

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lans Leneve

An old time hunter and fisherman asks me to set him right concerning the law relative to the use of only one line at a time to be used while angling. This same gentleman informs me that a couple of years ago an officer of the state game division informed him that he was not allowed to take two rods with him when he went fishing, even though one rod was left upon the bank far from the river's edge and only one was used at a time.

I do not hesitate to say that the officer was "all wet" on the subject. A man may take all the rods he can carry along with him on a fishing trip and so long as he angles with only one of them at a time he is within the law.

During a long hunting career I have had my dogs tree animals in many different sorts of places and surroundings. I have seen bobcats go to the very topmost branches of giant fir trees, while at other times they would take to the first limbs of a twenty-foot cedar. But the strangest "treeing" stunt I ever witnessed happened last week when our two young dogs "treed" a digger squirrel here on the ranch. My wife and I were in the house when suddenly the dogs set up an excited barking. Above the voices of the dogs there came the shrill, alarmed squeak of a digger squirrel. The squirrels had been digging up our spuds, so I made haste to grab the 22 and hit for the yard. I had left the car in the yard a short distance from the house. As I emerged from the house I observed the dogs jumping upon the side of the hood and barking loudly. From within the hood came the startled squeaks of the digger. Evidently he had been surprised too far from any sort of cover to make his escape and had run beneath the car and sprung upon the rods and had thus made his way beneath the hood. When I raised the hood he was sitting atop the engine, but hastily ducked beneath the fan belt. I tried to dislodge him and while doing so, Sissy the bird dog, took a flying leap from the ground, landed on top of the engine, kicked off several connections, grabbed the digger and flung him out to the waiting pup. The pup made a beautiful catch, tossed the digger high in the air. By this time Sissy struck the ground and as the squirrel came down two pairs of jaws snapped and it was all over.

I hate to see a cornered animal of any sort, from a lowly coyote to a mouse. If the digger had been any sort of rodent but a downright pest I would have called off the dogs but in such a case a person cannot let his sentiment get the best of him.

W. C. Rose made a special trip from town out here to exterminate the diggers that were taking our spuds. After hours of watchful waiting to get a shot at one, he left in disgust. The very next day the dogs treed one beneath the hood of an automobile, which all goes to prove the old saying, "game is where you find it."

People who reside near a lake in Massachusetts when asked the name of the lake, or when referring to it, usually call it Lake Webster. The name Webster has no doubt been adopted in honor of the only man who could possibly pronounce the true name of the lake, a name bestowed upon it by Indians in the distant past. Even though a person could pronounce it, it would take up a lot of his time doing it. Well, judge for yourselves. Here is the correct way to spell it: Lake Chagoggagogg-m-a-n-c-h-a-uggagoggchaubunagun-g-maugg. I'm glad the teachers of my school days didn't get next to that one. It would have been a tough one for a spelling match. It appears to me, with a little music thrown in, that it would make an ideal grand opera selection.

How many of you have ever heard of, or seen, a weeping fir tree? Mrs. Rose M. Gray, of the Sumner district, writes in the following interesting description of such a tree, which I am taking the liberty of publishing without that good lady's consent. The fir is located about a quarter of a mile from the Gray home on low bench land surrounded by low flat mountains, on north, south and west, the south flattening out into small bottom lands on the old Boone place. The tree stands just where ground begins to rise. It is about six or seven inches at the base, rising about 10 or 12 feet, then it turns abruptly horizontal, south for several feet, then it angles southeast, it's horizontal trunk or stem poking into, or rather losing itself in the branches of an upright fir. Every branch on this tree, both on the upright and horizontal-trunk drop down sweeping the earth. The limbs are lithe and pliable, not unlike a whiplash. Needless to say it is beautiful. None of the old timers are able to identify it. Is it a freak, a native or a stray?

