

**OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF**

By Lane Lanore

**A Dog Issue**

I sit here tonight; the fire has burned low; the cheerful glow of my pipe winks at me through the gathering gloom. Memory is again on parade. Old scenes are visioned again—scenes of past years. To my mind comes a picture of departed friends of the trails and woods and finally my thoughts center upon those four-legged pals of mine of by-gone days. Those dogs that I have raised, trained and actually loved. As I sit here and think of them each in turn, a feeling of utter sadness steals over me and drawing a piece of paper toward me from across my desk, in the fast-spreading darkness I pen the following thoughts concerning the last canine friend of mine that I buried not long ago. Here are the verses:

I had a pal—he's gone away;  
Don't hear his voice no more,  
Or the thump, thump of a stubby tail  
As he waits outside my door.

His kennel is bare, the chair lies there;  
And birds don't sound so gay,  
And it seems to me my heart is dead  
Since my pal went away.

It seems to me it's his voice at tree  
That I hear in the woods below,  
Where the waters call at the waterfall  
Where we used to hunting go.

The spring once gay seems as gray  
As the winter that's just past by,  
And the wild wood trails that call  
Will miss my pal and I.

For I haven't the heart to tread the trails  
That my pal loved so dear,  
And if I did I'd be expectin' him  
To be bringin' up the rear.

The heart of me has sure gone dead;  
There's a teardrop in my eye  
As I kneel by a mound of fresh turned ground  
And tell my pal goodbye.

Dogs are a lot like us humans. Each dog has his own individual personality just as we humans have. Some have loving natures, while others are vicious—the same as humans. But it matters not what a dog's nature may be toward the world in general, one thing is a settled fact and that is his undying loyalty to his master. He will fight for him to the last ditch, never deserts him and demonstrates plainly

that he worships him no matter what sort of man his master may be. He may be shunned and despised by his fellowman, but to his dog he is AT, at all times. The steadfast love and devotion of a good dog is something that can really be marveled at by the average human.

Training a dog properly is hard, but to me, enjoyable work. To take a frisky, high-strung puppy and by patient work raise him and develop him into a perfect performing bird dog is an accomplishment to feel proud of. To know that you have developed from a green youngster, a class A dog that is the height of perfection should make any one feel proud. To me, there is always present a certain glow of satisfaction as I watch one of my dogs work upon birds of the fields, or marshes, as I recall to mind the fact that he has developed into the high-strung, sensitive bit of performing flesh under the guidance of my own hand. We understand each other perfectly and hunt together as two humans would—perfect team work—the result of untiring effort, is the final reward for the many weeks spent in bringing out the dog.

Any dog treated kindly will do his best to please his master and is usually easily trained. The idea is to impress upon your dog what it is you actually want him to do and as soon as he knows what it is, half the battle is won. Then perfect him along his lines. It is a pleasant occupation to the man who loves dogs and who understands them.

Too often good dogs are spoiled by too much fooling with them. Children playing constantly with a young dog soon allows the animal to become headstrong and beyond control. It is all right for a man to allow his young dog a short romp, for a puppy, like a kid, likes to show off. But a practice should not be made of such doings on the puppy's part. Like the child, he should be curbed to a certain extent. A puppy, like a kid, is mischievous and usually into things that he shouldn't be. The more lively the puppy the better prospect he is as to making a number one dog in his particular line of work.

Too often the case is that the man who is seeking to train a dog lacks a lot of the requirements of a trainer and many a good dog is spoiled by such persons. If anything burns me up, it is to see some person trying to

handle a dog and train the animal when he does not know what it is all about. Nine times out of ten, in such cases the canine is abused, whipped and spoiled right on the jump. When a man does not possess the intelligence that his dog does it is impossible for him to train the animal. While this may appear as a rather broad statement to make, it is nevertheless true in many cases.

