

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,
Springfield, Oregon.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE

One Year in Advance \$1.75 Three Months .75c
Six Months .90 Single Copy .5c

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1931

STATE MASTER SPEAKS TRUE

Charles C. Hulet, master of the state grange, gives some good advice in his address before the session of the state grange. Agriculture is the greatest business in the world and is the basis of all our prosperity. We must learn to patronize it more. In this regard Mr. Hulet says:

"The farmer has been accused of being a large user of agricultural substitutes. It is the truth that hurts. Let us look close at home and see if we can not do a great deal, ourselves, to bring agricultural prosperity. What Oregon raises and uses makes Oregon agriculture prosper.

"Chambers of commerce, service clubs, hotels, eating places emphasize the use of local agricultural products at their banquets and on their menus. Business men are using, very largely, Oregon products and have for their slogan, 'What Oregon makes, makes Oregon.' We must learn to patronize agriculture more ourselves and to spend less in non-agricultural lines.

"As there is no royal road to learning so there is no easy road to success.

"The farmer that refuses to patronize and standardize agriculture, refuses to study market conditions, refuses to recognize that he can do anything himself to help himself to help his condition, refuses to follow his product through to market and to see that the consumer is satisfied, is a menace to agriculture."

AFTER THE DEPRESSION — WHAT?

We are indebted to Rockwell Smith, a real estate man of Van Nuys, California, for the collection of certain facts about financial depressions in the past, which should be valuable in predicting the future. Mr. Smith went through a file of newspapers back to the 1850's and finds these facts:

- There was a business depression in 1857 lasting twelve months.
- There was a business depression in 1869 lasting eight months.
- There was a business depression in 1873 lasting thirty months.
- There was a business depression in 1884 lasting twenty-two months.
- There was a business depression in 1887 lasting ten months.
- There was a business depression in 1893 lasting twenty-five months.
- There was a business depression in 1907 lasting nearly twelve months.
- There was a business depression in 1914 lasting eight months.
- There was a business depression in 1921 lasting fourteen months.

The important thing about these past panics, however, is that every one of them has been followed by flush times, and the longer the depression lasted, the longer and more active the "boom."

The present depression has now lasted nearly twenty months. We can hardly say that the "boom" which will surely follow it has begun, but it is clearly on its way. And when it comes—oh, boy!

Several small children were drowned in the northwest this last week. Most of them were swimming or wading without the attention of their parents. It is nothing short of criminal negligence for parents to allow 8, 10 and 12 year old children to play near deep water. One of the faults of modern parenthood is the inattention of many parents to their smaller children.

Embarrassed because he ran into the street in his night clothes when the house next door caught fire, Louis H. Mears of Washington sued his neighbor for \$10,000 damages. Public liability insurance was needed in this case.

A North Dakota woman stabbed a tramp in the arm when he reached to steal a pie she had baked for her husband. A good cook usually defends her product, otherwise she would have hit him with a biscuit.

A Chicago man has gone to prison for confessing he had four wives, each one a nurse. He's lucky he did not have to go to a hospital.



GREED

If any writer were big enough to gather up all the thousands of stories of the stock market crash, he would have material for the Great American Novel.

For the bull market, and the catastrophe which ended it, represented all that is best and worst in the American character; our optimism, which is at once our strength and our weakness; our restless desire to better our condition by any available means; our worthy ambition and our unworthy greed.

One of the best of the market stories was told me by a celebrated surgeon whose name I can not recall.

"I worked hard for my money," he said, "and have never speculated. However, the fever got me finally, like everybody else. There was one particular stock which was a favorite in my city. Bank presidents and boot-blacks were in it together; it went up by leaps and bounds.

"Against all my traditions, I bought several hundred shares. It continued to climb; I had profit of many thousands of dollars.

"One night my wife saw me making penciled calculations on the margin of the newspaper. She said I ought not to be worrying about stocks, and she urged me to sell out and never think about the market again.

"I argued that by holding on for another ten points we could pay for the wing which she wanted to build on the house.

"While we were still talking, my little girl came in to ask my help on her Latin lesson for the next day. It was the translation of Aesop's fable of the dog and the bone. The dog, you remember, saw his reflection in the water, and thinking it was another dog whose bone he would steal, reached down with open jaws and lost his own bone.

"The moral of the fable was, 'Greed usually results in the loss of everything.'

"That night when I went to bed I could not sleep. The fable kept running through my mind. First thing next morning I telephoned my broker to sell me out. It happened that the stock went up a few more points, but a couple of weeks later it dropped like a shot. I was very lucky, and had sense enough not to think I had been smart. You can bet that I am done with speculating forever."



