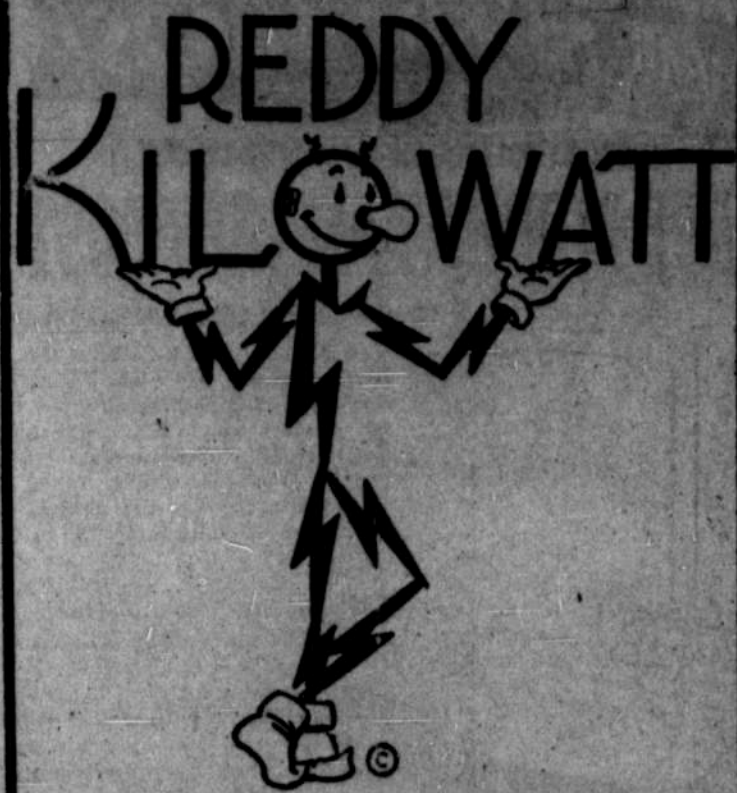




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Mountain States Power Company

New Arrivals at County Jail

Arthur E. Hayes is in the county jail awaiting disposal of his case. He is charged with obtaining money under false pretenses.

Floyd R. Johnson arrested last Saturday for driving while intoxicated, was released upon Justice Barton's order after he had posted \$100 bail.

Eugene G. Jackson was arrested for driving while drunk last Saturday and brought here to jail.

Cecil Wilson Fry was fined \$25 in justice court at Powers for driving without the necessary license and was brought to jail here on Monday.

Clyde Robert McDaniel is held in lieu of \$1000 bonds. He was arrested at Marshfield on Monday for attempting to pass a worthless check.

Robert Clyde Lewis and Walter Browning, two Marshfield young fellows who stole cars and a lot of other stuff, according to their confessions, are in jail waiting grand jury action. Justice Bolt, at Marshfield, set their bonds at \$1000 each.

City Police Court Cases

City Recorder Leslie sent W. A. Cluer to the county jail last Friday after he had been arrested again that day for being drunk.

Jack Grove, who came to town with a broken hand in a cast, and drank too much, was given a \$10 suspended fine so that he might have the broken cast renewed.

Ross Billings, again, and Herbert Robison, of Allegany, both served out \$10 fines for intoxication on Saturday.

Sam Latham forfeited a \$4 bail payment on Saturday when he failed to appear in answer to a drunk charge filed by the police.

L. C. Gary and Virgil Fowler, both of Roseburg, and both drunk, were arrested Saturday. The judge suspended their \$10 fine each for a year.

Four were arrested on Sunday at the old Johnson Mill hangout. "Bacon" Sanders forfeited his \$5 bail; Bill Goodman was fined \$10, Wm. Sargent served five days for his \$10 fine, and Ralph Stevens' \$10 jolt was suspended.

Paul Murray, alias Geo. Davis, served two and a half days for the \$5 fine assessed for drunkenness.

The dry season brings the greatest fire hazard. Are you protected? See Spike Leslie for fire insurance.

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Logger Killed Monday

G. Otto Werth, 53-year old logger at Cecil Dugger's Fat Elk camp, was instantly killed about noon last Monday, when his body was caught between a falling tree and a log, practically cutting it in two.

No one witnessed the catastrophe and it was not until a searching party started to look for him that evening that his death became known.

