

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Laneve

On goes another chunk on the old campfire. The blaze shoots high. It is a beacon to all outdoorsmen—hunters and fishermen. Expectantly I await the coming of somebody with a dog story. Who can it be? Here comes some one up the trail, hurrah! Some one answers the call of the campfire. The step is rather uncertain, evidently a stranger in these parts. Well, here he is! A cordial handshake and the man seats himself by my side. Am I surprised? Why shouldn't I be? It is none other than S. I. Clark, local manager of Allen's Press Clipping Bureau—all the way from Portland to give me a dog story. Mr. Clark clips interesting items from all press dispatches relative to news items of interest and he says that he has a real dog story for me from The Cottage Grove Sentinel. With a friendly smile Mr. Clark launches forth as follows: "Old Mutt," a police dog owned by Bill Kirk, a number living near the Kirk home on Mosby creek probably are indebted for the fact that none of their property was destroyed by fire several nights ago. The dog's master was aroused by the dog which had climbed upon a wood pile and was barking ominously at a window of a room in which his master slept. Mr. Kirk looked into a glare of light as he awakened, quickly dressed and aroused the neighborhood. A pile of wood had caught from a fire which had been left smoldering on the Henry Sauer place. It was about midnight when the dog gave the alarm. Afterward neighbors said they heard the dog barking vociferously for some time before they were notified of the fire, but thought nothing of it. It was presumed that when the dog saw that the general alarm was arousing no one that he decided upon direct action.

A couple of issues back there appeared an item written by the editor of this newspaper concerning "buck fever" encountered by Fern Emery during a recent deer hunt near Bly. It was stated that Mr. Emery fired many shots at a large mule deer and that said deer let out a bleat every time that Emery worked the lever of his gun. Hold everything! How about that bleat? Whoinell ever heard a deer bleat? Was it Ray Jeub who heard the deer bleat? Or—was some one kidding the editor? There is only one animal that bleats in the woods—that's a sheep—and a deer with a broken back. So we arise to question—what was Fern Emery shooting at? [What difference does it make whether it was a "bleat" or a "bellow," or a deer laugh, it was a good story, wasn't it? Some writers make a lot out of nothing.—Ed.]

Old Mother Nature has gone clear screwy and that's a fact. I have the proof—the absolute proof. A whole dogwood tree in full bloom in October. Can you beat it? And while on the subject of Nature, it may not be amiss to state the fact that a 9 p. m. of an evening this month, that a hummingbird appeared at our window and by lamplight, sipped the nectar from flowers growing in a window box.

J. H. Berry passed into the Great Beyond a short while back at the County Farm. In a small space in the newspapers this old man's death was chronicled. The item was passed by, by many and no doubt given scant attention by few. But that item had a lot of heart interest to me. As I read of his death I recalled a scene witnessed a couple of years ago on Merchant's Beach. At that time I was trudging up the beach. A bitter wind was blowing and I tucked by chin deep within the folds of my big flannel shirt. I was hitting back to camp after a long tramp down the beach. My attention was attracted by a man bending over a fume that ran down from a steep hill. I approached him and beheld an old man with a long, gray beard, shovelling gravel into the troughs and watching with expectant eyes sign for color, as the sand and gravel were carried away by the water. The man was the late Mr. Berry. Drawing near I addressed him

and was greeted warmly. The old man laid aside his shovel and seated upon a rock we struck up a conversation. It was the old, old story, the story of the prospector—that most optimistic of all human beings. From the borders of southern states to the Yukon Trail, this old man had sought the hidden gold of the soil. From barren deserts to snow-clad peaks he had sunk his pick. And always just ahead lay the fortune he sought. And what's more he made it! In the frozen reaches of the Klondike he struck pay dirt. Thousands of dollars he took from the soil. Sitting there beside him he told me the story of his life. He, like many in those hectic days counted riches as naught. He was young then and the money went for the pleasures of life. He knew many notables. In fact, he confided to me, that one of the star movie actors of today owed him fifty cents, to which Mr. Berry had staked him for some beer and sandwiches in Nevada, at a mining camp, before the actor came into fame. The old pioneer prospector is fact fading. Only a pitiful few remain of those who answered the call to Alaska in that long past day. The picture of Mr. Berry is graven on my memory and as I tramp the beaches in the coming year, always there will be before me a mental picture of that old prospector, bent over his troughs seeking the precious metal that he had pursued to the ends of the earth.

