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Home Makers Vacation Camp
Starts Next Week, Aug. 5

Next week, August 5 to 9, the homemakers of Coos county, will be on vacation at Eel Creek camp. Husbands be prepared! Sharpen up the can opener and settle down to four days of cooking, dish washing, and taking care of Johnnie. Mother is going to have the time of her life just resting, and relaxing or doing crafts, reading, or what ever she enjoys doing, with no one to interrupt.

The campers this year are very fortunate in having an excellent staff to help them enjoy this vacation. Miss Lucy Case, nutrition specialist at Oregon State College, will be here to teach copper hammering, and will also demonstrate how to plank salmon. Mrs. Florence Sumerlin, of Myrtle Point, is to be the camp cook, with Mrs. Sophie Hall, of Lee, as her able assistant. Mrs. Walter Laird, of Myrtle point, will teach basket weaving. A knitting committee consisting of Mrs. M. M. Schmidt, of Norway, Mrs. Geo. Hampton, of Arago, and Mrs. Grace Rackleff, of Arago, will help any one interested in learning to knit and will also teach fancy stitches and how to measure to knit to fit. You may bring your own yarn, and needles or buy them at camp.

Miss Marjory Miller, an outstanding person in music circles on the Pacific coast, will be at camp to direct any type of music the campers will be interested in. A registered nurse, will be there in case of any emergency and will give a demonstration on first aid. Mrs. Esther Pierson, of Reedsport, a certified Red Cross life saver, will be life guard and will teach swimming classes.

Mrs. Langworthy, the librarian at North Bend, is selecting a suitable library of books and magazines for camp. Mrs. Olive Barber, well known to people of Coos county, will be at camp to talk about Oregon birds. Everyone will find this a very interesting program.

Then besides all this professional staff you will be surprised at the talent for the camp fire programs and one-act plays. If you have not registered and still wish to, send your name in to Miss Jessie Palmiter at the court house in Coquille. It still isn't too late to enroll for these four glorious days of fun and rest.

Curry County Lamb-Wool Show

The fourth annual Lamb and Wool show at Gold Beach closed Saturday night, with a sheep herders' ball, attended by about 1,000 people. A new high in lamb prices was reached when the pen of five, owned by George Fromm, was auctioned by the president, Robert Wagner, of Port Orford, for \$11.00 per head to Ed. Kamps. The second pen also owned by Fromm was auctioned for \$8.25 per head.

The Sea View ranch on Elk river, owned by the McKenzie sisters, walked away with the grand championship in wool, winning three blue ribbons and one red. Fifteen hundred people were fed a free lunch at noon, consisting of lamb sandwiches, coffee and home-made cakes donated by the housewives of Curry county. And there were cakes till every one, even the little boys, were satisfied.

After lunch a snappy program was carried out in charge of R. M. Knox, Curry county agent. Demonstrations were by the senior sheep club of Port Orford, Bill Capps and Edward Steiner, and the calf club of Langlois, H. S. Cadman, leader, Ralph Cope and Allan Boyce, demonstrators. The work of these boys was highly commended by the judges. The 4-H singles in the sheep entry were very good; Roderick McKenzie, Port Orford, took first; Bill Capps, Sixes, second, and Bobbie McKenzie, third. In the dressed carcass division

Announcement

The business of J. A. Biegger, which was conducted under the supervision of the late John A. Biegger, will be continued under the ownership of Mrs. Anna Biegger. J. K. Biegger, son of the late J. A. Biegger, will be general manager at Marshfield and the Coquille branch will continue under the management of L. M. McPherson. There will be no change in the policy of the company.

SAN FRANCISCO
Adapted by LEDBEUS MITCHELL from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer version

SYNOPSIS: Blackie Norton, owner of the Paradise Music Hall on San Francisco's Barbary Coast, runs for alderman to get better fire laws, and runs up against the opposition of Jack Burley, millionaire of Nob Hill and owner of much Coast property. Their relationship becomes tense, when Burley seeks to get Mary Blake, a singer at the Paradise whom Blackie has befriended, as a member of the Tivoli Opera Company.

LOVE VERSUS OPERA
Chapter Two

Despite their differences of character, upbringing, what they wanted of life, a peculiar mutual physical attraction sprang up between Mary Blake and Blackie Norton. To that attraction was added a thrill of admiration when she saw him, at one of his political rallies, knock down a heckler sent by Jack Burley to impugn the honesty of his motives in running for alderman.

The thrill persisted when Blackie, dismissing the "Professor" who had brought her to the park, drove her home. Her nerves were sensitive to his nearness, to the touch of his hand when he slapped her arm gently for emphasis of some remark.

"That... that mug you're stuck on—where does he hang out? Guess you've had a raw deal," he said.

"No, I've not had a raw deal, and I'm not stuck on any 'mug'."

He studied her with new interest. "I'm a sucker if I ever knew a girl like you. You and Tim seem to be hitting it off pretty well. What do you talk about?"

"Oh, lots of things—his work."

"You believe in that hocus pocus, don't you? Yet you seem bright."

She was faintly sarcastic. "Everybody can't be as intelligent as you."

