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Coquille Service Station

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County Jail Arrivals

Aaron Dysert was brought to the county jail from Myrtle Point last Thursday, having been fined \$25 by Justice Dodge for being drunk on the highway.

Bud Rudberg, from Marshfield, entered the jail Thursday to serve a 15-day sentence imposed for drunkenness.

Leslie Dick Marker was brought here Saturday from North Bend and is held in lieu of \$2000 bail. He is charged with rape.

City Police Cases

Bacon Sanders and Geo. Martin were each given a \$10 suspended fine by Recorder Leslie last Friday on intoxication charges.

Jack Grove, arrested Friday for drunkenness, did not show up to pay his \$10 fine on Tuesday, but his father came in and promised to pay it and an old \$10 fine within 40 days.

Jerry Perkins forfeited \$10 bail he had posted when he failed to appear in the recorder's court. He was charged with being drunk and out after hours last Sunday night.

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Wrestling Card for Friday Night Show

(Continued from Page One)

compare him with other stellar performers.

So the semi-final of the evening at the Community Building will be the "mystery bout" between Flash Kelly, of Los Angeles, and Beany Dean, of Columbus, Ohio.

In the main go, two hot boys well known to Coquille fans will strut their stuff in no uncertain manner. Galloping Gust Johnson will tangle with the one and only Patrick, "Rowdy Dow" O'Dowdy for an hour or less.

Gust hails from the right side of the Scandinavian peninsula — that same being Sweden—and he shook the dust of the homeland from his feet when he was 20 years old. Since then he has called Minneapolis his home. Twice he had returned to the old country, both times to participate in wrestling and to win national titles there. He figures to be one of the finest conditioned athletes in the game. He has a powerful set of legs and is never so happy as when mixing it in the squared circle.

As for Mr. O'Dowdy, he is a prize rumpus raiser, and no mistake made there. No matter how his opponent starts out, when O'Dowdy is present the match always ends up in a rumpus.

Don Nemanic and Al Szasz will meet and mix. Nemanic recently incurred the enmity of the fans. He also nearly succeeded in out-roughing Newt Franklin in a previous match in Coquille.

Al is the leading exponent of the Hungarian leg clutch, which is a hold that no one trifles with.

The first match will start promptly at 8:30 tomorrow (Friday) night at the Coquille Community Building. Ringside seats are on sale before the match at Bill's Place in Coquille.

Bridge May Festival

The Bridge school will present a May Festival Friday, May 6, at 1:30 p. m. on the school lawn. Marian Finch will reign as Queen Marian I and Evelyn Shields and Myrtle Sargent will be her attendants.

The theme of the Festival will be "Anchors Away," with the Powers high school band furnishing the music. The girls of the Remote and Bridge schools will present various national dances and the boys will go on parade with drill work. Accordion music will be furnished by Kennett Lawrence, of Coquille, and a Spanish dance will be given by Rose Matney and Carl Alpine, also of Coquille. Zetta Gibson, of Riverton, will present a feature dance. William Remaly, of Bridge, will play violin music.

At 9:30 a. m. there will be a Track Meet followed by a community picnic lunch, sponsored by the civic club.

"Open House" will be held from three to nine p. m. so that parents and visitors may have an opportunity of seeing the various educational exhibits in the rooms of the school building. The general public is cordially invited to come and spend the entire day at the school.

committeemen and republican club chiefs will also be invited. No admission will be charged.

The Marion county central committee and precinct committeemen are co-operating in putting on the rally.

Coquille High School

Dramatics Class Play

The dramatics class, under the direction of Miss Rose Naef, has been studying a one-act play, "Sham," which will be presented before the student body at one of the forthcoming assemblies. The class has been divided into groups; the group best portraying the characters will be chosen for Student Body appearance.

Baccalaureate May 23
The Pioneer Methodist Church will be the scene of annual Baccalaureate services for the graduating class. Rev. Geo. Turney, of the Episcopal Church, has been selected to deliver the address. The high school glee club will participate in the musical program.

