

The Evening Herald

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Brief Comment

A PIECE of big news for this community was the disclosure Friday that the Long Bell company may operate the Shaw-Bertram plant this year, and is certain to run the old Kesterson plant at Dorris. Other reports indicate that there will be much activity in the lumber industry hereabouts again this summer—more, in fact, than any time since the great depression set in. Shaw-Bertram mill and box factory operation, alone, will boost employment here by 250, and another 100 can be counted for in the woods if that plan goes through. There are stories that other plants which have been down may be operated this year. If these things materialize, the coming season should be an active one in this section, with generally improved conditions for working people and business.

Every so often there pops up some earnest soul who feels that the artist who paints an undraped female figure is committing a great obscenity. The most recent instance occurred in Richmond, Va., where the leader of a self-appointed committee caused the arrest of John Stewart Bryan, Jr., vice chairman of the Richmond Academy of Arts. Mr. Bryan permitted the display of mural paintings by Mordic Gansner. In these murals there were several nude and semi-nude figures. As usual, the complaint was that such things tend to corrupt the morals of the citizenry. Two things can be said about this. One is that where a serious work of art is involved, any evil that exists, exists in the eye of the beholder and not in the work of art itself. The other is that painters have been painting nudes, and people have been looking at them, for a great many centuries; if such things were harmful to morals, the world by this time would be past all redemption.

This Townsend endorsement business has the political observers guessing. At Eugene, one Townsend leader seems to have back-tracked a little after intimating that a Mahoney endorsement for senator was out of the question. A. L. Lindbeck, writing for various state papers from Salem, says that "grape vine advice from the Townsend ranks has it that the organization will probably place no candidate in the field against U. S. Senator McNary, who is understood to have received a 50-50 rating at the hands of the king-makers in this organization. The same source of information has it that none of Oregon's present congressmen will receive the official blessing of the Townsends." If that's right, the boys who bemoan the fact Mayor Mahoney chose to fight McNary instead of Walter Pierce may be right, after all.

Followers of the movies are reviewing the industry's 1935 record today following the announcement of the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Bette Davis among the female stars, Victor McLaglen among the men, and "Mutiny on the Bounty" among the pictures, were the year's leaders. We believe any fair observer, looking back on 1935, will agree that for the most part it was a great year for the movies and for the public which patronizes them. Responding to the demand for better pictures, emphasized by the activities a year or two ago of the Legion of Decency, the industry gave the public a lot of fine, clean pictures in 1935. There were a few exceptions, but that, in general, was the year's record.

Scotchmen may be traditionally tight, but they are also honest and they pay their bills. County Assessor Charles H. Mack this week received from Thomas G. Aitken, a resident of Scotland, a tax payment of 21 cents. Aitken, somehow, came into possession of a lot on the hill back of Hot Springs, which is assessed at \$5. Instead of letting it go for taxes, he sent in his tiny payment. It came in the shape of an American quarter, which constituted a four-cent over-payment. How's that for a Scotchman?

Some well-informed subscribers have called attention to the fact that an error was made in some leap year stories which counted 1900 as one of the years on which leap year babies—now oldsters—had birthdays. The Salem Statesman was corrected in a similar manner. It is true that 1900 was not a leap year. Only those centennial years that are divisible by 400 are leap years. The year 2000 will be a leap year.

Tulelake and Klamath high schools have settled their differences, which is an excellent thing for both schools and both communities.

