

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1930

A SOLUTION TO EUGENE'S DEBT PROBLEM

To the Eugene civic administration who are making strenuous efforts to solve the city's debt problem, we respectfully make these suggestions:

1. That Eugene abandon her present airport, cut the land up into lots and blocks and sell it for a new addition to the city. Apparently there would be a ready market for the land and the city could use the money realized toward paying off the large outstanding warrant indebtedness.

2. That Eugene arrange with this city to take over the Springfield airport and sufficient other land from the industrial tract to develop a "Class A" airport.

In making this change Eugene would be utilizing land which that city paid about \$700 an acre for and could exempt it from taxation which the court has ruled cannot be done now. Eugene would also be utilizing land that can be developed into a "Class A" airport with less expense than the location she is now using for a flying field.

The Springfield airport is well located on the McKenzie highway and has no obstructing hills or bad air currents for pilots to contend with. That it has real attractions is attested by the fact that 2,000 people went into the air for flights there last summer. Government recognition for this location under the air mail route with the beacon lights is also evidence that the location is right.

There will be an airport on this side of the river from now on whether Eugene chooses to act on this suggestion or not.

We make the foregoing suggestion with the thought in mind that a better airport can be developed through the cooperation of both cities than perhaps either one city will have as conditions now are. We believe also that it would largely solve Eugene's debt problems which the people of that city do not seem to want to do by means of the ballot and tax levy.

THE MODERN "MAN ON HORSEBACK"

At a dangerous street corner in New York City where two street car lines cross at an angle in front of a subway station and heavy cross-town traffic complicates an already difficult position, stands a large sign in the shape of a tombstone. It reads "Sacred to the Memory of 1,846 people killed by automobiles in the city this year." The number is changed every day. It never grows smaller; the dead do not come back to life.

Ohio for some years marked the scene of every fatal accident on a State highway with a white cross. It is reported that the state has abandoned the practice; the crosses became too thick in some spots. This is a step in the wrong direction. Warnings like that may be disregarded and usually are by some motorists, but enough drivers will be shocked into at least temporary caution to be more careful at that particular spot.

It is not merely for the protection of drivers and their passengers that such warnings are needed. The man on foot still has first rights on the highway, and his life is as valuable as that of the man who rides. Out of all the immense toll of motor deaths in 1929, nearly a third were of pedestrians struck by automobiles.

In the old feudal days in Europe the man on horseback felt that he was a superior being, and the poor people who had no horses had to agree with him or be ridden down. One of the things our fathers came to America for was to change all that. It would almost seem as if we were losing ground. There is something about driving a car which makes many persons utterly reckless of the rights of others. That these reckless ones are not always very young and are not necessarily intoxicated, only makes the situation all the worse.

A GREAT AMERICAN

Edward Bok came to this country from Holland at the age of six. He died the other day at 66. In his sixty years of life in America he set an example of Americanism which every native born citizen would do well to emulate.

No more inspiring record of a man's life has ever been written than Bok's own autobiography, "The Americanization of Edward Bok" ought to have a place in every school library; it should be required reading in every course in civics.

It is the fashion among the critics who sneer at everything which has made America great to belittle Bok and his book. He did more than any other man to make American homes more beautiful, American family life more attractive, to establish new and higher standards of good taste and to turn the minds of Americans toward the appreciation of beauty and culture in all forms. All this as the editor of a woman's magazine. But he made a fortune and that, of course, is the unpardonable sin in the eyes of the unsuccessful and the incompetent!

Away of Life by BRUCE BARTON

CASTLES IN SPAIN

I have been reading the history of Cecil Rhodes. His life was full of adventure; it makes excellent reading.

But the passage that interested me most was this:

Riding in the Matoppos one day at the usual four miles an hour, Rhodes had not said a word for two hours, when he suddenly remarked, "Well, le Sœur, there is one thing I hope for you, and that is that while still a young man you may never have everything you want."

"Take myself, for instance: I am not an old man, and yet there is nothing I want. I have been Prime Minister of the Cape, there is the De Beers (the diamond mines that Rhodes controlled) and the railways, and there is a big country called after me, and I have more money than I can spend."

"You might ask, 'Wouldn't you like to be Prime Minister again?' Well, I answer you very fairly—I should take it if it were offered to me, but I certainly don't crave for it."

At twenty-five he was so rich that he did not want for anything that money could buy; at thirty-five he did not want anything at all; at forty-nine he died.

I hope I may never be guilty of writing anything intended to make poor people contented with their lot.

I would rather be known as one who sought to inspire his readers with divine discontent.

To make them discontented with their intellectual health, and to show them how, by hard work, they can have better health.

To make them discontented with their intelligence, and to stimulate them to continued study.

To urge them on to better jobs, better homes, more money in the bank.

But it does no harm, in our striving after these worthwhile things, to pause once in a while and count our blessings.

Prominent among my blessings I count the joys of anticipation—the delights of erecting castles in Spain.

If you would discover the really happy men of history, look for those who have striven forward from one achievement to another, drawn by the power of their own anticipations.

They have made every day yield a double pleasure—the joy of the present, and the different but no less satisfying joys provided by a wise imagination.

I believe in day-dreams. I am strong for castles in Spain. I have built a whole group of them myself, and am constantly building improvements and making alterations.

I do not let my work upon them interfere with my regular job. Rather, it reinforces the job. My castles in Spain are incentive to efficiency; they give added reason and purpose to the business of being alive.

DevilMayCare

(Continued from Page 2) ashore for letters, one that isn't inclined to gossip."

