BREWSTER VALLEY

Carl Grove's sister, Mrs. Russell McCart, and her daughter, Betty Lou, of Los Angeles, are visiting at the Grove home.

Louis Malagamba, of Astoria, has been visiting at the Lester Mayse home.

W. A. Sloan, of Coquille, and Win Nickason completed the plumbing job at the community building last Saturday. Mr. Sloan stayed at the Ivan Laird home while in the valley.

The Myrtle Leaf Club met at the home of Mrs. Elmer Wilson Thursday, July 30. Roll call was answered by each replying to the question or stunt that was handed to each one as she came in, such as "Name six authors and something they wrote." Those present were Mesdames Oscar Durrell, Ernest Krewson, Perley Crowley, J. D. Laird, Julius Benham, Ivan Laird, Minor Mead, Miss Hazel Durrell and the hostess. Refreshments of watermelon, cookies and punch were served.

Cap Keller, of Norway, visited his brother, W. A. Keyyer, from Sunday until Friday last week. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shepherd took him home Friday evening.

Mrs. Lester Mayse, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Peterson, and other relatives in Astoria, returned to her home Tuesday.

Vivian Crowley, of Portland, niece of Perley Crowley, visited at the Crowley home from Sunday till Thursday last week.

Mrs. W. A. Keller and Mavis and Wallace, who have been visiting relatives and friends in the Willamette valley, returned Friday. Mr. Keller met them at Roseburg.

Perley Crowley made a business trip to Sixes Thursday and returned Friday.

Rev. and Mrs. Lathan Bail, traveling ministers, have been conducting services in the community building every night for the past week. They, with their family, have been camping in the Christensen grove. They have decided to locate here and will live in one of Mr. Howe's cabins at Dora and will conduct a Bible study each Wednesday night as well as other services.

Mrs. C. M. Wilson, who has been quite ill and bedfast for a week, is able to sit up again a little while each day.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gray, from Azusa, California, came to the Durrell home Sunday and left Thursday. They are looking for a location in this vicinity.

Harry Oerding came from Coquille Sunday to get a load of hardwood at Christensen's.

A. M. Wagner, from Coquille, is stationed at the Brewster Rock lookout for the summer.

Mrs. A. W. Cope, Mrs. Hicks' niece, and her daughter, from Langlois, visited at the Hicks home all last week. Mr. Cope came for them Sunday.

Marjorie Baker, of Roseburg, has been visiting at the Hicks home. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Baker, came for her Sunday and spent that day at the Hicks home.

Mr. and Mrs. Minor Mead and Hazel Durrell took the mail truck to Coquille for repairs and visited while the repairing was being done Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Laird, Lila Mae and Murl, went to Portland Tuesday.

Ask for Cow Bell Dairy cream and milk, the only milk and cream made safe by pasteurization.

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GUARANTEED PAINLESS **CORN-OFF**

Tax Limitation Amendment Would Cut Coos Tax

County tax levies for all purposes for 1937 are expected to drop about 10.007 per cent from the 1935 base levy established by the proposed tax limitation constitutional amendment, if that amendment is adopted by the people at the November election, according to a study of its expected operation made by L. B. Smith, tax authority and general counsel of Oregon Business & Investors, Inc.

This 10.007 per cent decline in levies in all Oregon counties is the difference between the $12,159,000 total for 1935 to the possible levy of $10,934,000 for 1937 under terms of the tax limitation amendment.

Oregon's 1937 assessed property valuation, under possible conditions, will be about 11.2 per cent or $106,264,000, less than the 1935 total property valuation. A part of this reduced valuation will be represented by probable declines in present valuation of city income, business and manufacturing properties, although an upward trend in assessed valuation of many farm and residential properties is possible, since in some sections of Oregon these classes of property have been assessed below 50 per cent of true "true cash value," as required by the proposed tax limitation amendment.

The Smith report issued by Oregon Business & Investors Inc., states that the 50 per cent of "true cash value" assessment requirement will make necessary practically complete reappraisal and reassessment of the entire state. An example of this reassessment is indicated by expected net reduction of about eight per cent or $20,000,000 in assessed value of public utility property, which valuation would increase in Clackamas, Deschutes and Polk counties, and decrease in all other counties except Klamath and Washington.

Using the tax limitation amendment's decreasing maximum limits on total tax levies down to 1942, the Smith study set forth an expected average decrease of 28.06 per cent in total county levies for 1942, using 1935 as a base. This average includes total levy decreases for 1942 of 9.1 per cent in Clackamas, Deschutes and Polk, to 47.4 per cent in Jefferson.

