

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1931

## YES, AND HOW?

We are told on the one hand by Governor Meier and his hand-picked tax league that taxes should come down 20 per cent. We are told on the other hand by Governor Meier and members of the highway commission that the state should spend a million dollars this winter on road building to give employment, and the counties should do likewise.

We are told further by Governor Meier that salaries should not be reduced by school districts or counties.

In other words the municipalities should create all the employment they can, keep wages up and cut taxes 20 per cent. Since nearly all of our taxes goes to pay off principal and interest on bonded indebtedness, (obligations which we cannot escape), and for personal service and public improvement (chiefly roads) it is difficult to see how Governor Meier's program is consistent.

Nine out of 10 of all budget committees we have seen in action worry and plan on how they can keep expenditures inside of the six per cent limitation with the demands of the people confronting them for more and more service. They would surely throw up their hands and surrender if they attempted to follow the governor's program.

True, if taxes are to be lowered, they must be lowered by the county, cities, road and school districts. The governor, to be consistent, should say to the county officials:

"You must cut wages 10 per cent and reduce the size of your force 10 per cent to come inside my 20 per cent program. You shall build no new roads and make the maintenance crews work harder for less money on the ones you now have.

The governor should say, to be consistent, to the city officials:

"You should make the same reductions in wages as I have demanded of the counties and also not sweep the streets and flush the sewers so often; let each merchant and property owner be responsible for the condition of the street in front of his own door. Also turn off every other street light and don't burn so much juice.

The governor should say, to be consistent, to the various school boards:

"You should employ 10 per cent fewer teachers at a 10 per cent reduction in salary and make them teach more pupils. Also have them come early in the morning that they may sweep their respective rooms out and save janitor hire."

If the governor would put out a program as outlined above he might as well go one step farther and declare a moratorium on all state and municipal indebtedness. He would then have accomplished in full his 20 per cent program. Also, he would have sung his political swan song.

## ARMY AVIATION NEARER TO US

The visit of the planes of the U. S. Army 489th bombing squadron to Eugene has reminded the people here that in the event of another war aviation will be one of the chief branches of the service. These are the birds that will make life miserable for the warring countries. They not only drop bombs on the opposing armies but also all over the civil population. We have seen cities in France that were almost a total wreck after a few days of nightly bombardment by German planes. The people each evening went into caves or into the fields to find places to sleep where they would not so likely wake up with a bomb in bed.

Major Logg, who commanded the squadron on its Eugene visit, was a private in the same National Guard company with us in Mexico in 1916. Then he did not think much of the "flying coffins," as the infantrymen termed the airplanes. But now he thinks differently. Aviation has made great strides in 15 years along with other and more deadly methods of warfare.

The science of flying is developing rapidly to be sure when a one-eyed man can fly around the world in nine days over countries he has never seen before.

# THE FAMILY DOCTOR

JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

## RADIO AND HEALTH

Radio, the crowning achievement of its time, and one of our greatest blessings, may be degraded to a mere matter of dollars and cents, when mankind descends wholly to that level. Did you ever think that your receiving set may lead you headlong into the open arms of the nostrum-vendor and quack, solely in the interest of his pocketbook? That you are made poorer and he the richer by your own soft gullibility?

It gives me a first-rate of nausea to hear the blatant yawn of some hired man for a quack concern, pleading with me and you to go to the drug store, first thing in the morning and BUY a bottle of germ-killer that knocks 'em in a specified number of seconds!

These fellows that never crossed the threshold of a pathological laboratory in their lives, presume to tell me about "bacterit." They infer off-hand that you and I have a mouthful, neckful, stomach full of potent germs, deadly in character, if not killed off at once by the great bottled savior of mind and body; they juggle handily with laboratory terms, as though they had been raised on test tubes and retorts and chemical reactions; all to get YOU and ME to BUY their gully wash and soak it into our systems.

And do we buy it? We certainly do; we buy stuff of which we know absolutely nothing, at the solicitation of an itinerant who is solely interested in the sum he can extract from your purse, and who knows and cares nothing about the stuff he is paid to peddle. He gets his pabulum into the family, into your children, into you and your wife—and if you all use it four or six times a day, all the better—for the nostrum-vendor. For, nine out of ten, you could use hot water and boracic acid with better results at one-twentieth the cost.

