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TAXES

The situation is this. The state has a surplus of \$2,600,000 now on hand. It expects, or its best advised tax men expect, an income of \$14,000,000 from income and excise taxes this year. State expenses will be around \$12,000,000 for regular budget items and about \$5,000,000 more for welfare. The school bill will demand another 4 or 5 million dollars.

Many expect that receipts from income and excise taxes will be nearer \$16,000,000 than \$14,900,000 but this is optimism, for nearly all who have paid their 1943 income taxes are paying a little less to the state because the federal taxes take out more and there is less for the state.

The school bill will reduce property taxes about ten per cent if \$4,000,000 is sent back to the schools, although this will not be distributed evenly because of the way the bill was passed. That is about ten per cent of the state's property tax load of something over \$38,000,000.

It seems fair from this position to conclude that all taxpayers should share in the tax savings that are to be made. If property tax payers can be given a reduction of ten per cent through the school bill, income and excise tax payers might be given the same reduction with justice.

It must be remembered that in Oregon all income and excise taxes are used to offset property taxes. Every dollar that the legislature cuts from income taxes makes the fund smaller with which to offset property taxes. Cutting the income tax brings closer the day when property taxes will be increased by state property taxes as well as those of city, county and school.

As a general thing the representatives from the country are in favor of keeping the income and excise brackets about where they are as a protection to property. The representatives from the city are desirous of cutting income taxes.

There is still no agreement as to the method of reducing income taxes if that be finally decided on. Some want a flat percentage reduction of ten to 25 per cent. Some would reduce by changing the rates. If a small reduction is voted it should probably be a flat reduction. If a reduction of over 10 or 12 per cent is voted it should probably be by changing rates to make the reduction graduated, for those in the higher brackets will pay so much to the federal government that the state can do little for them anyway.

In any event it is likely that the reduction will be on a one or two year basis, for this is hardly the time to be planning a long range program. The school bill still complicates the tax situation. Despite re-writing by the teachers themselves, by a sub-committee of the education committee and by others, it is still the same bill.

The people voted to distribute on an equal basis and to distribute to districts and to reduce taxes. There is no constitutional way to make a distribution in any other way for school districts are the only ones empowered to levy school taxes. Some equalized basis would be better—and more equitable and fair—but the old method will prevail, it appears, unless there is enough strength among Senator Strayer's cohorts in the senate to upset the entire bill, and this may be doubted.

The community property bill is being talked about and is finding favor among those of large incomes who would like to find

some legal way to divide income between husband and wife to cut down federal income tax payments. It may be possible to follow the lead of Oklahoma and do that in Oregon. Also, it may complicate land and personal property titles until Oregon becomes a lawyer's mecca. There will be a great deal of care taken in passage of the bill.

MOISTURE

One fortunate thing about the moisture this county has been getting in recent years has been that it went into the ground. The 15 and more inches of rainfall that came in the calendar year of 1942 was nearly all saved and has been, or will be, available for use.

It appears that this is not going to be true of that which comes in 1943, for already a great part of it, laden with topsoil, has run down the creeks to be wasted in the bottom of Lake Bonneville above the dam. Some, of course, remains in the numerous dams in the county. The water may save stock some steps and the soil may make for bigger and better victory gardens this spring, but it is no longer wheat land.

This run-off indicates the value of the dams—those that hold—for whatever soil remains behind them is not entirely lost to the county although it is out of place from a wheat farming standpoint.

REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT

Continued from Page One

If something does not intrude on the regular tenor of legislative ways. It is likely that something will but the urge to get back to work, the urge to make a speedy session in war time may have enough effect that this session will end in fifty days.

That is a very short time in which to pass the legislative work of an entire state for two years; it is a short time in which legislators are to study about the many and manifold matters of state and come to a decision on them.

We have in the office an excerpt from the Congressional Record, entitled "Congress, the Bureaucracy, and the Declining Power of the States." While this was not printed at government expense, it was printed in the government printing office, which does not have time to print all of the necessary rationing blanks and forms. Ain't America grand?

