Chink" out on open ground! You might as well try to run down a race horse. But there is a lot that appeals to the hunter in the pursuit of the pheasant. Crisp fall mornings, the low hills surrounding the pheasant country decked out in their beautiful colors painted by the brush of Mother Nature, the anticipation which burns in the breast of the gunner as he swings along the edge of a corn field, or tramps through a garden spot, nerves tense, gun clutched tightly, expecting each moment to flush a bird and yet when the moment comes that a gorgeous colored thunderbolt launches itself into the air, the hunter is startled. It's a big thrill and one that never grows old to the gunner who tramps the lowlands in pursuit of this great game bird. Aside from the wood duck there is no bird which flies that equals the coloring of the pheasant, the peacock included. Take all the colors of the rainbow, merge them with a golden sunset and then go forth to the fall-decked hills and gather their gorgeous colors and you have represented in a small way the coloring of the Chinese pheasant. The atmosphere of the Orient still clings about him despite his many years in this country. Somehow to me he is always associated with the mysterious East—the land of yellow-skinned people—with magic, rice fields, golden sunset, sluggish rivers, a babble of jargon. The mysterious bird from out the far East—the great game bird of our soil. The Chinese are noted for their cunning and it appears that this gorgeous-colored bird has in some manner absorbed that cunning from the yellow-skinned people with whom he has associated for countless years. But be that as it may, the pheasant is endowed with remarkable sense. These birds have an uncanny instinct for self-preservation. All in all, old friend "Chink" is a wonderful bird.

Our dog stories have been rather scarce the last two issues, being crowded out by other material but they will be back again shortly. I am very grateful to S. I. Clark,

local manager of Allen's Press Clipping Bureau, of Portland, Oregon, who recently sent me some remarkable dog stories taken from newspapers in several different localities. In sending in the stories, Mr. Clark states that he is a lover of dogs. Many thanks, Mr. Clark, and "here's how" to you.

Red Devils Lose to Pirates Saturday by 19-0 Score

Combinations of reserves and breaks was the advantage which Marshfield held over Coquille last Saturday, enabling the Pirates to vanquish the locals, 19 to 0, in the season's opener.

The teams started out slowly, but after having the advantage in the fore part of the first quarter Coquille let down toward the end as Marshfield gained momentum in carrying the ball to the red and white 18-yard line.

A few plays later Chan went over for the first score, Strom making the extra point on a line play. The Red Devils came back strong, threatening with passes which failed through lack of timing.

Two touchdowns in the second half only added unnecessarily to the Marshfield score, Strom and Schroeder scoring these. In the closing minutes the Red Devils were nearing dangerous scoring ground, the gun ending the threat as the local passes were gradually becoming more threatening.

Marshfield's reserve strength and a combination of breaks aided greatly in the scoring, and though Coach Osborn's was the better team, the comparison can easily be based on one touchdown. Three local boys stood out prominently, Plaep at center playing his usual inspired game to lead the individual performance, and Davis and Morris, half and end, doing more than their share. Hatcher, fullback, also showed to advantage, though an injured hand held him back. Many of the first year men showed great promise for future development.

Line-ups:
Marshfield E Couille
Ferris E Matney
Holland T Robinson
Diehl G Barton
Baer C Plaep
Kohler G Bonnicksen
Hansen E Morris
Ireland Q Bailey
Schroeder H Davis
Popescu H Peart
Strom F Hatcher

Substitutes: Marshfield, Roberts, W. Kolen, Endicott, E. Ireland, Conrad, Jackson, Hill, Chan, Harrison, Wriston, Brendle, Moody, Murphy, Herbeson. Coquille, Newton, Swain, Cary, Clinton, Hickam.

Officials — Hughes referee; May, umpire; Sayers, head linesman; Extra, timekeeper.

The championship North Bend Bulldogs showed power in defeating Grants Pass, 13 to 6. Breaks, however, were directly responsible for each score, and while North Bend was showing a punch the visitors were not idle.

The Bulldogs made 225 yards from scrimmage, 30 from passes and 13 first downs, as compared to 193 yards from scrimmage, 20 from passes and nine first downs for Grants Pass.

