

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Loris Leneve

I ended up the last issue of Out-Doors Stuff by stating that I had glimpsed something from the window that was fast darkening the sky. What was it? It was a flock of black-birds—the largest flock that I have seen in years. They swept by in a black cloud, the sound of their voices and the whisper of their wings making an eerie sound. They were headed east and headed not the fields of the valley but continued on in a straight line, finally rising above the wooded hills to the eastward and disappearing from sight.

They were flying higher than I have ever witnessed them before, besides being the largest flock I have ever seen. Where they were going is a matter of conjecture. It was no doubt a migration to some distant point.

But of all the birds I have seen while residing here on the ranch, the most unusual was the large flock of sea-gulls that wheeled about over the valley during one of the big storms last winter.

I have also seen Jack-snipe in a little boggy spot only a few yards square, located at an elevation of 3000 feet and in the heart of a timbered district. These birds are naturally a marsh and field bird. They are conceded to be the most widely distributed migratory bird in existence.

To those who do not associate with Nature and never give a thought to the different birds and animals of the woods and air-lanes the noticeable decrease in wild life is not apparent, but to one who is accustomed to paying strict attention the decrease is apparent to an alarming extent. Each season sees the numbers of many species becoming more scarce. Chickadees, flickers, or yellow hamers, meadow larks, blue birds, blue-jays, wrens, fly catchers, myrtle-robins, jack-snipe, all species of ducks are growing less and less in numbers. It is only the matter of a few years until some species will be

extinct. The blue grouse as well as the ruffed grouse or native pheasant is even now heading rapidly toward extinction in southwestern Oregon. As is usually the case, just as it has occurred in the past, man lets the species of some certain bird or animal die almost entirely out, and then starts a frantic campaign to save the pitiful remnant of a once numerous species. The time to preserve any animal or bird in numbers is to start protection of it while it is still numerous and not wait until it is practically wiped out, as the case of the buffalo.

The state of California is responsible for the slaying of more ducks and geese than any state in the Union. According to reports filed by hunters in different states of the Pacific coast, California hunters killed one-fifth of the whole Pacific supply of geese in 1935—from Puget Sound to Mexico.

There were 704,256 ducks killed in California in 1935 and 70,208 geese killed there.

I have secured the following data from the state of Minnesota: "In 1930 2,365,000 waterfowl were slain in that state. In 1931 only 517,000 were killed. In 1925 120,000 Redheads were killed and in 1930 only 13,000. During the year 1925 84,000 canvas-backs fell before the guns of hunters and in 1930 only 14,000. During 1934 (the latest year figures are available) the waterfowl kill combined was 707,000 with only 16,000 canvas backs and Redheads included in the total."

In 1934 the estimated number of wildfowl in existence was 34,000,000, having been reduced to that figure from hundreds of millions. The following season the hunters cut that figure in half and now in 1936 our wild waterfowl face their worst year in history. More hunters will be in the field. Their nesting grounds in many places have been converted into harvest fields and their great natural nesting grounds in the far north where in past years a duck could scarcely find a spot on which to build a nest on account of the count-

less millions of birds nesting there, are pitifully scarce of nesting birds. The ducks are on the way to extinction, there is no doubt about it. Soon they will be just a memory of the past, like the carrier pigeon, the heath hen and the buffalo.

A great army of men who classify themselves as sportsmen are preparing to greet the ragged remnants of the once great flocks from the north. This last pitiful flight will be greeted by the thunder of shotguns in the hands of 7,000,000 so-called sportsmen throughout the United States. Yes, 7,000,000 hunters bent upon slaying the limit of the remaining birds will be in the marshes, preserves and baited ponds to greet them the day of opening season and to keep after them until the end of the season. Few spots there will be where a duck can alight in safety without one of these noble (?) sportsmen blasting away at it. It is mighty poor sportsmanship on the part of the American gunners, this display of bloodthirsty lust to kill and not give the birds a chance. Real sportsmen should demand that the season be closed for at least two years and give the poor birds a chance for a comeback. But the hoggish shooting preserves whose officials cash in on ducks by selling them commercially on the wing won't stand for it. Big munition concerns and the manufacturers of firearms stand in with the wealthy sportsmen, for the former concerns reap a golden harvest each duck season. The season is shortened with the result that the birds are hunted twice as hard and more of them are killed.

It is really a disgrace to America, this last great onslaught upon the fast vanishing birds of the air-lanes. It is deplorable that men who call themselves sportsmen should keep up this ceaseless warfare upon the last flocks of our birds. It makes a person wonder if there is no justice or fairplay in a so-called sportsman's make-up. It appears that the thought which dominates all others in the mind of the majority of sportsmen is to kill, kill and kill until there is none

left of a species. This has been demonstrated in the past and it looks as though in the case of our ducks that history will repeat itself. The skulking cougar, the blood thirsty weasel and the bushy-tailed skunk are really a credit so far as sportsmanship is concerned to some of the ilk of the hunting fraternity who are wont to call themselves sportsmen.

Personally, I believe that the hunting fraternity should be classified in two groups, the sportsmen and the game hogs. The sportsman is one who wishes to see the game he pursues given a break and one who at the present time advocates the closing of the duck season for a period of at least two years. And the game hog who cares not for the welfare of the game he hunts and is perfectly contented to wage relentless warfare against it until there is not a single one of the species left to slay.

