

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lans Leneve

Man is really a selfish creature, hogish to the extreme as far as fish and game are concerned. The average so-called sportsman seems to think that nothing that walks the earth, or flies, has the least bit of right to eat game or fish, with the exception of man himself. The cougar, the coyote and the bobcat are warred upon because they live upon the wildlife of the forests. Hawks and crows and owls are warred upon because they destroy game birds. Shags or carmonis and fish ducks are warred upon because they live upon fish.

When you come right down to the facts of the case, which has the most right to our game and fish—man or bird or beast? Man may purchase and acquire food in various ways but the birds of prey and the predatory animals and the fish ducks must match their skill and cunning against other wild birds and creatures in order to survive. Yet man, in his greed wants to hog it all—the fish, the game and the forests and desires nothing better than to put to death all creatures that are wont to feed upon their natural food—food placed upon this earth for them and their rightful heritage.

Nature is pretty well balanced and eons ago when great animals inhabited the forests and different species were preyed upon, wildlife still remained balanced. And just a few decades past there were thousands of thousands of timber wolves and cougar roaming the forests and taking toll from the ranks of our game animals and yet game animals were present by the hundreds of thousands. Predators alone could never in all time kill off game birds and animals. They even increased when there were 1000 predators to where today there is but one. It took man to cut down the ranks of the game and not the predatory animals and birds. It was man that practically exterminated the buffalo and the elk. It was man who exterminated the carrier pigeon. It was man who exterminated the

heath hen. It was man with his deplorable murderous work that put our migratory fowl on the spot and reduced its billions of birds to the pitiful number in evidence today. Mother Nature is kind to her children. She provides them with shelter and food and they propagate under her care. But with his ruthless killing spirit, man undoes it all.

It is easy for me to picture a woodland scene many years ago, as it must have been. The great forests alive with game of all sorts. The lordly elk, deer by the millions, and millions and millions of birds of all kinds. Packs of great gray wolves and hundreds of cougar skulking about. I can readily imagine such scenes. I can almost close my eyes and hear the noise prevailing in such a haven for game as our woods were at one time; at a time before the encroachment of man. For hundred of thousands of years, game of different kinds have stalked our forests, living their lives as it was evidently meant that they should. But with the coming of man great changes took place. The game that was trusting at first and fell an easy prey to man, gradually became wilder as civilization steadily advanced and gradually the ranks of all species were thinned. Today every variety of game in the United States has been reduced and many species entirely exterminated. Man's lust to kill—that, together with his axe which has hewed down the forests, the home of our wild creatures, has taken terrible toll; has unbalanced Nature and has put to flight before him the remaining game that was once so plentiful. Each season sees a scarcity of different species of game animals and birds. Each season sees more of their habitats destroyed by man. Each year sees the remaining game being pushed farther and farther back with man still in ruthless pursuit. Beauty spots are going fast before the axe. Even logged off land is being squatted upon. Choice camping sites are being converted into auto camps. Houses stand upon favorite nesting grounds of game birds. Marshlands

are being drained where the wild duck once nested. Streams are becoming completely fished out that once were renowned for the trout they held. Each year sees hundreds and thousands of more men taking up arms against our fast vanishing game. It seems that the lust to kill will never die as long as there is an animal or bird left to slay. Each year the booming voice of the blue grouse becomes more scarce. Each year the whistle of the mountain quail is heard less as is the drumming of the native pheasant (ruffed grouse). Each year sees a scarcity of our songsters. And each year civilization strides onward, claiming more beauty spots with its ruthless advance. Man has blazed his way far into the haunts of our game. Before him there is the pitiful remnant of that game. But it is on the spot. And behind man there lies land graced with towering building, bridges, paved highways and all that consists of modern civilization—land that was once the home of the game that has been driven to its last retreat. Man has conquered. Behind lies a bloody trail upon which civilization has blossomed. Ahead, driven to its last retreat the last of our game is seeking to live by its wits and elude its arch enemy—man. But the game hasn't a chance. It is fighting a losing battle and one has not far to gaze ahead into the future to glimpse the end.

Conservation as practised today is a joke. As I have stated before in past issues, the only way to preserve a species of game is to protect it while it is fairly numerous and not wait until it is practically extinct before seeking to do so.

My old friend, Grover Gouthier, has informed me several times that Out-of-Doors Stuff was really teaching conservation in many quarters. Naturally I appreciated his comments but I never actually encountered a direct case where said column had influenced any one, until just recently.

I was talking with an old hunter, when to my delight he remarked, "Do you know what you have done? You

have, by your writings, converted me into a lover of wild things. I used to take great pleasure in throwing a rock at a chipmunk about my camp. Now I wouldn't harm one for anything." You have taught me to appreciate the song of birds and have taught me to glimpse beauties of the woods that I never knew existed before. I used to delight in killing deer, but now I'm a son-of-a-gun if I want to kill them any more. You have made a true nature-lover out of me. And, not only that, but a friend of mine over in Lake county who reads your stuff has also been converted. Last year he went into the hills in a forestry service position. He took along his gun and a box of cartridges. He never fired a shot and there were deer in sight all around him during his stay in the woods. He remarked that it was your column that had given him a different slant on things."