On May 20th the seniors will take charge of the last assembly. Eighth graders will be special guests to the program. The traditional will and prophecy will be read. The will was prepared by a committee consisting of Elaine Gray, chairman, Chuck Rowell, Jack Towne, Barbara Leslie and Maxine Knight. Those who wrote the prophecy were Eileen Kendall, chairman; Jack Towne, Patricia Peart and Jean Nye.

Class Project Progresses
The activities of the members of the class of 1928 since their graduation ten years ago and their reaction to the present school organization will furnish the basis for the senior class graduation project.

Questionnaires sent out to members of the class since they were 18 have been coming in and the information contained therein is being compiled and written into four speeches to be delivered by seniors at commencement.

Election May 8
Election of Student Body officers for the coming year will take place May 8th. Nominations announced by Richard Walker, president, were: President, Dick Stacer, Roif Fuhrman.

Vice President, Bill Smith, Bill Yarbrough.

Secretary, Markie Smith, Yvonne Kern, Jane Kramer.

Asst. Treasurer, Jeanette Wheeler, Eunice Howe.

Asst. Business Mgr., Howard Taylor, Virgil Arrell.

Asst. Laurel Editor, Jeanne Claterbos, Mary Jane Dunn.

Inter-class rivalry chairman, Fred Watson, "Sandy" Thrift.

A. J. Mollitor Buried

The Excel Shoppe was closed Monday morning for the funeral of Mrs. Rowland's father, Albert J. Mollitor, well known resident of Millington, who passed away from a heart attack Sunday morning at 4:30 o'clock.

Mr. Mollitor was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1866. In that city he received his education, later moving to Sauk Center, Minn., where he met and married Anna Tareh. He took an active interest in civic and educational enterprises and was one of the founders of the Farmers' Co-operative Shipping association, which is now a statewide organization and operates under the same administration appointed by him on his retirement.

In 1917 he moved to Texas, where he engaged in citrus and cotton growing. Here again he was active in public works, being president of the Donna Irrigation project and chairman of the school board.

In 1926 he retired from active life and came to Marshfield, where he has resided since that time.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. F. G. Jennings, of the Episcopal Church in Marshfield, with Ernest Harrington singing two beautiful solos. Burial took place at the Sunset cemetery.

Mr. Mollitor was a man who lived his life to the fullest and was eager and ready to continue his journey. Besides a host of friends in Marshfield and Coquille he is survived by his wife, Anna, and three children: Kenneth E., of Marshfield; Kermit A., of Los Angeles, and Marjorie Rowland, of Coquille. His grandson, Raymond Rowland, who made his home with his grandparents, also survives.

Marriage Licenses

April 22—Byron E. Hervey and Janie Ferbrache, both of Coquille. They were married at the parsonage in Myrtle Point last Friday by Rev. W. C. Cronk.

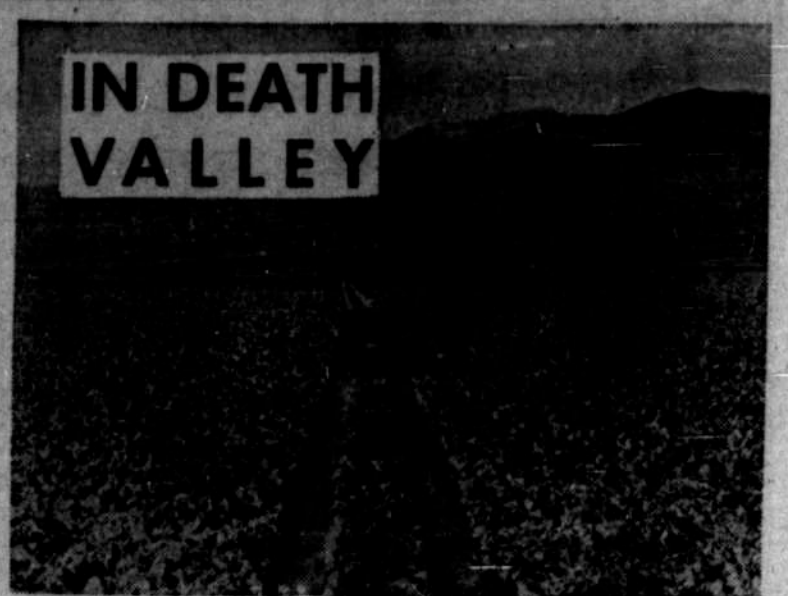
April 23—Thos. Smith, of Bandon, and Belle Matheny, of Myrtle Point.
April 23—Cecil R. Blaylock, of Coquille, and Dolores M. Porter, of Langlois. They were married here Saturday by Rev. H. L. Graybeal at his home.

