

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Leneve

From Curry county comes the second story to be entered in the prize story contest. It comes from an old native of that county, Otto Newman, who related the story to me in person recently and I shall endeavor to give it to you in his exact words. Here it is:

"Many years ago we owned an old varmint dog by the name of Midge. This old hound would fight his weight in wild cats and it's many a bear, bobcat and cougar that he put up a tree.

"At one time I was cruising timber in Curry county and was called into a very wild stretch of country. While at Port Orford I borrowed an old six shooter to take along. It was a big caliber gun; a forty-four, forty, I believe.

Early the following morning I took old Midge and started out. We had not gone far when the old dog struck a track and wanted to go. I had taken the dog more for company than anything else and I was anxious to get my work of cruising the timber over with, so I called the dog off the track. But I had only gone a short distance when he sneaked away from me and the first thing I knew I heard him open up on a hot track in the brush just behind me. He was coming my way and I pulled out the old six shooter, hoping that he might run whatever he was pursuing close enough to allow me a shot. And he did just that! Presently, only a short distance down the trail behind me a big cougar loped into view, coming straight at me. I cocked the old pistol and pulled down on him. When he got close enough I pulled the trigger and the gun snapped. As the hammer clinked down, the slight noise caused the animal to halt an instant and then it sprang away in the brush. In another instant the old dog hove into sight and I knew it wouldn't be long until the big cat went up a tree. And sure enough, within a short time came the dog's voice at tree. I hastened there as fast as I could and there about twenty feet above the ground in a small tree, crouched the big cat. He was lashing his sides with his long tail and grinning down at me in an evil manner. I raised the old pistol and again pulled trigger and again it snapped. I swung the cylinder out and found that the cartridges were being carried slightly past center of the barrel with the result that the firing pin struck upon the rim of the

shell, missing the cap completely. So I held the cylinder with one hand as near center as possible and again pulled a bead on the cat. That time the gun went and I missed! I was nervous from my long run to the tree and with the uncertainty as to whether the shell was going to explode or not, well, any way I missed. The cougar continued to snarl and lash his sides with his tail as he stood upon the limb. Again I steadied the cylinder with one hand and said to myself as I raised the gun, "Well, if I can't shoot you in the neck I'll shoot you in the tail, or anywhere else," and with that, I let go. That cougar straightened out to its full height upon that limb and let the most blood curdling cry escape him that I had ever heard, nor have I ever heard such a terrible sound since. The short hairs on my neck began to creep and every hair stood straight up; my heart flew to my throat and pumped furiously and then—the cougar toppled from the tree and the old dog pounced upon him! I cocked the old gun and rushed in to save my dog but there was no fight left in the cougar. It had seen his death scream that had sent my hair on end, as he was shot squarely through the heart. The heavy bullet had entered his flank, angled forward and penetrated his heart. That has been many years ago, but I have never forgotten that cougar's dying scream to his day."

I wish to take occasion here to thank Mr. Newman for his interesting story which I know will be enjoyed by the readers of this column.

A lot of hunters claim that a cougar does not scream, but they would have a mighty hard time to convince Mr. Newman of the fact.

On Sept. 1st of this year I observed two large flocks of geese winging over Fairview valley. For one thing it was early for a flight of geese, but the strange part of it was the fact that these particular geese were headed directly north. The supposition that they were lost hasn't much foundation, owing to the fact that the visibility was excellent and that one flock passed at 7:30 a. m. while the other went by at five p. m. It couldn't mean that winter was over—surely not! About the only solution I could find to the puzzle was that perhaps the food was about exhausted at some point to the south and they were seeking new feeding grounds regardless of the near approach of winter.

And speaking of the approach of winter. You fishermen who are for-

ever complaining of the moths making banquets of your flies during closed seasons can easily overcome this by placing your flies in a fruit jar and screwing the lid on tightly. Place them in a dark place and they will be O. K. the following spring.

And while on the subject of placing things in containers I might mention the fact that salt kept in a wooden container or shaker will run freely at all times and will not become damp or lumpy in any weather condition.

Salt thrown on burning grease will immediately extinguish the flame.

A white wolf was shot and killed recently in Meatans. Occasionally a white wolf is encountered. They are evidently a far throwback to prehistoric times, when perhaps droves of monster white wolves roamed the wilderness. A few years back a white wolf was caught by Elmer Williams, assistant to Stanley Jewett, chief of the Biological Survey. I understand the animal was mounted. Williams, personally described the taking of the wolf to me. A fact worthy of mention is that when the head of the Survey wanted a white wolf for a specimen that that animal was trapped. I have often wondered why poison was not resorted to, owing to the fact that the Biological Survey outfit are forever sponsoring its use.