In Other Days

From the Observer, Feb. 19, 1904
Chris Anderson sold two teams of Sherman county horses, matched work animals, to the Tacoma Transfer Co. last week, at \$250 a pair. Chris is in the business now up to date.

This snow fell last Sunday, from 7:30 a.m. till 9:15 p.m., continuously. It is beautiful, white, clean snow, 12 to 15 inches deep, covering the hills with its mantle so completely as to obliterate last year's stubble, and with a temperature challenging the lovely rays of Old Sol is very liable to stay with us until the next Chinook.

This is leap year: Sealed proposals will be received at this office up to February 29th at 12 p.m. The constitutional right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

From the Observer, Feb. 20, 1914
Several street lamps have been placed this week at different street intersections in Moro, this work adding greatly to the convenience of all parties who must be on the street after dark.

While the soft weather is on, the man who lives on a muddy street wouldn't mind if the crossings were even paved with good intentions.

Illinois wants common sense taught in the schools. A good subject, theoretically. Practically, however, where are persons competent for teaching it to be had?

From the Observer, Feb. 22, 1921
Orville and Elinora Nunn, aged nine and seven years respectively, were seriously injured Monday afternoon at Klondike while playing with a box of dynamite caps they had found in an old barn. The little girl died, but there was hope for the boy's recovery, although both his eyes were injured.

The high school Sunday school class organized last Sunday with the following officers: President, Harold Bryant; vice-president, Linnie Belshe; secretary, Byron Peets; treasurer, Laura Urquhart; Dewey Thompson and Mrs. Hanson are joint leaders of this class.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from page one)
curity fund so that municipal employees may receive the benefits of social security. They explain that municipalities have difficulty in retaining competent help as the latter resign and enter private industry where they are automatically under SSB. There are other elderly municipal employees who would like to retire but cannot afford to lose their pay checks, states the league. The organization has been advised to take up the matter with the attorney-general of Oregon and ascertain whether he can work out a plan, as there are too many complications in drafting a federal law which would blanket the entire nation.

From many Oregon communities, particularly those near Camp White and Camp Adair, owners of dwellings to rent are protesting the ukase of the office of price administration that rents prevailing on March 1, 1942, can not be increased. There is a strong demand for houses in Albany, Medford and other towns but, having carried the property all during the depression, with taxes, insurance and maintenance, the landlords find their rents frozen; they are not permitted to increase the rents to what the dwellings are worth. Even when they have remodeled a house at the request of an army officer, and the officer is satisfied, OPA insists the depression rent is all the officer shall pay. OPA says the Portland area is a "bad spot" and that "navy heroes" are held up by grasping landlords. Portland owners, however, deny the accusation and they are demanding elimination of the ceiling and the right to evict tenants who are nuisances. At present a tenant cannot be evicted.

LIQUOR COMMISSION REPORTS IMPROVEMENT

The Oregon Liquor Control commission reports on improvement in the retail license situation, with only 3,353 licensees as of June 30, 1942—the lowest figure in commission history. The commission considers this a healthy sign as the small number indicates a weeding out of the more undesirable licensees and makes it easier to supervise the more stable, cooperative type.

Wine and malt beverages both showed increased sales during the year as shown by tax revenues, and indicates an increased use of the "temperance" beverages.

Public assistance funds for the aid of Oregon's needy received \$3,934,295.83 in revenue turned over by the commission during the fiscal year 1941-42. Distribution of these earnings to counties is made by the public welfare commission, and in 1941 Sherman county received \$4,912.55 for relief purposes, the report indicated. In addition, counties and cities of Oregon received \$152,288.26 from privilege tax revenues.

A net profit of 30.53% was reported by the commission, which is the highest yet to be recorded since inception of the commission in 1934. Net revenue shows an increase of more than \$1,000,000 over the year previous. Total liquor sales for the year 1941-42 were \$13,924,844.69.

Increased profits are accounted for by several factors, according to the report. During the year a 20% increase in volume of sales was indicated which, due to increased federal taxes on liquor, amounted to a 34% increase in dollar sales. The larger sales were accounted for by large population growths in many centers and large payroll increases due to bulging defense industries.

