

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Leneve

Another old timer has passed into The Land of Shadows. An old pioneer, one of the early trail blazers and a veteran of the trails has passed on. It is with sadness that I chronicle this man's death—Amos Hatcher. Having known the deceased since childhood I naturally treasured his friendship. Mr. Hatcher was one of the most experienced hunters and trappers in Coos county and it was always a pleasure to have him relate experiences of the woods and trails. He was always willing to advance advice concerning trapping and hunting. He was the man who taught me how to prepare the first scent that I ever used in trapping. This likeable good-natured old sportsman is going to be sadly missed in the ranks of sportsmen. He was truly a gentleman of the old school and belonged to a class of men who are fast vanishing. Slowly and surely the grim reaper is claiming the old pioneers. But though they may depart from this earth, even Time itself fails to erase memories of these first old timers who settled upon our soil and converted the wilderness into civilization. Amos Hatcher watched the steady advance of the civilization that he helped create. He watched it claim old familiar hunting territory and watched landmarks vanish before it. He enjoyed the wilderness when it was truly a wilderness—when all sorts of game abounded here. He lived the care-free life of the outdoorsman until his aging limbs could no longer take the trail. I envy all men who lived in the days of Mr. Hatcher's youth—the days of honest folk, vast wilderness and an abundance of game and fish. Through age-dimmed eyes Amos Hatcher watched the things he loved, erased before him and I know it was with a feeling of sadness that he did so. It is a shame that the old timers must fade from the picture, for the present generation does not produce the typical class of stock that made up the old timer. Their type is indeed rare today. Amos Hatcher has been called Home, but he has left behind him handiwork that will not soon be forgotten.

Wild band-tailed pigeons do not seem to be as numerous this season

as in seasons past. But be their numbers few or numerous they are a pest to the farmer. They raise havoc with grain fields as well as orchards. I see no reason why such a pest should be protected, but it is, and under the migratory bird law at that, making it both a state and federal offense to kill these birds.

Some birds seem to take delight in taking advantage of a person's good nature as is the case of some humans. There are a pair of brown birds and a pair of chipping sparrows which feasted upon our feed rack through the winter that still visit it several times daily. If no food is found upon the rack they sit upon it and chirp and cheep loudly until some is forthcoming. All other birds we fed have departed for other climes, or to nearby fields and woods, but not so the pair of sparrows and brownies. They are regularly spongers, but we enjoy having them.

A few months back Nevy Hatcher killed a large bear south of Powers. The meat was jerked and partaken of by something like a dozen people. Within a short time a peculiar illness struck those who ate the meat and almost resulted in the death of several of them. Pieces of the meat were analyzed and the fact disclosed that it bore traces of poison.

It is a known fact that a hog can eat a rattlesnake and that a rattler can bite a hog without noticeable results, owing to the fatness of the hog. The same thing probably applies to a bear. Moreover a hog can eat poisoned bait such as is used for the supposed purpose of killing coyotes, without ill results, so it is the natural supposition that the bear which Hatcher killed had partaken of poison bait placed for other animals or, perhaps, even for the bear. There have been several cases coming under my observation where bears have been killed by poison bait. The bear Hatcher killed was unusually fat and no doubt the fat took up the poison to the extent that it did not kill him and at the same time his carcass absorbed enough of it to almost kill a dozen people. It's just another shining example of the use of poison bait. Grim tragedy usually blazes a trail where poison is used. Not only are the innocents of the forests killed but many humans have lost their lives as a result of partaking of the

meat of poisoned birds and animals, by taking poison when confusing it with Epsom salts, by eating porridge made of poisoned grain. Always Death walks hand in hand with poison.

A sheepman remarked to me not long ago, "My idea of ridding the range of coyotes is to give the poison man permission to go 'way back in the timber, kill deer and fill their carcasses with poison. However, he is not allowed to go off the ranges or only on land where he is requested to put out poison. He asked me whether I wished poison on my range or for him to set traps and I told him to use poison by all means. The poison accounted for a lot of dogs, too, I'll tell you."

And there you have it all in a nutshell. There are many men in the sheep business who are real human beings—men who will not allow poison placed upon their lands and again there are others who display such a blood-thirsty disposition as the man I have just quoted. I asked that particular man if he was not aware of the fact that carcasses of deer filled with poison would attract all creatures of the forest and would mean the death of valuable furbearers and his reply was, "Well, it would protect the sheep." To this way of thinking it would be perfectly all right to exterminate everything that walks the woods in order to protect a flock of sheep. Such an attitude is disgusting to any one with a drop of sporting blood in his system.

A dog poisoner has been at work up at Powers with the result that many good canines have been poisoned. Whoever the skunk is that is tossing out the poison, he possesses no regard for human life. The poison is placed in weenies and thrown upon lawns and people's porches where little children play. There is nothing to prevent a little child from eating such a morsel. One harmless little dog that was kept chained on a back porch was poisoned. A public hanging would be a fitting end to such a varmint who has no respect for human life and man's best friend—a dog.

