

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lani Leneve

A couple of weeks ago my wife and I returned from a trip to town and I decided that I would make a few casts for steelhead, having secured some fresh salmon eggs while in town. I had left my casting rod hanging upon the back porch, neglecting to take it in the house after my last fishing trip. I had left it fully rigged, line strung through the guides and leader and hook attached. When I took it down I noticed that the leader and hook and sinker were missing from the end of the line, but at the same time I observed them lying upon the porch just beneath the spot where the rod had been suspended. About four inches of line was still tied to the leader. I glanced at my reel. At least thirty feet of line had been removed from it. I couldn't dope it out. If a person had wanted to steal my fish line why had they only taken 30 feet? Why hadn't they taken it all, or even the reel or the whole outfit? It was truly a funny kind of theft. There had been enough stolen from the reel to make the rest of the line useless for casting for big fish, so another line was wound upon the reel. A few days ago I misplaced my Marble hatchet, which I prize very highly. I searched the ranch over and over for it and finally decided that the person who had "lifted" the line had also taken the hatchet. There was only one place I hadn't looked and that was in my Dad's fish-basket which was hanging upon the porch near the spot where I had hung my rod when the line had been stolen from the reel. The basket was hanging higher than my head, but by standing upon my tip-toes I was able to left the lid and shove in my hand. I did so and, startled, I jerked my hand free. It had come in contact with a furry object which didn't belong in any fish basket. I secured a shair and climbing upon it I lifted the lid of the basket and gazed within. Some feathers, some paper and other odds and ends began stirring and a huge rat leaped from the basket. But my bird dog that always has her nose stuck into everything, had been intently watching me and the rat landed almost in her mouth and that was the end of said rat. I emptied the nest out of the basket and there, all intact, wound round and round to serve as a lining for the nest, was my fish line. The rat had severed the line close to the leader with his teeth, unwound the line from the reel and used it for the lining for his nest.

Some day I am going to write a book on dogs, dedicated to all dog owners. I have a large assortment of stories dealing with out canine friends. There is one amusing story concerning a Coos county dog that I derive a kick out of each time I happen to think of it.

In a small rural community that boasts a postoffice and a couple of service stations as well as a general merchandise store, there lives a certain family which owns a bird dog. He could easily be mistaken for a hound by a person who is not familiar with different breeds of dogs. He has a large head, a big jowled mouth, long ears and a woe-begone expression in his sleepy eyes. But this dog is anything but sleepy. He is a rustler. And when I say a rustler, I mean a rustler. When things get a bit dull for him about the yard he arises, stretches his big frame and goes trotting off in search of something to steal. Within the space of a few minutes he will be seen galloping down the highway toward home with something in his big mouth. It may be a quart jar; it may be a milk can or a bucket. The last sort of a uten-

sil I heard of him stealing was a big roaster that a lady had set upon her back porch to air out. And not long ago a man came in from the hills with a pack-sack. Within the pack-sack there reposed some illegal meat—two hams off a deer. The sack was deposited in front of the post office while the man went in to inquire for his mail. When he emerged from the office the big dog was trotting calmly away with his sack of meat. The man didn't dare say a word for fear of attracting attention and the old dog took the meat home. The man was afraid to lay claim to it and so the owner of the dog and his family had venison for several days. That old dog is a regular provider. First he steals a roaster and then he steals a load of meat to cook in it.

Soon I will tell you the true story of "Amos & Andy," two black dogs owned by a family at Empire. I am sure you will enjoy it and some time in the near future I'll relate it to you.

And speaking of dogs: you hear the argument advanced by city dog owners that they should not be taxed a state license for their dogs, but that the farmer should be taxed, as it is his dog that does damage and not the city dog. On the other hand the farmer says that people living in town should be the ones to be taxed, as the town dog is the dog that tears up lawns and ruins shrubbery and not his, the farmer's dog, that does it. Personally, I believe that both the city dweller and the farmer are taxed enough as it is, without imposing a dog tax upon them. The man in town owns a dog because he thinks a lot of dogs and craves their companionship or wishes the animal as a companion for his children. A child cannot be raised with a better companion than a dog and that's a cinch. Kids and dogs sort of go together. But a man who thinks anything of his dog will keep him up or keep in contact with him and not allow him to annoy his neighbors. On the other hand, in the country, the farmer's dog is the only police protection that he has. He is usually watch dog and helper combined and many a farmer's dog takes the place of a hired man. But there is one thing that I do know concerning the present state dog license, which the county collects and that is, that it is not fair or just in any manner. The money is put into one fund—a sheep fund. If one sheep, a dozen sheep, or a flock of sheep are killed by dogs, the owner is paid for the loss of his sheep out of the fund. That means that people who own little poodle dogs that never saw a sheep or probably never will, are paying for the sheep that other dogs kill. It means that 95 per cent of the public which have no interest in sheep, is contributing to the sheep fund, while the sheepmen, who pay the other five per cent of the dog tax, derive all the benefits from it. A dog can murder a whole flock of a farmer's turkeys or chickens, kill a half dozen calves and wreck half his ranch and the farmer is out of luck. But if the same dog goes out and kills his neighbor's half starved old ram, long whiskered goat, or a dozen ewes or so—that man is reimbursed. Is there any justice in such a law? If there is, I wish somebody would point it out to me. The people should get together and knock such a law completely off the books. If the law was really made for the people as a whole, it would cover all damage inflicted by dogs and not just the damage suffered by sheepmen. Some of those high-powered sheepmen of eastern Oregon no doubt slipped the law through when everybody was asleep at the legislature. But take it as a whole, it is an unjust and a one-

