

The Klamath News

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TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

Susi's Airship And Other Air News Even China Is Awake The Cat's Rubber Heart

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SUSI, female gorilla, passenger on the Grap Zeppelin, interested the crowd more than the real lady passenger. Susi slept or rested calmly in her cage, through all the high wind and buffeting.

WHAT about us, Susi's second cousin? Not one in 10,000 white men realizes that he is aloft in space, on an airship, the earth. God set us floating, as Susi's owners set her flying.

IT'S a wonderful airship that we inhabit, heavier than if made of solid steel, whirling round and round its slowest speed 1,000 miles an hour, on its axis. Its speed around the sun more than 1,500,000 miles a day, 40,000 miles an hour, 1,000 miles a minute.

OURS is a real airship, going off through space, somewhere, with the sun. And we know and think as little about our real airship as Susi knew and thought about her trip.

DON'T despise Susi.

HUMAN nature is fundamentally good, with all its fighting and slaughtering. The French hesitated to let the Zeppelin fly over French territory—too many opportunities for taking photographs, useful in later wars, perhaps.

BUT when the big ship was in trouble, French soldiers were sent to help. French landing fields and hangars were offered, and at this hour, French and German mechanics are working side by side, putting the big dirigible in order.

COL. LINDBERGH announces regular main service between New York and Buenos Aires in 50 hours. Later the line will be extended and Lindbergh will start the line, as pilot. Marriage, evidently will not moderate his flying.

BRITAIN has already established regular flying schedules between London and India. And Mexico announces her first post office flying lines.

With the greatest industrial and financial powers in America competing in aviation, General Motors, Ford, and the National City bank, this nation in spite of government sluggishness must be the world's greatest producer of airplanes.

Fortunately an airplane will carry machine guns, and carry bombs and drop them. The country will gradually acquire air protection in spite of itself.

WHICH of the great concerns will produce the first super dreadnaught of the air? Henry Ford planned it, three years ago, a machine with at least twelve powerful engines, carrying 100 men, including mechanics in its own machine shop, costing about a million.

BEFORE that is built, Sloan of General Motors or Mitchell of the National City may start a machine ten times that big.

And who will build the "aerial runaway," small, powerful, safe machine, that, like the little automobile, will do everything that a big machine can do.

SOMEONE else will produce it, and he will come back to it. Architects, engineers, surgeons with work in places far separated, will fly from one job to another, as Col. Deeds, a director in United Aircraft does now, keeping an all-metal machine always anchored in his front yard.

EVEN old China is experimenting with the new idea, starting as new ideas usually do, in the effort to kill somebody. Chinese airplanes yesterday dropped a few bombs, in the infernal war of that distressed country.

They were little bombs, only 100 pounds each, not comparable with the new ideas they have given and are yet giving for our country. It will be a privilege to help.

able to the 6,000 pound TNT civilized bombs that would sink any battleship.

But China is at least beginning. Asiatics pay little attention to death, and when all Asia flies and the Pacific becomes as narrow as the English Channel, the westerners will do some thinking.

I AM fearfully and wonderfully made," a cat in the laboratory of Dr. Gibbs of Dalhousie university, Nova Scotia, might have said that. Experiments with drugs, on the cat's heart destroyed the power of that organ after a short time.

KIND anti-vivisectionists will deplore the experiment. But the cat felt no pain, and its life may be useful for ages to come. Vivisectionists might turn to animals caught in traps of which millions suffer tortures of fear and pain, with no blessed anesthesia.

UNFORTUNATE human beings, victims of drugs, as bad as those that ruined the cat's weaker heart, will be interested in Dr. Gibbs' experiment.

ETHICS of the hills are being violated as usual. Fishermen are telling of their catches and the size of those fish does increase with every narrative. But what of that? The fish he is as staple as the political lie. The nation expects them and would be disappointed if they failed to show up.

Just what location is best to fish in is another subject of great concern. It is a subject upon which there is wide and varied opinion. But, that also is not so important, for Klamath Basin, of all places in the universe, actually offers so many beautiful fishing spots that none need worry about finding the home of the finny tribe.

IN the drive to the resorts some took the Fort Klamath road. We did. It is glorious. The great natural lawn stretching through the Wood River valley and consuming thousands of acres, is now in perfect grass. It is as the lawn mower on the beat kept city lawn had just finished his job, and the water had been turned on.

Into that zone of beauty one drives and marvels at the blessings of nature which have been bestowed upon Lindsey Sizemore, Jim Pelton and the rest of the land owners in that favored section.

