

Mississippi Murderer Arrested Here Monday (Continued from Page One)

Owens, the police called Wm. Owens to find if Whetstone was still here. The Coquille man promised to report when Whetstone came in and about seven o'clock Monday evening was on his way down to the state police office with Whetstone when a police officer passed them and took Whetstone in charge.

name and bogus description which he claimed fitted a Coquille young man who had written the checks, but Greenlee's confession wipes out that stain on the Coquille youth, and in all probability frees Owens from the murder charge, although he is being held in the county jail on the forged check charge.

Matters in Probate Court

Carl J. Geisler was on Monday appointed administrator of the \$3,000 estate left by Edward Carna, who died in Coos county Dec. 2, 1932. The appraisers of the estate are Otto Richter, Jas. Culle and W. E. Burrows.

Council Investigating Increased Water Possibilities (Continued from Page One)

the dam another ten feet, or pumping over the hill would provide the most and best water. It is estimated that the mile and a half of pipe line, the pump and other equipment necessary to bring water from the North Fork would cost between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

Pipe for Water, Material for Paving Ordered (Continued from Page One)

Neil Peart's for the 400 yards of gravel needed for the concrete. He bid \$1.82 a yard. The application of the Baptist church, made by J. E. Quick, for permission to make an approach over the curb in front of the building and to gravel the 100 feet of parking there was referred to the street committee.

