

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY APRIL 21, 1927

ATTACK IS CHEAP PUBLICITY

The action of the head of the Eugene church brotherhood in condemning the sheriff for liberty shown a trusty prisoner is cheap publicity and can do the church no good and will do law enforcement harm. Naturally the sheriff resents it and he counters with what newspaper men have heard for several months—namely the assertion that the church brotherhood has paid a man to spy on his office in an attempt to get something on him.

The particular prisoner in question was a Eugene business man convicted for driving an automobile while under the influence of liquor. This man was made a trusty and worked jail and sheriff's office records during the time he was serving sentence. Other prisoners are trustees and anyone who visits the court house may see them without guards washing windows or working on the lawn nearly every day of the year. They are also sent on other errands away from the vicinity of the jail at the discretion of the sheriff and county court. Several times this particular prisoner in controversy was allowed to visit his business for a few minutes. Once while the sheriff and deputies were all busy in court or in the field this man was allowed to go to his business without guard to sign checks for payroll and store bills. Because of this the head of the Eugene brotherhood alleges the sheriff is derelict in his duty although it cannot be shown he has violated any law.

Surely this particular case does not justify an attack to discredit a public law enforcement official, especially from a church brotherhood which is supposed to be in support of these officials. It lines the church brotherhood up on the side of the law breakers who are always against the sheriff. It is clear the Eugene church brotherhood needs a new head—one that is endowed with broader vision and tact and is not a meddlesome busy body.

A MAIN LINE TOWN

While we held no celebration here as did Klamath Falls last Sunday and Monday we are nevertheless glad to be a main line town on the new Southern Pacific Cascade line. Cutting four hours off the time between Portland and San Francisco or Springfield and San Francisco in other words, the new crack trains—the Cascade and West Coast, ran through this city for the first time Sunday. The Shasta limited will be left on the old main line and stopped for local traffic, it is announced.

A third of the telegraph lines of the world are in the United States. The Americans send more telegrams than all the people of Europe. This country has 2,220,002 miles of telegraph wires and 91,718 miles of nautical cable.

The knocker is a mortgage on his home town which every other citizen is paying interest on.

THE THREE SISTERS NATIONAL PARK

The move to make the Three Sisters area a national park should receive the support of every citizen in Lane county and Western and Central Oregon. It is only by this method that the area will ever be developed as it should be and nationally advertised by the park service and the railroads.

We can never get this area made into a national park if public sentiment is not solidly back of the idea. It behoves anyone to think twice before expressing any sentiment against this movement lest he hinder worthwhile development.

The Three Sisters area is good for nothing else but to look at and for recreation. For those purposes it is the most beautiful, picturesque and unique mountainous area on the Pacific coast. There is not merchantable timber in the area. There are few animals except elk and deer and at the time of the open season these animals migrate to lower grounds. Consequently making of this a national park will not interfere with hunting. There are few lakes in the area proper that are stocked with fish and very few would be suitable for fish. Any objection that comes on this score is ill founded.

Except in years when mountaineer parties visit the Three Sisters usual not more than 100 people visit the area in a season. Under national park control it is not unlikely that at least 100,000 people would visit the Three Sisters every year. It surely has more to attract than a great deal of area now in national parks.

It will redound greatly to the benefit of Springfield, Eugene and Bend to be on the highway leading to a national park. It is the biggest and surest results of any undertaking to attract tourists we can engage in.

Change in plans of the Southern Pacific company will keep the terminals in Roseburg according to published dispatches from that city. Indications are that the company will not make the southern Oregon line a sideline but retain it as a second main line.

The average cost over the country to educate high school students is said to be \$148 a pupil. But those figures are the school board figures. Wait for father's.

A merchant's responsibility never was carried in a salesman's pack. You never find the peddler at your door today that sold you something yesterday.

Looks like Volstead also changed our standard measure scale. A quart of gin now means a peck of trouble.

The poor fish who holds a soul mate in his arms and thinks he has found happiness is only hugging a delusion.

If women's skirts keep on getting shorter we for one are going to quit worrying about this ever becoming a petticoat government.

The great human race is between the churches trying to convert the world and the courts trying to convict it.

Iron, wood, concrete, brick and mortar never build a city. They must be mixed with pep, brains, muscle and cooperation.

CLAY CHIMNEY TRAIL

(Continued from page 3)

time debating over what she might have done had I actually kissed her to comfort her.

Daniel had been disposed of, Montoyo did not deserve her; I had won her, she could inspire and guide me if I stayed; and I saw myself staying, and I saw myself going home, and I already regretted a host of things, as a man will when at the forking of the trails.

When I awakened we were still enshrouded by the fleece of fog. As I gazed sleepily about I could see Edna's eyes were open. She looked at me.

"Sh!" she warned with quick shake of head. The same warning bade me listen. In a moment I heard voices.

They were indistinguishable except as vocal sounds.

"I've been hearing them for some little while," she whispered.

"Adam's men trailing us?"

"I hope not," she gasped, in sheer agony. "If we might only know in time!"

Suddenly the fog was shot with gold, as the sun flashed in. Gradually the earth appeared in glimpses.

"Look! They are Indians. We must get away before they see us."

We worked rapidly, bridling and saddling while the fog rose with measured steadiness.

"Hurry!" she bade.

The whole desert was a golden haze when having packed we climbed aboard.

The fog lingered in patches. From patch to patch we threaded, with many a glance over shoulder.

At last we came to a rough out-crop of red sand stone, looming ruddily on our right. Edna quickly swerved to it.

"The best chance. I see nothing else," she muttered. "We can tie the mules under cover, and wait. We'll surely be spied if we keep on."

In a moment we had gained the refuge. The sculptured rock massed, detached one from another, several jutting ten feet up, received us. We tied the mules, in a nook at the rear; and we ourselves crawled in until we lay snug amidst the shadowing buttresses, with the desert vista opening before us.

We had been just in time. Round a knoll there appeared a file of mounted figures, Indians unmistakably.

"A war party! Sioux, I think," she said. "Don't they carry scalp on that first lance? They've been raiding the stage line. Do you see any squaws?"

"No," I hazarded. "All warriors, I should guess."

"All warriors. But squaws would be worse."

On they cantered; indeed, seemed to be diverging from our ambush and making more to the west. And I had hopes that, after all, we were safe.

Then her hand clutched mine firmly. A wolf had leaped from cover in the path of the file; loped eastward across the desert, and instantly, with a whoop

that echoed upon us like the crack of doom, a young fellow darted from the line in gay pursuit.

(To Be Continued)

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