sided law. To me it appears rather strange that few cases are cited any more where sheep are killed by coyotes, cougars, bear and bobcats, but each year there are dozens of them killed by dogs. It's strange that all predatory animals have laid off the sheep altogether and turned the entire killing business over to the dogs. Yep! There is no doubt about it, the sheep business is "going to the dogs."

The day following the closing of the duck season the birds began coming into the valley marshes. But they wonder what is wrong when they don't find a hunter concealed behind every stump and fence post.

Several newspapers have declared themselves lately in no uncertain terms regarding the present system of game enforcement and pointed out disregard shown game laws under the present setup.

Basket Ball Schedule

The following is the basketball schedule, as drawn up by the School Masters' Club at their recent meeting for district No. 6 of the state high school association:

Jan. 3—Marshfield at Myrtle Point, Roseburg at North Bend, Coquille at Bandon.
Jan. 10—Bandon at Marshfield, Myrtle Point at Roseburg, North Bend at Coquille.
Jan. 17—Myrtle Point at Bandon, North Bend at Marshfield.
Jan. 18—Roseburg at Coquille.
Jan. 24—Bandon at North Bend, Coquille at Myrtle Point, Marshfield at Roseburg.
Jan. 31—Coquille at Marshfield, North Bend at Myrtle Point.
Feb. 7—Bandon at Coquille, North Bend at Roseburg, Myrtle Point at Marshfield.
Feb. 14—Marshfield at Bandon, Roseburg at Myrtle Point, Coquille at North Bend.
Feb. 21—Bandon at Myrtle Point, Coquille at Roseburg, Marshfield at North Bend.
Feb. 28—Myrtle Point at Coquille, North Bend at Bandon, Roseburg at Marshfield.
Mar. 6—Marshfield at Coquille, Myrtle Point at North Bend.
The Class B schedule for Coos county high schools opens on Jan. 24 and closes Feb. 20. It lists twelve games as follows:
Jan. 24—Arago at Riverton, Coos River at Powers.
Jan. 31—Powers at Arago.
Feb. 1—Riverton at Coos River.
Feb. 7—Coos River at Riverton, Arago at Powers.
Feb. 14—Riverton at Arago.
Feb. 15—Powers at Coos River.
Feb. 21—Coos River at Arago, Riverton at Powers.
Feb. 28—Powers at Riverton.
Feb. 29—Arago at Coos River.

Coquille Hi Letters Awarded

Football letters were presented this morning to the following members of this year's C. H. S. team, the numeral indicating whether this was the first, second or third letter received:

Jess Barton, senior, 3; Francis Arrell, senior, 2; Ray Mattoon, junior, 1; Ernest Detlefsen, junior, 2; Jack Clinton, senior, 3; Lynn Richardson, junior, 1; Dudley Walton, junior, 1; Preston Moy, soph., 1; Don McClellan, junior, 2; Don Stevens, junior, 2; James Richmond, soph., 1; Lloyd Wood, senior, 2; Robert Waggoner, senior, 2; Ken La Branche, junior, 1; Curt Williams, junior, 1.

Of the above, Jess Barton, Jack Clinton, Lloyd Wood, Francis Arrell and Robert Waggoner graduate leaving a nucleus of ten for next year. If a few reserves can be found to go with the above a strong team for next year is indicated.

The team presented Coach Hartley with a fine award sweater of red with seven white stripes on the left forearm, indicating years of service. The white "C" has the word coach worked into it.

Jack Clinton was elected captain for the season just ended, and received the starred letter.

An Unusual Incident

While enroute to the Ernest Norris ranch on the Gravel Ford road Saturday morning, J. W. Draper had a serious accident with his team.

Draper had to drive the team across a narrow bridge to get to the ranch house, and on the bridge the mare crowded the horse over too close to the railing of the structure, causing the latter to jump over the rail and land about 14 feet below in a gulley. The wagon was pulled over the railing also and fell on top of the horses.

Tom Draper, who was riding with his father, was able to jump from the wagon before it plunged off the bridge, but his father was not so fortunate and he went down with the wagon which knocked him unconscious for several minutes and he was pretty well knocked out for the rest of the day.

Pearce's wrecker was called to lift the wagon off the horses, who, although they lay in the mud and water for about an hour, with Draper holding them steady, nevertheless seemed none the worse for their experience.—Myrtle Point Herald.