Kindness will go a lot farther in training your dog than will abuse. It is true that punishment must in some cases be administered to the dog, but discretion should be used in administering it and it is a good idea to bear the fact in mind that when a dog is punished that he should understand perfectly why he is being punished. If such is not the case it will not be long until every time the master lifts his voice that his dog will cringe before him, which to me is not a pleasant sight. Such a case shows one of three things—that the master is actually cruel to the dog or that the dog has been whipped into submission, instead of being won by kindness, or that the two do not actually understand each other.

In training a dog one must take into consideration the fact that the intelligence of a dog when fully developed is equal to that of a three-year old child of a keen intellect and that the dog may be taught to mind more easily than the child and is far more willing to please. So it is well to bear the fact in mind never to punish your young dog severely. To a high-strung sensitive dog, a harsh tone of command, or a light tug upon his ear is enough to convey the idea to him of his master's displeasure. Never, under any consideration, abuse your dog severely in training.

A stubborn dog and a stubborn master should never be associated, for it spells the ruination of the dog. A naturally stubborn dog is a difficult animal to train. But here, kindness again pays, instead of the whip. However, a high bred dog is seldom stubborn. It is usually of breeds that are. But, too, it does not always take the high pedigreed dog to make the best dog. Some of the finest dogs that I have owned in both varmint and bird dogs have been mixed breeds and these dogs' performance could not be beaten by the finest pedigreed dogs that walk, regardless of field trials, etc.

A dog is as possibly near human as

any animal that lives. He is man's best friend and should be treated as such.

I am always glad to make a correction of any statement printed in this column where either myself or an informant is at fault. Was called to task the other day by a near neighbor of Mr. Judd, regarding my statement a short while back that Judd's cow had been spotted and shot. The morning following the death of the cow I was informed that the animal had been killed by a spotlights, but it appears that later a post-mortem was held over the carcass and it was discovered that the animal had brought about her own demise by a bad fall. Anyway, no bullet wounds were discovered. Judd's neighbors, upon whose land the animal was killed cannot be blamed for resenting the spotlighting story and I am glad to correct it. However, I am not apologizing for the story in the first place, because the information was advanced to me from what I considered a dependable source and was no doubt given me in good faith, before the post-mortem was held over the remains.

**Loggers Defeat Glendale Sunday in Beat Game of Season**

Glendale's ball team may have been a substitute, pinch hitter, or something else like that, but if the original had been any better it would have been a world beater. As it was, Coquille defeated Glendale, 4 to 1, only after a tight battle, it taking an eighth inning finish and tight hurling by Jack Andrews to halt the mountaineers. The Loggers literally stole the show in the eighth.

For seven frames the game was on an even keel, each club having pushed over but one tally. These came in the sixth, Fischer crossing for Coquille and J. Pete for Glendale, breaking the scoreless pitching duel that had been waging between Andrews and Mr. Thompson, the platter arm Glendale hill artist.

In the eighth the Loggers unleashed the attack which put the debate on ice. Art Pulford opened with a single, the hit driving between the third baseman and the short stop. He reached third on an error and a wild pitch, and second on Stewart's double to left-center. Kolstad lined a triple over third base to bring in Bill and Woodyard's single scored the first baseman. Strike outs on Fischer, Murray and Moran retired the side.

This was the lone inning in which Coquille effectively solved the array of slants hurled by Thompson. On the other hand Glendale reached Andrews in the fourth, fifth, sixth and ninth, but always in the pinch the southpaw was master of the situation. In the fifth he retired the side via the strike out route after the first two batters had singled, and in the other mentioned cantos he worked himself out of like holes, always behind airtight support. The one moment when the defense did waver sided Glendale in counting their one mark. Otherwise Jack might have earned a shut-out.

Marion Fischer scored the locale's first run in the sixth. He had walked, gone to second on Stewart's sacrifice bunt, and come in on Kolstad's single to left field.

