

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Laneve

A sound of merry whistling came from the bank of a nearby stream. Yes, it could be called merry, but as far as the tune was concerned, it was way off key. But still, there was such a certain air of freedom, of abandonment from the whole sad world in general about that hitting refrain that it was actually contagious and I found my own lips puckering in a soft accompaniment of the melody.

Screened by high bushes from sight of the whistler, I gently parted them and gazed downward. There, seated upon the bank of the trout stream was a freckle-faced, barefoot boy, swinging his feet to the accompaniment of the tune, the while he inserted a squirming angleworm upon the point of a rusty hook. The hook was attached to the end of a long cord, which in turn adorned the end of a stubby willow limb. A rusty bolt acted as sinker.

Punk! Hook, sinker and bait disappeared beneath the waters of the stream and the expectant eyes of the lad gazed from beneath the brim of an old slouch hat several sizes too large for the wearer.

As I spied upon this youngster, the curtains of years rolled back and left me standing upon the bank of a small stream, clad in little blue blouse and overalls, a little cane pole clutched in my hand, a stout black thread for a line and the same sort of bait dangling upon a hook as this small lad was using.

The expensive rod in my hand was converted in memory to the little cane pole. The taper line became a thread, the artificial fly, a rusty hook. My high top shoes faded to little stub-nosed, red top boots.

Yes, I was carried back through the years and for the moment forgot my surroundings. I was brought back abruptly to reality by a crash in the water beneath me. My foot had dislodged a loose rock and it had plunged into the stream beneath me.

The magic spell was broken. I was no longer a carefree boy. The curtains of past years that had been drawn so kindly aside, flapped back into place and left me in a world of reality, feeling rather sheepish to be caught spying upon the young fisherman.

He glanced up, startled at the sound of the splashing rock and the whistle died upon his lips. But instantly those same lips broke into a broad grin at my salutation of, "How's fishin'?" At the same time I made my way down the bank to his side.

"They ain't bittin' much," he said; at the same time wistfully eyeing my rod. I could read his thoughts as plainly as though he had spoken them, "Gee, I'd like to have on outfit like yours."

If times were the same with me, today, as in that quite distant time when I had purchased my rod and line I would have been sorely tempted to have turned over my outfit to him. But that same rod I was carrying had been rewrapped and revarnished many times, for the want of the price of a new one.

And if his eyes gazed wistfully at my fishing rod, mine also turned wistfully upon his crude pole and line. For were not fond memories associated with just such an outfit?

No doubt the lad envied me—a man who could go fishing when he wished, who did not have to think of the near approach of school, nor had to run errands before he was allowed to go fishing. But that boy could never know, could not understand at his age why I should envy him, with his bare feet, old willow pole, a string for a line and a rusty hook.

Some day he will grow into a man and no doubt a real man, for he is receiving the proper training to make a good clean citizen, associating with the great outdoors and pursuing that age-old pastime—fishing. And when he becomes a man there is no doubt that he will gaze back with a keen understanding of the barefoot boy with his crude fishing outfit and will envy with all his heart that carefree youth, with the merry whistle.

As I wended my way on down the stream the long forgotten words of Whittier's poem, "The Barefoot Boy," popped into my mind and I turned and waved a farewell to the little figure seated upon the bank and my lips formed the first line of that wonderful verse, "Blessings on that little man—"

A recent question asked is, "If deer use a certain trail once or twice are they apt to use it right along or do they roam about a lot?" Deer are a lot like us humans. Where the feed is the best they are usually found. Sometimes they stay in a certain locality for a long period before moving along in search of better eats or being driven out by hunters or predators. During the period that the old bucks are drying their horns they usually use one bed and have regular trails they frequent while going to water and to feed. Their range is very short during this period and it is seldom that they stray any great distance from their beds, while feeding or going to water. The same holds true in the fall just before running season. At this period they lie very close in brushy thickets and

around very little. Does and yearlings are wont to wander a great deal more than the bucks are during any season of the year except rutting season. But when rutting season finally arrives, the bucks throw all caution to the winds, leave their places of concealment and fearlessly fare forth in search of their mates. It is during this period that bucks may be discovered in all manner of places, along country roads, on public highways, in fields close to habitation. In fact, in most any location.

Just prior to rutting season the bucks lie about together, but the moment that the mating season arrives, friendship existing among the bucks is immediately dissolved and they separate. A meeting a little later on will likely develop into a fierce battle between any two of the bucks which were on such friendly terms during the summer and early fall months.

A question has been asked: "Is it unlawful to have in one's possession the feathers of any game bird during closed season?" For instance the tail of a Chinese pheasant? The answer is no. Any game bird plumage taken from birds lawfully killed during open season may be kept in a person's possession, but it is unlawful to offer said plumage for sale, barter or exchange.