A good rule for the rural radio-fan is, to believe nothing he hears from a paid propagandist. He has an ax to grind, and you, dear reader, have been picked out to turn the grindstone. Summon your horse sense; that my advice.

# TIGER EYE

by B. M. Gower

## SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

Bob Reeves, the Kid, was nicknamed Tiger Eye by his friends down in the Brazos country because his "gun-eyes" were yellow. When his father, "Killer Reeves," died the Kid left Texas to avoid continuing his father's feud. Reaching Montana he is forced to draw on Nate Wheeler, an irate nester. 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 'lete 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. That night the Kid shoots Markel through both hands when the latter attempts to kill him for being the son of Killer Reeves. The rest of the gang approves of the Kid's action. While near Nellie's home he hears the crack of a rifle and finds her dad has been shot from ambush and helps carry the dead man into his house.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

The kid's face was bleak and old when he turned from the bed and Nellie's mother kneeling beside it, her arms thrown out and clutching her dead with the tenseness of despair. Nellie was holding herself calm in spite of her horror. The kid saw her in the kitchen, dipping water into the wash basin on the bench beside the back door. But as he went out to wash her father's life blood from his hands, he remembered her words and halted, looking at her strangely.

"What call have you got to think I done it?" he demanded. "He was shot in the back, from somehewer up awn the hill. I was awn the road coming along by the old stack. Yo'all can go look at the hawse tracks and see foh yosef."

"I don't have to. I know what made me say that. Mr.—I know you didn't do it."

"Reeves," said the kid, flushing a little "Bob Reeves is my name, Miss—"

"Murray," said the girl, and put up a hand to smooth her hair. "What shall we do?" She bit her lips, fighting back tears, and the color crept into her cheeks as she met the kid's grave look.

"I'll stay, heah, Miss Murray, while yo'all go foh help. I'd go myself, but I couldn't do no good. Some nestah would try and shoot me foh a Poole ridah, I reckon. If theah's a hawse yo'all can ride—"

"I could ride Prince, but he's up in the pasture, and he's awful mean to catch."

"I reckon I can get 'im. My hawse is plumb foolish ovah any ridah but me, or I'd let yo'all take him."

"No, yo'll have to be ready to go before any one gets here. Prince is the sorrel with one white eye. Oh, hurry!"

He rode into the pasture and roped the sorrel with the white eye, found a sidesaddle and put it on with meticulous care.

The girl looked at him, toward the cabin where her mother was weeping in great heavy, heartbreaking sobs.

"I'm—we're much obliged, Mr. Reeves. You—you always come when I—when we need help. Promise you won't stay till they come back with me."

"I promise to go—but I kaint promise I won't come back." He watched her ride off at a gallop, her gingham shirt whipping out beside the sorrel's flanks, her yellow braid swinging in the breeze. His glance fell then to the trampled dirt under his feet, and the bleak look returned to his face. He turned and scanned the ridge. Its side was mostly brushy and with a stunted tree growing here and there, but at the top there was a rough outcropping of brown sandstone with rock slabs tilted this way and that.

The kid was sure the killer had waited behind those rocks; just as sure as if he had seen him there. But he didn't go up right then to prove it. He went into the house instead and stood with his hat in his hand, looking down at the dead man and at the woman huddled on the floor beside the bed.

The kid stood looking down at her for a minute. He took the two tin water buckets and followed a path from the back door to a spring, and brought back fresh water. She looked at him then; looked at him long before she took the glass and drank. "You're a good boy," she said. "Where's Nellie?" She stared around her.

The kid told her. She did not seem to listen, but returned to her weeping. The kid wished she wouldn't cry like that; she sounded so much like his mother when Papp lay on the bed under a sheet. Killers oughta be made to sit and listen to the widows of the men they shoot in the back.

The kid turned on the doorstep and leaned his head in at the doorway. "Good-by, Ma'am," he called softly. "Reckon I'll have to be goin' now."

"Good-by," she answered brokenly. "Look out them Poole killers don't get you!"