Grass that insures prime beef and mutton is now claiming attention of the livestock man. The valley is filling up with cattle. We passed one band of five hundred which had been driven across the mountain pass from Rogue River valley.

The boys who drove those cattle had some experience. The late spring has kept the snow barked high in the mountains and they had to flounder through and break trails for their livestock. But the five hundred head were in good shape. As the cowboys opened the gates to the Fort Klamath meadows and in went the band of cattle, there was contentment at once.

Every head of livestock settled down to calm living. The hectic life of the trail was over. The crowding in the lanes had passed and the cattle spread out over the meadows—the contented cow in fact, had found her own.

TAKE that drive, whether you fish or not, go out to Lindsey Sizemore's delightful ranch. Look it over, for it is one of the show places of the Fort Klamath country. Then, let him direct you on a drive through the Meadows where you will see thousands of cattle grazing in the best pastures in America. This may sound extravagant, but it is true—absolutely true.

Key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker Eddy: "It is only by acknowledging the supremacy of Spirit, which annuls the claims of matter, that mortals can lay off mortality and find the indissoluble spiritual link which establishes man forever in the divine likeness, inseparable from his creator" (p. 421).

For Frigidate, see E. H. Jefferson, 132 So. 7th St., phone 355.—adv. A12-11

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

Men Desert Business Desks and Women Leave Household Duties to Fish On a Clear, Bright Klamath Sunday. —By BRUCE DENNIS—

HOLD on—here comes the Sunday fishermen. And are they not a cheerful lot?

Sunday was fisherman's day in Klamath county. When the earliest streaks of dawn warned that approaching day was near, automobiles began to sputter, men and women clad in mountain garb hurried to pack the car. The breakfast dishes were left in the sink, the house was not tidied up as usual and the kids were not forced to take their usual bath.

Off to the great outdoors—that dominion so richly endowed by nature in this Basin; that great expanse of health giving country where men forget their business and women forget their household duties; where the great leveler of all makes everyone equal on the highway and in the hills.

What a blessing to live in such a country. How glorious it is to see old and young out on the streams, smell the smoke from the campfires, hear the loud hurrah when the first fish of the day is landed.

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RICH GIRL & POOR GIRL & RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XLIV Connie finished angrily at Pamela's request, coughed as a command.

Mildred isn't receiving company," she said shortly, but Pamela had moved on until she stood before the door to the living room. There she saw the injured girl, propped up with pillows in the big arm chair. She ignored Connie's words completely and walked on into the room.

"I'd like to roll you around the block," Connie thought resentfully. She closed the door behind Stephen and let him follow Pamela unannounced while she hurried back to her mother with Stephen.

Mrs. Lawrence glanced at her home dress. "You go back and stay, Connie, while I change," she said nervously. "She would come at this hour, Connie remarked.

"Poor Milly, poor child," Mrs. Lawrence said to herself as she hurried out into the hall and down to her own room.

In a few minutes she came to the living room looking very neat in a dark printed silk dress that Mildred had given her for Christmas.

Pamela was surprisingly sweet to her coming up as she stood uncertainly in the doorway and asking about her "broken arm."

"It was a burn," Mrs. Lawrence said absently her eyes on Mildred.

She saw that the girl was pale and trembling. Connie stood by her chair, an arm thrown round her sister's shoulders.

Mrs. Lawrence looked at Stephen where he stood awkwardly by a table, his hat in his hands. "Won't you all sit down?" she said timidly trying to do as she knew Mildred would like her to do in the circumstances.

"We haven't but a moment to stay, Mrs. Lawrence," Pamela chirped. "Just wanted to make sure that Mildred is recovering from her wound. Wasn't it dreadful to be shot?"

"Pamela, perhaps Miss Lawrence doesn't care to have anyone go over the accident," Stephen broke in hurriedly. He was calling himself a fancy list of names for failing to warn Pamela that Mildred was keeping the truth regarding the attack made upon her life from the family.

Pamela stammered, then finished smoothly. "... showed down the stairs." She had understood Stephen's stress on the word "accident" and she had seen the look of dread that swept over Mildred's face when she spoke of her wound.

"It's really nothing at all," Mildred said quickly. Then she lifted her eyes to her mother.

"Miss Judson came to tell us about her—wedding," she added, and the pain that she strove to keep out of her voice went straight to her mother's heart.

"Yes," Connie said with extreme bitterness. "They're going to be married and go to Africa and come back and live in a whole wing of the hotel."

Pamela smiled at her. "Oh, no dear," she said as sweet as honey. "We're going to live in a tiny apartment and I'm going to get one of those cunning little typewriters and learn to type—Stephen's business letters for him. Perhaps you would teach me, Mildred," she added, turning to the girl whose heart was on the rack.

