

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 \$1.00 Single Copy 5c

County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1932

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

The tourist crop promises to be our biggest industry this year. From California comes news that on account of the many national conventions and the Olympic games five times as many tourists are expected to come to the coast as have ever been here in one year before.

Oregon with the Coast highway, the Dalles-California, the Pacific, Columbia and McKenzie highways completed should draw hundreds of thousands of cars. Everybody in the state can help expand the tourist dollars through information and assistance to the tourist.

Captain Winch in his lecture here told a story that happens only too often in Oregon. A tourist parked by the curb in Portland and stepped out on the sidewalk to look around. Another traveler who had been in the city a few days and had found himself stepped up to the first middle westerner, and inquired if he could give him any help.

Tourist travel is expanding faster than most of us realize. Only ten years ago the visitors at the Oregon Caves were only 1000 a year. Last year 30,000 people saw the caves. All other tourists attraction points can report large gains.

We cultivate our field crops and gardens to make them grow. We should cultivate more our tourist crop if we want larger returns.

MCKENZIE TO BE WIDELY ADVERTISED

Moving pictures of the McKenzie river taken last week by Captain Frank Winch, of the Gilmore Oil company, will be shown in the east to 20,000,000 people. The story starts at the Springfield bridge and pictures the McKenzie by automobile to Blue river and then down the river in a boat.

We are grateful for the dozen or more prominent citizens who called by phone or wrote us letters complimenting us on our stand in behalf of the University of Oregon and a safe legislative ticket.

It has been many years since a citizen of Springfield has held county office. We have our chance to elect "Tom" Swarts as sheriff. He is more capable than any man running for the office.

We're not making any recommendations as to whom to elect for district attorney. But we do remind you that Lane county is the biggest corporation in this part of Oregon and should have the best legal counsel it is possible to get.

Lindbergh in his sorrow, the loss of his son, has been double crossed by men whom he thought his friends. Time has been wasted in following these false clues and the lone eagle is practically broke.

Remember—Hill, Huntington and McCornack. Lane county can not afford to give up the University of Oregon. She must be protected in the legislature.

Way of Life by BRUCE BARTON UNKNOWN

Buried in the middle of the second volume of Lincoln Steffens' autobiography are some paragraphs on education for which I extend my thanks.

"Thinking back over my school and college courses," he says, "I could see that one trouble with our education was that it did not teach us what was not known, not enough of the unsolved problems of the sciences, of the arts, and of life.

"It gave us positive knowledge where there was no certain knowledge, and worst of all, when we did not particularly want it. We were not curious as students, and we are not curious enough now as men and women.

If a copy of this paper happens to fall into the hands of a college president, I should like to suggest to him the establishment in his college of a lecture course on The Unknown.

The first lecture might be by a professor of physics. He would doubtless start by dropping a paper weight on the desk, saying, "That is something which no human being understands. We call it 'gravitation,' at no man in the world knows what gravitation is."

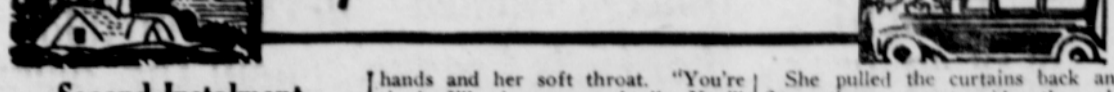
The second lecture might well be a professor of economics. He would have to say something like this: "We do not know why good times come or why they leave. We have many impressive phrases in our business. We speak of 'gold supply' and 'commodity prices' and 'speculation,' and so forth. We make many charts. These charts only tend to show what goes up must come down and that history has a way of repeating itself. But why it repeats itself, we really do not know."

The third lecturer, of course, should be a philosopher or a theologian. He would say: "No one knows how the universe started or what is its object. Some men call themselves philosophical pessimists and pretend to know that it has no meaning. Some of us prefer to believe that it has a Maker and a meaning. We feel that this positive faith gives life more significance, more cheer."

Such a lecture course would cure the colleges of afflicting the world with wise young men. The graduates would be humble, curious, thrilled by the challenge of so much to learn, so many things to try.

Also, they would understand why no man needs to be ashamed to say: "I do not know, but I believe."

MAN MADE THE TOWN by RUBY M. AYRES



Second Instalment

At twenty-two the only thing Diana really desired was another woman's husband. A nervous wreck from the excitement and strain of London's gay life, she is taken by her aunt, Mrs. Gladwyn, to a famous speciality office. The doctor orders her to the country for a long rest. She rebels, but the doctor is hands-on and will not let her leave until she has the great man himself for an assistant. Dr. Rathbone, "God made the country and man made the town," he tells her, and she agrees to go to a rural retreat.

"And where does he suggest sending you?" "On Dartmoor, to a cottage where I can go about without shoes and stockings and get sunburnt."

"Well, are you going to take his advice?" Diana giggled. "He told me to go to-morrow—or to-night, if possible, and take you with me."

Mrs. Gladwyn sat bolt upright. "The man's mad," she declared indignantly. Diana reflected, thinking of Rathbone a little wistfully.

He had seemed such a particularly sane person, in spite of his blunt manner, and yet she knew she had no intention of following his advice. "I'm not going to-night, anyway," she said. "I'm going out to dinner."

"You look more fit for bed," was her aunt's retort, but she felt relieved; the mention of dinner made her more hopeful.

She did not want to go out—at least, half of her did not want to go, that miserable sickly physical part of her that seemed to cry out only for rest and sleep; but the other part of her, her heart and brain, was on fire.

