

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Leno

Somewhat I always get a tremendous kick out of sighting the first wild lily that blooms in the spring. Regal in its white beauty, its star-face turned upward, seeking the kiss of the sun gods, it appears at the same time to turn a green-clad shoulder disdainfully upon King Winter, whose icy hand still grips the earth from which the lily so valiantly has fought its way, to bring cheer and a promise of spring to all who behold this brave little flower. It is short-lived, bursting from bud to bloom almost overnight and ere the passing of many days its bright face droops and falls upon the ground, just a withered ghost of its former beautiful self. But in passing it has brought cheer and gladness to those who appreciate it and who have glimpsed it either in a tall vase within a house, where, after being plucked, it has been placed, or within a shady nook of its woodland retreat. This flower blooming in the fairy garden of the woodlands, its delicate petals giving forth the scent of rare nectar of the gods, its unfolding white petals exposing a golden heart to delight the eye, to me is one of the most beloved flowers of those that grace the carpet of the forests. This flower reared by Mother Nature, who without the aid of human hands, brings its tender bulb through the ravages of cruel winter and nurses it to bloom in the very face of that cold, relentless King. Many a person passes a lily by with but a casual glance, or crushes it beneath a careless heel. But usually these are the sort of people who can see no beauty in a sunset, or in the grand beauty of nature that lies before them on every hand. The sight of the first lily, in spite of its delicate bloom, somehow to me signifies strength, as well as beauty and I can easily imagine it as being the favorite flower of The Red Gods of the Forest. But be that as it may, the lily is a true symbol of spring and is one of the first harbingers to bring to you the message that spring is really here. Yes, my hat comes off to the lily.

Drawing upon past experiences I could conduct somewhat of a "believe it or not" column myself. A few of them that come to mind at this moment are: the catching of mudcats, on two different times, upon a plain, unbaited spinner. The taking of a sucker upon the same spinner. The catching of 16 and 14-inch trout, both at the same time upon a single hook. Killing six jack-snipe at one shot. Witnessing a dog swallow a duck—a live one, feathers and all. Recovering a gold ring that I lost in a plowed potato field consisting of twelve acres. Hooking a 22-inch trout as my fly struck the water behind me on a back cast. Killing a hawk 570 yards—measured distance—with a 22 rifle. A deer living for fully five minutes after shooting it squarely through the heart. Catching a trout and finding a hook in its stomach that had been lost on a snag by my dad three weeks previously. Yep, I could start quite a believe it or not column. And if I ever did, I would head it with the fact that my wife is an angler and enjoys hunting and most everything pertaining to outdoor sports, yet she has never read a single column of Out-of-Doors Stuff during its long publication. She prefers "Better Homes & Gardens," and reads all other news in The Sentinel. And now here's the last believe it or not—I'm too modest to tell

her what she is missing. Someday I'm going to get mad and give you the story concerning the time said wife assisted me in training a bird dog. It's a wow of a story and I know every one of you would derive a kick out of it. Yes, even myself, that is, if my wife heard about it, but the trouble of it is I'd receive the wrong sort of kick.

But speaking of wives, one thing is a fact. If a man can get his wife interested in hunting and fishing, especially fishing, he's always got a pal to take along on his trips, one who is handy to call at all times and once started will derive as big a kick out of fishing as you do yourself. I'll probably be called to account for this statement. Wouldn't surprise me if a whole flock of fishermen didn't challenge me to a duel for getting their better-halves interested in fishing, but that's my story and I'll stick to it. I only have one objection to taking my wife fishing and that is that she usually shows me up, for over a period of years she has developed into a pretty mean caster and casts a very wicked fly or bait.

I shall never forget an occasion when I was invited to go fishing with a man and his wife. He was just teaching her the gentle art of bait casting. She was a very refined lady as well as being very timid concerning the touching of the salmon eggs. Every few minutes he had to bait her hook or remove a bull head from it. He cast envious glances at me sitting upon the end of the wharf. I could have advised him that he was starting out wrong from the start and that he was taking upon his shoulders a lot of grief for years to come. The moral is: never bait your wife's hook. On a wharf on the opposite side of the river two men were fishing upon this particular day and presently one of the men hooked a big trout. But the fish shook the hook and escaped. The angler swore profoundly. The lady dropped her rod and covered her ears with both hands and looked horrified. It was not long after this until said lady had a tremendous strike and she hooked a mammoth trout. Her husband shouted instructions and tried to stop her from seeking to haul the big fish straight out of the water. The result was that the leader snapped. In her excitement the lady jumped up and down and shouted "xixxx", or words to that effect. They were the same favorite words her husband is wont to use at times, so I guess that she came by them honestly, at that.