SECOND INSTALLMENT

The Kid's name was Bob Reeves, but back home on the Brazos they called him Tiger Eye, because one eye was yellow—the eye with which he sighted down a gun barrel. His father was "Killer" Reeves, but the boy did not want to kill. If he stayed home he would have to carry on his father's feud, so he headed his horse, Pecos, northward and encountered Nate Wheeler, who drew his .45 and fired just as Tiger Eye did. The Kid didn't want to kill Nate, only to cripple him, but his aim must have been wild, for Wheeler dropped from his horse. Babe Garner came riding up. Wheeler was a "nester," he said, and had it coming to him. Tiger Eye rode to Wheeler's cabin to notify the dead man's widow.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

"No'm yo'll bettah stay right heah. I'll go tote him in. Mis' Wheelah. I'll tote him on his hawse."

The mother stood upon the step and watched him go, her hand shielding her eyes from the last direct sunrays. Her face was white and her mouth was grim.

He knew there was murder in her heart; not for him who brought the message—for the man who had shot her husband.

A bleak sense of being somehow tricked by circumstances swept over the kid. It wasn't fair. He wasn't a killer, he hadn't wanted to kill, but a man lay dead because of the kid's bungling shot.

Shoah funny, Babe Garner being right there close where he could see and hear the whole thing. Never needed any explaining—just took it for granted the kid only did what he had to do. Never said a word, either, about that poor shooting.

Getting Wheeler on the pinto, tying him on with his own rope—like toting a deer out of the hills along the Brazos. The kid worked calmly enough but he worked fast and he did not look straight at Nate Wheeler's face; not once. Damn shame. Shooting Wheeler's arm down would have done just as well. Better. A damn sight better for the woman and that baby.

She was down by the gate, waiting in the dusk, when the kid came riding up, leading the pinto with his gristly pack. The little woman unfastened the gate, her fingers clinging to the weathered, strap-worn slick in her husband's hands.

She did not speak as the grim burden went through. Just reached out and caught a swaying, inert hand and laid it swiftly against her cheek and let it go. The kid swallowed hard and turned his tiger stare straight ahead, up the trail toward the darkened cabin.

"I'll go fix the bed for him," she announced dully, coming up as the kid halted at the doorstep and swung limberly down from the saddle.

The kid was unfastening the rope where the last hitch had been taken in the middle of Nate Wheeler's back. The body had sagged to one side, and the kid lifted it by one arm—the gun arm, the one he meant to "shoot down." The arm gave limply in his grasp, the bone shattered above the elbow; and the kid froze to an amazed immobility for ten seconds, his mind blank, his fingers groping and testing.

Arm shoah was plugged, all right. Not a doubt in the world about that. Funny the kid hadn't noticed it before. But, then, Wheeler had fallen on that side and his arm had been underneath, and the hole in his head was too plain to miss seeing. It never had occurred to the kid to look at that arm. Hadn't happened to get hold of it when he loaded him on the pinto, either. Hell, he hadn't missed, after all! Hit the arm right where he aimed, up above the elbow where there was only one bone to bust and no great harm done. Few weeks in a sling, arm good as ever.

The kid felt the little heat waves streaking up his spine at the woman's voice from the doorway, and the heat warmed and dissipated that cold lump he had been carrying in his chest. He hadn't bungled that shot, after all. Wheeler must have ducked his head right in line with the bullet. It was an accident—and that made a difference; a very great difference to the kid, justly proud of his skill.

He lifted Wheeler's body from the pinto to his own back, carried it in and laid it on the bed. The wife now stood staring down at him with the hot, dry eyes of hate. Hate for the man who had killed her husband.

"No—oh, no—oh, feed the pinto—and feed the team—" The little woman still rocked the baby, speaking jerkily like that between her moaning.

The kid went out and led Pecos and the pinto down to the stable. Pecos he led behind the stable. Dark, back in there, Pecos snorted a little, but he'd stand, all right. No use having him out in sight—not in a country where the nesters hollered "Draw, you coyote!" and then started popping it right to you, without waiting to see if you'd were going to draw.

The chores were soon done. How about a grave? Plump foolish to start digging, unless he knew where to dig, he ought to have the say about that, but he hated to ask her.

Riders coming. Poole men, maybe, after Nate Wheeler. They oughtn't to bother the widow now, the way she was feeling. The kid started running. He reached the cabin door and opened it while the riders were still at the gate.

"Men a-comin' heah, Ma'am. If yo'all don't want 'em—"

"Oh, let 'em come," she answered wearily. "They can't do any more damage. They've got Nate—they ought to be satisfied with that."