Another question asked is, "What causes a dog to become gun-shy?" To those not familiar with "gun-shy" dogs, I will state that a gun-shy dog is a dog that is frightened by a report of a gun and usually beats it for home or some sort of shelter when a gun is discharged near him.

As to the cause of a dog becoming gun-shy, there are many contributing factors. Some dogs are naturally timid and easily frightened and these are the sort of dogs that usually become gun-shy. The cause of gun-shyness in many a good dog has been caused by the rapid firing of a shotgun on the dog's first trip afield. If one shot is fired and a dog becomes startled, he may be talked to gently and assured that everything is o. k. But if he becomes startled at the first shot and the gunner continues to fire more shots in rapid succession it may mean the spoiling of a good dog, there and then.

A good idea is to take your hunting dog into the field and let him flush or set a few birds before a shot is fired. That is, if he is a timed dog to start with. When the birds take to wing merely point the gun at them. The dog will soon associate the gun with the birds. When you finally fire at a bird, fire just one shot. If you bag the bird, all the better, for then any intelligent dog will immediately associate the discharge of the gun with the killing of the bird. Watch your dog carefully after the shot is fired. If he acts the least bit timid over the sound of the shot, reassure him by petting him and bringing the gun in close contact with him, thus assuring him that the gun will do him no harm. If the bird you fired at was killed take the dog to it immediately. In this manner a natural gun-shy dog will gradually be broken of all signs of gun-shyness.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS

(By Mark Seeley)

Next week this column will present a resume of the 1934 baseball season, as far as the Coquille Loggers are concerned. The tabulations will include the season record in games won and lost, the hitting and pitching marks, and the various outstanding individual standouts. We do not believe that complete details are on hand, due to abbreviated score sheets in some instances.

Referring to the two games played with the Van Dyke Colored House of David, many thoughts of highlights are apparent. The big moment of the two games, the individual show which was met with a burst of spontaneous applause, was when Bill Fortier picked off a "fast one" down the alley and sent his triple in the fourth inning of the Monday game. "Willy" ain't what he used to be," but he can still hit one now and then.

The peculiar angle was the way in which Coquille won on Monday. Seldom is a game won when a man strikes out, but this is what happened. The "Ripley occurrence" came with Bill Stewart at the plate, "Babe" Favours losing the final strike, allowing Marion Fischer to score from third. Art Pulford had previously tied the count when he raced home as Fischer tripled.

Two Coquille infielders, Bill Stewart and Marion Fischer, covered their respective territory like a canvas, between them accepting thirty-one chances during the two games. Marion had seven chances on Sunday and nine on Monday, while Stew had seven and eight for the two games. This duo actually outshone the herded House of David keystone combination of Ousley and Henderson, though the latter made a stop on Pulford's infield grounder in the seventh inning on Monday which was almost unbelievable.

Art Pulford led the Coquille hitters with five hits in line ups for the two games. Long distance honors, though, went to Marion Fischer with his brace of triples on Monday.

Comments concerning the colored boys can't easily be centered. The entire team displayed a fast brand of ball, though the boys were affected with the usual dark laziness at times. Generally they snapped it up and fought for everything. Possibly Dizzy Dean, Babe Favours, Young and Drake showed to an advantage.

One thing the Van Dykes possessed was the same tendency displayed by the Israelite House of David when a dispute on a decision came up. The colored boys showed an aptitude to express their collective feelings, at least on Sunday. It is said a tongue-lashing by Manager Crump kept them slightly under cover on Monday.

Frank Thompson's showing on Sunday was a disappointment, but in defense of the big boy it can be said that if he had been on he likely would have won. Frank is a capable pitcher, but to date he has not had the opportunities of the usual bush league hurler. The breaks merely happened to go the wrong way for the Glendale ace.

Coaches Henry Hartley and Leste Wilson will review the 1934 Coquille High School football prospects for the first time next week. Among the pigskinners reporting will be five lettermen and several new lads who may shine. Next week further dope will be on hand.

Loggers Win Monday Game by Heavy Slugging

The winners of the day were the Coquille Loggers, but the hero was "Grandpa" Fortier, when on Monday the local ball club picked itself from the floor to defeat the Colored House of David, 7 to 6, after losing 11 to 5 the day previous.

The hero credit is given to "Grandpa" with thoughts of due credit to Marion Fischer and Art Pulford, as well, and Glen Murray, also. All displayed a stellar part in assisting the Loggers in closing the season gloriously, but to Fortier must be handed the gilded laurels. "Grandpa," though aged and faltering, his joints creaky and stiff, produced a punch that we thought he had lost years ago.

It was in the fourth frame that the hero role was assumed. Coquille had jumped into a two-run lead in the first inning, only to have it equalled in the fourth when Young, negro left fielder, homed with one runner on the bases, sending Murray's pitch to the left field gate. Two were out as Fortier hit for Bob Waggoner in the last part of the fourth, and two men, Pulford from a walk and Moran from a fielder's choice, were on the bases. Fortier cracked the first pitch for three bases, scoring the two runners and coming in himself on a bad throw in from the outfield.