It is necessary that a man must have a little respect and feeling for the game he hunts in order to be a true sportsman. If he does not possess such qualities he is just naturally a downright game-hog and there are no ifs and ands about it.

Cases in Recorder's Court

Dan Kennedy and Roy A. Deter were each given a ten-day sentence by Recorder Leslie last week. The police had arrested them for drunkenness.

The recorder did not fine Clarence Ireland, Monday, for breaking out a front glass of the Bottling Works, Saturday night, on condition that he pay for the glass. He tipped over a pile of cans in front of the place and Marshal English ordered him to report to the recorder.

Henry Savageu, who interfered with the police, and refused to go home when ordered, was handed a \$5 fine by his honor, Monday morning, as was Worden Ellis, whom the marshal arrested near the scene of the glass smashing.

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Proverb Rules

Each week for a period of six weeks The Coquille Valley Sentinel will print one of a series of cartoons representing some well known proverb or saying.

Contestants solve the picture puzzles by writing the proverb that the cartoon suggests or illustrates in the blanks below the pictures.

The prizes, totaling \$10 in cash, will be awarded those sending in complete or near complete picture sets with the best and most appropriate answers to the pictures published, and either paying their own subscription for a period of one year or securing one new one year subscription to The Coquille Valley Sentinel.

Cartoons will not be received by the Sentinel until the series of six is complete.

Only one answer may be given to a picture.

Only one member of a family will be given a prize, the award going to the person in that family submitting the best set.

The answers may be written in pen, pencil, printed or typewritten.

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UNDER THE BLEACHERS

(By Mark Seeley)

We're wishing Harry Elliott lots of luck in his initial start as a wrestling promoter in Coquille. Elliott is putting on his first show tonight in the Community Hall and he has a very attractive card line up, the grapplers being a few of the same who headline the rip-roaring affairs Herb Owens puts on for Portland fans on Monday night, these the same heard over KEX.

Elliott first gained prominence as an University of Oregon grappler, later becoming well known as a combination referee-wrestler, during one period feuding for quite a few moons with the famous Bulldog Jackson. Tonight Harry will be the third man in the ring and because of his own ability he'll likely keep Messrs. Jack Clayburn, Pascual Costello, Bobby Burns, "Sneeze" Achlu, Danny McShane, and the other boy well in hand.

The Chinaman Achlu is down for a preliminary, but he's a headliner and a real showman with plenty of speed. His difficult name is pronounced like a sneeze, "ack-chew," thus giving him the added moniker of "Sneeze."

Now, I have always warred against the present day wrestling game, but it's got to be admitted that these middleweights put on a real exhibition. One thing sure is that, as yet, these lighter boys haven't reached the high handed hippodrome tactics of the heavyweights by employing the use of beer bottles and coat hangers. The middleweights mix up just enough speed and rough stuff to provide a merry evening.

Tonight's the night, folks, to see the "rastlers" at the Community Hall.

Theatre-man Lloyd Claver said he'd like to read our opinion on the Schmeling-Louis fight after I saw the fight pictures. Well, we'll give it, but since the new sensational news about the Louis doping has been announced, things are a bit in the air.

But as for the bout as it was, I have my opinion. For one thing, Max fought an extremely smart fight, one of the smartest ever fought. Everything he did seemed planned, his every move meaning something. And for another thing, at thirty years of age, the clean-living German is the same as the average boxer at twenty-six or twenty-seven, the prime ages.

Louis and his camp were mightily surprised and Joe was suffering

large portions of overconfidence. His timing and snap, apparent in previous fights, were lacking. He was having an "off" night as did the other Joe, Joe Di Maggio, the day of the big league all-star game. Joe Louis, however, had been preparing for this climax for months, but his peak wasn't gained.

Max fought a great fight and so did Joe, inasmuch as Joe proved that he is tough. Personally I can't apply a grain of salt to the theory that just because he's a negro, Louis won't be able to come back after taking a beating. If he isn't rushed too fast again, he'll be up there again, though for that matter, he's still up there.

Yes, I bet on Louis, but, boy, did Max beat him! And Max will beat Braddock if they fight.

When the donkeys arrive for the donkey baseball to be played here on July 25th and 26th, I don't hesitate for a moment in saying that I fully expect to see some real Coquille cow-boys among the ranks of the Twenty-Third Club, the Eagles and the American Legion. Among those who may be able to get by without "pulling leather," are "Doc" Rankin, Bill Fortier, Bill Barrows, J. C. Penney Brown, Ken Simmons, Dave Rackleff, Charles Haglund, Carl Gilbert and others. There's no reason either why Mayor Berg and Recorder Leslie shouldn't be drafted for duty.

You bet, this donkey ball must be a kick. The donks are well trained and no one gets hurt. It's a hard-nitting, hard-riding game. Lariats, spurs, and anyone imbued with a semblance of a "two gun" complex is barred.

One of Southern Oregon Normal's basketball aces is my guest at the present time. He is Mordell "Monk" Walton, former roomie of your sports writer at "collitch." Walton has served two years at Ashland and now that he's got his J. C. certificate, he's bound for another institution and more basketball. During the 1935 season, "Monk" earned his letter as a reserve on Coach Hobson's great quintet that went to the A. A. U. meet at Denver, but this last season saw him become Coach Eberhart's mainspring on another great Sons team which piled up a great record of wins.

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