She got up and crossed the room, and presently the kid saw her face, dead white in the flare of a match she was drawing across the lamp wick.

The riders stopped outside the cabin and some one whistled a call—but it was not the night-bird call Babe Garner had taught the kid. Different. This was the first strain of that old war song, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

The kid's lips puckered thoughtfully and he repeated the strain, standing just inside the closed door. Friends, they must be; that is, friends of the Wheelers. He wouldn't have to dig that grave, after all. The kid was glad for he hated grave digging.

He opened the door and the men came in; four of them, one after the other. Shaggy, farmer-looking men, with stubby cheeks that stuck out on one side with great cuds of tobacco. The kid felt a vague distaste for them.

They halted at sight of him, huddling just within the room instead of scattering. But the kid's hat was off, and thought it gangled from his left hand he looked at home there, somehow. Besides, they had got their signal all right. The leader relaxed, dropping his hand to his side.

"We come to tell Nate there's a meetin' over to Hans Becker's place and we'd like to have him go along." He cast another suspicious glance toward the kid and checked what more he would have said.

"You better get ready and go too. The women are talkin' about stayin' in all together over there, where it's a big house and plenty of room, till we git the Poole—" He stopped again. "This boy workin' for you?" he asked brusquely.

"He's—been helping me—"

"Oh, I don't call him to mind. Yah want to look out for strangers. Where's Nate?"

The little woman lifted her hand from patting the baby, and pointed one finger to the corner where stood the bed.

"Sick?"

A headshake was his answer, and the kid did not move.

"No time to go on a toot, with the Poole—"

"They got him." Nate's wife spoke in that dull, level tone which the kid hated to hear. "Shot him on the road somewhere. The boy found him and brought him home."

The kid stood aside for them, as they rushed to the bed to look at Nate, but no one paid any attention to him. Not then. The tall man brought the lamp and they examined the body thoroughly. They muttered together, but the kid could not hear what they said, because he stayed back, near the foot of the bed. Near the door too. No use letting them block the way out, even if they did think he was working for the Wheelers.

There was a sudden and significant pause. The tall man leaned over and probed carefully with a finger, then stood up and spat over his shoulder into the shadows. He looked past his companions, fixing his unpleasant gaze on the kid.

accommodated you, by killin' Nate. Willin' to take Nate's place, mebby!"

The kid lifted his eyes now, though he was squinted shut and the other was the eye of a tiger, but he did not see him draw his gun, but the little woman jumped and caught her baby up against her breast at the shattering roar of the kid's shot.

"That's to earmark yo'all so white folks'll know and walk wide of a skunk," drawled the kid, as the tall man clapped a hand to his head. "And that's for spittin' on the floor." He added, on the echo of another shot. "Scuse me, Ma'am—I couldn't stand to see him insult yo'all that-a-way."

No one in that room saw the kid make a hurried move, but the door opened, fanned the acrid base of powder smoke and shut with a bang. Where the kid had stood was empty space. They looked at one another, and they looked at Pete Gorham, with the blood trickling down each side of his neck from the bullet holes bored through the gristly tops of his ears that stood out against the black brim of his hat.

Once more the kid was running away, but he was not taking any more time than was necessary. He was in the saddle and waiting, peering forth, when he heard the cabin door open, saw a dim shape steal out. Then another, and after a minute one more.

Afraid of him, the way they acted. Afraid he would hide outside in the dark and pick them off one at a time as they came out. That's about their notion of what a Texas killer would be like. That was about the way they would fight—Pete Gorham, anyway. Now he would go earmarked the rest of his life. Shoah was a neat trick, and tempting too, with his ears sticking up like a field mouse under his black hat. Shoah made a fine mark, easier than shooting the plips out of cards. The kid gave a sudden boyish laugh at the thought of those ears with their round bullet holes.

The three went in again, slipping in one at a time. The kid grinned again. He'd bet Pete Gorham was the man that stayed inside and didn't come out.

After awhile they came out again, this time with a lantern, one man walking ahead as if he were on guard. The kid didn't know about that lantern. If they went snooping around, and if they looked behind the stable, he might have to shoot somebody. Better not take a chance. So he backed Pecos a step at a time, back and back until they were out beyond the stable.

There, within sight of the gate—within easy shooting distance too—the kid waited in the gully not far from the gate. They drove away from the house at last, coming his way. One man was driving the team, his horse following behind the wagon. The little woman was on the seat beside him. Two riders went ahead.