Funeral services were held at Schroeder Bros. Mortuaries here at 11:30 yesterday morning, interment being at Marshfield's Sunset cemetery.

Mr. Werth's home was at Coaledo, and he is survived by his son, Adrian Werth, of Camas Valley, seven brothers and seven sisters. He was a native of Germany, who had lived in Coos county for the past 25 years.

Knife Hospital

Dismissals the past week were Jim McPail, of Lee, last Friday; Mrs. McMullin, of Arago, on Saturday; Marcus Shelley on Sunday; Mrs. W. D. Martin and baby girl, of Coquille, on Tuesday.

Mrs. S. L. Ball is improving now from a serious major operation she underwent last Friday evening.

Edith Welch, of Coquille, underwent an appendicitis operation last Friday.

On Saturday Jack Clouse entered the hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Ivan Billings, of Arago, submitted to a major operation on Sunday. The same day Mrs. Verna Cain, of Myrtle Point, submitted to an appendix operation.

Mrs. Goldie Lawrence, of Bandon, underwent an appendix operation yesterday, and Alto Austin, of Greenacres, re-entered the hospital for treatment.

Births at Coquille Hospital

A 7 1/2 pound baby daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Gambelin, of Coquille, last Saturday. She has been named Dorothy Ann.

A 4 1/4 pound son was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Keezee, of Coquille, at the hospital on Monday.

Indians Valued Life

One of the few cases of suicide by an Indian ever reported—if it was one—was that of Me-Saw-Boy, of Isabella county, says a Mt. Pleasant, Mich., correspondent in the Detroit Free Press. After the white man had invaded his country there more than 80 years ago, Me-Saw-Boy became despondent and made several trips to Washington to protest dispossession of the Indians. One day he was found dead with a knife plunged in his abdomen. The official verdict was suicide, but Indians, unwilling to admit that one of their race had taken his own life, always after protested that he had been murdered.

The Nightingale

The nightingale is not particularly an English bird, but is found in many parts of the Old World. It has often been imported as a cage bird, but is not an American native wild bird. The name has been applied in various American localities to other sweet-singing birds.

Crowd Pleased When Higami Jiu Jitsu Scotty Twice

In a bout which had the paying customers in an uproar from start to finish Tetsura Higami decisively defeated Scotty "Ding Dong" McDougall in their Wednesday night jiu jitsu match at the Coquille Community Building.

The large crowd was just about evenly divided as to sentiment and they were there to be shown big things before they declared their sentiments for either man. Higami lost no time whatsoever in showing them what jiu jitsu was.

He flipped the large Scotchman through the air with the greatest of ease. He whirled him around his hips by hanging on to the collar of the Scotchman's jacket. He jabbed his stiff fingers into delicate nerve centers, and gave drastic massages to other parts of the Scot's body. All in all it was a fearfully busy and hot evening for the Glasgow man.

Higami took the first fall in an even 15 minutes after he had so confused the red-bearded one that he didn't know for certain whether he was a foot or a horseback by clamping on an unbreakable Japanese arm breaker hold.

In the second fall Scotty tired of wearing the jacket and quickly jerked it off of his shoulders and then proceeded to pin the Jap before the referee could interfere. But this was

a jiu jitsu match and Referee Thor Jensen saw to it that the jacket was put back on. Within eight or ten minutes after that the brown Jap had disabled the Scotchman for the second straight fall and the match. This time he used his famous "sleeper hold."

In the semi final, Bob Castle, substituting for the Black Panther, disposed of Bob Cummins in two falls out of three by taking the first and last. Castle took the first with a body flip. Cummins got the second with flying head scissors. In the third fall Castle easily took advantage of a moment when Cummins had on flying head scissors and quickly reversed the hold. Castle has shown marked improvement in cleverness since last he was here.

The Black Panther, who had started out alone from Portland in his big car Wednesday morning had evidently met with some delaying road mishap. He had been anxious to get to the Coquille match so that he could spend the week-end on the coast.

In the prelim, Uno Kiyoshi beat Ace Abbott two out of three falls. Abbott got the first with three high body slams. Kiyoshi came back with some very clever if unspectacular stuff to annex the last two falls, using for the first one an arm bar and for the second a crab hold.

Thor Jensen refereed in Harry Elliott's place as McDougall refused to

go on under Elliott's refereeing. The next match will be held in Coquille on August 11.