And now comes the report from Wyoming that last month men engaged in spreading poison supplied by the Biological Survey and under the supervision of that organization smashed a lot of cliff swallows' nests, destroying eggs and young, because these poor birds were accused of harboring bed bugs. Can you beat it? Can you even tie it? Cliff swallows are the busiest little birds we have. They are destructive in no manner and are one of the varieties of birds that are directly responsible for curbing the billions of insects of the air. No wonder the slogan, "It's alive—kill it!" has been wished on the Biological Survey.

When swallows are slain for the unheard of crime of harboring bed bugs, a person wonders just what next is on the list of the blood-thirsty killers who wage war on practically everything that exists and who recently spread 153,000 ounces of strychnine over 3,000,000 acres of our National Forests with the object of killing certain rodents. And it was this same outfit of poison slingers that destroyed the cliff swallows' nests.

Much comment is heard regarding

the new duck hunting laws and regulations. It has been stated by one Coos Bay paper that a lot of hunters of that district will not even consider hunting this season. To me, there is one gladsome fact connected with the new laws and that is the fact that gun clubs who bait their lakes and ponds must secure a special government permit to do so. It appears to me that this man "Ding" Darling, new head of the Biological Survey casts at least a reflective glance upon the poor class of sportsmen and appears desirous of giving the birds a little break, something that the past head of the Survey was mighty slack on.

There is one thing that gives me a big laugh concerning this baiting permit business and that is the fact that the present game commission for Oregon has swung into action and is in a feverish haste to have the government supply Stanley Jewett, of Portland, head of the Survey for Oregon, with permits to be issued to gun club baiters in this state. What does that signify? Just the simple fact that every hunting preserve and rich gun club of Multnomah county will be issued a permit regardless of how many birds are slain by them, or regardless of the birds' actual protection. I'm willing to wager a couple of shotguns and a good huntin' dog that this prediction is correct. Have I any takers?

Just why the game commissioners should break their necks in order to secure special permits for rich gun clubs is something that should be given a lot of consideration by the poorer sportsmen of the state, who contribute the bulk of the money to maintain the game commission through the purchase of hunting and angling licenses.

When there is a game commission at the head of the affairs of this state who will forget politics, who will lend an ear to the pleadings of the general rank and file of sportsmen in general, who are actually acquainted with game conditions and sponsor laws for the protection of game, then will Oregon sportsmen actually get a break.

It is an actual fact that in congress the bills that are introduced concerning firearms and the abolition of the pistol are introduced and framed by men who are actually unfamiliar with the use of firearms. When one takes into consideration the boneheaded laws regarding game of this state one naturally wonders concerning the actual knowledge of the doctors and bankers who comprise our state game board. It appears to me that an outdoor man or so should be on the state game board, but it appears that a man has to be some sort of a doctor in order to click.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS

(By Mark Sealey)

It all seems so strange. In fact, it is most unbelievable, but it must be a fact, though we'll have to see 'em first. Coach Wilson, the Coquille ed Devils' new tutor, states that this year he hopes to schedule a few games for his third string, which does not sound so odd at first, but when we thought it over for a moment or two, we finally couldn't believe our ears.

Since when has Coquille High been able to boast of a third team? Not when your correspondent was a boy in high school, or not in any year, recent or distant. In fact, back in 1927 when yours truly was a greenie in the Freshman class, Brick Leslie was oftentimes fortunate if he had enough men for a defensive line to scrimmage his varsity. Things must be changing.

To what is this increase due? Natural growth of the size of the student body has, of course, helped, but other elements have entered. For one thing, a vastly changed spirit is apparent, this being brought about by athletic advantages offered to Junior High youngsters and the lads who have participated in Junior league baseball. At one time Coquille boys did not obtain the benefits of athletic training until they were in high school, but now they are being taught much earlier. Why shouldn't the present crop be sport-minded?

The size of the Red Devil squad changes from day to day, but generally there are over thirty pigskinners going through their paces. Of the backfield men, not an experienced man, that is, not a letterman is on hand. For the past two weeks the quartet that has been used tentatively as a starter is composed of Allan "Junior" Bailey, 130, quarterback; Lewis Donaldson, 156, halfback; Bill Briggs, 132, halfback, and Lawrence Hatcher, 153, fullback. In the line the center has been Jess Barton, letterman, 170; John Cary, letterman, 142, and Tom Henderson, 136, guards; Jack Clinton 160, letterman, and Toad Lawhorne, 162, tackles; and Howard Dettelsen, 147, and Lin Swain, letterman, 142, ends. The weight of this eleven averages slightly over 148 pounds, the backfield mark being nearly 143 pounds and the line average 151 pounds. Not as heavy as the opposing Marshfield and North Bend

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teams, but the difference isn't enough to hurt.