Fellowship of Prayer

SATURDAY, March 7: "Blessed are the reverent, the compassionate, the peace-makers, and those who have the capacity to endure."
 Those who possess certain qualities, Jesus declared, were blessed. Such must be the characteristics of those who would aid in the building of a Christian world.
 Reverence, "The soul of man is made for reverence as the harp is made for music, as the flower is made for fragrance. The man who is not reverent is wooden or else he is dead." But true reverence is revealed in one's attitude toward his fellows even more clearly than in his attitude toward God. No man can be right in his relation to God who is wrong in his attitude toward his fellows.
 Compassion, or the capacity to understand. How rare it is and with what difficulty is the power gained to enter into the desires and temptations and capacities of other people enough to understand.
 Peacemakers, not peace acceptors. Blessed are the people who are capable and who are willing to pay the price of cultivating the mind that makes for peace and who are not willing to accept anything less than that.
 Blessed are the people who do not surrender in the face of difficulty, who are undimmed in their loyalty when they are misunderstood and are misrepresented.
 Prayer: We bless Thee, Oh Thou Giver of Life for the great tasks that summons us, tasks that reach to the end of time, and that include all men and all nations. We pray that through a faithful attempt on our part we may become related to all that is great, and glad and good everywhere. Teach us, we pray Thee, to become worthy of such responsibility and high privilege. In Jesus' name. Amen.
 Read Matthew 5:1-12.

SIDE GLANCES—by George Clark



"It's nothing to worry about. Spot was hardly sick at all when we had him inoculated."

WASHINGTON

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS
 The Inside Story From
 The Capital
 By PAUL MALLON
 Copyright 1936, by Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON, March 7.—A secondary leader in the senate was one of the few who rushed out with a statement approving President Roosevelt's corporation tax reform program. He thought it was a good statement until someone pointed out to him that dividends are not subject to normal taxes, as his statement erroneously assumed.

Conversely a flock of congressmen hurried forth with heavy attacks on the program because it would deprive corporations of all the reserves they have built up. They turned pink when they learned that the tax was on future undistributed earnings, not past ones.

Kind-hearted newsmen wisely kept most of this unstatesmanlike ignorance from the public eye. But their charitable sympathy was not devoid of amazement. The situation explains the ensuing congressional silence. Note—one of the few congressmen who really knows taxes is Chairman Sam Hill of the house sub-committee which is considering the legislation.

CONDENSATION

A shrewd White House authority explained the whole background of the corporation tax reform program better than anyone else. He boiled down all phases of the subject—the dire predicament of Mr. Roosevelt being forced by the bonus and court decisions into championing taxes in a campaign year, the political advantages of attacking the big corporations. These ideas and others he condensed into a simple sentence (not for quotation):

"Mr. Roosevelt has been able to make an asset out of a political liability."

FRENZY

The extent of enthusiasm in congress for anything remotely connected with taxes is illustrated by what happened the other day in a senate committee. The committee was called for a hearing about a new tax idea which might produce \$200,000,000 of additional revenue by an

administrative change in the liquor tax law. At least, a certain private promotional agency was ready to testify that it would. Agency officers were on hand ready to explain. The dissembling representatives were on hand to oppose.

One senator appeared. He sat around for 15 minutes, half an hour, 45 minutes awaiting the appearance of the rest of the committee. At that point he arose, put on his hat and walked out, saying:

"I am a busy man, but my 20 colleagues on this committee are apparently busier—elsewhere. The hearing is off."

LITERARY MAGIC

A few careful news readers were excited by the recent story that the U. S. had signed away some of its protective authority over the Panama Canal in a new treaty with Panama. It was given out for publication that way by official sources. The treaty itself was not made public.

The inside story on it is that President Roosevelt wanted to take this step solely for the effect it would have on his coming Pan-American conference. Panama is the last of the Latin American republics over which the U. S. reserved the right to intervene. That fact has been the basis of Latin American attacks against U. S. imperialism causing a lot of ill feeling toward us down there.

It is true the treaty ostensibly renounces our right to maintain law and order in Panama. But when it is made public you will see it is a literary masterpiece. In theory, we promise not to infringe upon Panama's sovereignty in any way. In practice, we will continue to take whatever steps we deem necessary for the protection of the canal. Not—ordinarily you would expect the army and navy to throw up its guns at any renunciation of canal protection. Navy a gun has been turned skyward because of the Panama treaty, both forces well know that if they have to occupy Panama to protect the canal, they will occupy it. The state department can furnish the excuses afterward.

