

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1930

LET POWER PLANTS BE BUILT

Holding up \$60,000,000 investments in hydroelectric development in southern Oregon and other parts of the state because a few people think future generations might want to develop the sites seems very short sightedness to us.

Development of water power is not taking it away from future generations, it is merely preparing it for their use.

Water over the falls never comes back again and is a resource wanted. It has been wasted in Oregon since time began and the state is that worse off. A program of obstruction merely continues this waste.

Holding back construction by political bickering at this time when thousands of people are out of work is criminal.

If any city wants any of these water power sites it should file on it and develop the site at once. Cities have first choice but sites should not be held forever for them.

The more power sites developed in Oregon the cheaper the rates will be and we will all benefit. Rates have been on the decline the past few years and we can expect power to become cheaper and cheaper.

Whether power companies develop water power sites or it is done by cities it is a very expensive undertaking, and cannot be accomplished "without cost".

But whether private or municipal development it must be done without outside money. It takes real cash to employ labor and machinery and buy materials to dig canals and build power plants and distribution systems.

SHALL WE HAVE "STOOL PIGEONS?"

While many people are strongly opposed to the use of "stool-pigeons" to catch bootleggers, we feel that in the interest of law and order the sheriff's office should not be unduly criticized when the hunt for a murderer is in progress.

JUSTICE TO THE INDIAN

The situation of the Indian in the United States has long been one of the curiosities of our system, in the eyes of foreigners. They cannot understand, in the first place, how we ever took this vast continent away from its original inhabitants: least of all can they understand how, having once conquered the Indians, we have kept them as wards of the Nation instead of compelling them to take their chances with white folks.

The answer, of course, as every American knows, is that the Indians were never fit to control or develop the resources of the country, and the natural law of the survival of the fittest operated to give the white man control.

Now Mr. Charles J. Rhoads, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, thinks the time has come to get the Indians on the reservations and into the ranks of industry and agriculture as independent citizens.

The older ones on the reservations will not relish being thrust into the cold, cold world. They have been pauperized so long that they probably could not make a living independently.

After all, it hardly seems fair to have enfranchised the Negro without conferring the same more or less doubtful benefit upon the Indian.

"WITHOUT COST TO THE TAXPAYER"

If this principle "state development of water power sites without cost to the taxpayer" could be applied to private business then we might all get rich on the other fellow's money.

As we looked at the awe-inspiring spectacle, water rolling over a 285-foot cliff and turning to mist in a great chasm below, we could not but wonder how long it would be until some wild-eyed schemes would attempt to harness the power "without cost of the taxpayer."

Moonshine is precious fluid. Consider what the public pays for it and what the government spends trying to keep the moonshiner from making it and the bootlegger from selling it.

MAIN STREET LOOKS AT BROADWAY BY ERNEST CAMP JR

NEW YORK—Three short blocks from the glitter of Broadway, sprawling like some unsightly monster beside the Hudson river, extends the gray squalor of New York's tenement district.

This is a side of the city that few outsiders know. To most persons living in small towns—and I was one of them—New York is the symbol of wealth and ultra-modern luxury.

True, it is a city of spectacular wealth. But it is also one of spectacular poverty. The jewels and perfume of Fifth Avenue are but a block away from the unshaven faces, the garbage cans and prowling cars of Sixth Avenue.

A city of startling contrasts.

Amid these tenements is human drama that only a Dickens could picture. The current drive against violators of the tenement house law has bared conditions that might have shocked the author of "Oliver Twist."

Housing inspectors found eight persons living in three rooms, only one of which had a window. Fifteen such families live in this building. And there are no bathtubs—none in the entire neighborhood. Some houses have running water. Others do not.

In another house, which had no lights, five families living on the same floor use the same bathroom, containing no bathtub.

"There doesn't seem to be any water," the inspector commented to the janitor.

The janitor laughed. "There isn't any water because there ain't any pipes."

"What happened to them?" "Stole 'em. If the tenants didn't cut them out and sell them, prowlers did. Same way with the light bulbs."

One house boasts a small flower garden, gay with sun flowers and nasturtiums. . . banners of defiance against the sullen world.

But it grows in buckets and tin cans perched upon a fire escape. In case of fire it would cut off the exit of more than a hundred persons. It must come down, the inspectors ordered.

Not far away, in a tiny room, sits a man with three convictions against him. The next conviction means life imprisonment. Soon, on the dark, narrow stairs that lead to his hiding place, there will appear a man wearing a badge. Things may happen. They may not. For the tenement inspectors, it's all in the day's work.

Sam Grossman had an idea—a plan for pepping up a certain radio program. Time and again he presented the scheme to the station manager.

A few days ago he had another appointment—the sixth in two weeks. Up to the fifteenth floor he went. Then down the corridor to the door.

