

Recalls Coyote Running.

To the Editor:

On receiving your paper today, I read your and Mike's story of dogs and coyotes, and will say it brought back those days that seem as yesterday; but on examination it does not stand the test. No doubt Mike gave you his first experience, a trip on lower Sand Hollow with Willard Herren, Wilson Brock, Mike, Mathews, and others, myself, with the fox hounds. This was our first experience, and you should have seen our feathers fall—after each succeeding race losing to the coyote in the distance. Later in the day, being on the ridge back of the M. S. Corrigan place on Butter creek, Mike and I being mounted on the swiftest horses decided to lead the dogs if possible. Well, we were strung out there on as pretty a race as ever took place, coyote, Mike and I, dogs close behind, when my horse broke through a badger hole and struck on his neck, and I so far in the lead it actually turned the coyote and crippled our best dog in trying to get out of the way. (This might not be just right; ask Mike.)

Well, be that as it may, I learned in later years that the Beagle, of fox hounds, had no place in making a public display but would clear the range to a certain extent. By having four or five different packs of say seven dogs each on different ranches, and the camp tenders in their different rounds letting them follow, soon they would pitch their voices to a high key—that is, if the track were fresh—and soon you would see in the distance on those Penland ranch ridges, the chase was on. They would probably run the coyote all day, and night, too (though Mike does not so speak), and it was seldom that the coyote would leave the range, but would circle and back track; then coming in hearing of a pack on another range, that chase would soon be over. Then again, the hounds often ran the coyote into some back yard, woodshed, and there would be killed by someone living there.

Different with the grey hounds. You did or you didn't. I have seen on chases where we would have as many as fifty people take part, and always with poor success. One such race took place at our Sanford ranch—we had fifty for dinner—which took place at the Headquarters ranch. George Conser was in this bunch. We had just completed a string of woven wire fence embracing several sections, and knew some coyotes were enclosed. Thinking this the chance, we let it be known the day of the race. But on arriving at the scene of slaughter he immediately raised a straight tail. He simply ran to that fence, jumped on a rock crib,

THAT COYOTE STORY

Pardon friends, but today I read Mike's story, its happenings and thrills. And I thought of the chases we've had together in the Heppner hills. I read and re-read that story, thought of those days gone on before, and cried in my passionate longing, stood in my stirrups once more. Rode and re-rode those races over, swapped the fox hounds for the gray, and the records of Morrow county will show we cashed twenty-one in a day.

I've whipped the streams of Old Morrow, drained holes on the John Day, and this is no fish story I'm telling, the big ones didn't get away. Now Mike has always rode a winner, been in at the killing without fail. He's right about that square jaw, but wrong about the horse-whip tail; for when you see his tail extended (straight out) like a rat-tail file, and he scarcely glances over his shoulder, it's hardly worth your while. But when you see his tail drooping, like a horse-whip, at the end, just spur a little faster, boys, we'll get him just round the bend; or perchance his tail extended, but the snow is falling, ringing wet, heed not the rat-tail or square jaw, you'll get him, you can bet. Now, I'm not mistaken; I've chased them from Butter creek to Rhea; and never knew one with the horse-whip tail that ever got away. Off! I've heard the hounds' loud baying; no sweeter music e'er was played. When they pitched their voices, as the tracks were fresher, fresher made. Mike says, of all predatory animals, the Coyote has them on the run. True, he has out-kilted us kiotiers from the time the world begun. D. Cox, who kept a string of traps, and in trapping took much pride, told me he saw a coyote turn his trap, eat the bait from other side. Lincoln once said he who never chased a fox on some frosty morn had missed the pleasures of this life, better for him never been born. How true these words for when Penland threw the bugle horn away and Joe Wilkins left, the West and spirit of the West went that day.

HARDMAN

By LUCILLE FARRENS

The sixth grade pupils are publishing a newspaper containing all the school news. Editors are Jean Leathers, Vera McDaniel and Nona Inskip.

Leslie Bleakman and Tom Billing who recently returned from Eugene have gone to work for Hynd brothers near Cecil.

Clarence Rodgers and Virgil Crawford broke their car down while on their way from Lone Rock to

over the fence, and was gone. Our dogs didn't understand that fence.