A lot of hunters get a kick out of shooting a bear. Bear stories thrill the youngster of today as they did those of the past. To kill a bear is to realize a dream, by many a hunter, but to many such a kill does not mean so much. The biggest thrill I ever derived from slaying old bruin was a few weeks back. A big bear had been preying upon the sheep on the Ford range and I had been notified of the fact. Taking my gun one morning I left long before daylight and after a five-mile tramp I was in the sheep country where the bear had been taking toll. I really did not expect to encounter bruin, but was merely looking for sign in order to set traps for him. Just after daylight I reached the edge of a steep canyon. I stood looking across it and presently my attention was attracted by a movement in the short brush on the opposite side of the gulch. It was a big bear and he was coming straight across toward me. He was some two hundred yards distant when I first saw him and I let him keep coming. Nearer and nearer he approached. When he was within thirty yards of me I drew a bead on his chest with the little .25-20 and cut loose. Down he went in a heap, but in an instant he regained his feet and came dashing madly toward me. I fired again and again and again. Five shots within a few split seconds I shoved toward him and still he came. I pulled another bead and just as I pressed the trigger he crumpled up within a few scant feet of me. Not one miss was registered—every shot taking effect. That was a real thrill, the biggest I have ever experienced in hunting bear.

"Tenn" Robison, one of the old-timers of Coos county passed into the Great Beyond a short time ago. It was with the deepest regret that I learned of his passing, as he was one of my outstanding friends and a champion of the ideals concerning wild game for which I have so long fought. Mr. Robison was a real sportsman, with the interest of game at heart, was outspoken in matters that dealt with the propagation and protection of game. Man of his type are fast dwindling in number and only a few of his class remain. "Tenn" Robison is going to be missed and missed badly. Memories will always linger concerning him. That hearty greeting he always accorded me, that friendly handclasp, will be greatly missed. If only the coming generation of sportsmen could be imbued with the spirit and the heart interest relative to game protection that was expressed by Mr. Robison it would be wonderful, indeed. One by one the old-timers are passing on. The old trail builders, homesteaders, pioneers of the soil are answering the last call. It is sincerely hoped that the ideals that were fought for by such men as "Tenn" Robison will be recognized and fought for and upheld down through the space of time, for if they are, such men as this grand old pioneer shall not have lived in vain.

In days past, when trails were blazed into the wilderness and rude cabins erected, thievery was unknown. The larceny was always out. Anyone was welcome about the fire-side and if no one was home, the stranger was welcome to help himself to food at any time. The privilege was sacred and was never abused in those days. Cabins, homes, were unlocked to anyone passing through. But today how different it is. An unlocked door or window means the theft of all belongings in a home. This fact was brought forcibly to me not long ago. Upon leaving my homestead cabin a good supply of wood and food were left, as well as bedding. Upon a recent visit there I found that every item of food had been taken, all cooking utensils, bedding and even a window stolen from the cabin. Anyone is welcome to a

share of food from any outdoorsman at any time and any sportsman is glad to share his blanket with any wayfarer of the trail. But such acts of vandalism as cleaning out one's cabin completely, smacks of the modern gangster and thief, and such things have no place in the wilderness. Fast, too fast, the old West is fading. The hospitality, the good fellowship of the wilderness is being supplanted by petty thievery. Such men as "Tenn" Robison are fading from the picture and it won't be long until all the old ideals of the old-timers, the honesty of our forebears have faded entirely from the picture and will be replaced by scavengers of the trails who have no respect for property nor code of honor whatsoever.