April 25—R. G. Extra and Nadine Ruth Stocklin, both of Marshfield.

April 25—Robert G. Ostrander, of Bandon, and Virginia May Barklow, of Myrtle Point. They were married at his office here on Monday by Justice Clarence Barton.

April 25—Rex Cornelius, of Coquille, and Thelma Judd, of Fairview.
April 26—Willard C. Jackson and Ida L. Mueller, both of San Francisco.

Calling cards, 30 for \$1.00.



A Death Valley Road Through Rough Earth Formations.

Once Dreaded American Desert Has Now Become the Playground of Man

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

NEWSPAPERS that the Thirteen Colonies had become the United States didn't reach Pacific coast Spaniards till years later. Barriers of distance and desert were such that even after California joined the Union, in 1850, it still took weeks to get mail from Washington. The state was ever so isolated.

Men hated the desert then and feared the horrors of death from thirst. Every trail across it was strewn with bones of men and oxen and abandoned wagons.

Now the desert is man's playground.

Planes, trains and motors, of course, have robbed the desert of its dreads. Now idlers in shorts, brightly colored pajamas, or bathing suits sprawl about these desert pleasure resorts, as in Death valley, and fret if they can't get this or that favorite brand of imported mineral water, all within a stone's throw of where dying pioneers found not even a mouthful of alkali water!

The sting has been taken out of Death valley completely by modern transport. Much of it is now a national monument, and winter visitors swarm in over new roads, lured by its astounding physical geography.

You can imagine that here a giant smashed the world to bits, baked it, then spilled seas of paint over the colossal, silent ruin. Nature's emotions range from utmost fury to moods of restful calm.

Stand on Dante's View, a peak in the Black mountains which towers high above the floor of Death valley, and you can see over more than 150 miles of this weird, incomparable region.

Far to the west is Mount Whitney, highest peak in the United States, and below you is the lowest point in North America, 278 feet below sea level. And up the valley floor there stretches what looks like vast alkali swamps; but that is an illusion, for it is merely a coloring of the desert.

All Alone With a Chipmunk.
"Do you live here all alone?" a traveler asked an old man who sat before an empty hotel in the historic ghost town of Ryan.

"Me and a chipmunk," he said. "My friend'll be out soon so you can see him. He always comes to eat at ten o'clock." And at ten he came!

Borax and a few other minerals first made Death valley a busy place. It was then that the famous 20-mile teams hauled the big freight wagons with a water-tank trailer, taking weeks on the long, rough round trip out to a railroad station on the Mojave desert.

Mining is abandoned now. The borax diggers found a richer, more convenient deposit near Kramer, on the Mojave desert, where they can bring up huge chunks of glistening, glassy borax, with a railway close at hand. So the long mule trains are no more; but you can still see the giant wagons standing along Furnace Creek Wash, where the tired, dusty mules were last unhitched. Beside these big wagons visitors pose now to be photographed. That is commonplace reality; all about is unreality, illusion.

Save one or two tiny favored spots where water comes down from the canyons, Death valley knows no cultivation. Despite sightseeing buses and private motorcars that throng its dusty trails, there is still something very significant in the warning signboards which tell how many miles it is to the next water.

