

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1931

## TOO MANY HIGH SCHOOLS

It would seem to us that out of the contention over the Wheeler law now being waged by county and city districts might come legislation beneficial to both parties. There are too many high schools in Lane county, but too few good schools. Our system was laid out to serve the horse and buggy age.

Coming 10 or 15 miles to school by motor transportation is no farther than two or three miles used to be. Waterville this year is sending her pupils to Springfield as the district thinks it is better to transport them than to run a school in the district.

Economy in operation and efficiency in the larger units should be a basis for consolidating many of our high schools. While it would result in building up large schools in the cities at the expense of the country, we think that the quality of instruction and lowered cost of education should be factors that might well be considered both by city and rural people. If we are ever to have lower taxes then the schools must be operated at less cost and the best method to accomplish this reduction and still improve the quality of instructions is by establishing larger units, in our estimation.

## OH, YA!

Listening to supporters of Roseburg and Eugene as potential sites for the soldiers home one hears many things not realized before. For instance it seems that the difference in climate between the two places is about the same as between the North pole and the equator, that it rains and fogs continuously one place while the sun shines every day at the other, that one locality is as fertile as the Garden of Eden while the other is as barren as a great desert. All of which of course is horsefeathers. When will Oregon cities learn to sell themselves without knocking one another?

This Pacific slope country is pretty much alike. We've lived in Seattle and in San Francisco but we have never noticed much difference in the kind of clothes the average person wears in either place. But there is a whale of a difference when the natives talk about each others climate, which is largely a matter of delusion.

One of the attractions on the World Press congress program in Mexico City this summer is a bull fight. Oregon editors who met at the state convention in Salem were addressed by Governor Meier and Secretary Hal Hoss, and came home talking about a Hoss fight. Takes something unusual to entertain the editorial mind.

Ranchers in the Eden valley district, heretofore only reached by trail and pack train, are starting an airplane freight lane. Eden valley is in Douglas county 50 miles southwest of Roseburg. The airplane now days is beating the highway to many places, especially is this true in Alaska. Our frontiers are where the planes fly now days.

France wants to know before she agrees on a moratorium of Germany's war debts that none of the money saved will be spent on armaments. That would be a good question for the United States to ask also. The German government is still a foxed lot.

More butter and less oleo is being consumed lately as a result of the low butter prices, according to the state college extension service. Dairymen can content themselves that maybe the low prices are doing some good after all.

Lime has been discovered at the Black Butte mines. No doubt some day there will be many elements taken from the mines in this county which are not now mined in commercial quantities.



There have been many serious conferences in this year of tough business, and recently I attended one of them.

The problem was whether a certain industry, which was encountering difficulties, could be kept going. Three men spoke; their remarks were about as follows:

First Man: Conditions are much worse than anybody is willing to admit. Car loadings are off; steel production is flat; the automobile industry is on its back; every business barometer points down. You can argue that the country has faced the same situation before and come through. But this is different. Now America is a world power, dependent on world markets. Wherever you look in the world you see nothing but trouble. I think that any enterprise which is losing money ought to be stopped. We are not justified in taking chances.

Second Man: I wouldn't go as far as the first speaker. Things are undeniably bad and may get worse, but I do not think we are justified in assuming that the world is going busted. What we need is plenty of time to get all the facts and talk them over and be sure we are right. I suggest we appoint a committee, and then we can meet again in a couple of weeks and have another conference.

Third Man: I disagree with everything that has been said. This depression isn't different from a hundred others that have preceded it. Always people lose hope just when the turn is about to come. Always it is argued that "conditions this time are different." I do not see that we shall gain anything by appointing committees or delaying action. What we need is not more facts but more guts. I am in favor of going to work right now to pull this business through.

Men divide themselves into different classifications which are called by various names. There are the optimists who are consistently hopeful and the pessimists who always fear the worst.

There are what the psychologists term the "introverts," those whose eyes are turned inward, the brooders, the hypocondriacs, the mystics; and the "extraverts," whose vision is outward and forward.