"Yes sir," said Modane. "You should never have let her get ashore when once you had her aboard the boat, sir."

Stevens grinned faintly. "Had she been your woman you'd have tamed her, eh? But what made you suspect . . ."

"She's not here, sir," said Modane. "Aid after jumping overboard—well a man thinks, sir."

"Modane, you've been in my employ several years. You know me as well as any one."

"And like you better, sir," said Modane, "than any one else."

"Much obliged. Then tell me: why would a woman marry me and then run away?"

"You've got a way, sir, of commanding, not asking; a proud woman might resent that, might want you to come to heel instead of herself."

"I'll think that over," said Stevens. "And when I bring my wife aboard—Modane, where could she have landed yesterday morning?"

Modane drew a pocket map from inside his double breasted reefer jacket. He unfolded it, squinted at it, then placed a stubby finger on a point south of Palm Beach.

"Mango Key, sir, or one of those other keys. I told you the drift was inward, but you thought that the Gulf Stream current set outward where she went overboard. Mango Key or thereabouts, sir."

"Much obliged, Modane. You may go."

"You don't want help, sir?" Stevens laughed.

"To fetch back my own wife? Not help, not even my own two hands, Modane. If she won't come for words then—she'll never come."

"Don't waste 'em, sir. Take her, grab her, make her come."

Stevens shook his head. "Would you have an unwilling wife, Modane?"

Modane showed his white teeth. "If I wanted her, and could get her, it wouldn't matter to me whether she came willing or unwilling, I'd make her willing."

"All women aren't the same, you know," suggested Stevens.

"Sure they are, sir, like all men? They don't know what they want. They wait for some stronger person to tell 'em what they want, and then they jump with joy and claim they wanted it all the time."

"Not all men, nor all women," said Stevens.

"Yes, sir; all men and all women," insisted Modane.

"But suppose—suppose one isn't the stronger?"

Modane shrugged. "In that case lie down, let her walk on you. You got to, if she's stronger than you. But is she, sir?"

In his turn Stevens shrugged. "That remains to be found out, Modane."

CHAPTER IV. The Lucy was christened solemnly; the human Lucy broke a pint bottle of champagne over the craft's bows, and then another pint was opened and the ritual was sealed by Faunce and herself drinking to the new Lucy's success.

"Though what greater measure of success the Lucy can hope for than to have carried you as a passenger—"

"As a member of the crew," Devil-May-Care answered Faunce.

"I accept the amendment, Lucy. Well, what more this craft can hope for I cannot imagine."

They were bowling leisurely south, across a placid ocean, beneath a shining sun and fleecy clouds. There was the faintest swell, and along the sandy shore, miles inland, breakers curled and broke, and the murmur of their dissolution sounded like a faint chant in the distance.

Sky, atmosphere, and the sea had combined to lull the travelers into a dreamy security. But in the tropics Nature is more treacherous than in the frozen Arctic. As the good are

supposed to die young, their frail bodies overburdened by the weight of their virtues, so the sweetness of the tropics becomes insupportable to Nature, who, when sweetness has lost its savor, promptly proceeds to show what a real wild lady she can be.

Out at sea Faunce saw a whirling something that twisted and strained in its effort to climb higher, although already it reached, or seemed to reach a dark cloud that had sprung suddenly from nowhere. He had never seen a waterspout before, but he needed no previous acquaintance for instant recognition.

Lucy sat upright as a cold chill descended upon her. Already the sun was obliterated and a false night was upon them. The placid ocean had awakened, was stirring, was tossing as though in agony. The Lucy suddenly, rolled sideways, then pitched into a gulf. Water broke over her bows, slushed the deck, drenched Lucy Stevens, splashed over Faunce at the wheel.

"Hang on," she heard him cry, his voice barely audible above the roar of the cyclone. And now not merely the salt water drenched her, but the wildest rain she had ever known came down from the skies; huge hailstones hit the deck, bounded about, she oddly thought, like tennis balls, or rounded dice. Was this some gambling demon from up aloft who shook dice for the lives of Faunce and herself?

The Lucy seemed to rise clear of the water; propelled by wind and wave it shot along like a hydroplane. Lightning gleamed and thunder rolled. Beaten flat to the deck by the force of the wind, and hanging on with grim determination to the rail, she saw Faunce straining at the wheel, trying to deflect the course of the craft.

But why try to steer in this hurricane?

And why, unless she had been drugged, had she dreamed such terrible dreams? And yet they hadn't all been terrible. Fergus Faunce had appeared in them, dear Fergus Faunce with his kindly, whimsical mouth, his gentle eyes beneath the green sunglasses, his graying hair, his twisted nose.

Ah, Fergus at least was real! No dream could have evoked so quaint and lovable a character. And if Fergus was real, then all of the mad things that she remembered—her swim ashore, Mango Key, her marriage, her flight—

She sat up, while something cold seemed to lay a clammy hand or claw upon her breast. The hurricane, the waterspout, the final chash! She had been saved; but what about Fergus? She seemed to remember that his hand had clutched her, as though to drag her from beneath the flood, and after that she remembered nothing.

TO BE CONTINUED

FOOD VALUE

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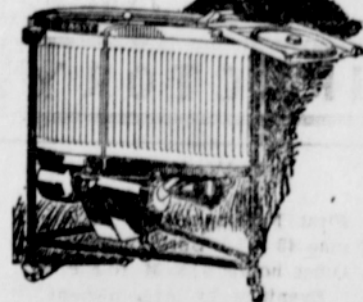
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