I do not mean to convey the fact that if you take your wife fishing that it will teach her to swear. No, far from it. What I mean is that the woman who is working, or putting about over pots and pans and a cook stove during the week days is entitled to the same enjoyment as her husband and that a lot of fellows do not really realize what a fine little pal they possess in a wife until she is asked to accompany him upon some of his outdoor pilgrimages. And, too, you must remember that if she does not come up to expectations you can always shoot her or shove her overboard, that is, if she doesn't discover your true nature first and beat you to it. But laying all jokes aside, just try taking the wife along on your next trip—you'll get a kick out of it as well as she.

I have been asked several times if there were any whitetail deer in Coos county. They are very rare, though now and then one is sighted in the extreme southeastern part of the county. The season is closed on

these deer at the present time. However there isn't one hunter out of fifty can distinguish the difference between the blacktail and whitetail buck until after the animal is slain. The whitetail's horns are usually longer tined than the blacktails and the two first tines curve sharply inward leaving only a scant space between the points and at no point of the horns does the whitetail's show the wide spread of the blacktails. The whitetail's horns resemble those of the mule deer more than that of the blacktail and he usually boasts more points than the blacktail. The whitetail has an almost entirely white stomach, the coloring extending lots of times a considerable distance up on his sides. Usually he is a larger specimen than the blacktail.

There is a beautiful gun upon the market—a delight to a shooter's eye. The barrels are perfection themselves in looks, the stock is a master piece of craftsmanship and the sides of the breech are inlaid with gold and engraved by a master hand. It is indeed a thing of beauty, this gun. And its price is a beautiful figure likewise—\$1000. The same company puts out a gun, just a plain-looking gun that they claim themselves will perform every bit as well, as far as shooting goes, as the high-priced gun. The plain gun sells for \$50. It appears to me that fifteen hundred and fifty dollars is a lot of money to invest in ornamental trimmings for a shot gun, but nevertheless, there are lots of these guns sold, not only in the United States but abroad, today.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS

By Mark Seeley

One of the thrills missed by Coquille and Coos county ball fans is the sight of seeing a blow disappear over a fence behind the fielders. The field fences here are just too distant for such a thing to happen, and in the years that the game has been played in the present park only one ball has been sent over the barriers. Atwell, House of David shortstop, performed this deed last season when he met one of Jack Andrews' pitches squarely on the nose, to send it flying high over the left field territory. The fans, however, derive as many thrills when a fielder has chased down a ball and winged it homeward or baseward. The ensuing play many times is a close one, and realizing that they might get caught the runners waste no time in their run around the paths.

Many of the long hits sent out by the Coquille players last Sunday might have been homers, or else would have banged against the fences in professional league city parks. In the Vaughn Street field at Portland, for instance, the towering fly hit Perry Roper maced to right field in the fifth inning might have gone for a home run in the Beavers' lair. As it was here, the fielder had ample opportunity to cover the necessary ground to get under the ball.

Glenn Murray is really "going to town" if all reports are true. At present Glenn is said to be leading the Georgia-Florida League in hitting and as this circuit is one which plays every day, Murray's average is not one that has been boosted by a few lucky days with the bat. It's an average that has been built up and maintained.

The Tallahassee manager, according to Glenn, is a real gent and has been encouraging the youngster every bit. Glenn likely will be recalled by Nashville, possibly before the Georgia-Florida schedule is complete,

and at least after its finish.

The Loggers will invade foreign lands for the first time this season when they meet the Marshfield Eagles on Golden Field, Sunday.

This will be the third game in six years that the Loggers have played in Marshfield. In 1930 the Comp-ton Clothiers of Portland were met, last fall the Eugene Townies furnished the opposition, and now it will be a bonafide Coos Bay opponent meeting the Bill Fortier clan. Prior to 1930, however, Coquille-Marshfield frays were many and hard fought.

To the writer's recollection the years between 1920 and 1930 saw more things than many occur when the teams of these towns met. Such figures as Flystinger, Brundage, Jack Hays, Bert Fitchner, Ralph Coleman, and others faced the best that Coquille could put against the "clam-diggers." Dominance for years was unknown, first one team winning and then the next, but after Bill Fortier settled down to his managing duties the Loggers gradually pulled ahead.

Sure it was something in those days.

District Engineer to Inspect Harbor at River Mouth

After visiting the district engineer's office in Portland as one of a committee from the Port of Bandon, L. D. Felsheim prints the following in this week's Western World, which does not hold much promise that the program for a 16-foot low tide depth on the bar can be secured:

Major Milo P. Fox, district engineer for rivers and harbors in Oregon, plans to visit Bandon and the mouth of the Coquille river on a trip of inspection and to confer with local interests on improvement needs, within a short time. This information was written to the chamber of commerce and the port commission and was confirmed Monday when a local committee of J. E. Walstrom, R. T. Moore and L. D. Felsheim, called at the office of the engineers in Portland.

The committee explained the immediate necessity of local attention in order to maintain even a 13-foot channel as the northwest trade winds are creating a current that due to the condition of the north jetty, have a tendency to form a shoal that is dangerous to navigation. Vessels now lying in and out of the local harbor have been extraordinarily cautious since the summer weather conditions have set in.