Glendale scored after two were out in the same frame. J. Pete reached first on a forced play and circled the sacks on Kolstad's boot and Bates's single. The two following batters, L. Pete and Nelson, walked, but Andrews forced Martin to pop out. Score:

| Coquille     | B  | R | H | O  | A  | E |
|--------------|----|---|---|----|----|---|
| Marsden, lf  | 2  | 0 | 2 | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Fischer, 2b  | 3  | 1 | 0 | 2  | 2  | 0 |
| Stewart, ss  | 3  | 1 | 3 | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| Kolstad, lb  | 4  | 1 | 2 | 5  | 1  | 1 |
| Murray, cf   | 3  | 0 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Woodyard, 3b | 4  | 0 | 1 | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Thompson, rf | 3  | 0 | 1 | 1  | 0  | 0 |
| Moran, c     | 3  | 0 | 0 | 14 | 0  | 0 |
| Andrews, p   | 1  | 0 | 0 | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Pulford, lf  | 1  | 1 | 1 | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Total        | 27 | 4 | 6 | 27 | 7  | 1 |
| Philips      | 5  | 0 | 0 | 1  | 4  | 0 |
| Tucker, cf   | 5  | 0 | 1 | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| Schleigh, lb | 3  | 0 | 3 | 11 | 0  | 0 |
| J. Pete, 3b  | 4  | 1 | 0 | 1  | 2  | 0 |
| Bates, c     | 4  | 0 | 2 | 5  | 1  | 7 |
| L. Pete, lf  | 3  | 0 | 1 | 4  | 0  | 0 |
| Nelson, 2b   | 3  | 0 | 2 | 0  | 1  | 0 |
| Martin, rf   | 3  | 0 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Thompson, p  | 4  | 0 | 1 | 0  | 4  | 0 |
| Miller*      | 1  | 0 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Total        | 35 | 1 | 9 | 24 | 12 | 1 |

\*Miller batted for Martin, ninth.

|          |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Coquille | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | *-4 |
| Hits     | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | *-6 |
| Glendale | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | -1  |
| Hits     | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2-0 |

**3 From Coquille at 4-H School**

Among the nearly 800 club members and 60 leaders attending the twentieth annual 4-H club summer school on the O. S. C. campus are four boys and one girl from Coos county. They are Cecil Laws, Ted Cadman, Sidney Cadman, of Coquille; Richard Frans, of Marshfield, and Ellen King, of Powers. This is the largest club summer school ever held in Oregon, says a special to the Sentinel from O. S. C. at Corvallis.

**UNDER THE BLEACHERS**

(By Mark Seeley)

The saying is: Clothes don't make the man. True enough, but it is admitted that appearance has a lot to do with a man's success. At least clothes should fit the scene, and in baseball this holds true. Our dainty Coquille Loggers, garbed in their handsome suits, have a big league make-up which, whether one thinks so or not, adds materially to their performance and playing ability. The excellent dress gives them the satisfaction of looking nice and fills them with a grand desire to play nice.

Regardless of attire, Glendale's scrappy millhands played nice last Sunday. In the event that they had been dressed nicely, the fans would have thought themselves to be viewing a major league contest. However, all teams aren't as fortunate as the Loggers are in having townpeople that back baseball, enabling them to dress up.

A well groomed player appears to be doing things with more grace and ease, and his mistakes are not so glaring. Regardless, though, a player shouldn't be judged by his garb, for he may be a gangling, ill-looking farm hand now, but a world beater later. A team can be judged likewise.

Briefly, we will state the facts of Crescent City's "run out." Wednesday a card was received stating that C. C. would be here as per schedule. Thursday a letter canceled the game on account of injuries. Bill Fortier called long distance but Mr. Lair, manager of the California club, had more alibis. Finances or what, the action was mighty strange, but the least said is the best.

However, did the Coquille Loggers ever miss a date? Not once, and connections are now severed with Crescent City.

Four games are now on the Logger schedule, while another date is tentative. It will be Glendale at Glendale Sunday, Oakland here July 1, and the House of David on July 8 and 9. Marshfield has a return game coming after that, and this will likely be followed with contests with Southern Oregon League clubs and possibly with the up-state cities. Any way Bill Fortier plans to keep on going as long as the fortunes of the finances are on the up-grade.

