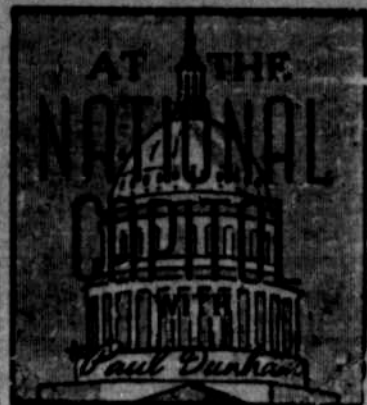


Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANE LENEVE



The American coot, known throughout the U. S. as the mudhen, has been raised to a higher level. Its name has been glorified—it is now known as "the white bill." "Ducks Unlimited, Inc." has changed the name, figuring that the new name will bring more consideration amongst hunters regarding the bird, and incidentally more loads of chilled shot its way.

The new name—"white bill" puts the lowly mud-dobber on a par with other wild ducks, so far as a name goes and will place it in real game class with new gunners, especially, for even now there are many new hunters in the marshlands who cannot distinguish the difference between a mudhen (excuse us, we meant "white bill,") in flight and that of any other duck. And too, the new name sounds more palatable when applied to the bird. For instance, persons who eat caviar probably would not indulge in it if it were listed on the menu as plain salmon or sturgeon eggs, for caviar is a rather intriguing name. However you may have my share of fish eggs and I believe that that goes with most fishermen who have used them for bait.

But back to the white bills: They are really fair eating. One thing may be depended upon, you will never find them fishy when cooked, as it is the case of nearly every specie of wild duck during certain periods and feeding conditions of various seasons. And while they may possess a rather strong flavor, this may be eliminated by soaking them overnight in a solution of salty brine with a little soda added, or by soaking them in a solution of plain vinegar water.

In past years we have experimented by cooking mudhens in various ways, hoping to discover some method that would promote a palatable dish. And while we must confess that we have never perfected anything that comes up to the taste of wild duck, that one way we discovered makes a fairly good dish. Here it is, in case that you wish to give them a trial sometime:

Soak the birds over night, as described above. Boil tender, strip all meat from the bones and chop up finely. In separate kettle boil potatoes and fine chopped onion until well done. Mix this in proportion to chopped meat and add beaten egg. Mix into patties and fry in butter until heated, through, then serve. Try it once. You'll no doubt be surprised.

There is one thing about mudhens (excuse again) and that is the fact that when a duck hunter has tough luck, or can't hit a duck on the wing, he can always sneak up to within range of a white bill. And too, slow flying white bill offers a good target—they never fly high enough to be out of range, as ducks do. They provide excellent practice for the novice gunner.

However, white bills will always be mudhens to us and in the future, as we have done in the past, in bringing any home we will conceal them in the innermost pocket of our hunting coat and sneak in with a sort of guilty feeling. Somehow, be it white bills or mudhens, we cannot bring ourselves to the point where we can call it sport bagging a poor old lumbering, slow-winged bird. We derive a lot more thrill out of shooting tin cans. In comparison between a duck and a white bill, it is the same thing as seeking to kid ourselves into believing that a bullhead is on a par with a trout, both in the taking and the eating. No sir, it's going to be a mighty hard proposition to try and convince old duck hunters that mudhens are white bills and are as good eating as ducks.

Ducks have increased by the millions. And what has happened? The limit has been increased, the season lengthened and the use of live decoys restored, the latter being something that should have never been allowed in the first place. When game birds and animals are plentiful is really the time to preserve their future. A shorter season, a reduced bag limit would be the proper move at the present time, for that would insure ducks for years to come, for future generations. There is no assurance that disease may not strike the birds even next season, or that nesting zones will have conditions interfering with normal hatching conditions. There are many things that can cut down the duck crop overnight. At the present rate it will be only the matter of a short time until the ranks of the birds will be cut to an alarming scant number, and desperate steps will be taken to preserve their remaining numbers. The time to conserve game is when it is numerous and not wait until it is about extinct before taking steps to protect it. That's what has been the trouble in past years; poor management in game affairs.

Bare Facts From Bear Creek

"The Column that's Different" (By Lane Leneve)

Occasionally, years ago, a glass ball was picked up that was used for floats on the Japanese fishing nets. Gradually the number increased. A year or so prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor these balls showed up by the hundreds and were picked up on beaches from Crescent City far to the north. All of those floats were not being accidentally lost from the Japanese and that's a cinch. We are convinced that they were set adrift in the South Pacific for the express purpose of testing currents for the idea of floating mines to our coastal waters, or some such scheme having a direct bearing on the present war.

Since the War Department has given publicity to the fact that Japanese balloons are landing in the Northwest and are bearing bombs, it is not hard to fathom the mystery of the mysterious object which exploded over in Klamath county a while back and killed a woman and five children. It happened in a wooded section of the country on an old trail. These balloons are about 33 feet in diameter and plenty large enough to carry the weight of a man or two and there is nothing to prevent suicide inclined monkey-men from riding them across the Pacific, landing in our forests during the dry season and setting forest fires. Remember to report to the authorities at once upon sighting a balloon. Do not approach to within a hundred yards of it and stand guard until the proper persons appear to take charge.

A short while back we were allowed to examine a small piece of fabric taken from one of these balloons. It looked not unlike a piece of tanned buckskin and was of light, but very tough fiber.

