



# THANK YOU, AMERICA,

## for more than a Million cars in 1935



This year Chevrolet has two very good reasons for saying, "Thank you, America."

One reason is that people have bought so many Chevrolet cars that production for the year will reach 1,040,000.

And the other reason is that they have placed a record number of orders for new

1936 Chevrolets during the first few weeks they have been on display.

Chevrolet is indeed happy to say, "Thank you, America," and to pledge continued adherence to the manufacturing and service policies which have won and held the friendship of the nation.

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

**6% NEW GREATLY REDUCED G.M.A.C. TIME PAYMENT PLAN**  
Lowest financing cost in G.M.A.C. history. Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices.

# CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

*The only complete low-priced cars*

## Southwestern Motor Company Coquille Oregon

CHEVROLET - PONTIAC - OLDSMOBILE - BUICK - LA SALLE - CADILLAC

### 1936 CHEVROLETS CAPTIVATE AMERICA



Here is Chevrolet's bid for America's volume-car preference — two new complete lines of cars in two price ranges — the 1936 Master De Luxe and the 1936 Standard. Both models are equipped with perfected hydraulic brakes among many other identical chassis improvements. Both have Turret Top Body by Fisher. *Top Left:* new Standard four-door sedan with built-in trunk. *Top Right:* new Master De Luxe Town Sedan. *Bottom Left:* built-in luggage and tire compartment in Master De Luxe Town Sedan. *Bottom Right:* new Master De Luxe Coupe. *Right Panel Views, top to bottom:* perfected hydraulic brakes, higher-compression valve-in-head six engine, finger-tip shockless steering, roomier and richer interiors.

### Reconnaissance

By STEWART HOOKER

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"HE WAS my buddy," said Corporal McTigue.

"A regular," said Barnswallow, a private.

They bent over the limp figure of Larrabee. He rested on his back, eyes fastened on the stars. A bursting shrapnel showered them with fragments.

"Never get him back. . . . there tonight," Barnswallow said, nodding in the direction of the trench from whence they had begun to recon-solter some hours before.

Tim McTigue did not answer. He was thinking of the afternoon long ago when Jim Larrabee had gathered up his all but lifeless form from the waters of Eureka lake. Larrabee had labored over him all afternoon before his efforts, which at first seemed to be futile, brought a spark of life. That incident marked the beginning of an unflagging friendship. Even McTigue's marriage had not weakened the bond. Larrabee was a frequent visitor in his home and pretty Mollie McTigue had taken a great liking to him, too. And now Larrabee lay dead, victim of a random enemy bullet.

"Hold him on my back," McTigue instructed presently, hugging the ground.

Barnswallow sensed the futility of dissenting. "We'll alternate," he said. Progress was desperately slow. Occasionally bullets whined overhead.

Presently McTigue felt his companion brush against his shoulder. It seemed hours since they had last spoken, but he knew it could not have been so long because of the inky darkness all around them. They had advanced perhaps twenty-five yards. Barnswallow worked his way along side and Larrabee's flaccid figure was transferred to his back.

Rifles cracked with greater frequency and occasionally an airplane dived overhead. Then Barnswallow discovered McTigue had halted. The margin between his now stationary position was so slight that he had observed this immediately.

"It's getting light," Barnswallow murmured.

McTigue was silent. Barnswallow knew he was weighing their chances from every angle.

"You push on," he said finally. "I'll stick."

Barnswallow shook his head. "Nothin' doing," he protested.

"D—n it, one of us has got to report back," McTigue said, bitterly.

"You're the skipper," Barnswallow said.

McTigue lay still for a long while. A shell tore a hole in the earth, not fifty feet from where they lay.

"Guess we'll have to leave him behind," McTigue said after a while.

They deposited the corpse in the hole torn by the shell.

"I suppose," McTigue said, slowly, "we ought to search his clothes for . . . things."

Barnswallow nodded. Larrabee had a brother in Kansas City. He'd never married. Barnswallow raised to his knees beside the body. His fingers were numb and heavy.

"Go on," McTigue commanded, hoarsely.

Barnswallow fumbled at the button of Larrabee's jacket. They were flaked with dirt and dry blood.

His face was ghastly when he finished. He had gathered a pipe, a tobacco pouch, a handkerchief, a soiled letter and a small photograph.

"Nothing of value," he said, bending toward McTigue, who seized the collection.

"Was this all?"