He wandered down the hall. Up the stairs. And to the sixteenth floor. It isn't worth while, he decided. Then he threw himself from a window.

On the floor below, the station

RELIEF FROM CURSE OF CONSTIPATION

A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause."

But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall Orderlies has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry evacuating bowel called the colon.

Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Rexall Orderlie at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at Flanery's Rexall Drug Store.

Advertisement for eye strain relief featuring an illustration of glasses and the text 'FOR EYE STRAIN' and 'DR. E. C. MEADE OPTOMETRIST 14 WEST 8TH AVE'.

manager waited—and waited. Grossman's contract lay on the table, ready for signing. He couldn't understand where Grossman was. He had always been so prompt before, so eager to go ahead with the deal. . .

A Gentleman of Color, with several of his dusky friends, was preparing for a Sunday Joy ride.

Their ancient auto creaked up to a filling station. Out popped the driver. "Ah wants some gasoline," he said with a grandiose air.

There was a delay of several minutes, punctuated by sounds of wangling between the driver and the station proprietor. Finally, one of the girls in the car poked her head out to see what was the matter. She was just in time to hear her chocolate Loch-invar exclaim: "Aw, put in a whole gallon, then!"

Roadside sign: "Where will you spend eternity?" What a subject for hot weather.

DR. POLLARD HAS GREAT FISHING LUCK MONDAY BUT STILL COMPLAINS

Some of the prettiest residences caught near here were taken from the McKenzie northeast of Springfield Monday afternoon by Dr. W. H. Pollard and Howard Hughes. The doctor succeeded in landing two 17 inch redsides and lost one other. He succeeded in getting a string of 17 fish all over 12 inches.

Even with such luck the doctor complained that fishing is not what it used to be, saying that a few years ago when he was fishing on a rainy day they could pull out nice large ones as fast as they dropped their lines into the water.

LIONS HEAR QUARTET AT LUNCHEON MEET

Special music provided entertainment for the members of the Lions club at their noon luncheon on Friday of last week. A quartet consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Murphy and Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Rebhan sang several numbers and were accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Ivan Male. No business was discussed at luncheon on Friday. Both Dr. Rebhan and Mr. Murphy are members of the Lions club, Dr. Rebhan being president this year.

Rebekah's Meet on Monday The regular weekly meeting of the Rebekah lodge was held on Monday evening and only the usual business was taken up. A small attendance, due to the fact that it was Labor day, was present.

Church Services Changed

The Union church service which was to have been held at the Christian church last Sunday evening was changed to the Baptist church late in the week. Rev. C. J. Pike, pastor of the Methodist church, preached. The young people held their joint meeting at the Christian church as had been announced.

Shops Here Saturday—Charles Brewer of Fall Creek purchased some supplies while he was in Springfield on Saturday.

Advertisement for Minton's Brake Service, featuring the text 'Modern Equipment for Brake Testing, Wheel and Axle Aligning TESTS FREE' and 'All Work Guaranteed'.

Advertisement for a Salesman Wanted, stating 'Eastern organization establishing offices in Eugene wants one man to handle our Springfield business. Must be over 24 years old and have had business or sales experience.'

Advertisement for the Oregon State Fair, featuring an illustration of a fair building and the text 'Open Air Circus Acts Daily Horse Show Races - Auto Show Livestock Exhibits County Displays'.

Advertisement for Eggimann's Candy, featuring the text 'for Health & Energy--- CANDY' and 'EGGIMANN'S "Where the Service is Different" "Sweeten The Day With Candy"'

Cartoon by Albert T. Reid titled 'Things Were Different in Noah's Time'. It depicts Noah and a man in a suit. Noah says 'MANY IS THE TIME IT DIDN'T RAIN FOR SIXTY OR NINETY DAYS AND SOME TIMES FOR MONTHS ON END'. The man in the suit says 'YEAH? AND IN MY DAY SHE JUST RAINED CATS AND DOGS FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS - A COMPLETE WASH-OUT'. The man in the suit also says 'MY NAME IS NOAH WHAT'S YOURS?' and 'CY-DWARD BROWN BELT'.

Advertisement for Mountain States Power Company, featuring an illustration of a woman working and the text 'Woman's Work.. Woman's work is never done—certainly not if she lives on a farm! From early till late she cooks, cleans, and mends. In her "spare time" she is expected to take care of the chickens and the garden. Rarely has she even a few precious moments of leisure. And if she sweeps and washes by main strength she is wearing herself out for three cents an hour. For that slight cost, electricity will run a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine, or a refrigerator or fan. For a little more it will operate electric cooking and heating devices. Save her time and strength with electric servants. Mountain States Power Company "YOUR PARTNERS IN PROGRESS"'