Half a mile behind them, he followed the little cavalcade. Easy enough, with the cluck of the wagon coming faintly through the starlight. The kid wondered if they were afraid he might be on their track. Probably not. His little argument with Pete was kind of personal. One of the men didn't like Pete's remarks any too well. He'd be glad Pete got himself earmarked that-a-way.

TO BE CONTINUED

POTATO PROFITS DEPEND ON QUALITY OF PRODUCT

Large Crop of Spuds Predicted; Low Prices to Prevail for All But Best Grades

The profit which Oregon potato growers realize from their crop this year will depend considerably on their ability to produce a large percentage of high grade potatoes, keeping the amount of lower grade or No. 2 tubers down to a minimum, says E. R. Jackman, extension specialist in farm crops at Oregon State college.

Indications are for a large potato acreage this year, which will mean a big crop and low prices if yields are average, believes Jackman. If this is the case, he says, number twos will be worth only stock feed prices.

In irrigated sections, Jackman points out, early and frequent application of water helps in keeping down the percentage of low grade potatoes, while in non-irrigated regions conservation of moisture helps by planting potatoes on ground kept entirely free of plant growth since early spring given the best results. In the latter case, cultivation is practiced only as necessary to kill weed growth.

Careful digging practices are also important in keeping down the number of number two tubers caused by mechanical injury, Jackman says.

FREE MOVIE SHOWS FORD AUTO PLANT OPERATION

Sound Motion Picture Feature of Exhibition Arranged By Local Dealer

A sound motion picture graphically portraying the story of the Ford Motor company and its wide-spread activities will be exhibited free of charge in a special Ford exhibit to be held at Anderson Motors, Inc., garage Thursday, June 18. The show will be open to the public from 2 P. M. to 10 P. M.

The picture, entitled "A Tour Through the Ford Factory" will show the gathering of raw materials, their arrival at the Rouge Plant in Dearborn, Mich., and the numerous interesting stages through which they pass in the process of making Ford cars and trucks. It is, in short, an education in the extent and meaning of modern volume production.

While an unseen voice explains each scene, the audience is taken on a tour of the plant, through the great blast furnace building where ore is converted into iron; into the open hearth building where the iron becomes steel and is poured, a white hot liquid, into moulds; into the blooming mill where the steel ingots are made into bars; and into the rolling mill in which the long bars of white hot steel are reduced to definite sizes. Forty kinds of steel, each of a composition to serve a definite purpose, are used in the Ford car and truck.

The picture shows also the manufacture of glass in an endless unbroken strip, a process developed by Ford engineers; the machine shops in which parts for the car are manufactured; the pressed steel building with its gigantic presses; and the coke ovens and

other units in which by-products are recovered to the extent of millions of dollars annually.

Throughout the picture one sees literally miles and miles of conveyors which take much of the manual labor off the backs of men. There are conveyors carrying newly arrived materials into the plant, others taking parts from one building to another, and, of course, the final assembly line, that famous conveyor on which the parts are put together to form the completed car.

In addition to the picture, there will be a representative line of Ford cars and trucks and display boards containing car and truck parts.

The cars alone are well worth a visit for they include body types to suit any taste and to meet any occasion. Particularly attractive are the de luxe cars in which upholstery appointments are of a kind and quality usually found only in more expensive automobiles.

All the body types are featured by the Ford's new beauty of line and color. The deep radiator, the wide generous fenders, and the graceful sweeping lines of the bodies contribute to a pleasing whole. The cars may be obtained in a variety of color combinations.

YOUNG WIFE, AFRAID TO EAT, LIVES ON SOUP

"Afraid of stomach gas I lived on soup for 5 months. Then I tried Adlerika and now I eat most anything without any gas."—Mrs. A. Connor. Adlerika relieves stomach gas in TEN minutes!—its on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing old poisonous waste you never knew was there. Don't fool with medicine which cleans only PART of bowels, but let Adlerika give stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and get rid of all gas! Flanery's Drug Store.

STATE CHAMBER TO TALK PROMOTION AT MEETING

Directors of the State Chamber of Commerce and the member organizations are gathering at the Mult omah hotel in Portland today to discuss activities of the state body during the next year. Special emphasis will be placed on land settlement work which has proven very effective during the past year. Efforts will also be made to work out means of creating greater use of Oregon farm and manufactured products.

The meeting will be attended by a large number of Portland business leaders and by members of the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

GOOD CROWD ATTENDS FINAL LEGION DANCE

A good attendance was reported at the American Legion dance at Thurston hall Saturday evening. This is the last dance to be sponsored at the hall this season by the local legion post. The dances have been held every two weeks since early last fall.

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