

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1929

He is not poor who has the use of necessary things. —Horace.

AIRPORT DEDICATION GREAT SUCCESS

Springfield dedicated the new municipal airport in a grand manner. The largest crowd that ever assembled here for one single event turned out and enjoyed the program and stunts of the aviators.

The new airport, we believe, and we are supported by all the aviators who have landed on the field, has the making of a first class field. It is about the most level piece of land that could be found in this part of Oregon, and has sandy soil particularly well adapted to the operation of airplanes.

The location of the field on the McKenzie highway is one of its chief assets. Experts in aviation now recognize that the most successful airports are going to be on main traveled highways in the future.

The gathering Sunday indicates that the field is a drawing card and one that is of great benefit to our city.

THE WHEAT PROBLEM

Although Canada imposes a duty of 12 cents a bushel on wheat, farmers along the United States side of the international boundary are selling their wheat at Canadian points.

They are able to make a profit at this trade after paying the Canadian duty.

The Dominion authorities have this to say: "The higher prices of wheat in Canada which enable American farmers to pay the Canadian duty of 12 cents a bushel and still sell to advantage in the Canadian market are attributed to a number of causes, including lower transportation costs, higher reputation for quality and improved market organization."

The transactions as a whole indicate the highly complicated nature of wheat marketing, particularly in the case of the individual farmer.

These transactions seem to us proof positive that immediate steps must be taken to untangle the important problem of wheat crop disposal.

Elderly men, old timers, real pioneers and youngsters alike took to the air at the dedication Sunday. Many who had never flown before went up, and everybody liked it.

One-fourth of the muscles of the body are in the face and neck. That's the reason some people's mouths work so fast.

GOV. PATTERSON IS POPULAR

Governor Patterson's visit to the airport Sunday was marked with reminiscences. Pioneers and plain old timers were on every hand to shake his hand and remind him when this or that happened in years gone by.

The governor's popularity was evident among the old settlers and the younger ones as well. His visit to the airport dedication strengthened the strong grip he has always held on the Lane county people's friendship.

ANIMALS ON THE ROAD

A scarcity of animals, alive or dead, has been noticed on the highways.

It is said the heaviest mortality from motor cars is suffered by the skunk, which is hard to explain, for surely every driver would go far out of his way to avoid hitting this animal.

Birds, once run over in great numbers, are now seldom hit.

The box tortoise, who years ago never "speeded up" when a car was coming, now fairly gallops to the safe woods when a driver toots the horn to warn him.

It is almost impossible to believe, but it really seems as though the animals have developed a sense of the danger of cars and therefore avoid the well traveled roads.

Some humans could profit from their example!

WHAT HOOVER HAS DONE

A quick-witted aggressive President is plainly on the jog at Washington. Here are just a few of the many things he has done since taking possession of office five brief months ago:

Abolished the fiction of the Official Spokesman. Announced his plan for a commission on law enforcement.

Called Congress into special session to act for farm relief.

Withdrawn the government's oil lands from lease or sale in the interest of conservation.

Overtaken the established policy regarding publicity for income tax returns.

Called on the Republican Party in the South to reorganize itself, putting an end to its scandals in patronage.

Supported the constitutional government in the Mexican rebellion.

Intervened in a labor dispute to anticipate a strike on the Texas and Pacific railroad.

Appointed the Farm Relief Board.

Announced a plan to summon in 1930 the first national conference on child health to be held in twenty years.

Appealed to chief naval powers for action on arms limitation.

Made a decision to put before Congress a program for the modernization of the antiquated prisons of the Federal government.

Deeded his week-end camp in Virginia to the Federal government as a permanent home for his successors.

Oregon as a summer playground is appealing more and more to the wealthy. Herbert Fleishacker, San Francisco banker, has purchased 2300 acres on the lower Rogue river, about 30 miles from Bandon, for a summer home. He plans on bringing other California friends with him.

Eighty new families moved to Oregon to make their homes this last month, reports the state chamber of commerce. So we continue to grow.

"Souls For Sale"

(Continued from Page 2)

sacrilege of reversing the Limited. already late, she pulled the rope herself.

She knew the signals, having played in a railroad serial, and she soon had the train backing at full speed.

She had half suspected that Tom Holby had a companion in the desert, and when she looked out and saw him with the pretty chit whose magazine he had picked up, she was tempted to give the signal to go ahead again.