Major Fox was not prepared to make any statements but promised to give the local situation his personal attention very soon. He stated that it has been difficult to get funds for harbor work and that despite the news reports of large allocations for such projects, the money so far at least hasn't been available. An examination of the records, made while he committee was in conference with Major Fox, showed that there is only \$582 in actual money to the credit of the Coquille river harbor at the present time.

Any local improvements must first be approved by the district engineer. The allocation of funds, if the local project is approved at Washington, must be made by the Washington engineers.

The committee also visited the office of the U. S. Lighthouse department and received promise of a recommendation for an electric fog siren for the south jetty to replace the bell that was removed some time ago.

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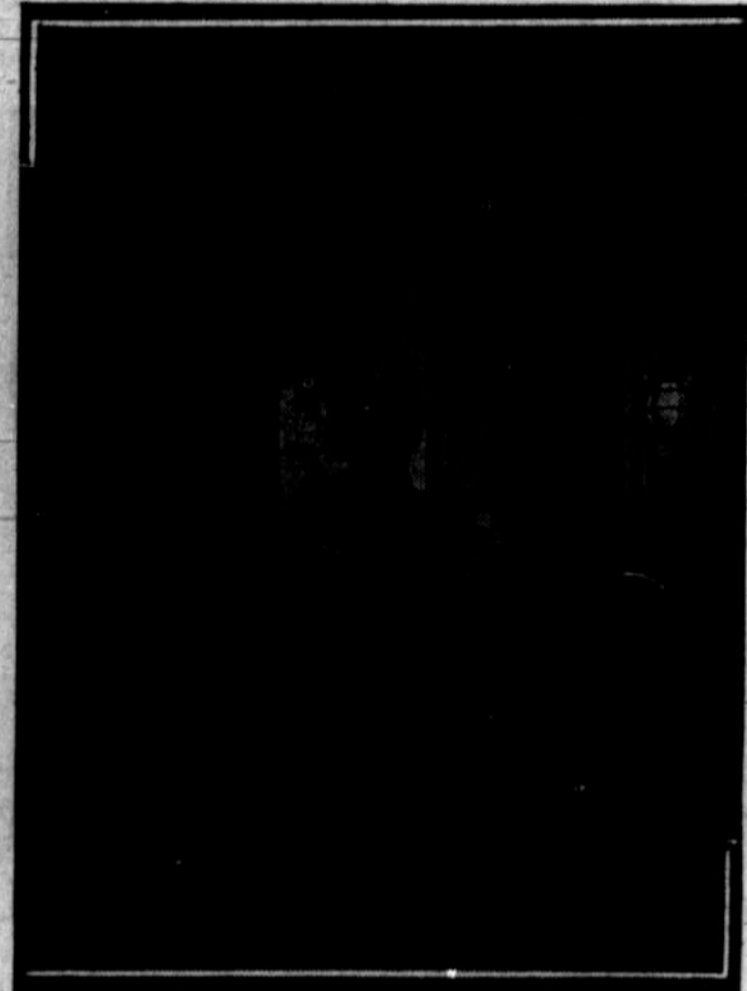
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STEVENS CASH HARDWARE

335 First St. Phone 115-L Coquille, Ore.

Such a signal is being requested by harbor. masters of the ships plying the local Calling cards, 50 for \$1.00.

Doorway Lights Aid Visitors; Lighted House Number Helps, Too



The illuminated house number and entrance lights lend an air of hospitality to the home, and make it easy for callers to find the address.

By Jean Prentice

HAVE you ever started out on an evening for the home of friends, then upon arriving at their street, had difficulty in finding their house number?

I have, and it's such a nuisance. No reason for it, really, when attractive illuminated house numbers and doorway lights are so easy to install.

The charm of a carefully planned home is first revealed in its entrance. And if it is cheery and inviting, and the number plainly visible, we instantly feel that we are welcome.

Porch-brackets and doorway lanterns, which are so much in favor in the better districts, should be selected with an eye to the architectural design of the house. There are, on the market, styles for all the principal architectural designs, that harmonize with the house exteriors. To be practical, they must have open bottoms, so that the steps and porch will be lighted.

An illuminated house number is a convenience that should be part of every hospitable home. This feature may be incorporated into the porch lighting unit itself, or a separate illuminated number may be used, operated by a small bulb. Otherwise, the number should be so placed that it is illuminated by the entrance light. Side and rear porches each call for their individual lights. A single fixture on the door-opening side is suggested.



Special THIS MONTH

• This very fine range regularly sells for a great deal more money than we are asking this month. The quality of the range is the same in every respect as is the case when sold at its regular list price of more than \$150.00. The price includes the range as shown with latest type sliding oven, warming compartment, four fast surface burners, automatic oven control, condiment jars, latest type toggle switches, special light standard, electric clock, and built in cooking chart. The range is second to none in finish, beauty of design, and appearance. We hope our supply is large enough to last through the month but this is by no means assured.

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