Higher education's portion of the total levy for state purposes for 1937 will be about $177,000 less for 1937 than 1936, if the 1937 state valuation approximates the $837,240,000 estimated total based on the 50 per cent of true cash value assessment formula. The Smith analysis pointed out that the tax limitation's six mill allowable limit for tax levy for state purposes cannot be utilized in full either by the state or three counties, due to operation of the present six per cent limitation.

Approval of new issues of tax-supported bonds will be materially checked, due to the obvious necessity of approving the necessary tax levy for the bonds. The over-all limitations established by the proposed amendment for 1937 and succeeding annual tax levies, includes existing mandatory levies for bond redemption and interest. For that reason tax levies for future bond issues, in excess of the maximum levy, must be simultaneously approved with the proposed bond issue, else the bonds will not have the tax support necessary for marketability.

County courts, faced with tax levies made mandatory by constitutional and statutory provisions, will find the proposed over-all tax limits a complicating factor in preparation of annual budgets.

The Smith report concluded with the obervation that many existing statutes relating to property assessment and tax levying practice must be revised or repealed if considerable conflict in procedure is to be avoided in administration of the proposed tax limitation amendment.

Calling cards. 50 for $1.00

C. H. S. Class '35 Reunion

The Senior Class of '35 of Coquille High held their second class reunion last Wednesday evening with a swimming and picnic party at Broadbent. Enjoying the outing were Audrey Kendall, Harriet Webb, Janie Ferbrache, Arlie Aasen, Margaret Ayers, Horace Bond, John Cary, Lin Swain, Howard Detlefsen, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hatcher, Mary Burr, Vona Van Meter, George Wilson, George Ulett, Don Smith, Jim Robinson, Tom Thrift, Claire Wade, LeRoy Kolkhorst, Norene McKeown, Maxine Johnson, Leonard Lawhorn, Ben Daniels, Cedric Cross and guests, Anne Van Scoy, Howard Bonnikson and Leo Stamper. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Beyers chaperoned the party. The members of the class composing the standing committee to arrange for class reunions are: Cedric Cross, chairman, Gretchen Neal, Tom Thrift, Audrey Kendall and Leonard Lawhorn. A banquet is planned for next year.

Calling cards, 50 for $1.00.

WARRANT REDEMPTION NOTICE

Warrants No. 229, 230, 243 and 249, issued in 1935 by McKinley School District No. 27, will be paid upon presentation to the clerk.

Interest on said warrants ceases Aug. 7, 1936.

A. M. Shepherd, Clerk
School District No. 27,
McKinley, Oregon

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Mr. Ha Ha at Roseburg Aug. 12

Led by the serious clown, Mr. Ha Ha, a trainload of "wild monsters" will troup out of their cars next week in Roseburg and be greeted by an army of highly excited boys and girls. Mr. Ha Ha and his three-story-high creatures will, no doubt, acknowledge the noisy greeting by posing for pictures and informing the welcoming committee that they are ready to startle the residents of Roseburg the evening of August 12th at Finlay Field during their personal appearance with the Gilmore Circus, just prior to the Legion state convention.

Boo Boo, the elephant, with his thick rubber sides and hundreds of pounds pressure within, will step into the sunlight after his strenuous trip across country, and when watered by his many small friends will no doubt spray the countryside in a gesture of delight.

Felissa, the cat, will also attract her share of attention from the crowd, as well as the many other "animals."

The event, which is being sponsored by the American Legion, will be one of the first appearances of these huge, amusing animals in this section of the country. Heretofore they have been exhibited only in European resorts and in the larger metropolitan areas.

Calling cards, 50 for $1.00.

Animals of the Gilmore Circus to Be Seen at Roseburg Next Week Preceding American Legion Convention

SAN FRANCISCO

Adapted by LEBBEUS MITCHELL *from the* METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SYNOPSIS: Mary Blake a singer given a job in his Barbary Coast joint, "The Paradise", has left Blackie Norton to sing in grand opera at the Tivoli where she makes a big hit. Blackie attended, intending to close up the performance because he had a two-year contract with her, but was so impressed by her singing that he refused to permit the sheriff to serve the restraining order. He visits Mary in her dressing room and they become engaged. Jack Burley, millionaire who had got her the job at the Tivoli, and had asked her to marry him, finds them together. He is aghast when Blackie tells him he and Mary are engaged and that Blackie is taking her back to the Paradise.

Chapter Three

Mary Blake was making up to sing "San Fancisco" at Blackie's Paradise. She was in tights and the gaudy head-dress that Blackie was again admiring when Father Tim Mullin was announced. Anger in his bearing, he confronted his boyhood friend.

