

UNDER THE BLEACHERS

(By Mark Seely)

I'm a convert. That's all there is to it. One can hold out just so long and then he begins to see the light. Yes, sir, that wrestling is just the thing, and despite what opposition I have expressed to the fact that the noble art of catch-as-catch-can has been changed from what it once was to an affair of hippodrome and spectacle, I want to see more cards here in Coquille. Promoter Harry Elliott can bring on his trained seals and stooges, because his last card won yours truly over.

Some of the mighty grappling displayed by Masters Waldberg, Williams, Achlu, Kahn, London, and Bennett was lousy, but at times the boys really went at it. At that we'll never believe that it still isn't a "you win tonight and I'll win tomorrow" setup, but, be gorry, it's good entertainment and lots of fun, and as I've said before Hollywood should take notice.

Perhaps, the biggest thrill of the card last Friday occurred when a spectator, one Andrew Wilson, became so enraged over Al Williams' treatment of Whitey Waldberg, that he climbed into the ring and planted a foot squarely in the hard boiled countenance of Williams. Needless to say, the spectator hurried out post haste, but it wasn't until he had showed his disdain of the Chicago gangster, Announcer "Daddy" Grimes was on hand to assist in policing the spectator, but nothing more occurred. After the match, Wilson was questioned and he replied, "I couldn't stand it any longer. Waldberg was getting a dirty deal."

This Walter Tinkit "Sneeze" Achlu is plenty fast and funny, but he's not my favorite. So far the plum goes to "Cry Baby" Mike London. London is a full night's show in himself, what with his hateful tactics, his rude adoration, and tearful, kindly eyes. He's a regular sneaking terror.

The crowds at the first two shows have been fair, but the ringside seats have been left vacant. Possibly the game will build up to a point where the "seats all sold" sign will be hung out. This is doubtful, however, so if the fans continue to fail to lay down \$1.10 at the office it might be a good idea to cut this ante down or to throw open the whole house at one midway price.

Mark these dates in your date book or on your calendar—August 16 and August 23. On these Sundays the Coquille Loggers will be playing the last of the home games for the 1936

season. The opposition will be the "Convicts" on the first date and the well known Colored House of David on the 23rd.

Bob Wiltshire will likely face both these teams, so the Loggers will be well situated in the pitching department. Bob has never lost a start for Coquille, but in the two coming engagements he'll be put to real tests, the House of David being certain to push him to his utmost.

The "Convicts" still remain a mystery, dope on this outfit still being forthcoming. However, it's a traveling club so it must have class. Are they colored or white?

In the event Wiltshire should be ineffective and have to be relieved, "Rocky" Peterson would be the second choice. "Rocky" has looked mighty good in the last two games, once as a pinch pitcher and again as a starter, but the opposition wasn't like the "Convicts" or the bewhiskered darkies will be. It would be interesting to see the lad face one of these two clubs.

It won't be long now until Mr. Hal Hatton, new Coquille high coach, will be on hand to take over his new duties. Hal Hatton replaces Henry Hartley, who served as director of athletics from 1929 to 1935, inclusive of all sports, and we must say that apparently the ex-University of Oregon performer doesn't face any pleasant outlook. From what we can glean from conversation the roster of Coquille athletes is quite depleted.

If this is so, all we want is to see the railbirds give Hatton a break and to see him given time to build things up after getting situated.

Ray Norman Woodyard leads the Loggers in hitting. Woody has been hitting at a terrific rate all season, his blows being timely and many of them of the extra base variety. The third sacker will have to continue his hitting to win the crown. The averages are:

	B	R	H	Pct.
Vierra	4	1	2	.500
Wiltshire	4	1	2	.500
Woodyard	57	11	25	.438
Spencer	27	6	11	.407
Peterson	47	15	19	.404
Calvert	54	11	20	.370
Foss	51	15	18	.352
Schaer	3	1	1	.333
Moran	7	1	2	.285
Kolstad	32	3	9	.281
Bailey	29	5	8	.275
Pulford	25	6	6	.240
Duncan	48	4	12	.250
Rasmussen	9	1	2	.222
Fischer	47	5	11	.204

Gabrielson	5	1	1	.200
Baker	14	0	2	.142
Oderkirk	4	0	0	.000
DeLauney	8	1	0	.000
Groshen	1	0	0	.000
Barton	1	0	0	.000
Vincent	1	0	0	.000

Loggers Win from Pearpickers

John Miljus, baseball luminary of big league reputation, brought his team of youngsters to Coquille last Sunday, saw his boys defeated badly, and returned to Medford a disgruntled tutor-manager. Bill Forster's club of veterans and lads had soundly whipped the Miljus hopefuls so one couldn't blame the famous Serbian for being downcast.

John has a baseball school at Medford and his club composes the best of the prospects of the classes he instructs. Like Carl Mays, Miljus has taken this as a way in which to keep in touch with the game; he is also scouting for major league clubs.

"Rocky" Peterson, a mere lad, was the big reason why his fellow kiddies from the pear country were blasted.