Bandon Tigers Score Two Touchdowns on Red Devils

One inspired underdog, rising to a high point of tenacity, snarled, ground its teeth, but finally had to give in as the odds of battle flowed away toward the favored contestant. This, in part, tells the story of the Coquille-Bandon football game in which a fighting Red Devil eleven finally let bewilderingly overcome it as the Tigers ran to a 12 to 0 win in Athletic Park last Saturday. However, in going down to defeat, the Red Devils yielded grudgingly and let Bandon know that the story might be different in the return go.

Bandon scored both touchdowns in the third quarter, the first coming as a result of a pass and a run from midfield. Bandon, unable to gain through the line, took to the air and on the attempt the defenders and the receiver were equally surprised to see the play completed. No hands were laid on Boak, end, as he streaked for the goal line.

The second score came near the end of the period, culminating a march which started from midfield after an exchange of punts. During the drive one nice gain on a pass and following power plays moved the ball steadily down the field.

Following this count both coaches started substituting, this along with Coquille's subsequent throwing of caution to the wind making the final period a rather wild exhibition.

The first half saw Bandon almost score soon after the kickoff. Newton's fumble on the kick gave the Tigers the ball near the thirty yard line, from where two first downs and three additional plays placed the ball on the six. A last down pass attempt fell incomplete over the goal line, giving the locals the ball on the twenty. Aside from this lone march Coquille held the advantage in the first half, gaining on each punt exchange and once, in the second period, penetrating well onto Bandon's ground.

Linemen drew the laurels for outstanding performance, Plaep playing his usually inspired game regardless of his added signal calling duty, while Bonniksen, local guard, and Breuer, Bandon tackle, also proved to be stonewalls. As a whole Bandon has a team which is more equally balanced than individually talented.

Coquille		Bandon	
Hickam	LE	Campbell	
Pook	LT	Breuer	
Bonnicksen	LG	McCoe	
Plaep	C	Philpott	
Clinton	RG	Bowman	
Barton	RT	Bullard	
Matney	E	R. Boak	
Bailey	Q	Wagner	
Morris	LH	Jarvis	
Davis	RH	H. Boak	
Newton	F	Young	

Officials—Leslie, Coquille, referee; Fasnacht, Bandon, umpire; Sayre, Coquille, head-lineaman.

Other games last week-end were won by Marshfield and Reedsport. The Pirates were victorious over Myrtle Point, 18 to 0, all points being counted in the first half. Reedsport upset of North Bend, 19 to 0, resulted from an array of line plays and cleverly executed lateral passes which the Bulldogs could not cope with.

League Standing				
	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Marshfield	2	0	1	1.000
Bandon	1	0	1	1.000
North Bend	0	0	1	.000
Myrtle Point	0	1	1	.000
Coquille	0	2	0	.000

Student Officers Elected
The 8B2 room of C. J. H. has elected class officers for the year 1934. The nominations were peppy and the class enthusiastically elected Richard Walker, president; Louise "Viki" Woodyard, vice president; Beverly Norton, secretary and Lynn Perrott (a second Craig) treasurer. Isabel Unsoeld will be class reporter. Well, here's luck to you officers. I'm sure you'll set a good example for next year's officers.—Isabel Unsoeld.

Blank Warranty Deeds for sale at this office.

Chadwick Lodge No. 68
A. F. & A. M.
Special Communication
Oct. 24, 7:30 p. m.
Work in F. C.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A GARDEN?

Place: City Hall.
Time: 7:30 p. m.