In good days it is not so easy to distinguish, but these past few months have been a testing time. They have divided all men into three groups:

The Defeatists—who say conditions are different; it can't be done.

The Debaters—who say, let us appoint a commission and adjourn until another time.

The Doers—who say, let us pick out the toughest problem and hit it first.

Each of us falls into one or the other of these groups. In which one are you?

# TIGER EYE

By B. M. Bower

## SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Bob Reeves, the Kid, was nick-named Tiger Eye by his friends down in the Brazos country because his "gun-eye" was yellow. When his father, "Killer Reeves," died the Kid left Texas to avoid continuing his father's feud. Reaching Montana he is forced to live on Nate Wheeler, an irate neighbor. In the exchange of shots Wheeler drops dead, the Kid later learning that Bob Garner who had also shot at the same time, really killed Wheeler.

Garner gets the Kid to join the Poole outfit as a rim rider. The Kid succors Wheeler's widow and is interrupted by Pete Gorham and some other nesters. He shoots Gorham through both ears for coupling his name with Wheeler's widow. Later he rescues a girl, Nellie, and her dad from Gorham, wounding Pete again. The girl, in spite of her belief the Kid is an imported Texas killer, warns him the nesters will kill him. The Kid warns Garner the nesters are planning an attack on the Poole outfit. He meets Jess Markel, a Texan who is boss of the Poole wagon crew.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

The Kid tilted his head in response to a nod or two, and took his place at one side of the group—the right side, which left his gun arm free and gave him a clear path to his horse.

Babe left him, going on to the house, where he knocked on a door.

Babe was a long time in the house. "Peared like he must have a right smart to say to the Old Man. The Kid's feet grew tired, standing there leaning against the fence, but he didn't sit down.

Another man rode up, some foreman or other. He told them to feed their horses and stay for dinner, and the group stirred and went off to attend to their mounts. The Kid loosened the saddle on Pecos and Babe's horse, slipped off their bridles and turned them into the corral.

Babe's voice calling out some careless remark to the foreman came to him at last, and over at the log house, beyond the cottonwood some one was pounding on a tin pan to say dinner was ready.

Men were already splashing at the was basin on the bench outside the door when the kid came up. Babe emptied his basin with a fling of soapy water into the bushes at the end of the house, gave the basin to the kid and went inside, but stopped just inside the door and stared back over his shoulder at the kid as if he were expecting something.

The kid dipped water from the big bucket standing there—gently, lest the splash should drown some little sound he ought to hear; some little sound Babe was listening for, there inside the door.

Somebody coming across the yard, walking kinda slow and careful. Hungry men don't walk thataway to their dinner. The kid took out his little black pocket comb, unfolded it and leaned to the wavy mirror in its cheap frame. He looked within and with his left hand he drew the comb through his thick, wavy locks that just missed being red. Babe was still standing just inside the door, still looking out at the kid, waiting for him, waiting for something else too.

But even though Babe stood there waiting, he jumped when the kid whirled and fired.

The kid ducked past the window and then backed slowly, keeping close to the wall. His yellow right eye had the cold glare of a tiger, as he watched the men rushing out to see what had happened. Twenty feet away, a man staidied himself and reached backward with his

left hand, and the kid saw and let him get the gun before he fired again. The man dropped the second gun and stood there, holding two bloody fists out before him, staring from them to the kid.

"Yo'll stop where yoah at," the kid said to those at the door, and they halted on the broad step.

"I'll kill yo'all foh this, Tiger Eye Reeves!" raved the man with the bloody fists.

"Yo' kaint," the kid replied in his melodious drawl. "Yo'all nevah will shoot no moah, Jess Markel."

"Fer Gawd's sake, Tiger Eye!" cried Babe from the step. "What's it all about? You said you didn't know Jess."

"I nevah did say I don't know Jess Markel. I said men easy drop theah Texas names awn the trail up heah. I nevah did say I don't know that lobo."

"Git 'im boys!" raved Jess, holding out his two shattered hands—"That's Killer Reeves' youngest boy—and the worst of the lot! Look what he done to me!"