Personally, I would class the tree as being a freak of our common fir species, but that is merely my personal opinion. Perhaps others may be able to give us some enlightenment upon the subject. I appreciate Mrs. Gray writing this in. Some time I hope to see the tree. Mrs. Gray also

states that her husband saw the mate to the bull snake that was killed on their ranch last month and that it was not molested as they do not kill snakes that are not poisonous, believing them to be beneficial to have about. This is commendable on their part. There are too many people who take delight in killing snakes just because they are snakes and for no other reason. It is but natural that snakes startle and cause a certain feeling of repulsion to the most of us. Believe me, I do not wish to fondle 'em, but nevertheless garter snakes and other harmless ones do a lot of good about your flower and vegetable gardens and should not be destroyed.

How many realize the fact that the brush is actually taking most districts in southwestern Oregon? But such is the case. Brush and fireweed are taking toll. Logged off lands are choked with fireweed and salmon berry brush is filling the gulches and spreading to the hillsides. Open spots in both the hills and bench lands are becoming rapidly covered by alders and along the bottoms willows are claiming the land. Despite all the clearing that is engaged in each season the rapid growth of brush and worthless trees far surpasses the cleared up land. Not long ago I visited a certain scope of country where just a few short years ago there was a broad expanse of open country and I found on my recent visit the entire land claimed by small growths of alders so thick you could scarcely walk through them. They had even taken the fern patches. Everywhere you gaze today you see the land being claimed by the brush. What to do about it? The fire season prevents the burning off of such lands and each year it grows thicker and thicker and each year a greater fire hazard occurs. One of these days there is going to be a fire that will destroy most of the timber in this country. No one is to blame but the forestry officials themselves. They will not permit burning when brush actually can be burned. It was fire laws and regulations in the first place that prohibited the burning of underbrush that had always been kept from our forests. There are seasons of the year, especially the spring, when underbrush could be burned without endangering the forests. It is then that forest officials should send their men out to rid the woods of the underbrush menace, but it is never done. The whole thing is a nutshell is the fact that things are shaping up to one big fire that is going to clean out the whole country.

It is a fact that dogs know when a person likes them or not. Usually a lover of dogs can make up with most any old canine, but occasionally one may be found that possesses the same nature of some people — always on the peck. During the past three months I had occasion to encounter over a thousand dogs. Some of them I was warned against, others I was told not to trip to, but out of the entire lot I made friends with every single one with the exception of a bulldog. A sign on the gate warned me to "look out for the dog." I heeded not the warning and entered the yard. The dog charged me without warning and kept me busy for a few seconds fanning him over the nose with my hat before I finally got him started toward the house. He was an exception, actually vicious to any stranger and the only dog I have ever encountered during my life that I couldn't eventually make friends with.

Dogs sense the fact when a person is afraid of them and they take advantage of this fact to get in a bluff whenever possible. I advise anybody when entering a yard where there happens to be a strange dog to, as a cigarette advertisement advises, "be nonchalant." Address the dog as you would a person and display no fear. If you do this you and most all the dogs will get along well together. That is, if you are fond of dogs. If you are not, well you are liable to meet with some hot receptions.

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UNDER THE BLEACHERS

By Mark Seeley

Win or lose, the Loggers will be out to play their heads off in the games tomorrow and Sunday against the Van Dyke House of David, the colorful negro club that provides such grand baseball wherever it schedules its games. Bill Fortier has primed his men by every conceivable means and, if we know what is what, "Cannonball" Berry and "Double Duty" Mays had best glance toward their laurels if they expect to throw the ball past the Logger batters.

Much has been said about the great "Cannonball." Portland papers have carried glowing details of his grand prowess. It is said that his strike out average is ten per game for the present season and that's pretty good. He has yet to face the famous Loggers, however.

Even greater in negro baseball is "Babe" Favors, the rocking chair catcher. The smiling "Babe" has been with the Van Dykes three years now, and in all his appearances here has made a hit with the fans. Laughable Favors is comical enough when his own natural self, but it is said that this summer he has added a lot more color to his personality, this including his chair act.

