

Service Station Attendant Admits Woman's Murder

Los Angeles—UPI—Service station attendant Charles Earl Brubaker, 39, has confessed murdering a 40-year-old divorcee and her 9-year-old son in their Wilshire District apartment, according to police.

Police Chief William M. Parker said Brubaker admitted murdering Mrs. Irene P. Morey, 40, and her son, Craig, Sunday night after a lie detector test lasting more than five hours Wednesday.

Brubaker was arrested Tuesday less than 10 hours after the bodies of the victims were discovered by fellow employees of a Los Angeles newspaper who called at Mrs. Morey's apartment to see why she had been absent from work.

According to Chief Parker, Brubaker confessed hitting Mrs. Morey when her son found them together in the apartment. She was suffocated and the boy was hit on the head and strangled.

Hands Bound

Mrs. Morey's body, clad only in a sweater, a robe thrown across it, was found on a divan. Her hands had been bound behind her back and a stocking was twisted around her neck.

The boy's body was on the floor nearby.

Brubaker told officers he met the divorcee last Friday when he helped start her stalled car, took her to a movie that night and went to her house for dinner on the night of the slayings.

Neighbors who described Mrs. Morey's visitor put officers on Brubaker's trail.

'Hootowl' Logging Extension Ordered

Vancouver, Wash.—UPI—Extension of the "hootowl shutdown" for all logging and industrial operations in the forested areas of the Vancouver district of the Washington Department of Natural Resources was ordered late Wednesday by Vancouver district officials.

"Hootowl operations" . . . those from midnight until noon . . . will be permitted, officials said. The woods will be closed from noon until midnight to all operations.

The extension is in effect until midnight Saturday.

Uncharted Area Faces Trailer Vacationers

Bauer Family Makes Happy Arrival At Wallowa Lake State Park Goal

The following is a condensation of the third installment of a motorist's journey in The Oregonian, one of an annual series sponsored jointly by The Oregonian and the Oregon State Motor Assoc. These travel articles describe vacation trips and destinations recommended for out-of-state visitors coming to Oregon during the Centennial Year Observance.

By ROBERTA and MALCOLM BAUER

Fifth Day—To Jordan Valley, via Frenchglen—216 miles. Here we began the most challenging laps of the trip: The negotiation of the 48 uncharted, unposted miles from the Hart Mountain Antelope Refuge headquarters to Frenchglen.

The roadmap is no help here. There is but one point of reference along the dusty, stony track. That is Rock Creek Ranch, originally an outpost of the sprawling cattle domain of Pete French. The cluster of weather-stained buildings is a welcome sight to the motorist, who has been feeling his way for 30 miles or so through sagebrush and greasewood, easing his tires over the volcanic outcroppings of the primitive road. During one hour of steady driving we covered just 11 miles. Clusters of flies nestled sluggishly on the hood of the car.

The Millers, current proprietors of Rock Creek, have been known to stake travelers to a full tank of gasoline and refuse to accept payment. For all, they offer the hospitality of their fenced front yard through the center of which the road passes.

Hotel Welcome Site

From Rock Creek to Frenchglen the going is relatively easy, the road, by mid-August, having become a smooth path, rim-deep in dust, but happily free of rocks.

We arrived at the welcome oasis of the Frenchglen hotel at an opportune time; i.e., in time for lunch. There we were told that no one in sound mind would attempt to pull a 2,000-pound house trailer over the road we had just left.

The Frenchglen hotel is a southeastern Oregon landmark. Eleanor Pruitt is a charming hostess, and the table she sets is justly celebrated.

A stop there should certainly include at least one meal. That we had, modestly described as "luncheon," consisted of the following dishes, each heaped high and with a capacity adequate for three or four servings around: Macaroni, meat balls, hashbrown potatoes, fried fresh corn, fresh peas, cabbage with bacon, tossed green salad—plus pitcher after pitcher of iced tea, home-baked bread and, to top it off, sweet prune pie. The cost: \$1 each.

Frenchglen nestles at the southern end of the marshy valley of the Blitzen River, the heart of the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge. One can drive north over a gravelled route paralleling gravelled state highway No. 205, directly through the bird nesting grounds and past Pete French's old headquarters, the P Ranch. Here, is one of the nation's greatest wildflower nurseries, one may see at various times more than 200 species of the wing. All resident species are abundant from April to September. The migrants — the beautiful snow geese, the whistling swan and others — are plentiful during March and October.