Over on Coos Bay an old sea-gull has a nest atop a piling. When she is not sitting on the eggs her old man is, but an observer tells me that the old man has evidently done some-

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thing to displease his old lady, for each time he shows up, she scolds and growls and finally leaves the nest and chases him up the bay. No doubt he has been stepping out on the old lady. And each time a crane comes flying along near the nest the gull sails into him and puts him to faster flight. During certain seasons only a few gulls, and they are male, may be observed along the Coos Bay waterfront. A lot of people wonder where they have gone. They have all gone to their convention which is held upon the beach above Florence. A stretch of beach at least two miles long is covered with gulls for many days. Finally, evidently settling the fish and clam problem, they again migrate back to their respective bays and harbors. Each night before darkness falls all sea gulls leave the bay and fly to the rocks along the coast where they roost for the night. On the other hand, the shags, or cormorants, all take for the shore and roost in the trees, often flying considerable distance inland to do so.

It is amusing to watch an old sea gull bossing his family. Sitting atop a piling he bawls them out and sends them beneath the docks in search of the entrails of fish that are being cleaned by fishermen. A sea gull will follow a ship a distance of 500 miles to sea and then they turn back. Another thing to command attention is the fact that in spite of the vast numbers of sea gulls along our entire coast it is seldom that one is seen dead and then it is one which has been unlawfully shot. There are several different species of gulls along our coast and they do not mingle; each clan or species keeps to itself and aside from an occasional encounter with opposite factions they tend strictly to their own business. William Cox, an old time resident of Marshfield and who has studied the habits of gulls for years, is authority for most of the statements contained herein.

Gravel Ford Items

Nearly everyone in this section attended the funeral for Amos Hatcher at Dora Sunday. The community is saddened by his death.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hink, of Arizona, spent from Thursday until Saturday at the Griffin's.

Elvane Bennett, who is working for W. V. Schroeder visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Bennett Sunday.

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Loggers Take Another

Almost a shut-out win it was for "Cocky" Brewer, but not quite, as the Coquille Loggers, hitting hard, defeated Roseburg Eagles, 10 to 2, last Sunday on the Umpqua city's field.

Brewer granted Roseburg six hits, three coming in the final frame after he had let down, allowing the second Eagle runner to cross the plate. The break in the shutout came in the eighth when after a very questionable decision at second base the runner scored from third on a fly ball to the outfield. On the disputed play the umpire ruled that "Chuck" Wirth had failed to touch the bag on a force out, much to the apparent surprise of all.

The Loggers, led chiefly by Art Pulford, pounded away at three pitched to score their ten runs. Big splurges occurred in the second when four runs scored and in the seventh when three came in. One run was scored in the fourth, another in the fifth, and a third in the sixth.

At short stop for Coquille was "Rocky" Peterson, 18 year old lad from Crescent City. "Rocky" made a fine debut in Logger line, macing out two blows, scoring twice, and fielding his position without fault.

Score:
Coquille
Wirth, 2b 5 0 1 3 1 1
Sowers, cf 4 2 2 0 0 0
Fortier, cf 1 0 0 1 0 0
Woodyard, 3b 4 1 1 1 4 0
Roper, rf 3 1 1 0 0 0
Fisher, rf 2 0 0 2 0 0
Kolstad, 5 1 1 12 0 0
Peterson, ss 4 2 2 3 1 0
Pulford, if 4 2 3 1 0 0
Moran, c 3 1 1 3 1 0
Hawkins, c 1 0 0 1 3 0
Brewer, p 2 0 1 0 4 0
2 0 1 0 4 0

38 10 13 27 14 1
B R H O A E
Taylor, cf 4 1 1 1 0 0
Robertson, 2b 4 0 0 0 1 0
Domencio, ss 3 0 1 4 3 1
Hughes, if, p 4 0 1 2 1 0
Mardin, lf, 1b 4 0 2 4 0 0
Anderson, 3b 3 1 1 1 0 0
Turpin, rf 3 0 0 2 0 0
Kincart, c 1 0 0 5 0 0
Goff, c 2 0 0 2 0 1
Beckley, p 2 0 0 1 1 0
Barr, p 0 0 0 0 0 0
Hill, lf 0 0 0 0 0 0
Tyman, 1b 1 0 0 5 0 0

Summary—Earned runs, Coquille 9, Roseburg 2; losing pitcher, Barr; starting pitcher, Barr; struck out, by Brewer 5, by Barr 1, by Beckley 5, by Hughes 1; bases on balls, off

Brewer 2, off Beckley 2; wild pitches, Barr 1, Brewer 1; left on bases, Coquille 4, Roseburg 3; three base hits, Sowers, Brewer, Pulford; two base hits, Woodyard, Kolstad, Taylor; sacrifice hit, Woodyard; stolen bases, Pulford, Moran; double plays, Brewer to Peterson to Kolstad, Woodyard to Wirth, Turpin to Domencio; umpires, Taylor and Richmond.

Loggers to Be Idle Sunday

No baseball for the Coquille Loggers this Sunday, the Fortiemers having performed at Bandon and Lakeside on Thursday and today, but the Coquille Juniors will easily substitute when they meet Roseburg in the district championship series tomorrow and Sunday at Athletic Park.

These games will decide which team meets Klamath Falls for the sectional honors, after which the Lane county section winner will be met before the goal. The Dalles, is reached.

The Coquille Juniors are out to win. Last year Roseburg won out in a red hot series, while already this season the Douglassians have taken a practice fray, this by a 2 to 0 count.

The Loggers will make their next home appearances against traveling teams in seasonal big games. The Israelite House of David will be met at 11:00 a. m. on July 14, while at 6:00 p. m. on July 19 the Broadway Clowns will show.

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