"Applesauce," Connie ejaculated to the horror of her mother. Pamela only laughed and murmured, "Love does such wonders."

"I'm sure I..." Mrs. Lawrence paused, unable to complete the wish for happiness she had intended offering Pamela.

"Let me give you some lemonade," she said humbly and made her escape through the dining room to the kitchen where she hastily wiped her eyes. It was almost more than a mother could bear, she thought—seeing her child's heart break before the happiness of a girl who seemed to take all that the world had to offer for granted.

She hoped and prayed that Stephen wouldn't divine what anguish his visit and Pamela's was giving Mildred. She knew her daughter's pride, and the thought that she had left her to fight alone to conceal her pain drove her to make the lemonade in haste. She omitted the thin slices of fruit and did not even bother to take out the seeds.

Then tightening her lips and gathering up the painted tin tray with the everyday glasses she made her way back to the living room.

moon—while it wasn't all that she hoped it would be—was better than anything she could get out of a glass of lemonade.

Mildred wasn't reacting the way she had hoped. There was not a sign of envy on her face. Suffering, yes, but Pamela was not sure that it was not caused by physical pain and the experience Mildred had been through the day before.

Pamela had hoped to make her wince and writhe. That's what she had come for—to show Mildred that even though Stephen might rush up to see her the very first night he was out of jail, it didn't mean a thing.

In fact she even went so far, with Stephen standing by, as to say that she had asked him to make the call.

Stephen considered it just a bit of polite social whitewashing. That it was a knife thrust in Mildred's heart occurred to him no more than it did to question Connie's statement that Mildred had a sweetheart.

She had been very careful on her visits to him in jail to give the occasion no more than a friendly aspect. Stephen considered her a true-blue ally, loyal and whole hearted. It wouldn't have surprised him to learn that many men loved her.

He drank his lemonade thirstily, grateful for its acid coolness on his parched throat.

Why the devil didn't Pam stop her prattling? Couldn't she see that Mildred was tired and her mother looking harassed? And that young Connie standing there scowling at them like a black-browed hater? It made him nervous.

But Pamela didn't allow anyone to tell her when it was time to go. Stephen knew by experience.

"We owe so much of this to you," Pamela was running on, having seated herself on the edge of a chair she had pulled up close to Mildred's.

"I must send you something from Africa. Perhaps a real leopard skin for a coat, a genuine Somali. You could have it made up plain and wear it with a wide brown leather belt, suede. I think you'd look awfully smart in it, Mildred. I'm going to ask dad to buy me a chinchilla wrap for my trousseau. There aren't half a dozen in the shops but I won't want it for several months. Dad can send it to Paris. We're going there after we leave Africa and then we're going up to Norway for the ski jumping."

"Oh you just ought to see Norway in the winter, Mildred. I know some English people who have a place on the coast near a little town called Mandell. I was there two years ago. It's the loveliest spot. I can't think of a more idyllic place for a honeymoon. We can walk for miles through the park—all the land between the village and the beach is a park—with moss a foot deep and the most intriguing and unexpected little glens and dells and glades and..." she paused breathless.

"Valleys and vales and dingles, Connie carried on. "Why don't you get a thesaurus?"

Pamela lifted an eyebrow. "Really they do teach everything but manners in a public school don't they?"

Mildred reached a trembling hand to Connie's "Don't mind her," she said to Pamela. "She's just a freckle." But the pressure of her fingers told Connie of her gratitude for having put an end to Pamela's raving.

Only it wasn't an end. A further remark of Connie's started Pamela going again. Perhaps she would have started anyway.

"What are you going to do without jazz?" Connie asked.

"Jazz?" Pamela repeated. "Believe it or not Stephen and I are both too glad to get away from it. We want a chance to commune with nature and find our deeper selves. Life's too hectic here in America. We want to find a place where we can be all the world to each other. Where we will get to know the meaning of every little word the other speaks. You know I'm sure that two people can grow to be just like one when they love each other as Stephen and I do."

She beamed at Stephen who at that moment looked like the living embodiment of what love can do to make a man uncomfortable. Pamela smiled with satisfaction. He would leave her to pay a call on another girl, would he?

She guessed more of Stephen's mind than he knew himself. She'd known from the beginning that Mildred was the girl he wanted, that if she hadn't thrown the glamorous veil of her own personality and cultivated loveliness before him he'd have homed straight to Mildred long before this.

But it wasn't what Stephen wanted that mattered to her; it was what she wanted. And she wanted Stephen.