FIGURES GIVEN ON COLLEGE REGISTRATION

Final registration reports from institutions of the state educational system for the winter term show a total of approximately 7000 students registered in the six colleges of the state, a drop of only 15 per cent from the same period last year. Dr. Frederick M. Hunter, chancellor, announced recently. In general, enrollment in the colleges of education dropped more than in the University of Oregon and Oregon State college. The medical school reported a drop of only 4.8 per cent in total enrollment and an increase of 3.9 per cent in the number registered in medicine. A fall of 17 per cent in nursing education accounted for much of the total drop.

POINT RATIONING WILL CAUSE CLOSE FIGURING

When Mrs. America goes to market with her war ration book two after point rationing of processed foods goes into effect, she will be figuring points as closely as her money. For grocers will not be permitted to make change in stamps. It will mean that her calculations in points must be right to the point. Grocers will remove stamps from war ration book two in the presence of customers. And it is suggested that Mrs. America use the high value stamps first. For instance, if she selects a 10 point commodity, it is suggested that she use an 8 and a 2 stamp instead of using a combination of the low point stamps.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that Mary Edith Sayrs has been appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Omer G. Sayrs, Deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified and required to present the same duly verified to said Administratrix at Moro, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. The first publication is February 12, 1943. Mary Edith Sayrs, Administratrix.

J. Tracy Barton, The Dalles, Oregon, Attorney for Estate. 14-17

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

All persons having claims against the Estate of Edwin H. Van Patten, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, with the proper vouchers and duly verified, to the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the Estate of Edwin H. Van Patten, Deceased, with Will Annexed, at Wasco, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: February 12, 1943. T. Lester Johnson, Administrator With Will Annexed. Date of First Publication, February 12, 1943.

Date of Last Publication, March 5, 1943. 14-17

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that Blanche Estella Everett has been appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Lulu B. Spencer, Deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified and required to present the same duly verified to said Administratrix at Wasco, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. The first publication is February 5, 1943. Blanche Estella Everett, Administratrix. J. Tracy Barton, The Dalles, Oregon, Attorney for Estate. 16

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

All persons having claims against the Estate of Wilford Belshe, Deceased, are hereby notified to present them, with the proper vouchers and duly verified, to the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administratrix, of the Estate of Wilford Belshe, Deceased, at the office of T. Lester Johnson, in Moro, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: February 5, 1943. Hazel Belshe, Administratrix. Date of First Publication—February 5, 1943. Date of Last Publication—February 26, 1943.

Moro Lodge No. 113, I. O. F. Moro, Oregon. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in the I. O. O. F. hall Transient and visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Charles C. Wilson, N.G. Percy Thompson, Sec.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116 Moro, Oregon. Meets 2d & 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome. Coila Belshe, N.G. Clarence Johnston, Sec.

Bethlehem Chapter, No. 78, O.E.S. Moro, Oregon. Meets Every Second and Fourth Thursdays in each Month. Visiting members invited. Norma Balsker, W. M. Marie Hoskinson, Sec.

Fireka Lodge No. 121 A-F & A-M Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us. W. F. McLeod, W.M. C. V. Belknap, Secretary



SADDLE and RIDE

By ERNEST HAYCOX W-N-U Release

THE STORY SO FAR: Clay Morgan has decided to play a lone hand against Ben Herenden, a rancher bent on running the cattle country his own way. The two men have been enemies for years, having first fought over Clay's wife, Lila, who died hating him and believing she should have married Herenden. Morgan is a solitary figure, devoted to his nine-year-old daughter, Janet. Although two women, Catherine Grant and Ann McGarrah, are in love with him, they know he cannot forget Lila. Of his former friends, only Hack Breathitt has not gone over to Herenden's side. Gard Grant, Catherine's brother, hesitated about joining Herenden, but became Morgan's sworn enemy when he discovered that Catherine had been to his ranch. Hack Breathitt, seen camping with Pete Borders, a rancher, is being watched by Herenden's men. Clay has learned that Government Valley, a piece of land he and Herenden both want, is to be auctioned at Sage City, 190 miles away. Hack meanwhile fights with some of Herenden's men. He gets away, but he is fugitive now and knows it. Clay gets to Sage City just in time to hear Charley Hillhouse, Herenden's foreman, bid "Eight thousand."