These runs might have won the game, but a four run tally in the eighth gave the Van Dykes the lead, 6 to 5. Brown tripled and scored on Dean's infield out. Hicks hit the innings second triple, after which Young popped out and Drake was hit by a pitched ball. Drake stole second and then "Babe" Favoursaced out a single which scored the runners easily, and he himself registered when Bob Thompson let the hit slip through his legs.

Apparently the game was lost as far as Coquille was concerned, but in the ninth the Loggers recovered from the knock-out punch. Pulford raced around to third on the first baseman's boot, and scored on Fischer's roaring triple into right field. If Marion scored the fray would be won, and with one away the chances were great. Bill Stewart, as next up, proceeded to win the game by striking out the third strike slipping through Favours' mitt, allowing Fischer to count. Lineups:

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, B, R, H, O, A, E. Lists Coquille and Van Dykes lineups.

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Summary—Earned runs, Coquille 7, Van Dykes 6; home run, Young; three base hits, Fischer 2, Fortier, Brown, Hicks; two base hit, Pulford; sacrifice hit, Hicks; stolen bases, Drake, Moran 2; hit by pitcher, Young, Drake 2, B. Thompson; passed

balls, Moran, Favours; first base on errors, Coquille 3, Van Dykes 2; left on bases, Coquille 6, Van Dykes 5; first base on balls, off Murray 2, off Drake 1; struck out, by Murray 3, by Drake 6; double play, Kolstad unassisted, Henderson to Ousley to Brown; umpires, Roper and Lorenz; time 1 hour, 50 minutes.

Van Dyke's Colored Team Were the Sunday Winners

One big inning and the Coquille Loggers were defeated. This is the short story of the ball game last Sunday when Van Dykes Colored House of David won, 11 to 5, chiefly through a seventh frame blowup which saw five darkies cross the platter. A crowd of near two thousand fans was present.

In the first frame Coquille jumped into the initial lead. Art Pulford singled to left and advanced to second on Marion Fischer's sacrifice on which both runners were safe. Stewart was fly out to third base, but Murray walked to fill the bases. Otto Kolstad's single to left-center field scored both Pulford and Fischer, but with Murray on third and Otto on second, after a steal, Woodyard and Marsden were strike out victims.

Three hits brought in two colored ads in the second canto, tying the score. A third score was lost when "Babe" Favours was out at second for failing to touch second on his home run swat.

Young singled, and gained the next sack after Hicks was out hunting on the third strike. Dean's single sent Young to third from where he scored on Drake's infield out, Dean reaching second. Favours then sent out his "home run" to score Dean. The "Babe" tried to save time in reaching the dug-out.

Each club scored in the fifth, the Davidites on a home run by Drake. Dizzy Dean was out on an infield fly, but Drake followed with his Ruthian drive, a terrific liner to the left field fence. Favours struck out, and though "Chick" Henderson and "Jew-Baby" Bennette singled, no further damage was caused as Guy Ousley grounded out.

Glenn Murray scored the Coquille run. He followed Stewart's out with a single, advanced to second on Woodyard's walk after Kolstad popped out, and scored on Marsden's bingle.

Frank Thompson up to this time had pitched a creditable game, but it was apparent that the darkies were solving his delivery. The Glendale ace's slow curve was continually a target for the opposing bats, Drake's homer being hit from a "teaser" toss. A costly error by Pulford led the way for Thompson's downfall as the House of David went ahead in the sixth. Two were down when Art muffed a fly after which Dean's single scored Hicks, who had gained the life.

Two hit batters, three walks, and three singles finished Thompson in the seventh, five runs crossing. A wild pitch and two pilfered bases aided the merry-go-round which more than settled the issue. Marion Fischer took over the burden in the eighth, two additional scores being made with him in the box. He got by in the ninth unscathed.

For six innings it was a real ball game, but when the lid blew it was blasted to all corners of the park.

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Summary—Earned runs, Coquille 4, Van Dykes 10; home run, Drake; three base hit, Woodyard; sacrifice hit, Fischer; stolen bases, Pulford, Kolstad, B. Thompson, Bennette, Ousley, Young, Favours, Henderson; hit by pitcher, Brown, Favours; wild pitches, Thompson; first base on errors, Coquille 2, Van Dykes 1; left on bases, Coquille 11, Van Dykes 6; innings pitched, by F. Thompson 7, by Fischer 2; first base on balls, off Thompson 3, off Fischer 1, off Dean 5; losing pitcher, F. Thompson; double play, B. Thompson to Stewart to Kolstad; umpires Sturdyant and Roper; time, 2 hours, 30 minutes.

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