"Rocky" hurled a highly effective game and waved such a heavy bat that he was almost enough in himself to bring out the victory. Medford scored in the first inning, but after this Peterson held them, while also in the initial canto it was his home run which ultimately scored the winning margin when he and two others registered.

The shaky start in the opening inning made things look bad for the Loggers, being more so a rocky start because all of it happened with two down. A double play had mowed down two Medfordites when the trouble started.

The runs were not earned. Lewis had tripled and B. Smith had walked to put two on when Otto Kolstad muffed a chance, sending Lewis in. In succession Sakraida and Coss were walked by Peterson and a run was forced in. Kolstad's play at first base ended the danger.

Peterson was the master from this point on, allowing no more runs and only two additional hits. He depended mostly on support to put away the Pearpickers' hitters. Eddie Moore relieved him in the ninth and continued with a like performance.

The entire Logger lineup was playing a fast brand of ball. Eddie Foss and Marion Fischer, the key-stone combination, fielded brilliantly, two double plays being part of their work. Lineups:

Coquille	B	R	H	O	A	E
Pulford, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0

Oderkirk, rf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Calvert, c	4	3	2	3	1	0
Foss, ss	3	1	1	2	6	0
Peterson, p, rf	5	3	4	0	6	0
Woodyard, 3b	5	2	3	0	2	0
Duncan, lf, 3	3	1	1	0	0	0
Kolstad, 1b	5	0	1	17	0	1
Fischer, 2b	4	2	2	2	3	0
Bailey, cf	3	2	2	3	0	0
Moore, p	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 36 14 17 27 18 1

Medford	3	0	2	0	4	1
Hess, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Erickson, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
J. Smith, lf, 3b	4	1	1	3	0	0
Lewis, ss	2	1	0	12	0	1
B. Smith, 1b	4	0	0	2	5	0
Bayliss, c	3	0	0	0	0	0
Sakraida, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Coss, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Leever, 2b	3	0	0	4	6	1
Tungate, p	3	0	1	0	2	0

Totals 30 2 4 24 17 3

Coquille	2	0	1	2	0	0	3	6	*—14
Hits	2	1	2	2	1	1	2	5	*—17
Medford	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 2

Summary—two base hits, Calvert, Peterson, Woodyard; three base hits, Hess, Lewis; home runs, Peterson, Duncan; stolen bases, Woodyard, Bailey; sacrifice hits, Foss 2, Oderkirk; hit by pitcher, B. Smith, Duncan; innings pitched by Peterson 8; winning pitcher, Peterson; bases on balls, off Peterson 3, off Tungate 4; struck out, by Tungate 2, by Peterson 2, by Moore 1; passed ball, Bayliss 1; double plays, Foss to Fischer to Kolstad 2.

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lars Leneve

In a recent issue of The American Weekly there appeared a story under the heading of "The Baby Seal That Gave Its Life to Become a Pet."

Seals are noted for their intelligence and are said to be one of the easiest animals to teach tricks that lives. The story sets forth the intelligence and the homing instinct of a baby seal. It is such a human little yarn and pathetic, as well, that I am going to reproduce it for your entertainment this issue.

It is seldom that Out-Of-Doors Stuff is taken up with matters other than those creations of the author's pen, so no doubt this little yarn will be doubly appreciated by the readers. Here it is:

Guided by some odd instinct, dogs often find their way alone through hundreds of miles of strange territory, in order to get back to their masters. And now it seems that seals must have a similar instinct, for not long ago one performed the remarkable feat of swimming 300 miles through the open sea to get back to a family that had befriended it. Still more remarkable, this seal was a baby, and did not seem to have enough strength to swim a dozen miles.

A cunning, little rascal, it was first seen by Jonas Fitch, bobbing around his lobster traps in Penobscot Bay, on the coast of Maine. He whistled to it, but he wishes now he had let it alone—for it certainly caused him plenty of annoyance, and finally brought sadness to his household.

When it heard Jonas whistle, the seal perked up its sleek nose and swam over to his boat. Amused by its antics, Jonas reached over and lifted it from the water. Why not take it home and let the children have a lot of fun playing with it for a few hours? Then he could put it back in the water and it would swim out to some place where there were other seals. But he was wrong about that.

The seal was as delighted with little Johnny and Milly Fitch as they were with it, and it promptly decided to become a permanent member of the household. At first Johnny's dog and Milly's cat eyed it suspiciously. But after a bit they made friends with it. All afternoon, the two children had a fine time romping along the beach with their new pet. And instead of being jealous, the dog and cat took part in the sport.

But in the evening Jonas explained that it is not good for a seal to stay out of the water very long at a time. So he put the little animal into his boat and took it back out to his lobster traps, where he dropped it into the bay. When he got back to the wharf, however, he was astonished to see that the seal had followed him. There it was, bobbing about in the water by the side of his boat, looking at him with a sort of pleading expression in its huge brown eyes.

"You little cuss," he thought, "why didn't you stay put? Well, now, you just get on back out in the bay, where you belong."

