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Road Requests Are Fair

WHAT IS ASKED FOR COMING YEAR

About Censorship-Parking

Five-Year Demand Is Moderate

THE five-year state highway plan recommended by the Klamath county court and chamber of commerce manifests moderation of demand that should be both convincing and appreciated in commission councils.

The program contemplates certain activity for the year which is necessary to reap the benefits of work already done, to catch up on a project which is deplorably in arrears of the demand, for improvement, and to make way for a third project which is bound to go ahead in the near future.

The first item in the outline is the construction of the overhead crossing and the paving of the re-alignment graded last year on The Dalles-California highway at Terminal City, north of Klamath Falls.

So also, and we say it with pride and pleasure, is the improvement of the Merrill-Malin road, the other section of The Dalles-California highway listed for immediate action.

The other project which belongs on the coming year's program is the designation of the route for the Klamath Falls-Weed highway to the state line.

Completion of the oiling of the untreated sections of the Klamath Falls-Lakeview road is another matter wanted for 1932, important in knitting together two leading trading centers of south central Oregon.

These are the projects on which immediate action is asked. They are of not merely local significance, but fit into the larger program of highway development. They are all here at once, and clamoring for action, because of the rapid development of the Klamath country, because of the significant tendency of traffic to traverse the east-mountain routes, because of connecting highway work in California and because the highway program in this part of the state has not been kept in pace with that in others.

The other proposition, and what amplifications there may be of those mentioned, certainly should be completed in five years. They belong in the five-year plan of the state highway commission.

Blunder Almost Kept From Print

IN Russia last Saturday, a horrible train wreck occurred, two trains crashing into a third and still another plowing through the injured as they lay on a parallel track.

In Soviet Russia the government runs the railroads. It runs the newspapers. What occurred was a terrible blunder, the sort of thing which those responsible would like to keep from the public knowledge as much as possible.

Continued Enforcement Should Solve Problem

IN a communication to this page, a subscriber wants to know what is to be done to take care of the people who drive down town to trade on busy days and are no longer allowed to double park in front of the business houses in which they intend to trade.

The answer to this problem lies in the continued campaign for enforcement of the traffic ordinances. The police are pushing in that direction by putting teeth in the overtime parking ordinance, which should open up legal parking space to just such persons as our correspondent. If selfishness is subordinated to the general good and traffic is kept moving in and out of the parking zones as is done in every other city where an orderly traffic program is carried out, the short-time parkers should find no inconvenience.

Our Suggestion Still Stands

THE Salem Statesman relates a story of a man in Seattle who was approached by a fairly well dressed pedestrian and asked for the customary price of a meal.

Our suggestion that the way to handle the panhandler is to refuse his request, and, if wishing to give, hand the amount over to the agencies which feed and care for such fellows, still stands.

Any region that can grow prima donna hens must be a great country.

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark

and Charlie had grabbed Joan away from him and were whirling her around toward the guests. Mr. Prentice stepped up and held her to him. Jerry now saw that his eyes were wet. Mrs. Corbett was there, too, waiting to kiss Joan. Bud slapped Jerry on the back.

Earlier Days

January 8, 1914 (United Press Service) WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8.—At the request of Senator Lane, a re-hearing is granted regarding the closing of Williamson and Sprague rivers against logging operations.

The secretary of interior issued a definite order closing the streams, but will reopen the question to hear further arguments from the timber interests.

Miss Pauline Arvey, who arrived last night from Indiana, was married this afternoon to Tony Sutry, prosperous young Malin farmer. The newlyweds left this afternoon for Malin, where Tony has just completed a new home.

Fashion Tips

The new year may bring grand things to you. But it is likely also to bring you an after-the-holiday face.

Your skin may show it first. If you have a certain roughness broken out on your skin, don't tackle the skin. It probably is your digestion and will clear itself up when you resume your regular routine.

Re-conditioning your complexion should start with your health. That is the only scientific way to get that bloom of youth back into your face.

Next, simplify your diet. Drink plenty of water, so easy on stimulants with your meals and avoid rich, heavy foods.

Lastly come to your skin's problems. Use a little elbow grease and give your face a massage every other day at least, preferably every night before retiring.

Jerry would be glad when it was all over, when they could run away from everybody and everything, when he could have Joan all to himself, to hold and to love.

There was a terrible silence again. Bud whispered raucously: "I, Jerry, take thee, Joan."

He realized his mistake too late. For the minute he hadn't been able to think that Jerry had another name.

Jerry felt her fingers tighten on his arm. It made him feel better, gave him a little courage. The clergyman droned on the old familiar ritual. Jerry was trying to keep his mind from wandering again.



Klamath Names

ODELL LAKE (From Oregon Geographic Names) by Lewis A. McArthur. William Holman Odell was born in Indiana in 1839. He came to Oregon in 1852, and engaged in farming and teaching, and later in surveying and was connected with the construction of the military wagon road up the Middle Fork Willamette river.

Recently Dr. Edgar Mayer of Saranac Lake has surveyed the evidence for these diets in which salt is restricted in cases of tuberculosis. He has also given special attention to the other factors involved in diets for the tuberculous.

Some Wise Cracks

Chicago gangsters are offering inducements in the scramble for Al Capone's liquor business. In order to sell their stuff they'd probably agree to take their customers for a ride.