When: First and Third Tuesdays.
President—Geo. W. Taylor, Sr.
Treas.—Mrs. John A. Martin
Cor. Sec.—Mrs. Nellie E. Wherast

While they were few, there were some very fine potted house plants shown at the Flower Lovers Club Tuesday evening in the cup contest. Mr. Beyers took the cup home this time, with his very fine entry of Baby Tears. Mrs. Ida Owen also had a fine specimen of the same kind of plant but it was not so large. Mrs. Geo. Leach entered a handsome begonia in full bloom, as did Mrs. Beyers. For display, Mrs. Ella Strang brightened the entries with a basketful of glowing yellow calendulas.

Mr. Taylor brought two very fine plants, a handsome Rex Begonia and a Norfolk Island Pine. The latter is about five years old and in the three years Mr. Taylor has had it, it has made a wonderful growth. It is very symmetrical and is a beautiful house plant. It is a native of Chili, Mr. Taylor said, and in its native state grows 200 feet high. It was imported to Belgium where a number of nurseries were started to grow it. From there it was sent to every country in the world, large numbers coming here. The seed is so delicate that it will not germinate unless planted immediately, so for many years we have been compelled to depend on Belgium for our supply, but now it is grown quite plentifully in this country, both from seed and by cuttings. The plants grown from cuttings make the best-shaped plants.

Taking a leaf from the Rex Begonia, Mr. Taylor demonstrated the commercial method of propagating these beautiful plants by what is called "leaf cuttings." These cuttings were afterward given to those who cared for them and it is needless to say they were soon taken and I know

that many fine plants will be grown from them.

As the club is delegated by the Corn Show committee to decorate the Community Building, the president appointed the following committee to have charge, the rest of the club members to be helpers: Alton Grimes, John Martin, L. E. Alexander, J. P. Beyers. It was also decided to have a booth of potted plants and cut flowers. This is to be in charge of Mrs. Beyers, Mrs. Leach and Mrs. Strang.

For a bit of entertainment Mrs. Beyers sketched a chapter on house plants from "Home Flower Growing" by E. C. Vols. This is a very fine book from the Oregon State Library and covers the ground thoroughly. It takes up all kinds of flower growing and tells it in simple language. The book can be procured through our local library.

We were glad to make Mrs. John Bullack a member of our club Tuesday night. It is to Mrs. Bullack that the members are indebted for the generous gift of white and yellow daffodil bulbs which were given out that night. There will be more of them at the next meeting.

Mixed bouquets of chrysanthemums in any kind of container is the contest flower at the next meeting, November 7th. So bring your blooms and let's see what you have.

It is to be hoped that more members will begin to come out and take a greater interest in the club. We have a very large membership and it is certainly encouraging to those who do take interest enough to come regularly, not to have a better attendance. Just three or four cannot make a successful club, you know, and with our large membership there is no reason in the world why we can't have one of the most thriving clubs in town. Come, and let's try it; it means so much to the town and that means ourselves.

Sport Briefs
(By Mark Seely)

Joe Davis, Coquille's triple-threat backfield ace, is hoping that his injured leg will be sufficiently healed by two o'clock tomorrow to allow him to be in his best condition for the Red Devil game. Joe, of course, wants to be in shape for any game, but the fray tomorrow will give the gritty little halfback his first opportunity to compete against his old mates, the North Bend Bulldogs, whom the Red Devils are to meet.

Davis is not alone in his desires that Coquille will vanquish her foes for the first time this season. The entire team is in the same frame of mind and they are out to show Hartley and the fans that the three games already under their belts have given them the needed seasoning for further competition—winning competition, at that.

Last Saturday the Red Devils actually outplayed and outfought the Bandon Tigers, the league's strongest team, for a big portion of the game. Almost every break of any consequence went Bandon's way, but the fighting Coquille eleven yielded grudgingly before the line-hammering which Bandon relied on for the major share of her offensive duty.