This lineup is by no means the sure starter, but merely the one that has taken Coach Wilson's eye during these early stages of the training period. There are many more promising athletes. Among them are: Lloyd Wood, 132; Tom Thrift, 129; Don Stevens, 126; Curtis Williams, 130; and Raymond Williams, 126; backfield men, and Jack Smith, 170; Jimmy Richmond, 124; Don McClellan, 155; Jack Chenoweth, 149; Dudley Walton, 134; Ernie Dettelsen, 135; Bill Vincent, 141; Charley Vincent, 124; Richardson, 145; Waggoner, 127; Mattoon, 132, and Jim Robinson, letterman, all linemen. Of this number Robinson, a reserve tackle in 1933, Jack Smith, Lloyd Wood, Don McClellan, and a few of the others have been working at times on the varsity.

Early dope points to the Bulldogs of North Bend as the favorite to cop the gonfalon. North Bend has over a full team of experienced gridlers on hand, practically a veteran lineup, as well as a huge turnout of other material to choose from.

At Marshfield the situation is somewhat reversed with very few veterans returning from the 1933 championship team, though Coach Osborn has been greeted by his usual large squad. The situations at Bandon and Myrtle Point are still in the dark. It is whispered, however, that both schools have been blessed with a good-sized return of 1933 stock, Myrtle Point having the largest number of lettermen.

Who are the football coaches in Coos county? They are the same as in 1933 except in one case, this in Coquille. Here we have Lester Wilson, the Coquille High graduate, who was introduced by this column three weeks ago. The Coos Bay mentors are Fred Osborn, a product of Oregon State College, then Oregon Agricultural College, at Marshfield, and Victor Adams, a Pacific University graduate, at North Bend. The Bandon mentor is Curtis French, once a fleet-footed Willamette University halfback, while at Myrtle Point is Coach Rickard, from Oregon State College. The latter two were new to their duties last season.

This shows a division between the coaches who received their early training at either large or small collegiate institutions. Two, Osborn and Rickard, are from the large schools, while Adams and French are from the "babies." The Red Devil coach, Wilson, is an in between product,

thus balancing the situation. Wilson attended three schools, Oregon State, Ashland Normal, and Albany College.

Max Adelbert Baer—have you ever heard the name? If not, he's the gent who collected the heavyweight boxing championship by knocking the crown from the noble brow of Primo Carnera. Tonight the "great one" appears in Marshfield in the role of a referee, but without much doubt, he will exhibit his punching prowess some time during the bout. At Portland Monday night Max threw a few blows at Bulldog Jackson, and with Rough-house Robin Reed scheduled for the Armory this evening much of the same likely will occur.

A large contingent of Coquille sport followers will likely attend Roy Cederstrom's card. Roy has promoted a good card nearly worth the price of admission in itself, but with Max Baer, heavy-weight champ, idol of the ladies, and dandy of Broadway and Hollywood, set to officiate, the matches are only secondary. Buddy Baer, Max's kid brother, will not be on hand, as the youngster is fighting in Eureka tonight.

As a warm-up game, one to test his new athletes, Coach Wilson will pit his Red Devils against a team of Red Devil alumni Saturday afternoon at 2:00 p. m. For half the game it may be quite a battle, but when the oldsters lose their second wind the high school lads should march. In preparation the alumni eleven has been running through play maneuvers during this week.

Touchdowns—baskets—base-hits—etc. Gus Gallas, trackman, and Harry Helmkin, trackman, and basketball prospect, are returning to Oregon. Orville Wood attended a big league ball game, Boston Braves at Chicago Cubs, while on his trip this summer and, not he but the Mrs., caught a foul ball hit by Shortstop Gil English of the Cubs. The Woods have it among their souvenirs. Among others Joe Gordon and Bill Wiltshire, U. of O. baseball stars, as well as Jack Andrews, wish to play ball for the Loggers in 1934. We were among those who rushed to shake the mitt of Jack Dempsey after the fight he refereed in Marshfield. Shake the hand that shook the hand of—J. E. Norton, local merchant, was at one time a Coquille baseball star.—Hal Turpin, Portland Beaver pitcher, once hurled for North Bend. Remember in 1924 when Coquille High won its only football championship? Coach Wilson was a member of that club.