The Loggers of last Sunday were the true Loggers—scrappy and airtight. The addition of Jack Andrews, the seventeen-year old string bean southpaw, gives Coquille two starting hurlers, while Marion Fischer is no novice on the mound. Glenn Murray is equally efficient in the outfield or from the firing line. The infield, consisting of Otto Kolstad, Marion Fischer, Bill Stewart and Ray Woodyard, is equal to any in the bushes. Art Pulford or Bob Thompson can be used as replacements. Pulford and Thompson, along with Orville Wood and Glenn Murray hold forth in the outer gardens. Father Fortier isn't bashful about inserting himself, while the manager also is grooming several likely looking youngsters and at every opportunity uses one or another of them.

Jack Andrews brings news of Alan Rice and Gordon "Chico" Heath, members of the strong 1929 Coquille team, as well as of Jack Pillsbury, who was also on the roster for a time that season. Andy is from Oroville, California, while the other three boys also are from that section, having played for years in the Sacramento Valley towns of Yuba City, Gridley, Chico, Oroville and others. Alan, "Chico" and Pillsbury are all playing ball down here. Of the other 1929 players Duke Marlow is with the Union Oil-Bitz, Weinhard club in Portland, Perry Roper has retired from baseball, Eddie Foss was in Portland for two or three years but his whereabouts are now unknown, Lefty Brown has quit ball and has left Powers as well, and Carl Gilbert has also stowed away the plove. Among performers here briefly that year Mannie Geenan holds forth in Portland baseball and basketball circles and Belleville, the second catcher from Oregon State College, is playing organized ball somewhere. Noble Brundage and Andy Feichtinger are in Marshfield.

**A Six Year Old's Heroism**

The A. E. Robbins family of Prosper are very proud of little Opal, aged six, who rescued her two-year-old brother, Oral, from drowning Friday, says the Western World. The little boy had tried to climb into a boat that was tied alongside of the log boom on the Coquille river, and as the boat swung away from the dock he lost his footing and fell into the deep water. Hearing his frantic screams part of the family and friends who were nearby rushed to the top of the hill in time to see the little boy come up and go down again. While the rest were wondering what to do Opal ran down the hill, out on the log boom, and pulled her small brother to safety. The little girl said later that she wasn't afraid because she just knew she had to save him.

**Jr. Leaguers Continue to Win**

The American Legion's Juniors, behind the brilliant shutout pitching of Jess Barton, defeated Bandon's Juniors, 19 to 0, Saturday at Athletic Park. It was the third victory for Coquille, and she is still on her way toward the county championship.

Against the three hit hurling of Barton, only one man reached third base, this in the opening inning, and a lone brace of runners got as far as second. Jess walked two batters and struck out five, but at all times was backed by airtight support, two errors being made behind him. Catcher Bill Vincent used major league judgment in calling for the pitches.

Coquille scored a run in the first frame, one in the second, two in the fifth, seven in the sixth, two in the seventh, and four in the eighth. Wood with four hits, Schaar with three and Bailey and Swain with two each led in the hitting, Bailey contributing a home run with one on and Wood a double with two on. Summary:

|          | R  | H  | E |
|----------|----|----|---|
| Coquille | 19 | 15 | 2 |
| Bandon   | 0  | 3  | 7 |

Batteries: Coquille, Barton and Vincent; Bandon, Laird, Foster Giles and Nielson. The remainder of the local Junior players were McClellan, first base; Wood, second base; Waggoner, short stop; Schaar, third base; Swain and Price, left field; Bailey and Oederkirk, centerfield; and Jewell and Smith, right field.

The schedule next Saturday, tomorrow, will see Coquille at Powers and Bandon at Marshfield. The league standing is:

|            | W | L | Pct.  |
|------------|---|---|-------|
| Coquille   | 3 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Marshfield | 2 | 1 | .667  |
| Powers     | 1 | 2 | .333  |
| Bandon     | 0 | 3 | .000  |

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ently. It is no longer considered sinful to spend part of your time outside of your kitchen in healthful pleasure and wholesome recreation.

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