The Tigers, perhaps the most experienced aggregation of the county, have a well-timed outfit which blocked and charged with fine co-ordination. Coquille's offense, on the other hand, started well but in the completion of the plays the lads failed in timing and blocking. On the defensive the Red Devils tackled hard and sure, but here again arises the question of charging. The linemen have not been breaking through like they should, being content to wait more or less. They must learn that charging is the biggest thing in football, offensively or defensively.

The Bulldogs were champions of Coos county football circles last season, beating the Marshfield Pirates, 13 to 7, in a Thanksgiving Day game which gave them the bunting. Prior to this North Bend had been undefeated, but not untied, Marshfield playing her to a 0 to 0 score on Armistice Day, while our own Red Devils of 1932 also held the champs evenly, 6 to 6, earlier in the season.

The year before, 1931, North Bend as second place team in the league overcame Coquille, 20 to 0, in the first game, but in the second, a special Thanksgiving game, fell before the inspired Red Devils, 18 to 15. This victory is the only one that the locals have gained over the Bulldogs since Hartley's mentorship here, as they were defeated 32 to 7 in 1929, and 18 to 0 in 1930.

Coach Adams' club in games so far this year has won by a 12 to 6 score over Grants Pass, tied Myrtle Point, 0 to 0, and lost to the fast Reedsport outfit, 18 to 0. Adams has only two veterans on hand, Steiner, center, and Olson, halfback, the remainder of the eleven, being composed of last year's reserves.

Coach Hartley realizes that his team has suffered because of the lack of experienced players, but now that they have performed in three games, he expects them to be a greatly improved outfit for the game with North Bend. It is also true that Hartley has not known from one day to another the players he was going to use next. Bad enough as it was to lose practically every regular from the 1933 team, this loss was capped by the further loss of two of the remaining regulars, Ernie Cooper, end, and Morse Stonecypher, tackle. This was followed by the departure of Harold Hatcher, fullback, whose old hand injury made it impossible for him to play.

However, the rest of the boys have responded beautifully and after various experiments and changes Hartley has at last found a lineup which he hopes will not need remodeling. The changes include the return of Morris to end and Newton to halfback, their original positions, and an exchange of positions for Peart and Bonniksen, the former going to guard and the latter to full. Likely starting lineups for the game will be:

Coquille		North Bend	
Matney	E	Nagle	
Pook	T	Hambill	
Cary	G	Goodnight	
Plaep	C	Steiner	
Clinton	G	Zorick	
Barton	T	Armstrong	
Morris	E	Lind	
Bailey	Q	Smith	
Davis	H	Stamson	
Newton	H	Olson	
Bonnicksen	F	Lasky	

Are you listening Private Guess is here again, but that doesn't mean anything. Last week the young upstart performed in both bush and big league style, but didn't Columbus take a chance, too. This week's schedule, featured by the California-Washington State battle, brings out very few real tough guesses, though some of the problems are rather difficult at that.

California should defeat Washington but one can never tell what Hollingberry has up his sleeve. Blower is out of the fray, but on paper the Bears should blow along to a 19 to 6 win.

Oregon State has pep but pep doesn't defeat might. The Trojans should score four touchdowns, with the State drawing a lemon.

Tonight in Eugene, Oregon faces Idaho and the lemon-yellow will likely count about nineteen points.

Coquille will win for the first time taking the Bulldogs, 6 to 0.

Bandon, if she is able to muster enough equipment, will blank Myrtle Point and score two touchdowns.

Columbia University and Willamette will battle fiercely. Columbia, 13 to 6.

Stanford will outspeed the University of San Francisco, 14 to 0.

Southern Oregon Normal rates over the Oregon State Frosh, 13 to 0.

Whitman will beat Pacific, 14 to 0. Loyola will fall back before U. C. L. A., 7 to 0.

The Pioneer Methodist Church

Phillip D. Hartman, pastor.
Residence 191 S. Henry St. Phone 50-J
Morning worship at 11 o'clock with a sermon by the pastor on, "Christ, the Wonderful."