"I nevah do bust down a hand lessen theah's a gun in it," the kid said.

"What yuh pull a gun on him for, Jess?" The foreman walked scowling toward the wounded man. "The kid's dead right. You had your guns out when he shot."

"He's Killer Reeves' son, didn't I tell yo'all? His pap killed my pap, that's why."

"Yoah pap nevah did draw quick enough," the kid reminded him.

"He's a damn killer and the son of a killer!" raved Jess.

"I don't nevah shoot a man in the back, like yo'all tried to do," the kid said coldly.

Walter Bell himself came with long, angry steps from the house.

"You the fellow that shot my wagon boss?" Bell snapped.

"Yes, suh."

"You've crippled him for life, know that?"

"Yes, suh. That's what I aimed to do."

"Did eh? You'll have to show a damn good reason for that, young man."

"Yes suh. I was combin' my hair and I saw Jess slippin' up, aimin' to shoot me in the back. Seems like a Markel kaint face a man in theah killin's, nobow. He kaint kill no mo'—lessen he kicks 'em like a mule."

"Jess had both guns out, Mr. Bell," the foreman here remarked and pointed to the two smeared six-shooters on the ground. "The kid's telling it straight. I was combin' from the stable and I saw the whole thing. Young Reeves was combin' his hair, just as he says. Jess pulled his gun and Reeves, here, whirled and shot. He must have drawn his gun, but I never saw him do it. He sure as hell wasn't combing his hair with his six-gun."

The group at the mess-house door laughed at that, and Walter Bell turned on Jess.

"You brought it on yourself," he growled. "Come on up to the house and I'll fix you up till you can get a doctor. Reeves, I'll see you at the house after dinner."

"Yes suh."

"You done right, Tiger Eye," said Babe, as the two lingered outside.

"Shoah tried to Babe."

"I thought Jess acted kinda funny, when we was over there at the round-up. He asked me who I had with me, and I said a young feller from down on the Brazos. He wanted your name and I give it to him. He never said anything, but I suspicioned he knowed yuh or had



heard of yuh, just by his looks. But you never let on like you knowed him, so I let it pass."

Babe gave that sharp, sidelong look of his. The kid drew a long, relieved breath and looked at Babe with the old faith shining in his eyes.

"You'll get the job, all right," Babe said in his ear, when the two paused outside in the shade of the cabin to roll and light a cigarette apiece before the kid went up to interview Walter Bell.

Jess, on his way to the stable with the foreman, scowled and turned his face the other way, walking wide of the kid. Both hands were bandaged and carried in a sling before him and he looked sick. The kid's lips tightened a little as Jess passed. Killer—but he never would kill again. Not after those smashed knuckles got well. They'd be stiff as sticks. Jess would lose some of his fingers, the kid reckoned hopefully.

"You done right, Kid," Babe flicked his thumb-nail across a match head, lighted the cigarette and snapped the stub in two pieces before he dropped them at his feet. "He'd'a got you and never give warnin'." Damn! sneak—didn't think Jess was that kinda man."

"If every killah had his hands broke, this would be a right peaceful land, Babe."

Babe shivered in spite of himself.

"I'd as soon be killed as crippled," he said shortly.

"Shucks! Yo'all ain't a killah, Babe. Man's got a right to defend himself, I reckon. That's what Pap always said. Yo'll wouldn't shoot a man lessen he come at yuh with his gun out, Babe."

"Shore not," Babe shot a keen glance at the kid. "Come on and talk to the Old Man. Just red tape, but you oughta meet him. He told me he'd put yuh on and let yuh ride rim with me."

There were things the kid would like to ask Babe about the valley. That ranch out a ways from the rim, not in the coulee but tucked down behind a low ridge, where the long streak of cottonwoods showed there was a creek—the kid would like to know the name of the folks that lived there. But he couldn't ask, or Babe might kinda suspicion it was the girl, Nellie, that the kid wanted to know about.

