

CITY STUDIES REMOVAL OF DANGER SPOT

Steps preliminary to removing the dangerous curve on Oregon avenue and Upham streets were discussed by the city council Monday evening after cooperation of the state highway commission was virtually assured by local representatives. This curve is on the Dallas-California highway inside the city limits of Klamath Falls.

City Engineer E. A. Thomas was instructed to map the area and the matter of securing necessary properties by the city in order to remove the bad curve were discussed.

Many serious automobile accidents have occurred at this point, where heavy traffic makes for additional hazard when the pavement is slippery or visibility is poor due to fog.

Duggan Voted \$66.40.

An ordinance directing the mayor, council and police judge to execute a contract with the United States for improving and landscaping the canal bank from Wall street to the Main street bridge was introduced, passed to the second reading, and finally advanced to the third reading and adopted in view of an emergency. This project, which is known as the Alameda street parkway, has been allowed by the WPA, and work will start in the near future following passage of the ordinance.

Chas. Duggan, until recently employed on the police force as city dog catcher, applied to the council for payment of a percentage of dog license fees collected from January 1 to February 11. Upon the latter date the city entered into a contract with the Humane Society and Kennel club for regulation of dogs, and Duggan was released from duty. According to the contract, the city is to collect 80 per cent of dog license fees.

The city council voted to allow Duggan this 80 per cent, amounting to \$66.40 for the period from January 1 to February 11. The matter is first, however, to be investigated by the city finance committee and the police judge, who are empowered to act.

Metzger Denied Commission.

Application from Otis Metzger, night watchman employed by city merchants, for commission under the city police department, was denied by the council.

Complaints from citizens who have been taking refuse to the city dump grounds were presented to the council Monday evening. The complaints, according to belief of councilmen and Mayor Mahoney, have arisen from a misunderstanding. The dump ground is open daily from 9 a. m. until 7 p. m., and on Sundays and holidays from 7 a. m. until 10:30 p. m. Many have taken refuse to the grounds at other times and been refused admittance, but it is believed that a proper understanding of hours will eliminate such occurrences.

The council discussed the drafting of an ordinance to eliminate radio interference in the city, and preliminary steps are to be taken toward this objective in the near future.

Building Repair Discussed.

Repair of a condemned building at Main street and Conger avenue in order to make the structure safe was discussed, and Ed Dunham, owner, who presented an application for making such improvements, was instructed to proceed.

Other buildings on the opposite corner on Conger avenue are to be razed and demolished. The matter of demolition of

TREE KILLS LOGGER.

ASTORIA, Ore., March 10. (AP)

A falling tree crushed and fatally injured Louis Johnson, 55,

a logger at the Markham and

Callow camp near Seaside.

The Country Doctor



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

BEGIN HERE TODAY

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

Mike has a close call, is obliged to stay behind when the mill crew leaves at the end of the season.

Storons isolate Moosestown, breaking telegraph and telephone connections. Then a diphtheria epidemic strikes the community. Mike Scanlan, who, since his injury, has been tinkering with a radio set, gets a message through to Montreal and Dr. Luke talks to his brother, DR. PAUL LUKE, begging him to send antitoxin.

Hours of anxiety pass. Then Dr. Luke and NURSE KENNEDY hear the sound of a plane.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER V

When Dr. Luke's anxious voice came through the blizzard and across the miles into the home of Alex McLean, that Montreal radio "ham" launched into the most exciting incident of his youthful life.

But he met the test. Within a few minutes he had the Carzon Street Hospital on the telephone, and when Dr. Paul Luke arrived at the boy's home to resume the aerial conversation, the doctor's son, Tony, a young intern, was with him. And those two, father and son, were together as they drove furiously through the streets of Montreal toward the big office building that housed the headquarters of the trading company.

Hastily parking their car, they dashed into the building, and without so much as having removed their coats or mufflers, stood, hats in hand, before the great desk in the baronial office of Sir Basil Crawford.

Urgently Dr. Paul outlined the situation. Sir Basil fidgeted, hummed and hawed, muttered, "most irregular," and "really, really, weather conditions," and "quite sure our resident manager is entirely competent to handle the situation."

Dr. Paul grew grim. "Sir Basil," he repeated firmly, "if my brother says he needs serum immediately, you may believe me that he NEEDS it immediately!"

