

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lans Leneve

One by one the old gent with the scythe gathers in his harvest. Many sportsmen and many dear friends of the writer have shouldered their pack for the last long trek since this column was first established. "Barney" Hartson, Pete Watson, Dr. Low, Pete Miller, Jim Bell and John Biegger being among the most recent.

All but the latter three deaths have been commented upon in this column in previous issues. The passing of Pete Miller ended the career of one of whom might be called a "young, old timer." While not as old as a lot of the old timers that are still in the field, Pete, nevertheless, being born here had the opportunity of watching the steady advance of civilization claim old landmarks and erase forever from the picture fine hunting grounds and trout streams. He was one who could recall the days when the flight of ducks fairly darkened the skies; when quail, grouse and deer were in abundance and when a trespass notice was an unknown thing. Pete was an ardent hunter and fisherman and when the birds were flying or the fish were biting he was always in evidence. He loved the feel of a good gun, the scent of burnt powder and the glowing coals of a campfire. His passing marks that of another Coos county hunter and fisherman who will be missed in the fields, the marsh, and the traps and along the trout streams. Pete was a practical joker and nothing suited him better than pulling a joke on his friends. My acquaintance with him dates back to our school days when we played marbles "for keeps" and hunted with little air rifles. Pete was always good natured, laughing his way along through life and his good humor and cheerful laughter is going to be missed a lot.

Jim Bell was a man whom I never had the pleasure of hunting or fishing with, but that he was interested in it I know, from his reading of Out-Doors Stuff and his comments concerning it. His interest was very keen and his many comments concerning it were appreciated. I enjoyed his friendship for several years and know that I have profited in doing so. His familiar, "Hello, Lans," and the feel of his kindly hand upon my shoulder are going to be sadly missed.

I had the pleasure of initiating John Biegger into the mysteries of fishing Oregon waters. On our trips together I found him one of the most enjoyable companions I have ever been out with. Somehow it always managed to pour down rain each time

we went fishing, but his spirit was never dampened. With both boots full of water, the rain pouring down the back of his neck, he would keep on casting, his good-natured smile always apparent.

He had arranged with me to help him pick out a brand new outfit of fishing equipment and we had planned many trips for the future. He was drawing up plans for a super camping car, equipped with all the comforts of home and had extended my wife and myself an invitation to accompany him and his wife upon the maiden trip in the new car. The objective was to be good fishing streams and lakes.

But now, John Biegger, like the other friends who have passed on, is but a memory. His plans for our fishing trips, the selection of new outfits, etc., never materialized. Grim death stepped in and another friend stepped across the borderline which separates our lives from the Land of Shadows. Good luck, John, and a happy landing!

The Olympic primitive area, comprising 238,930 acres of National forest land in the state of Washington, has been dedicated by the secretary of agriculture as a perpetual reservation to be enjoyed by generations of Nature lovers. By recent forest service dedications this makes over 660,000 acres that will forever remain free from the axe of man.

The action of the department of agriculture and the forestry service in setting aside this vast area is, indeed, commendable. Within this area are to be found some of the finest stands of timber in the United States. And within this area also are the largest herds of Roosevelt elk left in this country.

While travelling through this country a few years ago I marveled at its virgin beauty and it sure does my heart good to know that that wonderful scope of country is to be preserved. Yes, it is good to know that those old forest giants will stand guard there down through the years, acting as they have done for countless centuries as protectors for the wildlife within their borders. The ring of the axe, the hum of the saw, the toot of donkey engines, the chug, chug of a black monster snorting its way upon gleaming steel rails are all eliminated from the picture. The big trees will never shudder from the death blows of man and go crashing to earth to be dragged by chain and cable to the black monster puffing upon the rails and then carted off to supply the needs of man in some distant city or foreign port.

The same wind that has whispered through their branches down through

Time will continue to do so and it is nice to know that the big yellow moon's beams will continue to filter down through their branches and that the rays of the sun will continue to weave patterns upon the forest's carpet instead of shining down upon a scene of desolation such as is left after logging operations.

The beauty of that country is enthralling. Rough and rugged with sky blue lakes nestling in the mountains in unexpected places. Giant snow-clad peaks lifting their hoary heads far into the sky. Beautiful streams splashing joyfully along. Wildlife in abundance. It is truly a wilderness lover's paradise; something you read about but seldom see—breath-taking scenes of beauty created by the Master hand and which, with all his genius, mere man can never imitate. The residents of the state of Washington, in fact every wilderness lover of the whole United States, should thrill to the thought that Olympic primitive forest has been saved.

I believe in giving the devil his dues. Several times I have pointed out in this column what I considered mistakes and downright "boners" pulled by the state game commission. However, on the other hand if they do something that I figure is of a commendable nature I do not hesitate to congratulate them upon it. Such is now the case. They have proclaimed a closed season on mountain quail. This is, in my opinion, a very commendable gesture and one that I have advocated for many years. Just why they didn't include the California valley quail I do not know. But today, I believe, that the latter mentioned quail is far more numerous than the mountain quail, especially in southwestern Oregon.