The above, I figure, is darned good encouragement for a writer. It means that facts are registering. There is many a true sportsman at heart who simply follow in the footsteps of his fellow-sportsmen. It appears that the prevailing desire is to kill, amongst the ranks of the average sportsmen. But down deep in their hearts is a love for that which they slay and at times a few reminders will bring the fact forcibly to them that they are not killers, but actually lovers of the game they pursue. That is why it is so easy to convert a real man to become a sponsor of real conservation measures.

The Lord knows that we need men to sponsor the protection of game birds and animals. The few who believe in conservation are pitifully small in comparison to those who wish to slay and slay. It takes object lessons to teach the folly of ruthless killing. Today the scarcity of various game birds and animals should be given serious consideration and each hunter should be sportsman enough to give the game a break. Such men as slay 75 deer in a season—such a case has been brought to my attention—should be given a 20 year jail sentence. Such a man is far more dangerous to wildlife than the worst varmint that stalks the woods. He is a man without principle and there is no love in his heart for anything that exists. He is a menace to everything that walks the woods—a would-be smart guy, who brags concerning his ability to evade the law. A skunk is a credit to such a personage.

Loggers Blast Koskela

With 16 Hits to Win

It was a shaky beginning as far as the Logger cause was concerned last Sunday, but before the clouds of battle had been wafted away the scene was changed entirely and Crescent City was in complete route as Coquille pounded out victory, 11 to 4.

The local win was the second straight over "Happy" Koskela, diminutive southpaw of the Californians, but prior to the other decision over him the "lefty" had downed Coquille in five straight frays. It was at Gold Beach during the bridge dedication celebration that Bill Fortier first saw his men overcome "Happy."

Last Sunday Mr. Koskela had to deal with a stranger, young Bernard "Cocky" Brewer, and before the day was over the lad had outpitched the veteran and, as well, pounded the southpaw slants for blows and blows. He was backed in his efforts by excellent and timely hitting by his mates. It was truly a victory of real consequence for Coquille.

The shaky start by Brewer put the Loggers in the hole at the start, two runs looming up as a solid stone wall before them. The Californians slapped out four hits to produce the scores; Spann doubling, Johnston singling, Yates walking, and Pera and Bowman singling also, before a double play cut short the attack after Spann and Yates had crossed the platter. Johnston had been retired at third base when Bill Stewart took a line drive and tossed the ball to Fischer to retire the side.

Coquille bats were quelled in the first inning, and in the second two were out when the score became tied. Roper had popped out and Kolstad was retired at third base on a throw in from right field on Sowers' single, on which he went to second. Pulford singled to score Sowers and came in himself on Moran's hit. The catcher was out at second base, also attempting to stretch his blow.

In the third Brewer opened with a long hit to distant center field for a home run. Woodyard singled, stole second base, and scored on Roper's scratchy double over third base and the Loggers had four runs, Crescent City's ultimate total.

The winning score crossed in the fifth frame. Woodyard forced Brewer at second base, after which the pitcher had singled, and rounded to third on a stolen base and a passed ball. Fischer's single then sent Woody across.

During these activities Crescent City had been held in check by Brewer. "Cocky" held them scoreless for five innings, but in the seventh Miller doubled and scored on Spann's single. The eighth was another goose

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egg canto, but in the final frame	Finlayson, cf	3	0	0	1	0	1
Miller again stepped on pay dirt	Koskela, p	3	0	1	1	0	0
when he singled and was advanced	Deo*	1	0	1	0	0	0
around the circuit on a passed ball							
and a two base hit by Deo, pinch hitting.	Total	36	4	10	24	11	5
Greedy in the sixth and eighth,	Coquille	0	2	0	1	3	0
the Loggers added groups of three	Hits	0	4	3	0	2	1
runs to their total on like groups of	Crescent City	2	0	0	0	0	1
three hits, though aided by misplays	Hits	4	1	0	0	0	2
by the opposition. Extra base blows,	Summary—Earned runs, Coquille	10					
including a double by Kolstad and a	10, Crescent City 4; home run, Brew-						
triple by Pulford in the sixth and	er; three base hits, Pulford, Moran,						
successive triples by Moran and	Brewer; two base hits, Kolstad,						
Brewer in the eighth produced the	Spann, Miller, Deo, Roper; sacrifice						
hard punch.	hits, Yates, Sowers; stolen bases,						
His four blows in four times up	Johnston, Woodyard 3, passed balls,						
easily made Brewer the hitting bar-	Moran, Bowman; first base on errors,						
ager of the contest, but others of the	Coquille 2, Crescent City 1; left on						
Logger clan swatted out blows just as	bases, Coquille 4, Crescent City 7;						
effectively in the pinch. At second	bases on balls, off Brewer 2; struck						
base Marion Fischer displayed to ad-	out, by Brewer 7, by Kosela 5; double						
vantage afield after letting a bound-	play, Stewart to Fischer; umpire,						
er get by him early in the fray. He	Williams and Sturdivant; time of						
handled several grounders with a	game, 2 hours, 3 minutes.						

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