Two Divorces Granted

Two divorces were granted by Judge Wimberly in Circuit court here last Saturday, to the plaintiffs in the following cases:

H. A. Kenison vs. Viola M. Kenison. Rolland D. Emmons vs. Pauline Emmons.

In the case of Ethel M. Stewart vs. Earl M. Stewart, the defendant was found to be in contempt of court. He will be sentenced by Judge Brand next Tuesday.

New Cases in Circuit Court

July 24—A. E. Seaman vs. John Dornath.

July 26—Douglas Creditors Assn. vs. Jno. L. Aasen.

July 27—Ida Young vs. Clarence E. Young. Suit for divorce.

July 27—Elsie Ramsey vs. Henry Ramsey. Suit for divorce.

July 27—R. H. Bryant vs. Cora M. Bryant. Suit for divorce.

July 29—Vesta V. Sturm vs. John J. Sturm. Suit for divorce.

Probate Court Items

Phoebe E. Mast was on Tuesday appointed guardian of Ivan Mast. The appraisers of his estate are R. H. Lawhorn, Geo. Glenn and Hardy Mast.

The Guiding Ideal

EVERY PROFESSION SHOULD HAVE ONE

and what shall we say is the dominating ideal of the funeral director? If we might express it in a time-worn phrase, it is "Personal Service." At least that is the guiding star of the Schroeder Mortuaries. We never lose sight of that fact.

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Motor Cruising for Fun

A Motorlog to the Wallowa Mountains of Northeastern Oregon . . . and a Visit with "Silver Tip" Charley Seeber

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of motor cruises under the title, "Motor Cruising for Fun." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific northwest. The following article has been condensed from a full-page article appearing in The Oregonian on July 24.

BY VINTON H. HALL

Silver Tip shoveled a spoonful of beans into his mouth, leaned back in his chair and 'lowed as how we should make ourselves at home, being, as it was, 'cold and sopping as an overworked dishcloth outside the cabin.

A fire blazed its welcome in Silver Tip's neat little cook stove, and steam arose from our water-logged Levin as we huddled together in the main room. A mountain rain, the tall-ender of winter storms, beat on the roof. We were glad to be inside.

A mile and a half high, we were, in the Wallowa mountains of northeastern Oregon. We had found Silver Tip's cabin a veritable haven of refuge after the arduous—and sometimes perilous—horseback trip from Wallowa lake, 8 1/2 miles back of us. Silver Tip's trim cabin, hewn from the mountain forests, rests near the shore of beautiful Aneroid lake.

"So you thought it was pretty tough going, did you?" chuckled the silver-haired man, whose real name is Charles Seeber, amused at his guests' apparent exhaustion.

Part of Mountains

Silver Tip is the "old man of the mountains"—the Wallowa mountains. He loves them. He has lived in them so long that Silver Tip and the Wallows have become almost synonymous. He will always be a part of them. None can really know these towering, jagged peaks without knowing him.

Forty-eight years ago the doctor looked at 15-year-old Charley Seeber in Walla Walla, shook his head and said there was virtually no hope. Charley, a smiling, ambitious lad, had tuberculosis. They called it consumption. One chance remained to save his life, the doctor said. Get him away to a higher, drier air.

Charley's father, desirous of doing everything possible to save his son, chose the Wallowa mountains. Outfitting themselves, the Seebers began the long trek to Aneroid lake, which lay in the "30s" was wild and untouched as the mountain sheep that still roam there. Charley-Silver Tip—didn't die. Instead, his little body became rugged and strong as an Aneroid point. He can out-pack the average horse.

"Some difference between this and the city life you fellows are used to," he chirped, scraping up his dishes, carefully wiping the oil cloth-topped table and finally settling back in his favorite chair.

Names Motorloggers

"Let's see, now. You're Mr. Pangborn," pointing to Arden N. Pangborn, executive news editor of The Oregonian, who by this time had moved somewhat further from the scorching little stove and launched a vicious attack upon a ham sandwich.

"You're Mr. Gobbie," Silver Tip barked, indicating Richard Goebel, Ford man for the advertising firm of McCann-Erickson, who at that particular moment was drying his rearage and nursing a saddle blister on his shin.

"And I guess you're Mr. Hall, the A.A.A. man."

A great talker—and fascinating as a dime novel that really belongs in the slicks—Silver Tip stretched out his long legs and moved on to the subject of the weather and his mountains.