The kid focused his field glasses on the ridge, but he couldn't see anything but a fence running up along the side. The ranch was over behind, about where the line of cottonwoods quit. Old pappy wasn't feeling right good the other day; seemed like he oughta ride down there and see how the old feller was getting along, anyway. Would he take but a minute to ride down and see how her old pappy was feeling. Babe never need to know a thing about it.

So the kid went down into the valley where the nesters would shoot a Poole rider like a coyote. Babe had told him to ride across the Bench to the river and scout around there for any sign of branding fires or cattle held within corals hidden in the thickets.

The kid felt pretty guilty and mean, going off like this on a side trip of his own, but he didn't feel guilty enough or mean enough to turn back from the quest of Nellie's home and Nellie's last name.

By the time he reached the lower end of the ridge the kid realized that he was head and shoulders above the level of the valley. But the ridge was friendly and shielded him from view to the south, and the brushy undergrowth along the

creek gave protection there. He felt safe enough to give his full attention to the ranch he was approaching.

This was where Nellie lived. Yes, sir, she lived right up this road a piece. The kid's heart thumped as he could feel it. He rode forward and unhooked the gate.

The kid was glancing this way and that, to the garden path, the grove, the corral, the house, looking for a girl with yellow hair. Wonderful hair! The kid never could forget how it looked flying loose. Like a banner of gold whipping in the sun. It made a funny kind of lump in his throat now, just to think of the way she looked with all that hair flying loose. Like an angel in a gingham dress, kinda.

The sharp, venomous crack of a rifle up on the ridge behind the house struck away those thoughts. And then he heard the piercing shriek of a woman. The kid knew that sound bitterly well and a hot crimple went up his spine. With one savage lift of his spurs he jumped Pecos out from behind the stack and went thundering up the road. No need to fear a bullet now from that rifle. Killers don't wait, when a woman raises the oath scream.

"Nellie! Come quick! They've got him—They've killed him—Oh; my God! Come and help get him in—They've killed him—Oh, he's dead—"

Too well the kid knew that tragic litany. His lips pressed their soft curves into a thin line. His twinkling blue eye half closed to let the tiger look through that yellow right eye of his. He stepped limberly down from the saddle and ran and knelt on one knee beside the wailing woman, huddling to her breast the loling old head of her man.

"Ma'am, take away yoh ahms, till I tote him inside—"

She looked up at him blankly, her eyes too full of her tragedy to see aught else.

Then Nellie came running from somewhere up along the base of the ridge.

"You! What've you done? What'd you do it for? Ma—oh, Mother, don't!"

Pity tore at the kid's heart as he looked at the two of them covering together, but his voice was gently insistent.

"If yo'all would get her away so I can tote him inside—"

"Come, Mother." Obediently the girl began pulling and coaxing.

"We must get him in—You go fix the bed, Mother—"

"Yes— yes, I'll go spread up the bed—"

With the limp, bony old man sagging a deadweight in his young arms, the kid went into the house. Little old pappy had been shot in the back when he walked out into the yard. Killer's work. Dry-gulched, they called it up here. Killer waiting behind a rock with rifle ready till his man came along. Then pull the trigger a time or two, look to see if the bullets went straight—and then run for a horse tied somewhere out sight in the bushes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**AUTOS ARE SIDESWIPED ON BRIDGE APPROACH**

Two automobiles were sideswiped here Sunday afternoon when they collided at the west approach to the new bridge over the Willamette river.

According to the accident report made at the city hall by the drivers of the machines, G. Horton of Hornbrook, California, was driving

west across the bridge and started to turn to south. Fred Stevens, Jr. the other driver, declared that he did not see Horton signal for a turn and therefore did not slow down. No serious damage was done.

Traffic was not as heavy up the McKenzie highway this year over the Fourth as it usually is, and very few accidents of any kind were reported in the city, according to Lam Anderson, police chief.

## NEW STORE OPENS

We wish to announce we have purchased the Kennett Store stock and expect to continue business permanently in Springfield. A full line of standard brand merchandise at low prices will be carried.

We like this town and the locality and wish to make all your acquaintances.

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---GEORGE P. HOFFMAN

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## Looks Like A Good Garden This Year

By Albert T. Reid



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