"Shoah will," said the kid. Promised Nellie he'd go. Somehow he made a bond between them which the kid would never break. He was going because Nellie made him promise. And he was going to hunt down the killer, because it was Nellie's old pappy he had shot.

Insolence leered up at the kid from every boot mark behind the tilted slabs of rock. The killer had not even tried to scuff out his tracks with a side-wise drag of the foot.

The kid's eyes went seeking here and there. Killer as careless as this and as sure of Poole protection—pears like he might leave some sign more than boot tracks.

Been smoking up here too. The kid's thoughts halted as abruptly as his body. Even his heart stopped dead still in his chest; or at least it felt as if it had. The blood froze in his veins so that his face had a pinched, old look. He bent stiffly with a slow reluctance, utterly unlike himself, and picked up something here, over there another something, and he stood up, looking at them in the palm of his hand.

Two pieces of broken match! Two pieces fitting together—match snapped in the fingers and dropped. Babe! Babe a Poole killer!

Bushwhacking nesters from behind rocks; that's what he was doing. Playing the kid for a sucker. Lay on the bunk, pretending he was reading story books all evening—hell! Lay there planning how he'd go out next morning and drygulch some poah devil of a nester, that's what! Babe!

He gave himself a little shake, snapped back to clear and pitiless thinking. He lifted his head, pushed his stiffened lips and whistled the signal of all Poole riders. Babe pulled open the door and stood there grinning as the kid rode up. The kid grinned back at Babe, but his eyes gave their warning. His blue left eye was squinting and the amber right eye was opened full and had the baleful stare of a tiger stalking his kill.

"Well, yuh made it ahead of the storm," Babe called cheerfully, as the kid swung down at the door. "Fraid yuh might get caught out. Tiger Eye. Goin' to be a rip-snoozer, when it gets here."

The kid turned and looked where a greenish-black cloud mass came coiling up from the southwest. He brushed past him and went inside, turning to face Babe.

"What's the matter, Tiger Eye? Anything happen?"

"Yes, suh. Righ smaht happened, Babe. A nestah got killed. Babe's cold gray eyes scrutinized the kid. He closed the door against a puff of wind, leaned his back against it, his thumbs hooked inside his cartridge belt. The kid's vivid picture of him revised itself in certain details with pitiless accuracy. Babe would not fall be-



## TRULY GREAT

By William H. Davis

My walls outside must have some flowers. My walls within must have some books; A house that's small; a garden large, And in it leafy nooks.

A little gold that's sure each week; That comes not from my living kind. But from a dead man in his grave. Who cannot change his mind.

A lovely wife, and gentle, too; Contented that no eyes but mine Can see her many charms, nor voice To call her beauty fine.

Where she would in that stone age live, A self-made prisoner with me; While many a wild bird sang around, On gate, on bush, on tree.

And she sometimes to answer them, In her far sweeter voice than all; Till birds, that loved to look on leaves, Will doat on a stone wall.

With this small house, this garden large, This little gold, this lovely mate, With health in body, peace at heart, Show me a man more great.

## POULTRY PRODUCTION

### HOLDING OWN IN STATE

Large Flocks Necessary to Meet Expenses When Operating on Small Profit Margin

In spite of the fact that poultry prices seem to have hit rock bottom during the past year, poultry production on the whole is more than holding its own with other Oregon farm enterprises, according to A. G. Lunn, chief of the poultry department of the Oregon Experiment station.

"I do not know of any major branch of agriculture today that is paying the producer as well as the poultry business," Lunn said. "The poultryman who has good stock and enough of it can more than pay his basic cost of production, even though he may not get interest on investment."

The situation during the past year has emphasized more strongly than ever, Lunn believes, the importance of the size of the poultry flock. Where poultry constitutes the principal farm income a flock of not less than 1000 hens is essential. Small flock owners are just "out of luck" during such times of stress, he says.

Lunn believes that the lowest levels of egg and poultry prices have been reached that may be expected for at least a couple of years, and that with fewer eggs in storage and fewer birds being raised, the price of eggs this year will be an improvement over last. This, however, depends somewhat on general business conditions, he says.

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## They Eat Their Heads Off

By Albert T. Reid



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