While on the subject of laugh and play by the darkies, it might be remembered how hilarious they became last year when the Loggers were routed in the first game, 11 to 4. That night Manager Crump gave his men a heated warning about how tough Coquille might be the next day. In the end that's how things turned out and before the game was over their beaming faces were just the opposites during a tight contest which saw the Loggers win, 7 to 6.

Manager Fortier will have a bolstered lineup. An additional hurler has been signed, but for the love of us we can't get the name away from the "Old Crab." Outfielder Decker, the Reedsport slugger with the .500 batting average, will be on hand, and his addition will aid greatly, both defensively and offensively.

Gladly we hear that "Tex" Salkeld's main eventers will box in three-minute rounds. That's a real sage bit of business performed by Tex, but at that it's the only thing he could have done after the way the protests on the short cantos came in. To the old timer the idea of a main event fighter not mixing the longer period was a huge joke. It was in fact a laugh, and explains why there have been few knockdowns, let alone knockouts in the Marshfield top bills.

I'll grant that a preliminary boy shouldn't be asked to mix more than two minutes, but not so with the special eventers, the semi-windup contestants, or the big shots. It's af-

ter the two minute mark that a big share of the fireworks can start if they ever are going to. The fans like to see good boxing, of course, but what really gets them is the flow of claret, the thud of man meeting the canvas, and the tolling of the ten count.

No doubt, Tex Salkeld is arranging hit cards, but he's got to put them on like the real McCoy to get by with us. His vindication has started with the extension of the time of the rounds and I for one hope that he has a huge crowd this evening at Marshfield. From all appearances he's working hard and everything will be O. K. if—

Loggers Take Reedsport

An unlimbering of broadsides of fiery cannon shots brought down Reedsport as an easy prey for the Coquille Loggers when the barragers of Bill Fortier turned on "Bud" Sutherland, manager and hurler for the Portians, to blast out a 13 to 6 win.

When Coquille met up with Reedsport the local boys expected to be facing the fire ball slants of one pitcher named Warner, but instead Manager Sutherland thought his own varied assortment of slow balls and curves would best quell the Loggers. It was an unwise piece of judgment, however, as it turned out when his delivery was eagerly greeted. Throughout the game the Big Berthas and the Tommy guns roared and popped away, giving the local men scores in all but two innings. Every Coquillian hit except Moran, Hawkins and Kolstad, who played in only parts of the fray.

Reedsport could not reach "Cocky" Brewer effectively, but his own wildness put the Coos county ace in the hole at times. In the third he walked three batters during the frame, the final gift forcing in a run, and again in the ninth he began to heave the ball around in issuing two free passes, but infield chances cut the threatening rally short after two men had registered.

The team was followed up the coast highway by a representative group of fans. The game was held up one hour because of wet grounds.

	B	R	H	O	A	E
Coquille	6	2	3	0	2	1
Wirth, 2b	6	1	2	3	0	0
Sowers, cf	5	3	3	1	0	1
Woodyard, 3b	5	1	2	1	5	0
Brewer, p	5	1	3	2	1	1
Peterson, ss	5	1	1	1	0	0
Roper, rf	4	1	2	0	0	1
Pulford, lf	3	1	0	7	1	0
Moran, c	1	0	0	1	2	0
Hawkins, c	2	1	1	3	0	0
Bailey, 1b	2	1	0	6	1	1
Kolstad, 1b	0	0	0	2	0	0
Schaer, 3b	0	0	0	2	0	0

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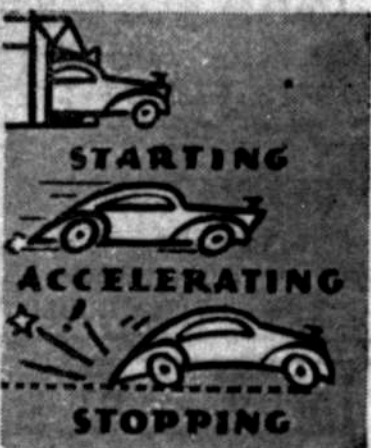
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