"Yes. . . . hesitantly.

"What's that? In your other hand?"

"A photograph. . . . of Jim," Barnswallow said. "You probably have one."

"I haven't," McTigue snapped. "He told me he didn't have one. Let's see it."

Barnswallow made no move to comply. McTigue cursed vehemently.

"Give me that picture," he commanded, springing from the ground. His voice keyed to the pitch of his emotions, carried to alert enemy ears. A machine gun spattered bullets all around. McTigue pitched forward.

"Jees!" he muttered, as his body convulsed, relaxed and was still.

Barnswallow flattened to the ground. He remained motionless for some time, cheek pressed against the damp earth. Then he remembered it was fast becoming light. Before pushing toward the trenches once more he knew he must confirm his startling discovery. He rolled over until his body pressed against that of his newly fallen comrade.

In the pocket of McTigue's shirt he located the object of his search, a small photograph of McTigue's wife, which the latter had proudly displayed on frequent occasions. Mollie McTigue was unmistakably pretty. The inscription on the back of the photograph read:

"Lovingly yours,  
"Mollie."

Barnswallow compared this photograph with the one found in Larrabee's jacket. They were identical, except that on the back of Larrabee's, Mollie McTigue had scrawled:

"To Jim, my own. Loving you always,  
"Mollie."

The sun nosed over the horizon and there was a something clean and refreshing about the damp earth as Barnswallow wriggled forward.

### Coquille Assembly of God

Mrs. Hazel MacLeod, pastor  
Sunday, 9:45 a. m. Sunday School  
11:00 a. m. Morning Worship.  
6:45 p. m. Young People's meeting.  
7:30 p. m. Evangelistic service.  
Tuesday, 7:45 p. m. Prayer meeting.  
Friday, 7:45 p. m. Bible Study.

### First Church of Christ, Scientist

Coquille, Oregon  
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.  
Sunday Service at 11 a. m.  
Subject for next Sunday, "Ancient and Modern Necromancy, alias Mesmerism and Hypnotism, Denounced."  
Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock.

Free public Reading Room open in Church Building every Tuesday and Friday afternoons except holidays from two to five o'clock.

The public is cordially invited to attend our services and to visit the Reading Room.

### The Holy Name Catholic Church

Mass on first and third Sundays at 8 a. m.; second Sunday at 10 a. m. and when there are five Sundays, Mass on fourth Sunday at 10 a. m. Last Sunday of each month Mass at Myrtle Point at 8 a. m. and at Powers at 10 a. m.

Father M. G. Hart, Bandon

### St. James Church

(Episcopal)  
Sunday School, 10 a. m. each Sunday. Clarence Osika, superintendent.

### Methodist Episcopal Church

Evening preaching 7:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Scriptural, spiritual preaching. Everyone welcome.

G. A. Gray, Pastor.

107 E. 2nd St., Coquille, Ore.

### Seventh Day Adventist Church

Second and Collier Streets  
Sabbath School (Saturday) 9:45 a. m.

Preaching service 11:00 a. m.

### At Christian Science Churches

"Soul and Body" was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, Nov. 24.

The Golden Text was, "The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him." (Lam. 3:25)

Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon was the following from the Bible: "The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy. To deliver their soul from death, and keep them alive in famine." (Ps. 33: 18, 19)

The Lesson-Sermon also included the following correlative passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Soul is the substance, Life, and intelligence of man, which is individualized, but not in matter. . . . Who can see a soul in the body? . . . Christian Science explains all cause and effect as mental, not physical. It lifts the veil of mystery from Soul and body. It shows the scientific relation of man to God, disentangles the interlaced ambiguities of being, and sets free imprisoned thought." (pp. 477, 478, 114.)

### "SWELL!"



When Freckles had been at the preventorium only a few weeks he was asked how he liked it and how he was getting along. He grinned like this and said, "Swell!" He will soon be going home, huskier than when he arrived and eager to live according to the health rules he has learned. Many tuberculosis associations maintain a preventorium with part of the funds derived from the sale of Christmas Seals. The children are selected according to various standards. In many instances only children who are predisposed to tuberculosis are accepted. They are chosen by means of the tuberculin test and X-ray examination paid for by Christmas Seals.

### Chadwick Lodge No. 68

A. F. & A. M.  
Stated Communication  
Tuesday, Dec. 10, 7:30 p. m.  
Election of Officers