"Have you gone out of your mind — showing Mary, like this, to that mob out there?"

"Sure. What's wrong with me being proud to show her off? I'm making her Queen of the Coast! See that poster? Five thousand of them will be plastered all over 'Frisco tomorrow."

"I'm not going to let you do this, Blackie. You're not going to exploit this girl."

Blackie slipped an arm about Mary's shoulder. "Tell 'his holiness' you made up your mind to come back."

"I love him Father," Mary said.

"It isn't love to let him drag you down to this level."

"Wait a minute," said Blackie. "I'm going to marry her!"

"Not if I can stop you! You can't take a woman in marriage and then sell her immortal soul. Come on, Mary. Come with me."

"Wait a minute, Tim. I'm running this place," said Blackie, as the stage manager called for Mary to go on for her number. "You take care of your suckers—and I'll take care of mine."

"She's not going out there," repeated Father Mullin. He got her long cape and threw it about her.

"Get out there, kid!" Blackie commanded Mary.

"I'm going with Father Mullin, Blackie."

"If you leave me now you're never coming back!" raged Blackie. He stared after them, too stunned to pay any attention to Mat who ran in to tell him that the police were raiding the Paradise, breaking up the gambling paraphernalia.

"It's Burley! He's giving us the works! You can't buck his dough."

"Shut up," said Blackie, watching Mary and Father Mullin disappearing through the stage door. . . .

Burley took Mary to see his mother in the hope that she could further his suit for Mary's hand. Mrs. Burley had risen from washerwoman in her early days in San Francisco to a position among the socially elect, but she knew that it was the money her late husband had made that was mainly responsible. She retained the rugged, very human and sympathetic nature which had always been hers, and so endeared herself to Mary that she exerted much of the influence that induced the girl to become engaged to Jack Burley.

Blackie Norton read the notice of her engagement the night that his Paradise was raided again, this time on the charge of serving liquor without a license, his license having been suddenly revoked at Burley's instigation. Not only was the Paradise padlocked; his performers were locked up. He tried to bail them out so they could appear at the Chickens' Ball, for he would need the prize money to pay his fine. He was told that they were being held without bail. The ball was to be given the following night, April 17, 1906, at the Lyric Hall—the same night that Mary Blake was to make her second appearance in opera at the Tivoli. Burley gave a banquet in her honor on the stage of the opera house after the performance to which members of the cast and the Tivoli house staff were invited.

When the festivities had ended he told her they were going to the Chickens' Ball. She started to protest, but he assured her that Blackie Norton would not be there; he had seen to that.

But Della was there, and she was so angry at the raid on the Paradise and the locking up of the performers so that they could not enter the contest that when she saw Burley, with Mary Blake and a number of his friends at one of the tables, she made her way to them. She sat down without waiting for an invitation and proceeded to tell Burley and Mary in no uncertain terms just what she thought of them. She nodded to Burley's astonished guests: "In case you folks don't follow me, I'll tell you that this rodent, Burley, has just had a padlock put on the Paradise and thrown all of Blackie Norton's performers in jail! That's what Blackie got for picking up this phony" — she indicated Mary — "and giving her a chance. She waltzed out on him and had Burley slip him the works. Blackie's broke — hasn't got a dime and he'll be sent to the pen for probably a year." Livid with anger, Burley started to rise, but Della pushed him back in his chair. "Don't think I'm going to breathe the air near you any longer than I have to! Here's a five spot, brother. I'm buying back my introduction to you!" She slapped a five dollar bill down by his plate and walked angrily back to her table.

He stopped many people asking if they had seen a red-headed girl in a white evening dress.

Mary, stunned and dazed more by the news of Blackie than by Della's attack on herself, sat silently at Burley's table, until she heard the voice of Freddy Duane announcing, in heavy-handed irony, that since it was then 4:30 and Mr. Norton's performers had failed to arrive they would close the contest without them. Mary was on her feet instantly and called out:

"Mr. Duane! I'm representing the Paradise for Mr. Norton!"

When the various contestants were lined up that Duane might judge from the vigor of the applause who was winner of the prize, the award was given to Mary for the Paradise by an ovation that doubled the applause given any of the other contestants. He was just presenting the silver loving-cup, filled with gold pieces, to her when Blackie's voice arose from the audience:

"Just a moment there!" He made his way quickly to the stage. "There has been a mistake here, Mr. Duane. I never told that woman she could appear for me!" Mary looked at him aghast and a gasp went up from the audience.