"Uncle John isn't exactly an alarmist, sir," broke in Tony. Sir Basil fidgeted again, and worried out pompous words: "I assure you I'll look into it, doctor. But so irregular a matter takes time. For on thing, those settlers up there, strictly speaking, aren't the company's responsibility, though I'm prepared to waive that point. But to send a company plane up there in this blizzard—well, really, I have to think of the pilot's safety and the company's property. Even if a plane could

get through, which I beg leave to doubt, it might leave me open to criticism from the London home office."

With some asperity, Dr. Paul cut him short. "Will you send the plane?" he asked.

"I will," replied Sir Basil, fidgeting again, "as soon as meteorological conditions justify it."

"And that's the best you can do?" Dr. Paul asked, incredulously.

Sir Basil drew himself up, offended. "But what else—" he began.

"I believe I can do better, sir," spoke up Tony, smiling.

"Please, Tony—" began his father, feeling that defiance would get nowhere.

"Can you get the serum, Dad?" asked Tony, turning to his father energetically.

"Of course!"

"Then I'll fly it up myself!" he announced calmly.

Dr. Paul looked at his son, mingled pride and fear in his eyes. "Do you think you could do it, son?" he asked quietly.

"You know you haven't many hours, and nothing like this. It's a job for a real pilot, you know."

Father and son looked at each other for a long moment.

Then, "You're not going to fuss about it, are you, Dad?" asked Tony.

"No, son," Dr. Paul replied quietly, pride and anxiety struggling for mastery. Then he turned to Sir Basil and said without changing tone, "Good night, sir, and thank you very much indeed."

Together father and son strode from the office, leaving Sir Basil behind his desk, mouth agape as if trying to utter words that would not shape themselves.

In a moment their car was on its way to the flying field. By a stroke of luck, "Greasy" McAndrew, a mechanic who had often worked on Tony's plane, was lounging in the field office. Almost before he knew it he found himself in the hangar tuning up Tony's plane.

Splitting and objecting, he had been persuaded to make the flight with Tony as mechanic. Soon he had the plane fueled. Tony stood by the cockpit. Father and son exchanged a firm, understanding handshake.

"Be very careful, son," was all Dr. Paul could say.

"I will, Dad," replied Tony, and climbed into the cockpit. At a signal, Greasy stood clear, the starter began to whine, the motor caught immediately, and the ship strained at the blocks as the snow whirled away beneath it in the slipstream.

"Get in, Greasy!" shouted Tony.

Greasy hung back. "But listen, Tony," he protested. "I'm gonna be married Saturday!"

"We'll be back Saturday!" shouted Tony.

Protesting, grumbling, Greasy

climbed into his seat in the front cockpit. The blocks were loosened, the motor roared, and off across the field went the plane in a swirl of snow.

Dr. Paul Luke's eyes were hungry as they saw it lift from the field and slowly vanish in the blizzard.

The city and the St. Lawrence fell away beneath the plane, ice-breaking steamers cutting black crocasses in the frozen river to keep traffic open. The sky was a world of snowflakes as the plane headed off to the north-west.

Tony had several times flown almost as far north as Moosestown on hunting expeditions during the summer months, but to do it in winter, in a driving snowstorm, and with skids instead of wheels to land on—that was something else again. They had nothing with them but an emergency lunch with a vacuum bottle of coffee—time had not permitted assembling an extensive kit. Just whatever they could pick up at the field. Supper, their motor failed, and let them down in some of the God-forsaken bush in northern Quebec? Even if they weren't killed in landing on a stump field or lake shore, what chance would they have of working their way to safety through miles of bush or the deep pine-and-birch woods in a blizzard?

Tony resolutely shut such thoughts from his mind, and brought it back with a jerk to the lakes, river-courses and small settlements below. Greasy, who was easily recognizable through the film of snow, but he had to swoop uncomfortably low to be sure. Visibility was poor, due to the snow. Porcupine Lake he was sure of. North again, and up to recognize a range of low mountains where he and his father had once hunted moose.

The motor hummed a perfect tune, but it was getting terribly cold and cramped in the cockpit. Hawtrey Landing, the Rive Gatch passed by below. Yes, he was right. Tony reassured himself. The trick was to pick up Lake Winnemacki, and then about 75 miles north and west. Somewhere, just about there, lay Moosestown.