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VIII

Hillhouse said again, in a steady, stubborn voice: "Eight thousand." The other three men were speculators. It was a smell. It was written on their good clothes, their white faces and their soft hands. One of these said reluctantly, "Eighty-two." "Eighty three," said Hillhouse. "Ninety-three," said Morgan. Now the speculators looked around and moved together and one of them whispered something and shook his head. The land-office agent looked hopeful. He said: "Ninety-three's the bid." "Ninety-four," said Charley Hillhouse. "I didn't ride a hundred and ninety miles to play around with a piker, Charley. Eleven thousand." "Eleven is the bid," said the land-office agent. "Another bid, gentlemen?" The speculators said nothing. One of them shook his head. The land-office agent turned to Hillhouse. He said: "Another bid?" Hillhouse put his hands in his pockets, and slowly brought them out. "No," he answered, "that's all. I've got to stick to a limit, and we're past it now." "Sold at eleven thousand." Morgan stepped toward the table. "My check all right?" The land office showed an instant discouragement. "Of course not." One of the speculators laughed and Hillhouse made a half-turn. "Then my bid of ninety-three is good." Morgan reached into his pocket. "No," he said, dryly, "I just wanted to know. I've got the cash."

Hillhouse turned from the room without further talk; the speculators slowly followed. Morgan counted out the money, in bills. He stood over the desk, propping both hands on its edge to hold himself up while the land agent took his name and address and wrote out a receipt. "You'll get a deed in the next few months." Morgan said: "When did you mail out notice of that sale?" The land agent stared at him. "About six weeks ago." Morgan folded the receipt between his fingers, creasing and re-creasing it, his head bent down. He murmured, "thanks," and left the room. He passed the speculators in the hall. Charley Hillhouse waited for him on the porch. Charley had a cigarette lighted. He removed the cigarette, choosing his words very carefully; he had his eyes half closed, and stared ahead of him into the dust-yellow, sun-brightened street. "I want to tell you this, Clay. When I work for an outfit, I stick by that outfit. I'm foreman of Three Pines and long as I am Three Pines comes first." Returning from Sage City three days later Clay Morgan came through a low gap of the Burnt Hills and found somebody occupying the deserted homestead house on Salt Meadows. It was twenty-five miles from this point northward to his own ranch, and though the shanty was an old one he had not known of nesters being in it. Riding into the yard, Morgan gave his name. "You must be new here. Nobody's tried to make a living on this spot since Yardsley left, four years ago."

The man was around thirty, long and on the lean side, with the freckled skin and dry creased lips and the gray-green eyes of a Southerner. He looked like a worker rather than one of that shiftless rattletrap breed. The tension left Willing's shoulders. The woman's lips softened and her eyes grew warm. After that he crossed the yard and came down at last to the lower edge of Government Valley. Far up the flats he saw the remnant barracks of the old fort, and for a moment he paused to have a look at this land which now belonged to him. He planted across the valley and rode up the narrow length of his older range, reaching home-quarters in the middle of the afternoon. As soon as he left the saddle old Mose gave him the latest news: Hack Breathitt had been pulled into a fight at War Pass, killing Liard Connor. Now Hack was hiding in the hills with Sheriff Nicking and his trail.