LOOKING AHEAD

The president's program has induced many a tax payer to give thanks that the new device has been forgotten about the income tax. These thanks are premature. The devisers will tell you off the record that the political time to hoist the income tax rates

will come after the election is over. Furthermore, the technical groundwork for such a hoist is being laid in this present program.
 The current scheme would, in effect, transfer the corporation taxes to the individual tax payers. It would abandon the corporate tax system and set it up within the individual income tax system. As any tax expert can tell you, that would put all the corporate and individual income right out in the open in one place. Jacking up the rates later would, thus limit present evasions, produce heavier revenue.
 Mr. Roosevelt's devisers think far ahead.

SERVICE CLUB'S MEMBERSHIP UP

MERRILL, March 7.—Renewals of memberships in the Merrill Service club as well as the addition of new names is most gratifying to the members who anticipate reaching the goal of 150 names in the very near future. All who have not sent in their renewals are urged to do so before the close of the drive. The dollars may be paid to President Thomas Chaburn, Wilson Lee or Mrs. Rosa Loomis.

Funds accruing to the organization are used to sponsor the annual Potato Festival held in Merrill, for advertising for the entire Klamath basin and to assist with any civic improvement that comes within the jurisdiction of the club. One recent civic improvement was the placing of road signs on the highway to the lava beds monument.

Mayor Offield reported at the Thursday luncheon session that telegrams have been received from Congressman Walter Pierce and Senator Charles L. McNary in regard to the progress being made by Merrill's application for government funds for the proposed sewage disposal system.

The application, which has been approved and passed on by government engineers is to come before the finance committee in the near future and while nothing definite has yet developed, hope is held out that the funds will be available soon for use.

Reports were made by Earl DeLap and James Scoggins of the athletic committee in regard to work on the athletic grounds adjacent to the nearly completed high school building. Some county funds are expected to be available for use in completing the field which will include a quarter mile track surrounding a baseball diamond and football field.

E. A. Davis briefly discussed the pamphlet that the Tulelake Reporter is putting out to advertise the Klamath basin and committees from the Merrill club will be appointed to gather data for the Merrill district.

As an impetus to stimulating programs President Chaburn will appoint program chairman from the membership from time to time in the future. They will have entire charge of the weekly programs. R. L. Dalton will serve next week.

This week's meeting boasted 20 members present.

Court House Records

(FRIDAY)

Divorce Action Filed
 Benjamin J. Furch versus Lillian Furch. Couple married in Colusa, Cal., March, 1923. Plaintiff charges desertion. H. C. Merryman, plaintiff's attorney.

Other Action Filed
 State land board versus Elsie Ramsey, administratrix of the estate of William Elmer Gordon, et al. Plaintiff asks judgment against defendant for \$400 with interest, \$100 attorney's fees, \$50 abstract fees and costs. Plaintiff further asks that its mortgage on defendant's real property be declared a prior lien, that mortgage be foreclosed and property ordered sold to satisfy claims. A. W. Schaupp, plaintiff's attorney.

The Country Doctor



A Novelization of the Twentieth Century-Fox Film, Starring the Dionne Quintuplets With Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, June Lang, Michael Whalen and Slim Summerville

BEGIN HERE TODAY

DR. JOHN LUKE, country doctor in the little town woods settlement of Moosetown, receives an emergency call to the lumber mill when MIKE SCANLAN, lumberman, is crushed under a fallen log.

Mike has a close call, but the doctor and NURSE KENNEDY save him. With both legs in casts, Mike is obliged to stay behind when the last boat of the season departs, taking the crew of lumbermen south for the winter.

Dr. Luke and his efficient assistant, Nurse Kennedy, see the boat off. As it is about to sail, MacKENZIE, lumber company manager, appears. MARY, his daughter, is on the boat. MacKenzie forces her to return home. ASA WYATT, fat storky caddy comes with an urgent call for Dr. Luke.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER III

It was a boy at the Asa Wyatts'. The editor of the North Bay Weekly Tribune was less than astonished at news of the birth of another Wyatt child when Asa called to have a notice inserted in the paper. It was the seventh autumn in a row that Wyatt had made just such a call.