She knew he wouldn't break their engagement. For all his modernism, he had an old-fashioned sense of honor. His obli-

gation to her for securing his release from jail would help to hold him, too.

But she didn't want him telling her he didn't love her; making any last minute confessions. One simply had to think of the future. It certainly wouldn't be nice to live with a sacrifice.

If Stephen found out, before their marriage that he was making a mistake and went through with it he would inevitably consider he had sacrificed his happiness for his honor.

And with Mildred drooping pathetically right under their eyes he might find it out any minute.

Pamela got up to go. Stephen walked over to Mildred and there was something in his manner that held Pamela in suspense.

(To Be Continued)

Woolworths Open Fountain

Installation of a modern soda fountain in Woolworth's Store, Main and Eighth was completed late yesterday under the supervision of E. Eberhart, Woolworth representative from San Francisco.

With the opening of the store this morning the fountain will be in operation. The fountain is the latest type, modern in every detail, taking in a space of 20 feet.

DEATHS

CLAUDE M. RILEY, world war veteran, passed away in this city Sunday evening at 6:29. He was aged 49 years at the time of his death. He is survived by two brothers, L. L. and M. H. Riley, both of Stockton, Calif.

The remains are in care of the Earl Whitlock funeral home, Pine Avenue at Sixth, where friends may call. Announcement of funeral arrangements will be made later.

SHIRLEY ELLEN RATHBURN, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Rathburn, passed away at the family residence, 1491 Division street, Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, following an illness of three days. In addition to her parents she is survived by two sisters, Joan, aged 2 years, and Peggy, aged 3-1/2 years. The child was born in this city May 9, and died 11 days after the time of her death. The remains are in the Pink room of the Earl Whitlock funeral home, Pine Avenue at Sixth, where friends may call. Announcement of funeral arrangements will be made later.

LORENZO ZANDONA, well known resident of Dorris, Calif., passed away Monday at 3:25 o'clock, following a brief illness. He is survived by his wife, Angelina Zandona and a brother who resides at Weed. Mr. Zandona was born in Italy, July 27, 1885 and was aged 43 years 9 months and 29 days at the time of his death. Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services to be held this Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Doris church with Mr. Harrison Wilkins officiating. Interment is to be made in Picard cemetery. Arrangements are under the direction of the Earl Whitlock Funeral Home.

TOKIO, May 21 (Tuesday)—(UP)—Twelve hundred houses, almost the entire city of Funatsu near the Japanese Alps, were destroyed by fire this morning. Several persons were reported killed.

SLATER Investment Co. 115 So. 7th Phone 688

Here are the Leaders

At the End of the 4th Day

- 1—Fred Crapo 2—Wm. McCluskey 3—Eugene Barrow 4—Fred Smith 5—Delore Borgerson 6—Howard Shontz 7—Geno Carmini 8—Maxine Carson 9—Kermit Knutsen 10—Ray Anderson 11—Earle Smith 12—Audrey Lavenik

Big Weiner Roast Tomorrow Night—See Bulletin in Contest Headquarters.

in the BIG CASH Golden West Coffee Junior Sales Contest

Same Price for over 38 Years 25 ounces for 25' KC BAKING POWDER Guaranteed Pure use less than of high priced brands MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY THE GOVERNMENT

SWIM at the NEW KLAMATH NATATORIUM 1719 Main St.

For HEALTH, SAFETY, FUN! Vigilant supervision; competent instruction available by appointment. Reservations for private parties by appointment. Try our Natural Hot Water Steam Tub and Showers. PHONE 1268

ONE ACRE And brand new 4-room bungalow, newly completed. As it stands, \$1500. \$100 down \$25.42 month. Excellent well water under pressure in house. Splendid land. Raise chickens, rabbits, etc.

LODGING HOUSE In brick building on Main St. 15 rooms. Reasonable rent, good lease. Price \$4500.00. Terms.

A REAL BUY 2 small houses on 3 big lots (nearly an acre). The two for \$1500. Live in one and rent the other. One is now rented for \$45 month.

FOR RENT 4-room modern, \$50 month. 8-room modern, \$85 month. 7-room modern, \$65 month.

POOL HALL LOCATION \$27,500 required.

LAND \$55 per acre; 520 A. near Midland; irrigation cost paid in full. 5-room house; barn etc. Entire farm under cultivation. Good terms.

RESTAURANT For sale; good business; seats 44; receipts last week, \$1248 gross; rent only \$115 month; lease. Price \$5500, including stock.

SLATER Investment Co. 115 So. 7th Phone 688