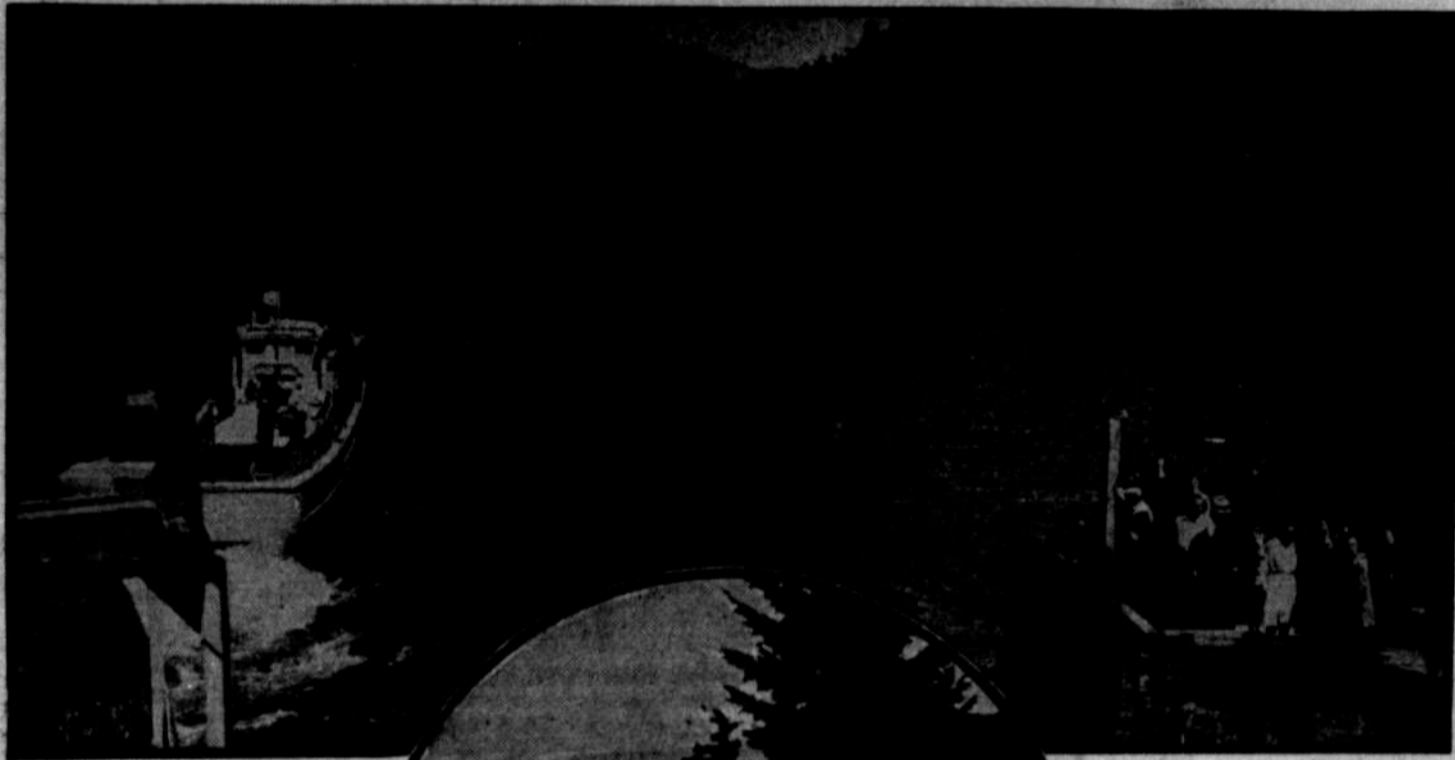


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DEPOT: ROXY BUILDING 2nd and Hall Sts. PHONE: 245 ON THE AIR: 'Romance of the Highways' Mutual Don Lee Network, Sunday 10:15 AM

GREYHOUND

Following the Birds To Victoria, B. C.



The Motorloggers Take to the Ferries for a Visit to Canada's Most Western Metropolis

This newspaper is co-operating with The Oregonian and the Oregon State Motor Association in presenting a series of motorlogs designed to stimulate travel in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest.

By Arden X. Pangborn Executive News Editor, The Oregonian

THE ferry for the San Juan islands and Sidney, B. C., leaves Anacortes, Wash. (theoretically, at least), at 8:45 A. M. Therefore, it was with a collective sigh of relief that we of The Oregonian-Oregon State Motor Association cruise party drove our white Ford V-8 sedan onto the docks of the Black Ball line at 8:44:50. Ten seconds to spare!

We hastened across to the company's office in search of tickets a little fearful that we still might not have time. The tickets were there. We hastened back thankful that the line of cars had not moved forward. Then we waited. Ten minutes, 15, 20, 30.

Ahead of us in the line was a gaudily decorated blue sedan. It was Ivan Beecroft, special representative of the very active and successful Victoria and Island publicity bureau, of which George I. Warren is commissioner. Mr. Beecroft seemed untroubled by the slightly erratic schedule.

"There's a new ferry on the run today," he explained. "The scenario is being supplied by the Crosline. We'll be leaving pretty soon now."

His prediction was finally justified 45 minutes after the scheduled departure time, and the Crosline nosed its broad bow into the green waters toward the islands.

With the car safely stowed away on the lower deck and with breakfast from the shipboard lunch counter safely stowed away inside, we settled back to scan our schedules and enjoy the scenery. The ferry was due in Sidney at 1:15 P. M. Allowing for the 45 minutes late start, it should arrive at 2 P. M. We should be in Victoria, a short motor drive from the port of embarkation, not later than 3. That would be fine, in spite of our limited time and in spite of the many things we planned to crowd into that time.

Fortly Ferry Jams The matter thus disposed of, we turned full attention to the amazing beauty of the first of the islands looming ahead. We recalled what someone had once said of this famous group: "Em-

eralds set in a sapphire sea."

There are 172 islands in the group, unique in charm and variety, and they form an alpine vacation paradise. San Juan and Orcas are the two largest, and each contains several communities, and many tourist resorts. The picturesque and sheltered waters of the sound are excellent for yachting and cruising and the sandy beaches excellent for bathing.

Shortly before we approached the Friday Harbor ferry slip, Mr. Beecroft brought us the encouraging news that the captain felt we might have a little trouble docking. Something about dolphins, or the width of the ferry, or something.

A "little trouble" was a most euphemistic term for what happened. The ferry was too wide or perhaps the dolphins by which it was to be guided into the slip were too close together. In any event, the ferry nosed between them and stopped ten feet short of its mark. The captain saw further attempt to approach was useless, so he tried to retreat. But retreat was impossible. The ferry was stuck.

While the population of Friday Harbor declared a holiday to watch this excitement and to offer advice from the docks, the Crosline churned mud and the captain no doubt fumed in his pilot house. After an hour or so, the coast guard came to the rescue and hooking on to the stern, pulled our stubborn craft back into deep water.