You will notice in my verse I speak of cashing twenty-one at one time. This was while on the Butter creek ranch. I had a real pack of seven grey hounds, or hounds mixed a little with bull, which does not hurt much, only for speed. Gene Jones was with me that time and several different mornings—mornings were mornings in those days, say 4 o'clock—Gene would hear a wail close in. Out to the barn he would go. On with the bridle, no saddle, and in a few minutes would return with the scalp. It was he who brought the twenty-one scalps at the one time, but I was there at the killing quite often.

I had one dog we called Reno, which was a fourth bull. I've seen him kill a coyote alone inside of one-half mile and have him dead before I could get there, and I was none too slow, either. He never sparred for hold, but would wade right in and get the throat hold and never loosen, bull-dog fashion.

This dog was a brother to the famous Dick Howard dog, which Dick said killed over a hundred coyotes one winter. You can believe it or not, but Les Matlock could give you the full dope, as Dick looked after the Matlock horses at the Wells Springs.

When on the old Nels Jones ranch on Butter creek, which I owned at the time, Mr. Scott, my wife's own father, came out to see us. Mr. Scott was a southerner, and had followed the hounds after the coons in earlier life. I notice he kept looking at those dogs as though interested, and remarked, "Would you like to see them move some?" He thought he would, so I mounted him on one of my best horses. We soon jumped one, and away we went, the old man's whiskers flaring in the wind. We soon got that fellow, and the old gentleman was right there. While standing there we saw the dogs start again, and another chase was on. They caught this one, too, just above the Dillard French place on Butter creek.

Well, I could not tell all those stories, or you would have to enlarge the Gazette; so we'll let the dogs and coyotes rest a while.

C. A. MINOR.

(Editor's Note: We are pleased to give our readers the following poem and communication from C. A. Minor, Morrow county pioneer, now of Mt. Vernon, Grant county, and probably the "dog king" of Morrow county when coyote running, a near-forgotten sport, was in its heyday. In a note of transmittal, Mr. Minor said he owned more than 100 dogs at one time, with as many as 30 baying hounds, the rest shepherds, birds, and curs. The second best killers he ever followed, he says, were the Russian wolf hounds. "They were handsome dogs, made lots of catches, and have known them to kill three deer inside half a mile." A penciled notation reads: "We always made a catch if we happened to jump in a wet snow storm. Queer, but true, think they use the tail as a rudder.")

Mr. King attended the song rehearsal held at Lexington Friday afternoon.

Dolly Farrens visited Friday in Lexington with her aunt, Mrs. Clyde Swift.

Esten Stevens returned from Hermiton where he has been taking treatments. While there he visited at the home of Harvey P. De Moss.

Word has been received here of the serious illness of Emil Johnson. He has pneumonia. Mr. Johnson was a long-time resident of this vicinity, having just recently moved to Heppner. Friends here hope for his speedy recovery.

Bunny Stevens is visiting his mother here this week.

Yvonne Hastings sprained her ankle while playing at school Monday.

Nels Knighten and his sister, Mrs. H. H. Imil returned to their home at Forest Grove Sunday after visiting for a few days at the home of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Knighten.

Kenneth Batty moved his sheep to Dry Fork last week.

Jack DeVore, Mildred McDaniel and Creth Craber were shopping in Heppner Thursday.

Mrs. Carl Leathers and Jean, and Mrs. Lewis Batty and daughter attended the show in Heppner Saturday.

Claud Hastings went to work for Harry French at his mountain ranch Monday.

Pat Bleakman, Charlotte Adams, Richard Robison and Clarence Rodgers went to Glutton Falls Sunday. They state they found many signs of spring including many buttercups.

Mrs. Dillie Leathers spent this week visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leathers. She was accompanied by her two small grandsons.

The dance that was to be held at the I. O. O. F. hall Saturday the 20th has been called off.

Sam McDaniel, Jr., is visiting home folks this week.

Mrs. Lotus Robison spent the week end at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sam McDaniel.

Mrs. Roy Robison and children spent the week end at their mountain home.

Mr. Galliger went to Walla Walla Friday. He was accompanied home by his daughter and children, Mrs. Bill Lee, who will visit a few weeks.

Misses Annie and Molly McEntire spent the week end at their home here. Mrs. Figley and Mrs. McEntire went back to Heppner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reed were transacting business in Heppner Wednesday.

OSC Summer Session To Feature Home Ec

Corvallis.—Extensive courses in home economics, particularly for teachers, have again been provided for the 1937 summer session at Oregon State college from June 21 to July 30. Hundreds of students from many parts of the United States have been attending the state college summer session, many for the home economics work provided.