Once the motor coughed twice, and Greasy gave him a frantic signal of some kind, dived into the cockpit, and came up with a reassuring wave. Then it hummed along without a break. Strange, thought Tony: ought to be nearly to Lake Winnemacki by now. But there was nothing. Nothing but the world of snowflakes, the dull roar of the motor, and the cold. Sometimes the driving snow would completely obscure the ground and they would be alone. Then a blast would clear the air and the dark pine woods below would stand out of the white blanket that was the earth.

A smooth, unbroken whiteness ahead told him it was a large lake. But to recognize it? Tony put the plane's nose down and skimmed closer to the lake's surface than a more experienced pilot might have been willing to do. That point, ahead, jutting out into the lake! Wasn't that

where they camped that time on the fishing trip? The plane zoomed close to the point and rounded the turn at the end of the lake. Yes! That was it! The dead pine tree and the old fishing shack beside it. It was Lake Winnemacki, all right!

Up went the ship, the lake fading out into grayness, and headed north and west. From here on it was a case of trusting the course, his eyes, and his luck. He had never been so far north before.

The flying snow was at times so thick that nothing whatever could be seen. Then it would clear suddenly, swept aside by a sudden change of air current and the endless woods and hills would again be visible. He would guess, and then swoop down for a look, no matter at what risk. Tony did it. By watch and gauge he made his guess, and made his swoop. No town. But there were traces of a trail-road winding along a creek through the hills. Follow it. Nothing else to do.

Azazel, a smooth white sheet without trees told of a large frozen surface of water. Tony turned, approached, and saw the clustered buildings of a town. Drawing nearer, a cluster of people could be seen about the church and general store. Mentioning to Greasy to drop a note, Tony maneuvered over the crowd. Tony's scrawled paper: "Which way—Moosestown—please signal," fluttered down in the slipstream. Banking and turning, Tony saw the note picked up, and a frantic signaling and waving in the group.

"Hang on tight!" he shouted to Greasy. "We're going down!"

The only open space was a clearing just outside the town. Turning again to get into the wind, Tony put the plane's nose down.

As he neared the ground and leveled off, he saw snow-covered stumps in the field, but it was too late. With a bounce, and a puff of powdery snow, the plane hit the field and careened crazily across it.

Suddenly there was a grinding crash, the plane swung sharply around, lifted itself on one skid as if about to turn over, and stopped, with one wing crumpled and stretched.

From Moosestown people came running, plowing heedlessly through the drifts, with horror, hope and fear in their hearts. (To Be Continued)

STAR HATTERS OPEN NEW RETAIL STORE

The Star Hatters at 511 Klamath avenue announce the opening of a new and remodeled retail hat store and hat manufacturing plant this week, according to H. V. McGee, proprietor.

The Star Hatters conduct the only exclusive hat business in Klamath Falls. Their service includes made-to-order hats, manufactured in the local plant, retail sales of men's Knapp-Felt hats and cleaning and blocking facilities.

A feature of the made-to-order hat service is the "conformatory," McGee said. The "conformatory," a head measuring device made only in France, takes the exact size and shape of an individual's head.

The Star Hatters are conducting a Best Head contest in conjunction with the opening of the remodeled store. The man whose head most closely resembles the shape of that of the statue of Apollon Belvedere will receive a hat each year for life, McGee said.

Women's hats also are styled and manufactured by Mrs. McGee. The hat shop was refurnished in Philippine mahogany and trimmen in black enameled fir.

Dr. E. D. Lamb and Howard Perrin will act as judges.

STATE VETERAN OFFICER COMING

R. L. Preston, state senior vice-commander, will visit the local post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, on Wednesday.

An open meeting has been arranged for the I. O. O. F. hall

at 8 p. m. on that evening. All members and eligible ex-service men are invited to attend.

Commander Preston will discuss "Veterans Legislation and Benefits."

Preston resides in Roseburg. This is his first official visit to southern Oregon. He was wounded overseas, where he served with one of the leading combat divisions. He lost his right leg, and received the Order of the Purple Heart.

A dance and refreshments will be served at the close of Wednesday night's meeting.

New Lincoln-Zephyr Model Displayed

The first two-door Lincoln-Zephyr sedan to be shown in this section of the country is now on display at the Balsiger Motor

show room, it was announced by W. S. Hewson, in charge of Lincoln-Zephyr sales for Balsiger.

The Balsiger company is distributor for Lincoln-Zephyr and Lincoln motor cars for the entire southern Oregon district.

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Outstanding

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