League Standing

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Marshfield	1	0	1.000
Coquille	0	1	.000
Bandon	0	0	.000
North Bend	0	0	.000
Myrtle Point	0	0	.000

Games tomorrow:
Marshfield at Bandon.
North Bend at Myrtle Point.
COC of Fairview at Coquille.

Sport Briefs

(By Mark Seeley)

The sport world, agog with color, is now witnessing a very busy time. Football is, of course, receiving the lion's share of the attention, but the World's Series, baseball's gigantic event, is bringing to a great finish the doings in the national pastime. And, then the sad death of Young Stribling, one of the nation's most well known and respected boxers of all times, has been before the eyes of the sportsman, but bringing to him a deep feeling of regret as he realizes that another admired personage of fame and might has listened to the ten count.

King Football, gaining momentum rapidly, is receiving more than the usual amount of attention in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest. Defeat of Gonzaga by Oregon and Washington, by two touchdowns in each game, has caused some discussion as to which of the two state universities will take the big game on October 15 in Seattle. Further comparison of the Pacific Northwest teams will be on hand tomorrow, as Oregon State meets Gonzaga in the third big game in as many weeks for the Bulldogs from Spokane and when Washington State invades the lair of the Southern California Trojan at Los Angeles. Both games will have a decided bearing on the rating of the teams involved. Also, tomorrow, Oregon meets Columbia in a "breather" game, while Washington rests. Coos county high school football

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MOUNTAIN STATES
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still has the fans a bit "on the guess," though as the players develop and become more hardened one can expect to see some more or less interesting results come about. Tomorrow's schedule pits Marshfield against Bandon and North Bend against Myrtle Point, the bay team being the visitors in both games. Coquille will not be idle, meeting the Fairview OOC team.

Bandon, in making her initial appearance of the season, is listed as a "dark horse" and also as the team which may surprise and walk off with the championship. Since 1928 when the Tigers lost the largest portion of her famous team of 1926, 1927 and 1928, the teams of that school have not rated any too high. Now, however, Coach French has on hand an eleven composed chiefly of lettermen, who, though not thoroughly versed mentally or physically on football lore, present a more formidable appearance on paper than any of the other teams.

Myrtle Point, on the other hand, has been stamped as a team without much to present, and, therefore should fall before the Bulldogs. Coach Rickard's players are in the main inexperienced, though he has had a rather large squad from which to select his men.

Myrtle Point's and Bandon's starting lineups are not known.

In scheduling the game with the C. C. C. team from Fairview, Coach Hartley realizes that he may be taking a chance. Nothing is known about the camp boys, but if some of the huskies often seen in town are football players of any ability they should be able to muster quite a likely squad. Of course, their tactics may be a bit rusty in this first appearance, but clean living and healthy food has likely put the three-C outfit in fine physical shape. Coach Hartley sees this fray as an opportunity to test his players and his plays.

Why shouldn't we predict, foresee, guess, read the stars, or "what have you" about the football games! We shall do so, and it is his honor, Private Guess, who salutes only his superior officer, the famous General Dope, when it comes to receiving the razberry on his terrible thoughts:

Bandon and Marshfield. The latter is not 19 to 0 better than Coquille, and is only evenly matched with Bandon. A scoreless tie unless a break scores a touchdown either way.

North Bend will take Myrtle Point about 13 to 0.

Though tough, the Washington State line can't hold Southern California. Maybe 20 to 7.

California will be tough, but St. Mary's tougher, 13 to 6.

Stanford in fine shape will overcome Santa Clara 7 to 0.

Oregon will use everybody in beating Columbia 27 to 0 and perhaps more.

Oregon State and Gonzaga present a tough one. Your guess is as good as mine, but the Beaver weight should pull them through.

We don't know much about Utah, but U. C. L. A. should win 6 to 0.

Idaho will trim Whitman, 21 to 0.

Southern Oregon Normal on her home field rates better than Pacific University, 13 to 7.

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The schedule:

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Lv. Portland 7:15 p.m.
Ar. Marshfield . . . 6:40 a.m.

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