"Ain't seen such a spring in all the 48 years I been here. Been raining constantly, and that ain't right, you know. It's usually swell weather even this early—brisk and brilliant, with the moon, the stars and the mountains. Makes you wish you could be in love—but dammit, I'm too old and funny lookin' for that, anyway."

"In a few days it'll all be over, and summer will really be here." That was a month ago, and the Wallows now bask under bright blue sky, fishing is good in Aneroid lake—and Silver Tip is happy.

Haven't Seen It All

"Of course you fellows know that you haven't seen all of the Wallows just because you've been up



Motorlog party transfers from one form of transportation to another, before the lodge

here to Aneroid," he began. "Take a look at this little map. It'll show you just how little you've seen."

Silver Tip related many of the things John Conwell, genial associate manager of the Wallowa Lake lodge, had related the night before as we slumped comfortably in large, rustic chairs before a massive fireplace in the lobby.

The lake basin tip, made by a trail hewn through an area of 32 glacial lakes ranging in elevation from 7000 to 8500 feet, would have been the ideal trip had weather been the least favorable and had we allowed two days instead of one, he said. Here we would have found live glaciers extending to the very edge of trout-filled lakes. We would have ridden around or over Eagle Cap, from the 9675-foot summit of which we could have seen the entire basin with all its lakes. We could have camped out, over night,

Other Routes Desirable

Better yet, had we been better horsemen and allowed three extra days, we could have traveled the Lostine-Minam loop and camped the first night in the lake basin, from where we could have gone to Minam lake, at one end of which is Minam river; at the other end, Lostine river. We could have followed either of these for some of the most spectacular scenery in the Wallowa mountains.

"Oh, you've got to come back," said Silver Tip. "You ain't seen nothing yet." Pangborn spied a carpenter's saw, a fiddle bow and a peculiar contraption like a hock-shop version of a collar-bone splint, hanging on the wall beside the spice rack.



Map shows Wallowa mountain district trails and points of interest, while smaller map shows location of Wallows in state of Oregon.

"Do you play the saw?" he asked of Silver Tip. Blushing—as well as the weather-beaten old face could blush—he ventured he could a little bit. Practiced for years, but the saw was a mighty hard instrument to master. Hard, sometimes, to remember what you started in to play.

"Here, I'll show you." He brought down the bow and the saw, which was of special steel butted almost the place for sundry construction and repair jobs. Carefully, he lifted down the strange contraption, which, lo, was a harmonica fixed to a brace designed to fit firmly around the neck and shoulders to keep the instrument in place before the lips.

Looked Like Character

Rigged out, Silver Tip looked like a character from "Banjo on My Knee." He played, earnestly and well. The music sounded like the mellow, whining tones of the saw and the rollicking notes of the mouth harp for many years. We could visualize a winter night, snow as high as the roof, with the wind and sleet howling a weird accompaniment—and Silver Tip all alone.

It was three o'clock. Time had passed like magic in Silver Tip's cabin. It had been like an amazing dream, or a chapter in an absorbing novel.

The rain had not ceased. We would have to make the hard downhill trip to the lodge in the same rain that had softened the trail and soaked us to the skin as we ascended to Aneroid lake. It was with some apprehension that we mounted our horses, waved good-bye to Silver Tip and started down the precipitous 6 1/2-mile trail.

Constant hammering of rain was bound to soften the trail, we knew. Carefully and expertly built, as it was, there were places so abrupt and so narrow that it seemed inevitable the pounding rain would weaken it to the point where one false step by our horses would send us plunging and rolling to destruction.

Finally Safe Again

Finally back on level ground at the foot of the trail, the horses, too, breathed a sigh of relief. They were anxious to reach their stables and we let them run, despite saddle-soreness of which we all complained.

Harley Hamilton, head guide and owner of a string of 50 fine saddle horses, which he rents to recreationists, met us at the stables. He was scheduled to make the trip with us, but business that day prevented it. Harley, like Silver Tip, knows mountains, and someday, he said, he'd show us the lake basin, the lake or the Lostine-Minam country.

Next day we loaded the motorlog car and started on the 267-mile return trip to Portland. Rounding up Wallowa lake, we gazed back into the towering peaks and bade a silent good-bye to Silver Tip and his "Switzerland of America."