Then winter closed in on Moosetown, and there set in the quiet, uneventful routine of the frozen days following one another. But there was always plenty for the country doctor to do. He called regularly at Mike Scanlan's boardinghouse, where Mike fretted as the shattered legs slowly mended, and tinkered with an amateur short-wave radio set he was gradually assembling. There were fewer accidents, now that logging was suspended, but an unusually severe winter brought plenty of sickness, and there were always babies.

The cold deepened, and a series of blizzards climaxed in one that threatened to shut off Moosetown from the outside world completely, drifting the straggling roads to the point where even Dr. Luke's sleigh was an undependable vehicle.

It was then that diphtheria struck. Beginning with a single case in the large family of La Croix, the half-farmer, half-trapper who cabin stood isolated nine miles out in the heavy bush, it spread rapidly. Not only all La Croix's large brood came down with it before the doctor's predictions could have effect, but then he learned with horror that the La Croix children had attended a church supper to which half the children of the community had come. The parents had thought it was just croup, and neglected to call the doctor until it was too late. Three of the La Croix children died, and the other two barely pulled through.

But now from many isolated cabins, and from the fringes of Moosetown itself came red-faced, frantic men with steaming horses or even dog-sleds, imploring Dr. Luke to "come quick."

In his own sleigh if roads permitted, or on the dog-sledges of the farmers or loggers, Dr. Luke went wearily for 18, 20 hours a day to the cabins.

Always he found there the same terrible story. A young child, or several of them, gasping on a tumbled bed, lips blue, the little body shaken by agonizing coughs. The simple parents of the backwoods stood dumbly waiting for the doctor to come, helpless in the face of what they did not understand. Often the doctor would find a child in the last stages of diphtheria in the same bed with not-yet-affected brothers and sisters.

His supply of antitoxin, used unsparingly, grew smaller. Without the help of Father Bonel, Dr. Luke could never have stood the strain. It was Father Bonel, parish priest, who suggested that the little, bare, church of Moosetown be converted temporarily into an isolation hospital.

There, where bright chromes of the saints looked down from above the tin lamps that marked the Stations of the Cross along the sides of the barren room, the children lay and fretted under the visitation they could not understand. Some of the wooden pews had been shoved together to make beds. Wooden cots, as many as could be hastily gathered, stood in rows. Several mattresses lay on the bare floor. It had not even been possible to get enough beds. The whole church

from chance rail to door was

pitifully crowded with the impromptu beds.

As cases began to appear in the town itself, Constable Jim Ogden's little daughter, Laura, was one of the first to show signs of the disease. Leaving hurried instructions as to the care of the other children, Dr. Luke himself took Laura to the hospital.

Outside the door of the church in the snow stood a knot of anxious women whose children lay within. All too often, Nurse Kennedy would have to come out and whisper to one of them tidings of which some instinct had forewarned her.

Entering the hospital with little Laura, Dr. Luke was surprised to see a new figure seated at the head of a cot, assisting the weary Nurse Kennedy. As soon as a place had been found for the constable's daughter, Dr. Luke strode to the bedside where sat the new nurse. As he approached, he heard the words, "... and the way I do is just pretend. I just pretend I'm not here at all. I'm in Montreal, just having the finest time in the world with all the boys and the other little girls there ..."

It was Mary MacKenzie. As he knelt to administer treatment to the suffering youngster, Dr. Luke asked, in matter-of-fact tone but with iron in his voice: "When did you come in here?"

Mary was a little overawed by the stern voice. "Just this morning," she admitted. "Nurse—nurse said she needed a little help. I thought I would do what I could."

"Did you ask your father?" pursued the doctor relentlessly, never looking at her as he adjusted the hypodermic needle. "Yes," breathed Mary, a little defiantly.