"I'm going to town," decided Morgan at once, "and ought to be back around eight." Old Mose said: "The way things are now, I wouldn't skylark on the trail after dark." Morgan caught up a fresh horse and headed for War Pass, reaching there slightly before six. His first errand was to go into the post office and pay his respects to Fred Rich. "Fred," he said, "that notice of sale was posted a little late." "I took it out myself, the same day it came." "They mailed it from Sage City last month," stated Morgan. Fred Rich's face showed a whiteness suddenly around the base of his nose. "I guess it got held up somewhere," he murmured. But he met Morgan's glance only for a moment, soon looking down. He had been caught in a lie and knew it. "I guess it did," said Morgan dryly, and left the post office. He heard Rich call out, "Clay, I want no trouble with you," but he didn't turn, hating to see any man's face show that dead, cheap guilt. The bank was closed and so he climbed the hill to leave the unused part of his money with Harley Stewart and went at once to Ann McGarrah's. Ann and Janet were eating supper. He sat with them, listening to Janet's cool voice recite the little

Morgan had so often seen camping on the edge of the range. He said, "I'm Fox Willing. Been here four months." He was pretty brief with his talk, a reserved man with the mark of a short temper on him, but there was in his eyes at the moment something Morgan had often noticed in other nesters' eyes when they faced cattlemen: a half-concealed hatred, a veiled fear.

A woman came to the door, young and still pretty, with pure black hair. She shaded her eyes at Morgan; he saw fear definitely on her face. It was time to eat; in fact Morgan smelled food in the air. But Willing didn't know much about range etiquette. He simply stood his ground, waiting for Morgan to speak or ride on. Morgan said: "Maybe you could put me up to dinner."

Willing's answer was reluctant. "Sure, Mr. Morgan. Step down." Morgan helped himself to the

boiled potatoes and canned tomatoes—and to the meat. It was fried steak and when he saw it he realized it came from one of his own cows.

Willing ate with his eyes down-cast; a taciturnity close to sullenness covered him. The woman didn't touch her food. She sat with her arms in her lap, a growing strain on her face. She was about his own age and he could tell she had been through a lot of misery. Morgan appreciated the meal, but he was glad when, hat in hand, he returned to the yard. He walked toward his horse, but the Willings behind him. The shed was only a dozen paces beyond and he had the definite inclination to go over there, open the door, and have a look at the beef for himself. He knew it was there and he didn't want Willing to think Long Seven was run by a fool too blind to see the signs. He rolled up a cigarette, trying to figure out some way of telling Willing this without hurting the woman's feelings. There was a lot in her and she was pretty badly troubled at this minute. Willing was like most nesters. Cattlemen had pushed them around until they figured it wasn't any crime to steal beef when they could.

He lighted his cigarette and stepped into the saddle. There was immediate relief on the nester's face and the woman's shoulders relaxed; they had braced themselves for the worst. Morgan removed his hat, smiling at the woman. "I wish both of you good luck. You'll need it." Then, with the reins half-lifted, he added: "It occurs to me that you may get pinched for grub this winter. If you do, I'll be glad to see that you get a quarter of beef occasionally. When you see any stray cattle of mine up here this winter in the snowdrifts, just drive them back. We'll consider it a fair exchange for the meat. But—and now he looked at the blank, gray-green eyes of the man—"come to me when you want it. I do not like to think of beef being butchered and wasted on the desert."

The tension left Willing's shoulders. The woman's lips softened and her eyes grew warm. After that he crossed the yard and came down at last to the lower edge of Government Valley. Far up the flats he saw the remnant barracks of the old fort, and for a moment he paused to have a look at this land which now belonged to him. He planted across the valley and rode up the narrow length of his older range, reaching home-quarters in the middle of the afternoon. As soon as he left the saddle old Mose gave him the latest news: Hack Breathitt had been pulled into a fight at War Pass, killing Liard Connor. Now Hack was hiding in the hills with Sheriff Nicking and his trail.