Pavement Reached Again

We drove north from Frenchglen to the Wildlife Refuge headquarters on the southern shore of shallow Malheur Lake, on the site of the Old Sod House built by trappers in 1862. Many road maps do not show this showplace, but it should not be missed. Although gardening is a risky business in the area because of the early frost, Charles Hansen, custodian, is responsible for the most beautiful lawns and flowerbeds we saw east of the Cascades.

The headquarters settlement is a good overnight stopping point. A trailer camping ground is under development, and one can swim in the Sod House spring, the largest in the refuge.

Just to the east of the refuge headquarters, we struck the pavement again after more than a day and 150 miles on



Kent and Mary Bauer try out a tandem bicycle in Wallowa Lake State Park during pause in trailer circuit of state.

more primitive surfaces. We liked where we had been, but we let out a whoop in concert when we rolled back on the smooth, center-lined belt with which the American motorist is pampered.

For 100 miles, south and east, we traveled through the sage-strewn wastes of the Oregon portion of the Great Basin Desert. It would help here if occasionally the narrow shoulder was widened at least far enough to pull a trailer to the side of the road.

Even when we came to the rim of the rich Jordan Valley, we could see little of it from U.S. Highway No. 95. One must leave the interstate route and travel through Arock and Danner to appreciate how the Basques and their neighbors have made the valley bloom.

That night we tied up in the back yard of a hotel in the center of Jordan Valley (pop. 218). It was Saturday night. We had looked forward to a rousing time in the trading center of a cattle country. But after a few early evening whoops—more of the rock-and-roll than the cowboy variety—the town was as silent as the desert around. The teen-agers, we were told, were dancing at a nearby ranch. Thus has the motor age tamed the range.

Sixth Day — To Wallowa Lake, via Ontario, Baker and La Grande—233 miles.

This was the longest of the

eight days' drive—but a relaxed one because of the high quality of the highways. We touched Idaho on U.S. 95, through Homedale and Parma, welcoming the irrigated oasis of the Snake River Valley after the many miles of the Great Basin Desert.

Route 30 east from Ontario and from Baker is especially good, newly-surfaced, its grades nearly all three or four-lane, built comfortably to the specifications of the interstate network.

The Grande Ronde Valley is a rich one, but scarcely more than a prelude to the lush Wallowa Valley, which, even in August, is green and inviting. The approach through Minam Canyon is magnificent, although we can both remember the day when the ascent there was one of the most chilling experiences offered in a state with plenty of steep highway grades.

During our days in the desert we had found little opportunity to turn off the road to utilize the trailer for a mid-morning or mid-afternoon snack. But along the white waters of the Wallowa River there is an attractive picnic or camping spot at every turn in the highway and there are plenty of turns. At each there is good fishing at the trailer stop, and we saw many fishing parties on the August afternoon we passed by.

(To be concluded)

PROSPECT

Navy Man on Leave

By DOROTHY JEWELL
Prospect — Gene Winningham, son of Eugene Winningham Sr., is spending his Navy leave with his family in Prospect.

Home Extension of Prospect met in Medford Wednesday to install officers for the coming year. Those attending were Mrs. Jerry Ferns, president; Mrs. Joanne Rinks, vice president; Mrs. Jack Ellis, treasurer; and Mrs. Dick Larson, secretary.

Richie Larson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Larson, has been ill with the measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Freed has moved to the Milmar ranch in Butte Falls.

Mrs. Bill Hervey, who was rushed to the Sacred Heart hospital Saturday evening is doing fine and can have visitors.

The Rev. and Mrs. George L. Fitch and son, Bob, are living at the parsonage at the Nazarene church. Mr. Fitch will be the new minister. Bob, who is 15, will attend Prospect school. Mr. and Mrs. Fitch have five children. Bob

is the only one home at the present. They moved here from Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Sissim and son were week end guests of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Billy Grieves.

70 Boys Attending YMCA Camp at Lake

Seventy boys are attending the Young Men's Christian association Diamond lake camp. Highlight of the past two weeks of camp was the weekly hike day, when the boys climbed to the top of Mt. Thielsen and Mt. Bailey. Twelve boys last week made it to the top of Mt. Thielsen while 24 climbed Bailey. Other activities in which the youngsters participate are swimming, boating, archery, riflery, sailing, crafts, campfire and nature studies.

Reservations for the last two weeks of Diamond lake camp are still being accepted. Dates are Aug. 3 through 9 and Aug. 10 through 16. The second period will be for girls. Any youngster may attend YMCA camp.

Older boys at Camp have been making trips to some of the remote lakes north of Diamond lake. A weekly trip is also made to Crater lake. Additional information may be obtained from the YMCA, Spring 2-6295.

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