The War Relocation Authority is circulating propaganda in franked envelopes to the American people in which they laud the virtues of the Japanese. They, like a lot of newspapers and associations, would like to cram the descendants of the sons of heaven down the throats of the American (white) public. But when it comes to spending the tax-payers money on propaganda splurges favoring the Japs, it is going it appears to us a bit too far. Money could be spent for far more worthy purposes.

We believe that Harry Truman has raised himself another notch in the estimation of the people in general by releasing Biddle and "Ma" Ferguson from their respective positions. "Ma" was holding a "favor job" under the New Deal and Biddle distinguished himself as being entirely inefficient when he disregarded the law entirely in his stand regarding the Montgomery Ward case.

A sad-eyed couple stopped at the store recently. "We read where you lost your yellow cat," said the lady. "We lost our cat too, last week; the same way you lost yours. Some one ran over him in front of our door. We'd had him for nine years. Tears coursed down her cheeks as she spoke. I glanced at her husband. He too was misty-eyed. The husband has been under the doctor's care for weeks with a bad foot.

"Do you know," said his wife, "I'd rather he lost his leg than to have lost our cat."

"Me too," said her husband, and he meant it. To some persons this may appear foolish, but to downright lovers of pets it can be grasped. A household pet can worm its way into the heart of a person after close association over a period of years. They actually become one of the family. Dogs and cats are like humans, each possesses a different personality, traits and character, just like people and there are never two exactly alike. So therefore a lost cat or dog can never be replaced to the entire satisfaction of the owner.

We should have liked the driver of the car that killed the cat belonging to the couple mentioned above, to have witnessed their show of grief as we did. And we should like the driver of the car that killed our cat to watch for a few hours the dead cat's mate as he searches through the house and yard, calling softly as he searches. After each futile search he looks at us with big reproachful eyes and in which there seems mute appeal that we aid him in his search. Yes, there's grief reflected there along with the reproach.

Perhaps if persons who run down pets in front of peoples' homes would take into consideration the fact that the pet killed was one that a man would rather lose a leg than the slain animal, the drivers of such cars might be more considerate toward a family cat or dog, or even the old red rooster.

"Don't Be Saps—Deport The Japs." "It Pays To Insure In Sure Insurance." See Ernest R. Smith, office Roxy Bldg. Phone 97.

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Norway News Items

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Cosner, of Sutherlin, were a week ago Tuesday and Wednesday house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Robison.

Mrs. L. D. Haughton, of Sweet Home, was in over Decoration Day and visited at the home of her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Haughton. Clara and Billie Mast of Myrtle Point have also been visiting at the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Haughton.

Mrs. Lura Morgan, of Bandon, was a last Monday and Tuesday house guest at the home of her uncle and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCloskey. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker and sons, Glen and Johnnie, came in from Klamath Agency and spent several days last week visiting at the home of Mrs. Parker's mother, Mrs. Ella Bryant, and other relatives. While they were here Mr. Parker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Parker of Hammond, Ore., and a son, Vernie, who is here on furlough from the South Pacific war zone, came in and they all returned together with the Frank Parkers to Klamath for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Claver and two children, Howard and Betty, arrived here last Saturday evening from Houston, Texas. They are house guests of his sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Curley Thompson, and are also visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Claver.

Saturday afternoon visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bennett were Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Bunch and Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Jenks, of Rink creek.

Clare Freeman, of Sweet Home, came in Decoration Day with Mrs. Lawrence Haughton and visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schroeder, till Monday of this week when she returned to Roseburg with her aunt and husband, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Warner, who finished moving their household goods out to Looking Glass, where they recently purchased a 74-acre ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Mullen were last Thursday evening dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCloskey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Schroeder went to Langlois Sunday to try to find some seed potatoes but found them as scarce as "hen's teeth" there also. They visited at the home of Mr. Schroeder's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Burgess.

Everet Rossiter, from Visalia, Calif., is working for Rufus Rylander as is also Glen Wolf.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Denison came in from Roseburg Decoration Day with their grandson, Arthur Bartlett, and spent part of the day visiting with the Rylanders and Vernon Triggs.

Tuesday afternoon visitors at the A. R. Bennett's were Mr. and Mrs. Redwood of Myrtle Point.

Sunday afternoon and evening dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Rylander were Mr. and Mrs. Will Klattner, of Coquille.

Herman Tedsen and Mrs. Nicolena Elmer are leaving Saturday evening, June 9, for Corvallis to be present at the graduating exercises of his daughter, Anita Tedsen. The commencement is to be held in the Men's Gymnasium Sunday evening, June

10, at eight o'clock at Oregon State College. The Norway mercantile store will be closed Saturday evening and all day Sunday but Mr. Tedsen says he'll be on time opening Monday morning. This is the first time the store has been closed in 17 years.

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THE OLD JUDGE SAYS...



TOM: "It's mighty nice to receive a compliment like you've just given us, Judge. We do take our responsibilities very seriously and try to do the right thing with everybody. In spite of it, we get criticized now and then."

OLD JUDGE: "I know... you've got to take the bitter with the sweet in times like these. Speaking of criticism, and I mean really unfair criticism, reminds me of the spirit beverage business."

FRANK: "How is that, Judge?"

OLD JUDGE: "Simply this... can you think of any other business in which the seller is responsible for what the buyer does with his merchandise? If a person eats too much cake and gets indigestion, the baker isn't blamed. Nor is the coffee merchant criticized if someone drinks too much coffee and can't sleep. But the seller of spirit beverages gets blamed plenty if one of his customers overindulges. Doesn't seem quite fair, does it, Tom?"

TOM: "Frankly, it doesn't, Judge. We've never looked at it that way before."

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