Gift Suggestions

WE HAVE A COMPLETE STOCK OF THESE ARTICLES



SHIRTS

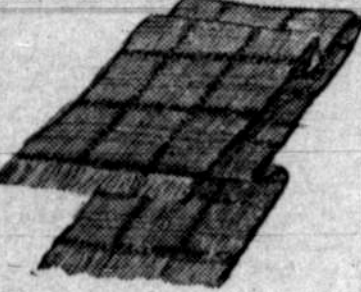
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FLANNEL ROBS

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35c to 50c

Rules of the Coquille

Pistol and Rifle Club

(Continued from Page One)

that it is not loaded. You are perhaps being tried and your standing with the other shooters depends on this one action.

2. Never take an automatic pistol or revolver out of your pocket or holster until you are on the firing line. If you wish to unload your revolver or pistol, before it is your turn to shoot, step up to the firing line, and unload and show to the instructor swinging cylinder out or slide the bar back and fasten open and with the magazine removed.

3. Never glance into your firearm and decide that it is unloaded. Look at it once to see that it is unloaded and then look again to be sure that you made no mistake.

4. Never load or cock any firearm unless you are on the firing line and facing the target.

5. Never load a firearm when it is pointing toward any part of the body. This is liable to happen when resting and between shots. When resting lay the gun on the table in front of you at the firing point, or if a pistol it may be rested in the other hand but always pointed toward the target.

6. Never turn around and talk to people behind you when on the firing line until you have first laid your gun on the table.

7. Never leave the firing line until you have first unloaded the gun, taken out the magazine, drawn back the bolt, leaving the gun open.

8. Never leave the firing line with a revolver without first unloading and swinging back the cylinder or locking back the bolt.

9. Never point the pistol upwards, backwards or over your head, thereby making all parts of the range unsafe.

10. Never in case of misfire open the gun for at least a period of 20 seconds and keep the gun pointed toward the range targets until the

bad shell has been ejected.
11. Never try trick shooting or fancy draw work with a pistol or any other gun in the presence of your friends.

12. Never point a gun or pistol toward anything you do not want to hit.

13. Never fire a shot until your sights are in line with the target. You are only wasting time and ammunition unless you try on each shot.

14. Never talk to a shooter on the firing line point—wait until he has finished and stepped away.

Don Estes, Pres.
C. C. Farr, Range Officer
Don Gillespie, Asst. Range Officer
Dr. Rietman, Asst. Range Officer

Marriage Licenses

Dec. 7—Theodore P. Lund, of Marshfield, and Constance I. Knight, of Bridge.

Dec. 7—Leon H. Robbins and Vivian G. Moll, both of Broadbent. They were married by Rev. G. A. Gray at his home here last Saturday.

Probate Court

Thos. D. Smith was appointed Wednesday as guardian for Dale Smith, a minor.

New Cases in Circuit Court

Dec. 7—Lenore Watson vs. James A. Watson. Suit for divorce.
Dec. 9—State Industrial Accident Commission vs. A. C. Key.

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Chadwick Lodge No. 68
A. F. & A. M.
Installation
Wednesday, Dec. 18, 8 p. m.

Fairview

Thelma and Audrey Judd have been ill this week but they are much improved now.

The duties of superintendent of the Sunday school were very capably handled by Mrs. T. H. Benham, in the absence of Mr. Byerly, who has been ill at his home with the flu.

The Christmas program being arranged by the organizations of the community, namely, school, Sunday school, grange, Y. P. C. L., and Townsend club, should prove of great interest to the valley folks this year. This program to be presented Saturday, evening, December 21, will be given following a short Townsend meeting that has been scheduled for that evening. Following the entertainment candy, pop-corn and apples will be served. All you need, to attend this super showing of local talent, will be yourself, some home-made candy and a few apples. So, let's help make this the best Christmas ever seen in Fairview.

Mrs. Carl Alley and her daughter, Harriet Jensen, who have been employed at Powers, returned to their home in Fairview on Thursday of this week.

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A Kidney and Liver Tonic and Intestinal Cleaner
It will work three to four gallons of bile from the system that is as black as any ink you ever saw come out of any ink bottle. You just add it to your drinking water 3 times a day.
It takes the place of Calomel without any restriction of habit or diet while taking. There are very few people in this world who feel so well that a few doses of this medicine would not make them feel a great deal better and give them a new lease on life.
It makes the eye bright, clears up the complexion, quickens the senses and is a most wonderful tonic and appetizer. Makes you feel like a new person.

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This Coupon, if presented at once together with only 59 Cents in cash, is good for a 1/2 Bottle of OLD CHEROKEE IRON TONIC, and INTENSIVE CLEANER.
After using a bottle strictly according to printed directions on it if you do not think it is worth at least 10 times what you paid for it, you can bring back the empty bottle and we will cheerfully refund the 59 cents. It will work 3 to 4 gallons of bile from your system, just as black as any ink you ever saw that is poison to your liver and kidneys.
EAT ANYTHING YOU WISH WHILE TAKING IT
THIS COUPON GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR SUPPLY LASTS

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COQUILLE, OREGON