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things that had happened to her, watching the way Ann McGarrah's faint smile came and went away. Janet left the room. Ann McGarrah sat back in her chair. Her arms were round and firm on the table. She had a way of looking at him, straight and intent, with a shadow across her eyes. Her lips were red and pleasant; they had a gentle strength. "What is on your mind, Clay?" "Odds and ends, I guess." "Did you have luck?" "I bought the piece. How did you know I was on that business?" "It was all over town, half an hour after you left." He said, "I'll be back for Janet in a minute," and walked to the store porch. He stood here briefly, watching the street until he discovered Jesse Rusey paused in the shadows at the corner of the hotel—an obscure shape patiently waiting. He crossed to Rusey, observing the marshal's short solid shape swing around to him. Rusey's voice was infinitely courteous, giving Morgan his due, nothing more and nothing less. "Evenin', Clay." Morgan said: "Who started the ball Friday night, Jesse?" "The marshal's head tipped. Secret care flowed from him. His voice, when he spoke, was unresentful and without favor. "They was jiggerin' around from point to point—Breathitt and Connor and Bones McGeen. Breathitt met Connor once, down by Old Town, but neither of them was ready. Connor floated up the street, past the dance hall. McGeen dropped back into the crack by the bank. Hack showed around the corner of the dance hall, and met Connor." He paused, weighing his words with an extreme thoughtfulness. "It was a case of love at first sight, only Breathitt got in the first kiss. Bones was wakin' his shots all the time, just stinkin' up the wind. Hack got out of town two jumps ahead of his own funeral. Tell Hack, if you see him, I'll throw him in the cooler if he does that again. There's a rule against smokin' up this town."

"Tell it to McGeen," said Morgan. "He's been told," retorted Rusey, "I'd tell it to anybody—even to the Almighty." A long halloo shrilled through the shadows and a cloud of children raced down the street. Ann McGarrah waited on the porch, slim against the store lights. Janet, out of breath and softly giggling, trotted toward her. Morgan turned toward these two. He said again, "Time to go," and watched Ann McGarrah's face show a darkening at his tone. Janet's hand came obediently to him and they strolled up the street. At Gentry's he saddled Janet's horse and boosted her up, and rode from War Pass. The night was soft and luminous and fragrant. Earth's warmth rose around them but the wind drifting from the south brought in sharp, cool eddies of coming winter. The two of them rode in silence across the rutted desert and took to the steep road up Mogul. Morgan said: "You did fine, Janet. I guess I was pretty proud, sitting there and listening. Don't ever be afraid of anything ahead of you. Never borrow trouble. Walk right up to it. Listen to the crickets. They've been singing like that a thousand years, and they'll be doing it for another thousand. Nothing changes, honey. Remember that when you feel like running away. Nothing changes and nothing ever really dies." Sometimes when he talked to her like this he felt the absorbing attention she paid him. Sometimes her mind was away on its own dreams, locking him out—as Lila had locked him out. She spoke suddenly and seriously, as though she hadn't heard him: "Will you ever marry again, Dad-ey?" "Now why should you think of that?" She said in her small, still voice: "I just wondered. Maybe I could like another mother."



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things that had happened to her, watching the way Ann McGarrah's faint smile came and went away. Janet left the room. Ann McGarrah sat back in her chair. Her arms were round and firm on the table. She had a way of looking at him, straight and intent, with a shadow across her eyes. Her lips were red and pleasant; they had a gentle strength. "What is on your mind, Clay?" "Odds and ends, I guess." "Did you have luck?" "I bought the piece. How did you know I was on that business?" "It was all over town, half an hour after you left." He said, "I'll be back for Janet in a minute," and walked to the store porch. He stood here briefly, watching the street until he discovered Jesse Rusey paused in the shadows at the corner of the hotel—an obscure shape patiently waiting. He crossed to Rusey, observing the marshal's short solid shape swing around to him. Rusey's voice was infinitely courteous, giving Morgan his due, nothing more and nothing less. "Evenin', Clay." Morgan said: "Who started the ball Friday night, Jesse?" "The marshal's head tipped. Secret care flowed from him. His voice, when he spoke, was unresentful and without favor. "They was jiggerin' around from point to point—Breathitt and Connor and Bones McGeen. Breathitt met Connor once, down by Old Town, but neither of them was ready. Connor floated up the street, past the dance hall. McGeen dropped back into the crack by the bank. Hack showed around the corner of the dance hall, and met Connor." He paused, weighing his words with an extreme thoughtfulness. "It was a case of love at first sight, only Breathitt got in the first kiss. Bones was wakin' his shots all the time, just stinkin' up the wind. Hack got out of town two jumps ahead of his own funeral. Tell Hack, if you see him, I'll throw him in the cooler if he does that again. There's a rule against smokin' up this town."

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