Different, indeed, its destiny seems from that of other California deserts criss-crossed by man's irrigation ditches!

Once Arid Regions Now Gardens.
Maps of barely 30 years ago bore the words "Colorado desert" across what is now Imperial county, with 60,000 people.

If the prehistoric monsters who left their tracks about the Salton sea could come back, they would find plenty to eat now, for this below-the-sea region has become the nation's hothouse.

Years ago a plant explorer for the United States Department of Agriculture brought some date suckers from Arabia, which were planted, experimentally, at Indio, in the Coachella valley.

Today a huge industry has grown up and the groves there resemble those about Bagdad or Basra, in Iraq.

Much of the desert basin above the Salton sea, with its duck clubs and speedboat races, is still empty; here and there are date and other gardens of astounding fertility. Men must have felt the heat the day they gave such local place names as "Mecca," "Arabia," "Thermal" and "Pike."

Planes from Los Angeles for Phoenix, Tucson and El Paso fly down this long, hot valley, entering from the north through San Geronimo pass. Grotesque tumbleweed, rolling over deserts in hard winds, looks like brown bears at full gallop.

Not far from San Geronimo pass, you may visit the site of one of many construction camps on the Colorado river aqueduct project with its miles of tunnels. A worker there once found a petrified egg about the size of a coconut.

Across the valley men dig the great hole that will carry water under the San Jacinto mountains. Like the Indians before them, local whites say that sometimes this mountain "grows." Geologists say it is a "young" mountain; that if there are grows, they may be earth tones from subterranean movements along earthquake faults.

Earthquakes Now and Then.

Earthquakes occur here when one block of earth crust slips past another along an earth fracture. Several such faults extend from the Mojave desert to offshore islands.

One such slip caused the Long Beach earthquake of March 10, 1933. Mud and hot water squirted from cracks that opened in the ground. Many people say they saw a waving motion pass across the fields which set trees, houses, and water tanks to swaying, while up from the rocking earth came a deep-toned, roaring sound.

If a giant could seize the edge of this region, as you might grab the lid of a steamer trunk, and thus lift the top off southern California, you would see below it one of Nature's busiest workshops. Down here, in the dark, things go on which affect all that live up above in the sunshine.

Far into the earth, miles and miles deep and many leagues long, run the faults or fractures that figure in the quakes; but more important to man on top of the ground are the vast underground basins that hold water for his wells and other great natural tanks, from which for decades he has pumped that oil which, more than anything else, has put this region on a solid economic basis.

Since exciting early days, when pioneers bored and found oil in commercial quantities within the city limits of Los Angeles, its flow has increased, and southern California has become a financial and geographic center of a Titan industry.

Oil Attracted Many Thousands.

As with the land booms, so in the days of oil excitement there came hordes of oil executives, technicians, drillers, rotary helpers, derrick men, tool-dressers, teamsters and truckmen, roustabouts, pipe liners, tank builders, refinery workers, and stock salesmen, adding their thousands to an already heterogeneous population in and around Los Angeles, the fields of Kern county, and the Kettleman hills. One well in Kettleman hills was bored in 1933 to a depth of 10,944 feet, a new record.

Odd, indeed, to visitors is the sight of oil derricks set out in the ocean, down the coast from Santa Barbara, which pump oil from below the sea. At the Rincon field a well has been bored which is more than half a mile from the mainland. The discovery that holes already very deep could be drilled even deeper and actually deflected to reach new sections of oil pools has given Huntington Beach a new boom.

From an airplane you look down on "tank farms," where oil is stored; clusters of white metal tanks appear like giant frosted cakes; roofs of still larger reservoirs, built like ponds, are protected by lightning rods. These, the roaring refineries, the long pipe lines, trains of oil cars, and tank steamers loading at the ports, are the outward and visible signs of this trade now operating under the oil conservation law.

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