The main trouble is that a lot of hunters cannot distinguish the difference between the two species. All old hunters, I believe, are able to do so and the closing of the season on the mountain quail is going to help the friendly little fellows out a lot.

To Whom It May Concern

Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for bills or debts contracted by anyone other than myself.

Dated at Coquille, Oregon, Aug. 7, 1936.
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UNDER THE BLEACHERS

(By Mark Seeley)

Who is the oldest member on the Coquille Loggers team? That's a question often asked. Manager Willie Fortier came here in 1923, so naturally he has seen more duty than any other. It's duty age that we mean, not years age. Bill has retired from active duty, however.

The veteran is Arthur Ernest Pulford, who became a Logger "hopeful" in 1924, the same year that your truly made his debut as bat boy. Art has been on the club every season since with the lone exception of 1929 when he became a holdout.

Of the other Loggers, "Rocky" Peterson is a two season man, 1935 and 1936; Mel Duncan is the same; Ray Woodyard started as a rookie in 1929; Eddie Foss played here in 1929 and returned again this season; Marion Fischer signed up for the 1930 season and remained; "Junior" Bailey mascot until last year when he saw lots of action; Otto Kolstad started in 1932; and Bill Calvert is a one year lad, though he was here for two games in 1935.

As for the veteran, much can be said. Art has been an outfielder and an infielder, changing around during the various seasons. Many interesting things could be related about his career, but most of the fans who have followed the club know the dope. One thing worth mentioning occurred during the 1926 season when Art fielded sensationally at second base all season to aid greatly in the Loggers' pennant winning campaign in the Coos County League.

These "Convict" boys must be pretty fair ball players if the clippings in "Bill's Place" mean anything. The "Convicts" have been winning ball games in Washington and have been doing so with good hitting and fielding, and good pitching.

They're a young club with plenty of life and speed, youngsters who want to make good. I don't know where they come from or how long they have been on the road, but regardless, I'm betting that these "Convicts" are plenty good.

"Convicts" to Play Log-

gers Here on Sunday
(Continued from Page One)

lots of stuff, age 19, also a first baseman.

Walter Shearer, a right-handed pitcher, age 21.

Al Crowthers, right-handed pitcher, who bats left-handed, age 22.

Jack Rooney, infielder and clean-up hitter, age 24.

Al Rider, outfielder, who hits home runs, age 23.

John Whitman, a right-handed curve ball pitcher, age 24.

Moe McNamara, a phenom catcher, age 20.

Joe Merritt, a left-handed cross-fire pitcher, age 19.

Waldy Carroll, outfielder, bats left-handed, fast on bases, age 20.

Will Marks, combination catcher and third baseman, age 20, hard hitter.

Ted Sheahan, a right-handed infield flash, age unknown.

Dick Wade, hard-hitting right-handed outfielder, age 21.

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Earl Varney, fast outfielder, steady hitter, age 23.

Al Perry, manager, age 36.

The "Convicts" array themselves in gaudy uniforms and scamper around the field like young colts. They play hard, but at the same time manage to be the lives of the party. Manager Billy Fortier will use Bob Wiltshire on the mound. Bill Calvert will receive the right-hander's slants.

The remainder of the lineup will consist of Alan Bailey, first base; Marion Fischer, second base; Eddie Foss, short stop; Ray Woodyard, third base; Mel Duncan, left field; "Rocky" Peterson, center field; and Art Pulford, right field.

The field day will consist of fungo hitting for distance, circling the

bases, bunting and running to first base, long distance throwing, accuracy throwing, and straight away sprints, tug of war, greased pole climbing, fat man's race, and a pie-eating contest.

It is likely that all entries for the field day will be accepted, but this point is as yet unknown. Generally, only the players participate.

The field day starts at 1:00 p. m.

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The downward path of Beauty

Once she had charm—and her laughter rang out clear and bell-like at her parties.

There was a fascination about her that warmed the very circle in which she stood.

Then in the foolishness of youth—she began to drink. Oh, not much, a little, and then a little more. But quite regularly. It became a sort of social habit.

Within her, the poisonous alcohol gradually brought about a transformation which reflected itself in her features.

The soft, fresh loveliness has gone... the creamy tints of the skin have been robbed of their color... leaving a drab whiteness, unattractive to men.

The firm, smooth face has lost the elasticity

that nature gave it, and a sallow flabbiness has set in.

The eyes have lost their lustre... and have taken on a glossy hardness from which all light seems to have gone.

All the beauty shops in the world cannot erase the marks of dissipation, nor stay its gradual, relentless process.

Alcohol is a slow poison that destroys beauty.

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