But she preferred to give poor Holby her opinion of him. Mem crept back to her place, shivering with her first experience of stardom and its conspicuousness.

The train made up so much of its lost time that it was only two hours late when it drew into Tucson. Tom made his adieux and left Mem in a whirl. But her faculties went around in the mad panic of a pinwheel when a somber person spoke to her:

"Miss Steddon?"

"Yes."

"I am Doctor Galbraith, pastor of the First Church here. Your father telegraphed me to meet you at the train and look after you."

"Do you know papa?"

"No, but he found my name in the yearbook. I have found a nice boarding house for you, and my wife and I will look after you as best we can."

Mem was struck violently with the thought, "But what becomes of Mr. Woodville now?"

In her desperation she caught sight again of Tom Holby, who had walked briskly to the head of the train and was striding back to his car. A frantic whim led Mem to say, very distinctly, as she passed him:

"Good night, Mr. Woodville."

Holby could hardly believe his ears, but he laughed to himself. "This is fame!" bowed and went on.

The Reverend Galbraith paused, but Mem urged him along, saying, "That's an old friend I met on the train." And now she felt that she had established the existence of her Mr. Woodville. She was already unconsciously "planting" characters.

"His face looked familiar," said the pastor, "but I guess it wasn't." The reason it looked familiar was the fact that pictures of it were posted up all over Tucson. Holby was to appear there in pictures.

Mrs. Galbraith turned out to be a joyous Western woman raised on a ranch and of a loud and hilarious cordiality. She was distressed because she could not take Mem into her own little home, but it was spilling over with children.

On the way to her boarding house she noted many of Tom Holby's portraits. He was not the star of the picture. Robina Teele was the star. Mem felt a longing to see this heroic picture, but Mrs. Galbraith would not leave her for a moment, and the night was prayer meeting night.

Mem attended the evening devotions. There was nothing strange to her in the drowsy, cozy atmosphere, the sparse company singing hymns and bowing in prayer and finding a mystical comfort in the thought of sins forgiven and in eternal home beyond the grave.

Doctor and Mrs. Galbraith took her back to her lodgings and left her. They had no objection to moving pictures and attended them often, but Mem did not know this, and she felt like a thief when her worse self compelled her better self to a dark dishonesty. Both selves went to the movies.

If the cinema store had been an opium den Mem could not have sneaked more guiltily into it.

When she had found a seat in the dark hall she was so illiterate in the staples of fiction that she tingled with excitement over hackneyed situations that left many a sophisticated child yawning and never gave

a pause to the swaying jaws of the gum grinding crowd.

But Mem was experiencing an agitation such as she had not known since her mother told her about Little Red Riding Hood and growled like a wolf, showing long, white teeth.

She was astounded at the courage of Tom Holby. It wrung her heart to see him in this Alaskan picture plowing across white Saharas of snow, to see him challenge the bar-room bully and beat him down and stand, torn, bleeding, and panting. Being a woman, she was not quite convinced of Robina's super saintly innocences in the film, but she had no doubt of Tom Holby as Galahad.

In her room she remembered her parents. She had not written to them for two days, and she had not carried Mr. Woodville forward.

One thing was certain—she must free herself from the Galbraiths; she must get out of Tucson. She must become Mrs. Woodville at once.

She would probably have given up trying if a bit of luck had not befallen her. Mrs. Galbraith rode over in haste and distress to explain that her husband and she had to leave Tucson at once for a few days to at-

tend his father's funeral. She promised to hasten back, and begged Mem's forgiveness for deserting her. It was plainly a time for quick and decisive action.

She threw caution aside and forbore to regard the perils of inconsistency. She wrote a letter to her father and mother in which the lilt of hope contributed an atmosphere of bridal bliss.

"My darling Mamma and Papa:— Well, you have lost your daughter—not by fell disease, but by fell in love. * * * You see, Mr. Woodville—John—was so attentive and kind and considerate and respectful—almost reverent, you might say—and he's so big and handsome and fine and noble, and I was so small and lonely and so far away for so long that—oh, I just could not resist. * * * We leave at once for Yuma, so address all your letters to me as Mrs. John Woodville, General Delivery, Yuma. Doesn't it sound grand, though?"

With a few lines to explain that "Mr. Woodville" was not rich—yet—she ended the letter.

She wrote the Galbraith's a similar letter and bought a ticket for Yuma.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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