

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Lenore

Can you imagine a nice dish of live yellow jackets, stingers and all? How would you like to try a few for your dinner? They would without doubt prove a very hot dinner to a human being. But if there is anything a bear is more fond of than honey, why, it is more honey. And he doesn't hesitate about cramming a gob of honey in his mouth that is plastered over with bees. The comb of the yellow jackets' nest is eaten greedily and any yellow jacket that gets in the way goes the same route. Ants are another favorite diet of old bruin. He delights in digging them out of their nests in both the ground and hollow logs and beneath the bark of logs. He thinks nothing at all of having a few thousand ants running up and down his nose and taking a few hundred bites at him. It has been stated that a bear's nose is the most tender spot about him. If that is really the case he must be one real tough guy all over. When he is robbing a nest of yellow jackets, or honey bees, they almost engulf his entire head. He merely slaps them off his nose and goes ahead with the feast. Hot stuff!

During the past month, James G. Linck, of Williamsport, Pa., spent two weeks with me and during that time we covered many of the best fishing streams of southwestern Oregon, including the famous Smith river, in Douglas county. Many good catches were made in spite of the lateness of the season. The gentleman from the east was rather an exception to the rule, as far as anglers coming from other points to our state to fish are concerned. He proved himself to be an expert fly and bait caster, readily caught on to the various tricks of our western trout and it was not long before my guest was causing me to call upon every trick at my command to keep pace with him in netting in the large ones. The exchange of friendly banter; Jim's oft-repeated shout, "You'll never land that fellow;" when I hooked onto a big one; the light of our campfire reaching long fingers into the shadows beneath the big trees; the sound of a splashing trout; all will go down in memory and many times in the future will be looked back upon with untold pleasure. Yes, that tall easterner, James Linck, whom I met by chance upon an Oregon beach three years ago and whose acquaintance was renewed by a special visit to me, is now numbered in the ranks of my pals of the trails and streams and the only regret I have is the fact that Jim and I did not meet sooner. A friendship formed in one of the true treasures of life and when a friend is found who speaks a

man's own language, whose likes and dislikes are similar, whose eyes glimpse the same beauty of a sunset and hear the same music in the laughter of a brook, why, it is like discovering a gold mine.

The upper stretches of Smith river is, no doubt, the least fished stream in southwestern Oregon, due to the condition of the roads leading to it. While the 47 miles of road leading to the river from the main highway cannot be classed as bad, it cannot be called good either, owing to the fact that some twelve miles of the road winds over a high mountain. The road is narrow and has more pronounced turns than a corkscrew. It is a dirt road and the two hazards of traveling are meeting cars and being caught in a rain. As is usually the case, the farther the road leads, the rougher it becomes. But the sight of the rushing trout stream over boulder strewn canyons and of the long dark pools where the fighting warriors lurk beneath the shadows of overhanging ledges, well repays a fisherman for a journey to Smith river.

I have spoken often in the past as to how the wilderness is gradually fading; how civilization is taking toll and advancing step by step and how it is almost impossible to find a place entirely free from habitation of any kind and where one may commune alone with nature. This fact was brought forcibly to me during our Smith river trip. At the end of the forty-seven mile drive, in that remote region a telephone line stretches forth into the far jungles. Forestry service signs adorn the trunks of trees, home-owners cabins nestle upon the hill-sides where the cougar is still wont to tread the trails. And believe it or not, there in that wilderness at the very end of civilization's rough road, a radio blared forth and three bathing beauties sported about in a likely-looking trout pool. Oh, wilderness, where art thou?

But it is true that it is hard to find a spot any more where only the Red Gods of the forest reign. Tioga, Smith river, Sixes, Elk, The Dutchman, Twelve Mile, the forks of Cow creek, Old Baldy, Calf Ranch, Salmon mountain and a hundred and one other former isolated spots have been conquered by advancing civilization. The game trail changed to a forestry trail and then converted to a road. The very trails that game animals once trod and which were seldom marked by the footprints of a hunting shoe or the foot of a burro, have been converted into roads over which fast automobiles hum into the once beauty spots of nature. Men garbed in golf pants "rough it" within a few feet of their parked cars, or even sleep

within them and upon the very rocks of the streams upon which the squaw sat and bathed her dark skinned offspring, today a modern beauty of civilization stands, poised for a dive—an alluring picture it is true, but somehow seemingly out of place in a wilderness retreat.

The sound of the klaxon is rapidly replacing the cry of the cougar and the voice of the coyote. Hob-nailed boots are fast obliterating the tracks of jungle creatures. Old trails are fading into the background as modern roads take their place. Nature's beauty spots are being gradually rubbed out. The very glamor of the fast disappearing wilderness, is fading. Today there is no such thing as virgin trout waters and virgin hunting territories. The time is not far distant when a man will pause, his fishing rod in his hand and ponder the question, "where can I go to catch a fish?" Fact of the matter, a lot of 'em are pondering this very question today.

It does not take a great deal of imagination to read the handwriting upon the wall, to take a peek into the future and glimpse the picture that will be presented to the outdoorsman in the future years; highways everywhere; roads winding into the most remote corners of the wilderness; modern dwellings upon the banks of famed trout streams; small farms and wellings upon choice hunting grounds of the jungles and our remaining timbered hills denuded of the tall trees that adorn them today. Thousands and thousands of new hunters and anglers joining the ranks of the present ones in mad pursuit of the few forest creatures and fish that remain. It is not a pleasant picture to contemplate but there is no dodging the issue—it's coming and coming too fast.