Evening worship at 7:30 p. m. with a sermon by the pastor on "What Will You Do with Jesus?"
Sunday School at 9:45 a. m., Lyman Carrier superintendent.

Both departments of the Young Peoples' Division conduct their devotionals at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Young People's choir rehearsal Thursday evening, F. G. Leslie director, and Mrs. M. O. Hawkins, pianist.

Regular choir rehearsal Saturday evening, F. G. Leslie, director.

A cordial welcome awaits you at all of our services. If you do not worship elsewhere come with us. Start the week right by attending church.

Foursquare Gospel Church

East Second and Heath Streets.
Sunday, October 22nd

9:45 a. m. Sunday School. Mrs. M. Jewell, Supt. Classes for all. Come. 11:00 a. m. Morning Worship. Sermon topic, "The Baptism of Fire." Rev. Cecilia Nixon, supply pastor, preaching.

6:30 p. m. Crusader Rally. Mrs. M. Hughes in charge.

7:30 p. m. "Pinnacles of Perfection," an illustrated evangelistic message by Rev. Cecilia Nixon. Special music by the orchestra, also vocal selections. Come.

Morning prayer meetings are held each Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 9:30 a. m. Everyone is invited.

St. James Church
(Episcopal)

Church school every Sunday at 10 a. m. C. Osika, superintendent.

First Church of Christ, Scientist

Coquille, Oregon

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service at 11 a. m.
Subject for next Sunday: "Probation after Death."

Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock.

Free public Reading Room open in Church Building every Tuesday and Friday afternoons except holidays from two to five o'clock.

The public is cordially invited to attend our services and to visit the Reading Room.

Seventh Day Adventist Church

Pastor, H. A. Niergarth.

Sabbath School (Saturday) 9:45 a. m.

Preaching service 11:00 a. m.

Baptist Church

Sunday School at 10 o'clock, with classes for everyone. Visitors always welcome.

Mrs. Ballinger will preach at the 11 o'clock service Sunday and will continue to conduct the morning service every Sunday until further notice.

Prayer meeting 7:30 Thursday night.

B. Y. P. U. services every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Church of Christ

Turner B. MacDonald, Pastor

Sunday, 10:00 a. m. Bible School. Departments for all ages. Ned C. Kelley, superintendent.

11:00 a. m. Communion and morning worship. Sermon by the pastor. 7:00 p. m. C. E. groups meet for devotionals.

Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Bible Study. Willett Jesse, leader.

You are cordially invited to all of these services.

Methodist Episcopal Church

Sunday Evening Bible Class, 6:15 to 7:15 p. m. Mrs. Edith Ballinger, teacher.

Evening Preaching 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Preaching at Bandon 11 a. m. Scriptural, Spiritual Preaching. Everyone welcome.

G. A. Gray, Pastor.

107 E. 2nd St., Coquille, Ore.

Church of God

Sunday School at 10 o'clock with classes for everyone.

Morning service at 11 a. m.

Evening preaching 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting 7:30 Thursday evening.

Everybody welcome.

Edward E. Watkins, Pastor.

Card of Thanks

We take this means of expressing our sincere appreciation for the sympathy shown us and the kindly assistance given by friends and neighbors during our recent bereavement. Also for the beautiful floral offerings at the funeral of our husband and father.

Mrs. C. T. Robison and family.

Ask for Cow Bell Dairy cream and milk, the only milk and cream made safe by pasteurization.

23rd Annual
PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL LIVESTOCK EXPOSITION
with
HORSE SHOW AND RODEO
PORTLAND, OREGON
October 21 to 28
10 Shows in One—11 acres under one roof. Exhibits of pure-bred Livestock, Dogs, Poultry, Pet Stock, Wild Life, Land Products, Manufactured Products, 4-H Club and Smith-Hughes Vocational Education Work, Combination Horse Show and Indoor Rodeo.
LARGE PREMIUM LISTS
REDUCED FARES ALL LINE