"It isn't a question of brains. It's like a disease—gets people who are all right and makes monkeys out of them. It lost me Tim Mullin! He'd have made the greatest gambler the Coast ever had—the only mug I ever wanted to hang on to."

"He loves you more than anyone else in the world."

"Yeah? Well, he blew me for a lot of planters' saints! He drew closer to her. "I don't go for that sort of competition, Mary. Blackie's got to be number one boy."

"People who believe in something can love each other more."

"Yeah? Well, I don't. And I don't invite God to my picnics... Say, why are you taking singing lessons of that Madame Albani? I haven't complained of your work lately, have I? She hands covered her face, and she thrilled at his touch.

"I mean to put the next two years to the best account I can."

"To go to the Tivoli?"

"If I can—or somewhere else. New York."

"What's New York got that we haven't got better? I don't believe in leaving San Francisco."

"You don't believe in anything, do you, Blackie?"

"You bet I do! I believe in Blackie Norton!"

That Jack Burley's interest in Mary Blake was not merely in her voice became apparent some weeks later when he called at the Paradise and offered to buy Blackie's contract with Mary for \$10,000. A business proposition, he called it, but she smiled to conceal the ironic smile on his face as he said it.

"You may be in for a few... difficulties down here, Norton. If you can pick up a little easy money you may need it for a 'campaign fund'."

"What are you talking about—difficulties?"

"You're running down here against the Johnston anti-gambling ordinance, you know."

"So is every other joint in 'Frisco."

"Well," said Burley over casually, "I'm just telling you. As for Miss Blake, I'm only interested in making a useful member of the Tivoli."

Blackie sent an attendant to bring Mary to them. "I'm going to put it up to the little girl herself. If she wants to leave me, I'll let her go." He had absolute confidence in her decision.

He told Mary the proposition Burley had made, and the latter informed her that both he and Signor Baidini thought she was ready for the Tivoli—for the lead in "Faust,"

their next production. Her face glowed with pleasure.

"Would you like to sell my contract, Blackie?" she asked.

He replied with a simple, unqualified "No." His decliniveness thrilled through her disappointment.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Burley, but you see I can't accept. Thank you and Signor Baidini! — you've both been awfully kind."

"It's been a great pleasure, Miss Blake. If you change your mind and want to come up to the Tivoli, Norton told me he'd let you go."

"That's right, kid," Blackie said at her surprise. "You've made your own choice! Hope I can do you a favor sometime, Burley."

When they were alone, she thanked Blackie for his offer about her contract. He told her he'd heard all about the Tivoli from several mugs, but he wanted to show her something about the Paradise. He took her into his office, and showed her the loving cups the Paradise had captured at the annual Chickens' Ball held on the Coast, the winner getting \$10,000 in gold besides

champagne for everybody. They understood the reason. He left Mary to run up to his apartment to give orders to Jow Lee to prepare the chop suey.

When he came down, Mary was nowhere to be found. He was climbing the stairs to his rooms, thinking she might have gone up there, when Father Tim Mullin, just entering the Paradise, called to him: "I just saw Mary, Blackie. Put her into a cab. She said for me to tell you good-by—that she was taking you up on your offer to let her go to the Tivoli, Blackie. This is no place for her. You know that."

"Do you think she'll be better off at the Tivoli, in the hands of Jack Burley?"

"She'll be safe with Burley. She doesn't love him..."

When the night of Mary Blake's debut in the role of Marguerite in "Faust" arrived, Jack Burley asked her to marry him. At her hesitation, he suggested that she take some time to give him her answer;

Blackie, I think she's great!" he replied merely. "Not bad." But he did not permit the sheriff to serve the restraining order — not even while Mary and the tenor were singing their duet. Babe attracted his attention.

"Say, that Sheriff has gone back! Seems too bad to choke her off." A minute or two later, Blackie had disappeared through the door leading back to the stage. He overtook the sheriff in the wings on his way to Mary's dressing room. He hauled off and slugged the official, felling him to the floor; took the summons from the unconscious man's pocket and put it in his own, assuring two startled stage hands that it was all right — there was nothing to worry about.

After the performance was over and Mary, having answered many curtain calls, went to her dressing room, Blackie Norton stood at her dressing table, going through the cards that had been attached to the Sowers she had received. "Blackie!" she cried. "Hello, kid. Looks like Burley's



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the silver cup. The Paradise, he informed her with much pride, had won the award for the most artistic show three times running. His pride touched her deeply, and she agreed that it was wonderful. Then, in evening clothes as impeccable as his own, he greeted Blackie pleasantly, concealing his astonishment.

"I didn't know you were a first nighter."

"I am tonight. I came to close you up. You've engaged a girl appearing here who's under contract to me."

"You abrogated it. Gave her permission to leave."

"Sure, I gave her her choice, and she said she'd stay with me. The contract stands. See that big, stupid man over there? He represents the law. He's got a paper in his pocket that's going to stop your prima donna right in the middle of her first cantata."

Burley spared for time, left them a moment to get their cigars, and telephoned a friendly official for a restraining order. But Blackie had checked him. He said, upon Burley's return:

"You needn't have bothered to call up Davis. I could have told you that deputy of his was off on a deep-sea fishing trip. He's crazy about fishing so I chartered him a boat."