While on Smith river I had the good fortune to see a rather rare sight—a big beaver swimming about in a deep pool. Was also thrilled by the sight of a huge cougar's track upon the sandy soil of a small creek crossing the forestry service trail.

It has been my painful experience upon several occasions to encounter men connected with the Forestry Service who sought to convey the fact that they owned the national forests and quite a portion of the world in general. It was refreshing indeed to meet Supt. Fenton Starr, of the E. C. W. camp on the north fork of Smith river, near Mapleton. This forester was a man well met, courteous and obliging to the extreme.

Clarence Tripp, also with the Forestry Service, of Elmira, Oregon, proved himself to be a gentleman, considerate of his fellowman, and did us a good turn which was greatly ap-

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preciated. Such men as Tripp and Starr are a credit to the branch of the government in which they serve and after encountering some of the high-hatted men of some of the other divisions it was indeed a pleasure to meet the two above mentioned gentlemen.

Loggers Have Easy Time

With Cottage Grove Team
Basehits and runs were quite apparent in last Sunday's ball game, the Coquille Loggers hitting hard and often to defeat the Cottage Grove Cascadians, 16 to 5.

Glenn Murray, on the mound for Coquille, pitched eight and two-thirds innings before a severe pain in his abdomen forced him to retire. His start was somewhat shaky, Cottage Grove reaching him for two scores in the two opening frames, but after that he shut them out until he was removed. Marion Fischer pitched to one man in the eighth, and in the ninth he had some trouble retiring the side, three runs crossing on three hits.

Two home runs were among the hit-producing blows in the big seventh, one by Otto Kolstad and the other by Art Pulford. Kolstad's four-bagger came with Bill Stewart on first base, while Art hit his with Moran and Thompson on the sacks. Five other hits, all singles, were the mediums, other than the Ruthian swats, which provided the huge run scoring episode. Lineups:

Coquille	B	R	H	O	A	E
Pulford, lf, ss	5	2	3	3	0	1
Fischer, 2b, 3b, p	6	0	0	1	2	0
Stewart, ss, rf, 1b	5	2	3	2	1	0
Kolstad, 1b, rf	5	2	2	1	0	0
Murray, p	5	1	3	0	1	0
Woodyard, 3b, 2b	4	3	2	0	6	0
Marsden, cf	2	1	1	0	0	0
Moran, c	3	3	1	0	2	1
Wood, rf	3	0	2	0	0	0
Thompson, rf, ss, 3b	2	1	1	0	1	0
Bailey, cf	2	1	1	0	1	0
Barton, lf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fortier, c	0	0	0	1	0	0

Total	B	R	H	O	A	E
Cottage Grove	42	16	19	27	15	2
Ricknerbocker, es, 1b	4	1	2	2	5	1
Cox, 2b	5	0	1	2	1	0
Cochran, rf	4	1	0	2	0	1
Witcher, cf	4	0	1	4	0	1
Lunn, 1b, p	5	0	2	7	0	0
Ready, lf, ss	3	1	2	0	1	0
Pillsbury, 3b	3	0	0	3	1	0
Minton, c	4	1	2	4	2	0
Miner, p, lf	4	1	1	0	1	0

Total 36 5 11 24 11 3
Coquille 1 1 1 3 0 7 2 *-16

Hits 2 1 3 1 3 0 7 2 0-19
Cottage Grove 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 3-5
Hits 2 1 2 0 0 1 2 0 3-11

Summary—Earned runs, Coquille 16, Cottage Grove 5; home runs, Kolstad, Pulford; three-base hit, Wood; two-base hit, Murray, Woodyard, Pulford, Miner; sacrifice hit, Marsden; stolen bases, Pulford 3, Stewart 3, Woodyard 2; first base on errors, Cottage Grove 1, Coquille 1; wild pitch, Miner; passed ball, Minton 2; first base on balls, off Murray 3, off Fischer 2, off Miner 2, off Lunn 2; struck out, by Murray 11, by Fischer 1, by Miner 2; left on bases, Coquille 7, Cottage Grove 9; losing pitcher, Miner; time, 2 hours and 14 minutes; umpires, Sturdivant and Gilbert.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS
(By Mark Sealey)

At Cottage Grove Sunday the Loggers will not have the easy time they did against the Cascadians last Sunday. It should be known that three regulars were missing from the Cottage Grove lineup here in the first game, but regardless the Lane county club kept the date, not running out like Crescent City and Oakland did.

One of the players is Johnson, pitcher, who has been the Grovians mound mainstay. The other two are attaches of a dude ranch near Cottage Grove. The ranch is owned by J. Farrell McDonald, screen star, who played the part of Knute Rockne in "The Spirit of Notre Dame." Married to McDonald's daughter is Garrett Arbelbide, ex-University of Southern California football star, and former member of the Hollywood Coast League team. Arbelbide plays third base and the manager of the dude ranch performs in another position, and along with Johnson these two will be in the battle for Cottage Grove this Sunday.

Manager Fortier will again use Glenn Murray on the mound. Either Art Pulford or Bob Thompson will be used in the infield as third baseman. Woodyard will be at Roseburg. The Loggers return home on August 5, meeting the Glendale Lumbermen, who were such pesky opponents in two games earlier this season.

I wish to announce to all my friends and clients that I am now settled in my office at my residence. Office and residence are entirely separate and apart each from the other and all due privacy is afforded when in consultation. You are invited to call and inspect my new quarters.

J. J. Stanley.