India is going on with its civil disobedience campaign just where Gandhi left off. Just where, and what, did Gandhi leave off?

Twenty-three tons of fresh air can be forced into Chicago stadium, scene of the 1932 republican national convention, every minute. How many tons of hot air can be forced out?

An electric device has been invented to open locks. Now if someone will only invent something to open Scotch sprees.

Love laughs at locksmiths. But you don't need this device to pick goldenlocks.

A New York university professor says bridge weakens reality. Seems to adulterate life.

beneficial to all of them. The person with tuberculosis is a human being and no two human beings are exactly alike. Every case must be studied as an individual and treated on an individual basis.

Office Cat

"Tain't what we have, But what we give; Tain't where we are, But how we live; Tain't what we do, But how we do it— That makes this life Worth going through it."

A country man, on entering the Brushville drug store and seeing a pay station, placed a nickel in the slot and lifted the receiver.

Operator, of course inquired, "Number, please." Country Man—"Number, Hell; I want my peanuts."

Football Coach (in anger)—Why didn't you run for a touchdown, you confounded idiot? Player—Because I saw that the radio announcer was not looking.

Hubby (at 3 a. m.)—It's a great wife if she doesn't waken. Human nature is much like a cat. You have to stroke it the right way if you want it to purr.

Don't be too thin skinned in a world that is full of nettles and thorns. Wiggins may not believe everything they hear, but that don't keep 'em from repeating it.

He—See that man playing football? He'll be our best man in about a week. She—Oh, this is so sudden.

He laughed when told to go light on food. He said he would eat what he should.

The funeral was large, the music was fine. On his grave was planted a rose.

Somebody asked a college professor how science helped business, and he replied, "What would the suspender and garter business amount to without the law of gravitation?"

Bridget—Have you kissed the bride? Best Man (absently)—Oh, yes; hundreds of times.

He—Oh, why's not as old as all that? Ma—Old, why? That woman remembers the Big Dipper when it was just a drinking cup.

A Klamath Falls stenographer was asked—"Can you tell me what is Pica Type?"

"There's something about quitting when the whistle blows that big pay never quite makes up for."

Most girls, of course, never marry for money, but they do insist that the young man have a speedy roadster before they weaken and say yes.

STAR DRUG STORES 5th and Main 10th and Main

JERRY-and-JOAN By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXII Jerry and Bud were waiting out in the vestry. Jerry looked better than he felt. At least Bud told him he looked good, and Jerry said he didn't feel good.

"Better drink up, old man. You'll need it," he had told him just before they went out to get into the cab with Mrs. Corbett.

"Not on my wedding day, Bud."

"More than ever now," Bud had answered, and they had kept the cab waiting twenty minutes while they drank four straight ones.

Jerry was feeling it terribly now. He always did get it more quickly than Bud. It wasn't making him feel gay or silly, just befuddled.

"What are we waiting for?" he asked Bud quite loudly. "How should I know? I never went to any more weddings than you did."

As if in answer to Jerry's question somewhere from the walls an organ began to play very softly. He smiled a little to himself. It reminded him of the movies. That was the only place he had ever heard an organ. Funny he couldn't feel solemn about it at all.

"They walked over to the window and Jerry breathed so deep that his head began to swim.

"Come on," Bud was pulling at his arm. "We've got to go."

Jerry was dazed. God, it was overwhelming, you didn't know where you were at, going into anything so blindly. Why hadn't he asked somebody what to do at weddings? He couldn't remember having ever seen any except a reporter's once, and that had been in the City Hall. They just went and stood over a window and answered a few questions.

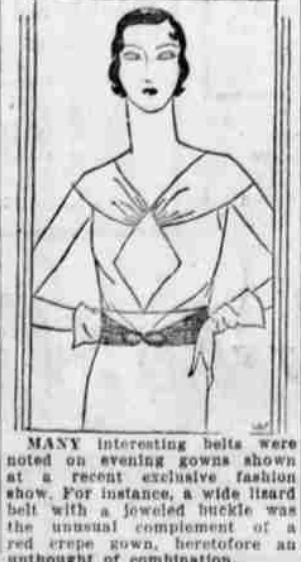
Jerry remembered that the tower on the Jewellers' Building had glistened like polished gold in the bright sunlight. But this, people coming down the aisle, Joan white and beautiful, Charlie and Marcia in filmy blue frocks that swished around them when they walked, Mr. Prentice looking very sad and straight ahead.

Where were they all going to stand? There wasn't a lot of room there. Jerry's toes caught a potted fern. It fell with a loud bang. Somebody tittered. Jerry felt his face burning. Marcia was thinking, "My God. He went out of his way to hit it." Joan was thinking, "Jerry, darling, how could you do this to me?" Dick was thinking, "I knew it, the damn fool is drunk." Mrs. Corbett was thinking, "They should have had the fern farther up on the steps." Jerry was thinking that he wished it were all over.

Jerry saw a sea of faces swimming all around him. Suddenly it was all fixed up somehow and he was standing there by Joan, he had his arm up in front of him and her hand was resting on his dark broadcloth sleeve. A firm masculine voice behind Joan said, "I do."

There was a terrible silence—the worst Jerry had ever experienced, and then the preacher began, "Dear beloved brethren . . ."

Then it was all over, Marcia



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