This year two new features have been added to the home economics program. One is an institute of education for family life, which may be attended either the first three

THE STAR Reporter

Fri.-Sat. — Our Gang Comedy — Hopalong Cassidy — and "Off to the Races," the zippiest of the Jones Family series thus far, with Slim Summerville added for some good laughs.

Sun.-Mon. — The smartest musical ever filmed — Irving Berlin's grandest songs — "On the Avenue," with a cast of stars so bright you don't care what they do — if they'll only keep on doing it!

Tuesday speaks for itself.

Wednesday Only: In addition to the regular feature, **Mr. and Mrs. Ted Boy,** prominent concert artists, will present a half-hour musical program. We seldom have an opportunity to present such fine talent.

Thursday — Same feature as Wednesday with additional short subjects.

Star Theater
Heppner, Oregon

weeks or the entire six weeks. The second is a travel study tour of the Orient in which students may earn a certain number of credits by making the tour under the direction of Dean Ava B. Milam of O. S. C., and Mrs. Stanley Chin of Portland.

Ten visiting instructors and a strong staff made up of resident faculty members will give work in child development and family relationships, household administration, foods and nutrition, home economics education, clothing, textiles and re-

lated arts, and institution economics, according to an announcement folder just issued.

Comprehensive summer session work will also be given in most of the other schools of the college, as usual.

Walter Dobyns, in town Saturday from the Liberty section, was undecided what they would do about breaking up the crust on the wheat already sown. They expected to do considerable spring seeding.

Daffodil CAKES

30c and 50c

OUR EASTER SPECIALTY

—other delicious cakes—

Banana Nut, 30c and 50c

Spice, 25c and 40c

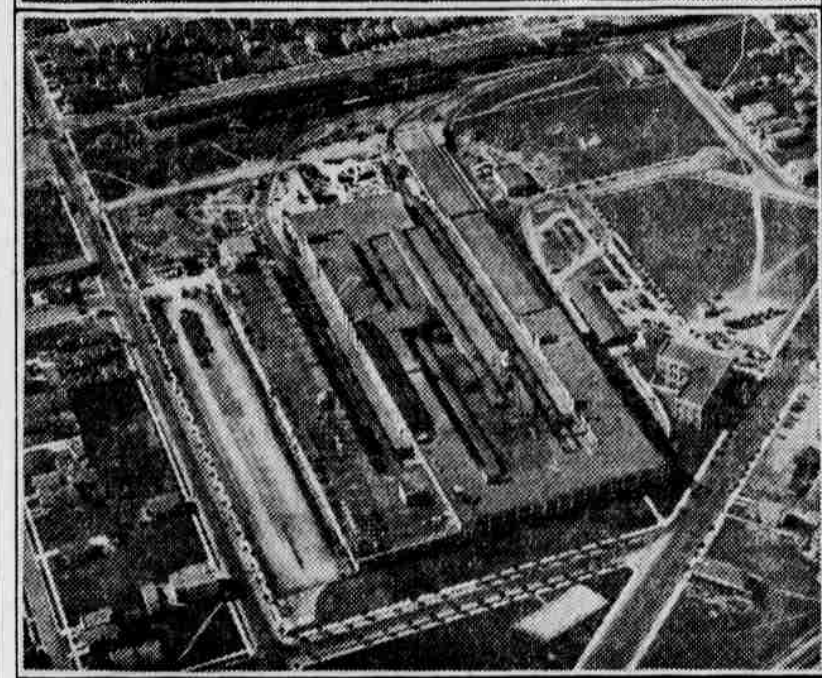
add zest to your Easter

ROLLS -- PASTRIES

Yours for a JOYOUS EASTER

HEPPNER BAKERY

Chevrolet Production In Full Swing



Resumption of manufacturing activities at the two Chevrolet plants in Oakland is a pleasant prospect to Gerald Loraine who punches his time preparatory to building 1937 models for the western states. Below—airview of the Chevrolet Plant No. 1 and the Fisher Body plant on Foothill Boulevard. Chevrolet Plant No. 2, devoted to the manufacture of trucks and commercial cars, is the former Durant plant on E. 14th St. It was purchased last Spring to meet augmented demand from Chevrolet's western dealers.

Ferguson Motor Co.
Heppner, Oregon