It was 3:30 P. M. when the Crosline edged away from the wharf at last and turned its bow toward Sidney. We realized suddenly then that our schedule had been knocked into a cocked hat.

"We'll have no time at all in Victoria," someone lamented. But Vinton Hall, the Oregon State Motor Association's cruise party skipper, came to the rescue. "We'll have to stay over a

Above, the motorloggers' ferry being pulled from its slip by a coast guard launch; center, along the Hood canal, en route home

natural gardens, is the gateway to the orient and other world ports and its import, export and other commercial indices are impressive, in spite of its leisurely atmosphere.

Then, besides its own distinctive beauty, Victoria is fortunately situated as the starting point of trips to the innumerable other holiday playgrounds of the island. We were reminded of this when we called at the offices of the Victoria and Island publicity bureau the morning after our arrival.

"It's too bad you couldn't have made the ferry trip from Vancouver to Nanaimo, too," genial Commissioner Warren said. "It's a beautiful drive down the island."

We agreed heartily. It was too bad. "Next time," we promised.

Scenic Sites Viewed With Mr. Beecroft as our guide—and a very capable one, too—we set off shortly before 1 o'clock, pausing only twice—once for the amazing view of the city from Mount Talmie and once at the Inglenook gardens.

The Mill Bay ferry crosses Saanich inlet to deposit the traveler upon the edge of Malahat drive, the beautiful winding roadway leading some 20-odd miles or so back along the inlet and Finlayson arm to Victoria.

From Malahat, there is an ever-changing panorama of thrilling scenic view. We paused for tea at the Lookout, where the eye sweeps for many miles, north, west and south. Off to our right, the glowing, snow-capped tip of Mount Baker loomed above the haze in the distance. We drove back to the hotel feeling that Malahat was a fitting climax to our brief sojourn in British Columbia.

We did not realize that the real climax was ahead after we had boarded our ferry for Port Angeles (it leaves Victoria at 9:15 A. M., and on time, too) the following morning. The day was gloriously fine, the sun warm and bright, and as the ferry poked its nose into the strait of Juan de Fuca, the magnificent Olympic mountains reared their brilliant snow-tipped heads into the sunlight before us. The unspookable grandeur of the sight was one never to be forgotten by any voyager, no matter how sophisticated his travel tastes. Yes, certainly, this was a fitting climax to our journey to Victoria and the island.

Victoria is much smaller than its mainland sister, Vancouver. (Population 39,075 if you insist on being exact.) It is located on the southern tip of Vancouver island and largely open to the sea. It is the capital of the province of British Columbia and its sight-seeing attractions are its majestic parliament buildings, its dominion government astrophysical observatory on the top of Little Saanich mountain, its parks and gardens, its Crystal Garden pool and its shops for china and antiques.

Primarily residential and conservative, Victoria is still an active city. Its beautiful inner harbor, a landlocked basin surrounded by stately buildings and

It was ordered that parking be forbidden on Front street at the end of Taylor. Many cars have been hit by long logs as the trucks with trailers have made the turn from Front on to Taylor street. Dr. R. F. Milne sought to provide additional parking space in the business section by suggesting that the city gravel the vacant low lots between the hotel and the Liberty Theatre, just south of Second street. The first move will be to secure possession from the property owners for use of the lot and the driveway at the rear of the theatre.

Change in Conditions In hot countries, where the temperature is uniform throughout the year, there is no one time for the leafing of trees and plants. They have adapted themselves to some change in atmospheric pressure conditions, and so there are always some plants bursting into leaf and putting forth flowers or producing seed.

First Private Gold Coin The first private gold coin in America was struck by Ephraim Brasher, a New York jeweler, in 1787. The figures are crude, the design amateurish; but it is a rare and precious relic of our nation's early days.

Ancient Love Knot A knot among the ancient nations of northern Europe seems to have been the symbol of love, faith and friendship, pointing out the indissoluble tie of affection and duty.

Chadwick Lodge No. 68 A. F. & A. M. Stated Communication Tuesday, June 14, 8:00 p. m.

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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 Schroeder Bros. Mortuaries firm. We never lose sight of that fact.

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