

The Klamath News

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SANTA CLAUS LETTERS

LOOK LIKE MR. POOL Oh darling dear old Santie Wont you please come to our shanty I have 2 sisters and a brother And then there's dad and mother. Now Santa dont you dare to fool Please be as kind as Mr. Pool. You never do see him look sad That's how I know he'll make us glad. Velda Allen.

WILL BE AT PARTY Dear Santa—I hope you can find us. We live on a five acre tract known as one of the Altamont Small Farms. I know there is a Santa Claus because I have seen you lots of times. I hope you will have a nice new suit this year because you ought to feel happy with a new suit and a nice new bag full of toys. I read your telegram in the Klamath News of November 25. I am glad you have lots of toys because the Klamath boys and girls want many toys this Christmas. I am going to try to beat the Christmas party given at the Pine Tree Theater for the children by the Klamath News please be very careful and don't get in a reek before you get here. I want a doll and a doll buggy. Gladys Bundy, 2 years

CAUGHT A FAWN Dear Santa—This is such a nice day, that one can hardly believe that Christmas is nearly here. But we know it is because we have started our program and decorations in our little school house. So much rain has fallen the past week that the creek is nearly overflowed their banks. There has been very little snow, and I am afraid unless more falls that you won't be able to come with your reindeer and sleigh. I live at Crystal, a small place southwest of Fort Klamath. On the east and north side of our place is a swamp. On the west there is a forest, and on the south a rocky flat called Cherry Creek Flat. The forest is mostly of pine and fir. Quite often we see deer. This past summer Daddy caught a little fawn in our garden. She was so frightened when the dog went after her, that she dropped to the ground. She was not like your reindeer. Her color was tan with black and white spots. We kept her three days giving her milk and clover to eat. When we turned her loose she stood looking at us as if she wanted to know what she was to do, then trotted off. There are four children in our family. I am 11 and the oldest. My sister and I ride three miles to school. I would like to bring me a wrist watch so that I may know how fast my horse must go to get us there on time. We have but a few pupils in our school but we like our teacher and have a good time. Mama and Daddy would like an auto and they say they will have to try to buy one. I wrote a letter to you last year and saw it printed in the paper. I hope you will like this one, and I do so want to win a prize. Muriel Brown, Crystal, Oregon.

SISTER WANTS A DOLL Dear Santa—Could I have a pair ice skates and an electric train for Christmas. Please do not forget poor boys and girls in Klamath Falls. If you cannot go to all the children in the world you do not have to come to my house. And do not forget my sister she wants a big mamma doll for Christmas. I am in the third grade. Heinz Dietsche, 701 Jefferson.

SIZE AND ALL Dear Santa—Please send me a scooter with a spot light on it, about 38 1/2 inches. I want a sled, too, length 45 inches, height 6 inches. And an electric train with an electric switch. And a game of flied. And send me some candy and books. Billy Powell.

VERY GOOD SANTA Dear Santa Claus—You have been very good to me. And I wish you would bring me a stocking and a surprise package. And I wish you a Merry Christmas. Elmer Midgiff, Algoma.

JUST SOME BEADS Dear Santa Clause—You have been very kind to us to bring presents to all the poor children. I want a pair of beads. The reason I want such little things is because we want you to give some of the poor children that their mother can't find to buy Christmas presents. I wish you a Merry Christmas. Amy Thrin, Algoma.

WRITTEN AS DICTATED Dear Santy Twass—All the other kids are writing to you so I coaxed my Nana to write for me. I can't write, a wady a school said, I must wait until I was six years old, for I could go to school. You can give me any thing you want to for I always wiked your presents, specially the

honest-to-doodness Puppy you gave me on the Tristram Tree for my Mamma died. I seen your swed and reindeer down at the Bend Fish Hatchery. I picked weaves and gived him to eat. I will come down to see you. I think he is a nice show man to give us the show so we could see you. Nana never gived me the sway bells she promised of I would let you give all yours to the Pover kids, do you remember Well dood by. Banks a million. for the Puppy. But he died. Billy Mement, Age 5.

HAVE A RIGHT TO Dear Old Santa Claus—I hope you are not ill for I am looking for you very soon. I am writing you this letter now so it will reach you on time and to tell you what all I want for Christmas. I hate to ask for things but you are Mr. Santa Claus so I think I have a right to. For Christmas this year I would like to have a camera a radio a doll a scooter or anything will be all right Mr. Santa Claus. But please don't forget the poor children whose fathers are probably not working and have no money for the children so please bring dolls and horns candy and make sure their stockings full for I like to see them have a happy Christmas as well as any one else. When you come Mr. Santa Claus let me know before hand so I can be watching for you on the Lakeview highway. Hazel Blair.

SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING Dear Santa Claus—I am 6 years old and in the first grade. I wood like to have a ball and trike. I wood like to have a knife and whetstone. My mamma says I am a good boy that I had ought to have something I will have to close. Gordon Dodge, 2348 Biehn St.

HAS A FAMILY Dear Santa Claus—I am 5 years old. I have some rabbits. I have a sister. I have a brother. I have a mother and a father. There are 18 in our room. I would like a car. I don't get a lone very good in school. Merry Christmas to Santa Claus. Fred Peterson, Jr.

TIME TO SEW Dear Santa Claus—I am 9 years old and think it is time I am learning to sew. So will you please bring me a little sewing machine. If you bring me the machine I can make dresses for my doll. I would like a set of play dishes, too. I have a sister and a little brother. Please bring them something nice. I wish you and Mrs. Santa Claus a Merry Merry Christmas. Margery Burdorf, Dairy, Oregon.

REGULAR AQUARIUM Dear Santa Claus—I'll tell you what I want for Christmas. I want two live Japanese turtles and two live goldfish. The turtles and goldfish were at the Klamath Flower shop but the turtles are gone now. Mother stopped in the P lower ship to see if one wouldn't eat the other and they said they wouldn't. The in with the gold fish and after two days they were gon so maybe they didn't go so well together so maybe you will have to bring me two bowls, both the bowls should have clear water. I want to tell you that I just came to Klamath Falls this year. In Oregon City where I lived before my address was 509 Washington so I don't think you need to stop there. Thank you for the things you gave me last Christmas and don't forget the poor children. Muriel Justin, 523 Eldorado.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 12. (U. P.)—Joseph Cacinotta, 13, who shot his father to death to defend his mother from abuse, was set free today. The grand jury, deeply moved by the lad's straight-forward account of the killing, refused to indict him. The father was buried today. Joseph said he didn't want to go to the funeral.

The PENNY PRINCESS by Anne Austin

SYNOPSIS Vera Cameron, the most efficient private secretary in the whole Peach Bloom Cosmetics company, is made assistant to the new advertising manager, Jerry Macklyn. When Vera presents herself to Macklyn, he surveys her a bit critically and asks her to write a report of her experiences with the company's cosmetics so he can learn something about the products, and she is forced to admit that she has chosen refrained from anything but cleansing cream and powder. Macklyn, amazed, has an inspiration. He tells her he will transform her into a beauty with the aid of Peach Bloom cosmetics, photograph her in every attitude, the transformation, to become the picture in the advertising. Vera is furious and leaves his office, determined to resign. In the elevator she sees a man with whom she falls instantly in love. She bears him called Schuyler and learns he is going to Minnetonka lake in June. She returns to Jerry, determined to undergo the transformation, to become beautiful and to take her own vacation in June at Lake Minnetonka. CHAPTER IV. "Hello! Back from lunch already? I was just going out for



"Whew!" Jerry Macklyn whistled. "Some smile! Take off your hat." he cocked his flaming red head at the modest six inches of well-shaped calf that her unfashionably long skirts revealed. "Mr. Macklyn!" Vera cried, stung to tears. "Now, don't say, 'How dare you, sir?'" Jerry chuckled. "Good Lord, child, don't carry a chip on your shoulder! There's absolutely nothing personal in all this. If I'm going to play Pygmalion and make a beauty out of you, I'll be hurting your feelings a dozen times a day, if you want to take it like that. Be a good sport, won't you?" He grinned at her with such ingratiating boyishness as he thrust out a hand that she capitulated suddenly, gave him her rare, wide, sweet smile, that showed her perfect teeth and made her mouth an adorable and almost irresistible invitation. "Whew!" Jerry Macklyn whistled. His whole face lighting up with amazement and pleasure. "Some smile! Those lips! Those teeth! That nose! Say, this isn't

of cosmetics—from the ads. I mean. Out to make them think we've got magic to sell—" "I hope we have!" Vera cried, in a voice so poignant with need that Jerry Macklyn's eyebrows shot up his forehead. "What made you change your mind?" he demanded. Vera's pale face flamed with color. The very suggestion that she should tell anyone in the world about the miracle that had happened to her—the miracle of falling in love with a stranger who had merely walked into the same elevator with her—made her dizzy with horror. "I—I want to be—a help to you—she began painfully, her hands twisting together. "Oh, come clean, child!" Jerry Macklyn laughed at her. "I said if this Peach Bloom stuff is any good, or one-tenth as good as the company claims it is, that I could make you into a beauty. And you want to be a beauty. That's it, isn't it? Sure it is! You're human, even if you do wear Y. W. U. A. shoes and long skirts. Say, what's the matter with your legs, anyway?" he asked anxiously. "I know they aren't skinny from the sample you show," and