And Jonas strode on to his cottage. About an hour later the family was startled to hear something crying out in the yard. It sounded exactly like a baby that has been accidentally stuck with a safety pin. They opened the door, and there was the seal, lopping right up to the steps. The children was so happy over this they did not want to go to bed. So after a time Jonas shook his finger at the "visitor" and said:

"Now, look here, this won't do. You go down to the beach and in the



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morning the children can play with you some more."

Just as if it understood him, the seal turned and scrambled away in the darkness. Bright and early the next morning it was on the beach, waiting for Milly and Johnny.

But Jonas soon discovered he had a problem on his hands. The seal was just simply too friendly. It was always wanting to come into the house, and the children were repeatedly letting it in. Mrs. Finch did not approve of that, and she said so, time after time. After all, a house is no place for a live sea animal. How is a woman ever going to get her work done with a roly-poly little creature continually squirming around and flopping under foot?

"I simply can't put up with it," she said to Jonas. "You've got to get rid of it. That's all there is to it."

Jonas knew this would make the children unhappy. But the disapproval of a wife is a more lasting thing than the disappointment of children. So he said, "All right," and taking the seal way out to White Islands, ten miles away, he dropped it overboard. Two days later it was back again, whimpering at the door.

Milly and Johnny shrieked with joy, and fed it chunks of herring. After that the seal seemed to think it owned the place. It slept on the beach, but each morning at the crack of dawn it would return to the house.

Finally, Jonas said he knew how to put a stop to this. He loaded the seal in a tub of salt water and carried it down to Captain Isaiah Barker's fishing smack. Taking it out to sea on his next trip, the captain tossed it overboard, fifty miles away. That is not as cruel as it sounds, for there were other seals out there, and Jonas thought the pet one would soon get acquainted with them and be satisfied to remain in its own element.

Milly and Johnny were a little mournful, but after a few days they stopped complaining. Then one night, three weeks later, the family was awakened by shrill cries in the yard. The seal was back.

Milly said she was sure it must be freezing, after its long swim in the cold water, and while Jonas doubted this, he finally gave in and let the child fix a box for it out in the kitchen.

"Well, sir," Jonas afterwards explained, "from that time on you've never seen anything like it. Why, it was all we could do to keep Milly from bringing the seal to the table with us. But my wife is a very determined woman. So I finally did the only thing I could think of—but I certainly hated to do it."

"I loaded it up in another tub of water and took it down to Captain Simmons, skipper of the Aerolite, who was about to set sail for Canadian water, up around New Brunswick way. I asked him to drop that pesky critter as far away as he could, and he said he would. When I patted it on the head, by way of telling it goodbye, it gave me the most reproachful look I ever had in my whole life."

But there was no need for him, or anyone, to feel sad about that. One morning about two months later the children set out for a stroll along the beach. All at once they started screaming at the top of their lungs. Not far away, just above high water mark, lay the seal, pretty tired from its 300-mile swim, but in a mighty

good humor, just the same. At the sight of the children it began to flop its flippers weakly and gave a few joyous yips.

Milly and Johnny raced toward it, as fast as their small legs would carry them. But their shouting, and their running, attracted the attention of a strange dog—a large dog that did not understand what the excitement was all about. Or maybe this dog just did not like seals. At any rate, it bounded past the two children, and got there first.

The seal was too exhausted to escape into the water. It gave one pitiful cry just before the dog's jaws clamped down on its throat. The dog was too big for the children to drive away. And by the time grown people heard their screams and ran to help them, the seal was dead.

Open Season Dates This Fall

Following are the open season dates and regulations by the state game commission, which will govern the actions of sportsmen and hunters this fall, as well as the bag limit for birds:

Game animals: Bear, open season entire year except in Jackson, Josephine and Klamath counties, where open season is from Nov. 1 to Nov. 30, both dates inclusive. Buck Deer, open season Sept. 20 to Oct. 25, both dates inclusive. Bag limit, two Columbian blacktail deer or one mule deer having not less than forked horns, (with the requirement that both deer tags must be affixed to mule deer). Bull Elk having horns, open season Nov. 8 to Nov. 18 in prescribed eastern Oregon territory. Bag limit, one bull elk having horns.

Fur-bearing animals: Otter, Mink, Fisher, Ringtail Cat, Raccoon and Muskrat, open season from Nov. 15, 1936, to Feb. 15, 1937, both dates inclusive. Beaver, closed season entire year in all parts of state.

Upland game birds: Chinese Pheasants, open season Oct. 15 to Oct. 31; bag limit, four birds in any one day and not to exceed eight in any seven consecutive days; provided, that it is unlawful to take more than one female pheasant in any seven consecutive days. Quail, open season (California or Valley and Bobwhite Quail Only) Oct. 15 to Oct. 31, both dates inclusive; bag limit, ten such birds in any seven consecutive days. Grouse and Native Pheasants, open season (sooty or blue grouse, ruffed grouse or native pheasants) Oct. 15 to Oct. 31, both dates inclusive; bag limit, four such birds in any one day or eight in any seven consecutive days.

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