He and Babe gave their tickets to the doorman and were conducted to a box. The process server followed them, impatient to fulfill his duty and get home. Blackie bade him wait until he gave the order. The music for the "Jewel Song" was being played. A moment later, Mary Blake was on the stage; she wavered for a moment as she saw Blackie grinning at her, then pulled herself together and began to sing. Blackie was impressed by the big orchestra, the brilliant audience. And he was strangely moved by Mary's singing. To Babe's, "Ges,

told her his mother had come all the way from New York to be present and to meet the girl who had been hearing so much about in his letters. He went into the lobby and ran into Blackie Norton and Babe, in evening clothes as impeccable as his own. He greeted Blackie pleasantly, concealing his astonishment.

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getting a little careless — putting things down on paper."

"He's asked me to marry him."

"On the level? You were all right tonight, kid. I'm proud of you."

"Is that all, Blackie? ... Do you love me?"

"Sure, I love you." He gathered her in his arms and kissed her. She rested there a moment in silence and complete bliss.

"Will you marry me, Blackie?" she asked softly.

"Marry you! If you aren't the most domestic woman! Well, if that's the only thing that will make you happy—the gang always said I'd wind up a sucker."

Father Mullin, arriving to congratulate Mary on the success of her debut, was informed by Blackie that Mary "had harpooned him," and congratulated his old friend on having got the best thing in the world—a woman who would make him a good wife. He left them as Jack Burley hurried in aglow with pleasure at Mary's success. He paused in much astonishment at seeing Blackie.

"I just came back to congratulate my fiancée, Burley," he said, and turned briskly to Mary. "Better get out of that rig, babe. The gang's waiting to celebrate your home-coming. They're waiting at the Paradise to hear you sing 'San Francisco.'"

"The Paradise!" she said, not concealing her surprise.

"You don't mean, Norton, Burley burst forth, "you want to make her go back there now?"

"What kind of a chump do you take me for? I'm going to marry her, ain't I? He turned to Mary. At the look of anguish on her face, he was utterly surprised. "Well, what do you want kid—me or... or this?"

"SAN FRANCISCO" will be shown at the Liberty Theatre Aug. 9 - 10 - 11

(professional butcher) first and second went to Peoples Co., Gold Beach, and third to Hickok & Son, Gold Beach; farmer 4-H division, first to Harvey Crook, and second, H. B. Smith.

R. L. Clark, livestock commission merchant of Portland, and Harry Lindgren, live stock specialist, O. S. C., judged the lambs. At seven o'clock a sheep herders' banquet was served at the Breakers, where 150 enjoyed the meal. O. M. Plummer, executive secretary of the Pacific International of Portland, was toastmaster and kept the ball rolling with his ready wit and humor.

The people of Curry county feel that a great deal has been accomplished by this annual feature. Four years ago there were 4000 lambs in Curry county, this year there were 15,000. A great deal of credit for this successful show can be given to Harvey Smith, general manager, and R. M. Knox.

Roy Carter, president of the Chamber of Commerce, pledged \$50.00 to the 1937 show, from their funds. During the day Azalea Sager, from O. S. C., demonstrated the uses and preparation of raw wool. The sheep men's problems are coyotes, parasites and the burning problem, for new grass is absolutely necessary to the well being of sheep. A very fine spirit of co-operation on these different problems is being shown by the planning board of the state.

Boom Hearing Scheduled

Lieut. Col. Milo P. Fox, district army engineer at Portland, announces that the Smith Wood-Products company has made application for a permit to drive piling for a log boom in the Coquille river, for a distance of one and one-half miles, in section 33, township 27 south, range 13 W. W. M., and any objections from the standpoint of navigation should be filed in his office in Portland on or before Aug. 8, 1936. The piling is to be driven approximately 100 feet from and parallel to the river bank.

20-30 Club Appreciation

The 20-30 Club of Coquille staged a very good show last Saturday and Sunday when the laughable "donkey ball" game amused the citizens. The affair was highly successful from the standpoint of the 20-30 club and the club hopes that every one who attended enjoyed it as much as those who participated.

The club wishes to thank the community for the support that was received. Also they especially wish to thank the team of town boys that played Saturday afternoon's game and the local Eagles for their help in Sunday's contest.

Card of Thanks
To all who by their sympathy, thoughtfulness and kindness were so helpful during my recent bereave-

ment, I wish to express my sincere thanks. I am especially grateful for the many floral offerings and for the spiritual and material help which I received.

Z. G. Pauze.

Card of Thanks
We wish to express our appreciation to the many friends, who by their thoughtfulness and sympathy,

brought us comfort during our recent bereavement, and also to express our thanks for the beautiful floral offerings.

Mrs. Laura Brandon
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Brandon
Mr. and Mrs. Marlin Brandon
Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Ramsey

Calling cards, 50 for \$1.00.

The History of Beginnings

"Don't lose your head!"

AT ONE TIME TO RISK THE DISPLEASURE OF THOSE IN POWER BROUGHT THE SENTENCE OF BEHEADMENT

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