going to be half the job I thought it was! Take off your hat!" he commanded. She lifted off her hat, and at a gesture from him followed him into his private office. He grinned at her over his shoulder as he turned the key in the lock. "I'm not taking any chances on being interrupted for a few minutes," he chuckled, then his face went blank as he saw her face grow rigid with fear and distance. "Say, Miss Cameron, what do you think I'm going to try to do? Get fresh with you? Judas Priest!" The fervor with which he uttered his favorite exclamation made her illogically angry, a fact which he refused to comment on. "You can trust me, Miss Cameron! I'll swear by all the prophets and sign a contract to that effect if you want me to, but for heaven's sake don't keep slowing up the works. Now—do as I tell you to, or the whole show's off. What say?" Every instinct of Vera's repressed nature shuddered away from the indelicacies which she could sense that the future, if she agreed, held for her, but more powerful than instinct was this terrible new need of hers—to make herself into the kind of girl that could attract and hold the love of a man like the stranger whom she had heard called "Schuyler." She drew a deep, quivering breath, spread her hands in a gesture of surrender. "I'll do anything you say, if you'll—keep your word and make a—a beauty of me." "Good girl!" he applauded. "I can't guarantee results. That's largely up to Peach Bloom cosmetics, but I've got a whole bag of tricks besides the beauty treatments. Clothes, carriage, manner, psychology—oh, girl dear, I can make you so different your own mother wouldn't know you! Now—take down your hair! Remember—you said you'd do anything I told you!" Her hands trembled as she drew the hairpins out of the flat braids that encircled her head twice. They fell below her waist, those braids, and she was proud of their extraordinary length. "Unbraid it!" he commanded her. "I want to see an idea of the real color and the texture of it. Here, I'll help you!" She was glad then that he had locked the door, for his big fingers began to work at one braid while she, with the expertness of long practice, untwined the three strands of the other. When her hair hung free, she took a comb from her purse and ran it through the rippling mass that formed a cape about her shoulders. "Pretty stuff, hanging like that!" Jerry Macklyn told her. "But a girl can't go around using her hair for a cape, and when it's all bunched up on her head it's just so much excess baggage. Now, off with the goggles! Can you see without them?" And he lifted the horn bows of her spectacles from her ears. (Continued on Page Seven)

Hale and Hearty To be "hale and hearty at 80" will not be the experience of very many who read this message. The persons who reach 80, who are now in middle life, will do so, in the majority of cases, by some benefits derived from their patronage of the dentist. Soft foods and a vastly increasing amount of sweets are making it more difficult for our teeth to stay in perfect condition. To combat this condition, brush teeth twice each day; chew food well; visit your dentist each year. OPEN EVENINGS DR. PEAT "Dentistry with a Written Guarantee" Sugarman Bldg. 6th and Main X-RAY EXAMINATIONS

MAKES BAKING EASIER —than you ever thought possible. The always dependable quality of Calumet enables you to accomplish better results with less effort. Try it. LESS THAN 1¢ PER BAKING CALUMET BAKING POWDER

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The World's Largest Christmas Tree! STOP AT THE MANX HOTEL See this famous tree ablaze, on the slopes of Twin Peaks, with its myriad of brightly colored lights. (December 17 to 31). Dazzling and stupendous. . . . a sight you should not miss. San Francisco beckons you to join in the holiday merriment. Make your headquarters at the popular HOTEL MANX, at Powell and O'Farrell streets—near everything. Rates are most reasonable. Running ice water in every room.

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

WHAT? ADEPT YOU PART O' BRICKS GANG? AFTER A WILD JAIL-BREAK, IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE BRICK BANE AND HIS TRUMPED UP CHARGE OF MINE ROBBERY, WASH'S AND GOZYS EFFORTS COME TO NAUGHT. THEY ARE RECAPTURED. BUT A SURPRISE AWAITS THEM. POOLS! HAD YOU NOT HEAR THE NEWS? BANE EES EEN JAIL—ALL HES BANDIT ARE EEN JAIL. BUT BUT BRICK IS SHERIFF HIMSELF. SI, SERGP, BUT YOU SEE, WHEN YOU TELEPHONE DON CARLOS, THAT BANE EES THE GRAN RAD EGG, HE SEE GOVERNOR. THE GOVERNOR COME WEEH TROOP—HE ARREST BRICK, WAN-TWO HOUR AFTER YOU ESCAPE. HE TELL US TO BRING YOU FOR WITNESSES.

By Crane