Duane helped Mary down to the floor where Jack Burley awaited her. He placed an arm about her and was leading her towards an exit when a low, protracted rumble stopped them, as it did the majority of the people, most of whom had begun to dance. The frame of the door in front of them creaked loudly, shifted out of plumb. That ominous rumbling continued.

"It's an earthquake!" said Burley. They turned to look about the hall, and saw Blackie standing near the front wall. Even as they looked, the floor shook violently, toppling chairs and tables, tripping the dancers. A large chandelier dropped several feet, swinging by an electric wire that alone kept it from crashing to the floor. Directly behind Blackie two wide, parallel cracks spread rapidly up the wall to the ceiling; the floor sagged and settled; the wall between the two cracks fell inward upon the people standing near it. The crowd screamed as many were felled by great chunks of plaster.

"Blackie! Blackie!" screamed Mary. She had seen him fall with the others. There was no answer save the screams of pain and terror. She struggled to free herself from Burley's arms. He held her forcibly. Plaster dust hid the struggling mass from her view as Burley, his arms tight about her, was pushed and shoved by the terrified crowd seeking escape towards an exit. Pandemonium reigned in Lyric Hall. Blackie, struggling free of the debris and the people toppled about him, was caught in the outward surge of frantic humanity and at length carried clear of the building just as the great sign on its facade fell with a crash to the sidewalk, followed by part of the wall.

Mary was on her feet instantly: "I'm representing the Paradise for Mr. Norton."

He fought his way to the front of the building. Under a beam he found the body of Jack Burley, dead. Mary Blake was not with him. Frame buildings were leaning crazily forward toward the street. A large office building collapsed and fell inward, followed by an explosion and a cloud of dust and smoke. Frantically he searched and called Mary's name. He run across a musician who had seen her carried out with Burley. He stopped many people asking if they had seen a red-headed girl in a white evening dress. No one had. New rumbling of the earth, followed by falling bricks, wall and the toppling of buildings, followed at intervals. And soon fire was added to the tragedy of that night. Water mains were broken; live wires endangered the fugitives from the buildings.

Blackie reached the Grenoble Hotel where Mary had been living only to find it wrecked, smoke pouring from the upper stories. Everybody was being taken out of the building. He learned Mary had not returned there since the earthquake, and made his way to St. Anne's Mission. Perhaps she had gone to Father Mullin. But the mission was in ruins. A marine on guard told him Father Mullin was doing rescue work in a stable near the car barns. The priest looked from an injured man on a cot to find Blackie loking at him. A great wave of emotion crossed the faces of each.

"Tim, you've got to help me find Mary."

"What do you want to find her for? The Paradise is gone."

"I don't want her for the Paradise." He was turning away, thinking his request refused, when Father Tim asked him to wait. He obtained permission from the Monseignor in charge at the stable to help a friend.

The two men made their way through the murk, the streets cluttered with refugees hauling with them such of their belongings as they could rescue, to the Lyric Hall. They searched among the ruins until marines, ready to dynamite its ruins in the attempt to keep the fire from spreading, warned them away.

"You try Nob Hill, the Burley home," said Father Tim, "while I go to her teacher's, Madame Albani's. We'll meet at the corner of Octavia and Fillmore streets."

Nob Hill was mostly in ruins when Blackie reached it. The Burley mansion had suffered with the rest, and was just being dynamited. Weary, faint, begrimed, his clothing torn, Blackie found himself at last, as a murky dawn was breaking, at the appointed place to meet Father Tim. His name was shouted joyfully: "Blackie I've found her! She's all right. Come with me!"

The priest led the way to Lafayette Square which was filled with refugees. Many of them were singing, but above all their voices, scarcely drowned by the intermittent blasts of dynamiting, arose the high, clear soprano voice of Mary Blake. Her white dress hanging in rags, her hair falling about her shoulders. Mary sat with the body of a dead child in her arms, singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," while the weeping mother of the dead child, knelt beside her.

Tears fell down Blackie Norton's cheeks. "I want to thank God, Tim. What do I say?"

"Say what's in your heart, Blackie."

Blackie fell to his knees. "Thanks, God. Thanks . . . I really mean it."

Father Mullin's own eyes filled with tears. Through them he saw Mary Blake give the child to its mother, rise and start towards them. Blackie stood up and saw her coming.

A young man ran into the square shouting: "They've stopped the fire! The fire's stopped!"

An old man raised his arms towards the smoking, ruined city below them. "We'll build a new San Francisco!" he cried. Someone started to sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the great crowd joined in its strains with a mighty sound.

Blackie could not speak; he held out his arms towards Mary and she walked into them. Father Mullin watched them, a smile of blessing their coming together on his lips.

THE END

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

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