The doctor rose abruptly, and made a sign to Father Bonel, who understood only too well. He set down the armload of stove-wood he was carrying, and began to don his vestments.

Mary, seeing the movement, knew what it meant. She began to cry.

Dr. Luke made his way doggedly among the improvised beds, stopping to stroke a brow here, pat a hand, or give a word of reassurance. Suddenly, at sight of a familiar figure beckoning from the church vestibule, he quickened his pace and stepped into the vestibule, closing the door after him. It was Jerry, the Moosetown telegraph operator.

"Well, Jerry?" he asked anxiously.

"The wires ain't just broke, Doc, they're down, both the telephone lines and the telegraph. I don't know how far, probably miles! The blizzard's been gettin' worse!"

"When ...?" There was no need for further. Worry clouded the doctor's face.

"I ain't goin' to lie to you, Doc. I don't know when. Maybe days, maybe weeks. You kin guess as well as I kin. I can't even phone North Bay!"

The doctor, his face drawn, was thinking aloud. "Even if we got word out, nobody could get in here for a week, anyway. I guess." Brightening a bit he turned to Jerry with, "All right. Thank you. If anything at all turns up, let me know right away."

"I know, Doc. I will!" promised Jerry, and braced himself to return into the flying snow.

The door had scarcely slammed behind him when a white-faced Nurse Kennedy, frayed by sleepless days and nights, appeared in the vestibule.

"Wasn't that the telegraph operator?" she demanded. "What did he say?"

Dr. Luke took a quick grip on himself. "Looks better," he lied bravely. "Ought to be able to get a message through in a day or two, maybe tomorrow."

"Oh, I hope so! I hope so!"

cried the nurse. Her voice was a prayer. "You know we have less than half a box of serum left!"

Suddenly the nurse's iron control began to waver. Half a step toward the doctor she took, and then:

"Why can't they have a hospital up here?" she cried wildly. "Why won't they listen to you? All those terrible accidents to the lumberjacks—I can stand that! But those children—I can't stand it! They keep looking at me, and their eyes say, 'Can't you help me? Can't you do something?' I can't help them to breathe! We have nothing to work with ..."

The doctor's quick voice was angry and lay all at once. "Katherine!" He glared coldly at the nurse. Her struggle to regain control of herself was visible.

"Go back to the children!" said Dr. Luke sharply.

Nurse Kennedy turned obediently and went back into the church, her shoulders squaring as she advanced.

Beside the bed that was now empty sat Mary MacKenzie, weeping softly. Nurse Kennedy approached, and looked down at her with some of the doctor's own steely coldness.

"Stop that bawling!" she snapped. "If you can't control yourself, what good can you do these children?" The ghost of a grim smile flickered over the doctor's face as he observed this little tableau. Then, wrapping a muffler and the fur coat collar about his throat, he too stepped out into his waiting sleigh.

It was a short trip, but a bitterly cold battle against the drifts to get to Mike Scanlan's boardinghouse. Wading through drifts above the tops of his Arctic, Dr. Luke entered the house and rushed to the room where Mike sat by a table, his legs still in casts. Mike was leaning forward, earnestly, earphones over his ears, toward a table where lay a jumble of radio parts and instruments.

"Any luck, Mike?" snapped the doctor, not even stopping to remove fur coat and scarf as he entered the room.

Mike shook his head. "If I only knew more about this thing," he complained desperately. "I only got it all together this morning. I don't even know it's all here ..."

"You've GOT to get somebody, Mike!" breathed the doctor. "You've GOT to!"

Shorter cells in the battery rather than actual generator trouble may be indicated by sudden changes in the charging rate as shown by the ammeter.

A new type of spring nut now used on some of the newer cars permits the lubricant to be forced between the spring leaves without being loosened.

Thirty-eight per cent of automobile deaths occur on the open highway.

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Character, reputation for meeting obligations, ability and willingness to repay are the chief requirements for obtaining a personal loan. We welcome the opportunity to make, under sound banking requirements, useful loans to the people of this community.

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