It was for him she had stayed in town—in order to be near him while his wife was away, and in spite of all her eager anticipation she had got very little happiness out of their days together.

He was difficult and exacting, and she had to cope with a situation that was rapidly growing out of hand.

To-night they were going to dine at his flat. CHAPTER II Driving away in the car with Dennis Waterman, Diana was once again angrily conscious of her weakness and lassitude.

An only son of extravagant people who had died leaving him a fortune, but a crop of debts had married Linda Dawson, a rich girl who had been blinded by her love for him to his selfishness and uselessness.

But she was no fool, and once she had recovered from the shock of disillusionment she had set herself to smile and remain friends with a husband whom she still loved.

She never questioned him about his mode of living, or objected to his friendships, and the nearest approach they had ever had to a quarrel had been over money matters, when she had calmly told him that her banking account was no longer at his disposal.

He would receive an allowance, she said with a friendly smile; her solicitors would attend to it, but he must keep within its limits, and no further debts would be settled for him.

Dennis had tried anger, wounded dignity, and finally cajolery, but Linda had been immune to them all.

"I'm not coming with you," she said calmly. "I don't think I'm even angry with you, because I know you can't help the way you've been brought up. You ought to be able to now, I suppose, but I can see it's impossible, so I have made this arrangement for both of us, and you will be quite free to go your way, and I shall go mine."

Diana was difficult; she loved him, and she wanted to be his wife—a most unreasonable desire.

Other fellows had their love affairs without the knowledge of their wives, but there Diana was absurdly difficult.

It must be all or nothing; she had said that scores of times, and they had quarreled over it and said good-bye forever, only to find they could not live without one another.

And now here they were again, back on the old ground, with nothing decided. The car stopped, and Diana roused herself with a little laugh of apology.

They went through the big door and were whirled upstairs in the lift. It was as she entered the room with its shaded lights and dainty appointments that Diana suddenly remembered that this flat belonged to Linda. There were a hundred signs of her everywhere; it almost seemed as if her shadow sat in a corner of the big cushioned divan, laughing at them in her inimitable way.

When Dennis tried to take her wrap she resisted. "I wish I hadn't come."

"What nonsense!" He kissed her hands and her soft throat. "You're tired. I'll mix you a cocktail. You'll feel better directly."

He bent and kissed her. "Now, drink this and see if it doesn't put new life into you."

She sipped it and put the glass down on a table at her elbow. "I suppose you think I'm horribly cheap," she said slowly.

"I think you're adorable." She considered that. "But adorable things can be cheap," she said painfully after a moment.

There was a discreet tap at the door, and Dennis sprang up and went over to the cocktail table again. "Come in."

"Dinner is served, sir." They went into the dining room, Linda's dining room, Diana thought with a little quiver, and when they were served Dennis sent the maids away.

"Do you mind?" he asked. "We can't talk if they stay." Diana had made a pretense of eating, but now that the servants' watchful eyes were no longer there she gave it up and leaned back in her chair.

"What's going to become of us, Dennis?" she asked. He did not answer for a moment, and when at last he spoke he carefully avoided looking at her.

"I brought you here to talk about that." "Oh!" A little shaft of hope struck her heart again. "Do you mean—will Linda..."

Linda will never divorce me," she stood up, holding the back of her chair for a moment with an overwhelming sense of weakness; then she went before him back to the room with its shaded lights and curtains undrawn against the summer night.

She felt his arms round her, drawing her close to him, and with a return of the passion he always seemed to awake in her she turned and clung to him. "Don't let them send me away from you, Dennis. Don't let them send me away. I love you so much—so much."

"And I love you too, my dear, you know that." "Then let me take you away. Isn't this our moment? With Linda abroad..."

"Oh... Linda..." she said with a little shiver. He took no notice, he went on rapidly, taking advantage of her momentary softening.

"We can go this week—why not to-morrow? I can meet you somewhere outside London. Think of the joy it will be, my dear. Just you and I together."

"And when we come back?" she asked hopefully. "We shall have to come back, of course."

He kissed her hair. "Why look ahead, my dear? Isn't the present enough? And it won't be the last, the only time. We shall often be able to go away together again. Won't it be better than this, anyway? We seem to spend our lives now saying good-bye." He turned her face up to his and kissed her lips. "Say yes, my darling."

She closed her eyes before the passion in his; she seemed to have no will left, no power of resistance; she was so tired of fighting. What did anything matter as long as she did not utterly lose him? "Yes... yes... yes," she whispered. "You shall never regret it. All my life..." He broke off, his arms falling from her.

There were voices in the hallway outside a woman's voice, laughing and amused, and one of the maids, concerned, flustered.

Dennis stood motionless his head turned towards the door, his face white. CHAPTER III "It's Linda," he said hoarsely. Linda came into the room smiling and cheery. She looked the picture of health and was charmingly dressed in a cool summer frock of black and white with a shady hat.

PRODUCTION DECLINES IN MILLS, INVENTORIES LESS

New Rail Business Decreases; Domestic and Foreign Volume Shows Good Gain

Seattle Wash., May 19.—A total of 321 mills reporting to the West Coast Lumbermen's Association for the week ending May 7 operated at 24.0 per cent of capacity, as compared to 25.0 per cent of capacity for the previous week and 45.8 per cent for the same week last year.

During the week 192 of these plants were reported as down and 129 as operating.

Current new business of 214 identical mills was 1.8 per cent over production. This group reported production slightly less than the previous week. Shipments for the week were 4.6 per cent over production.

Inventories, as reported by 144 mills declined 5,000,000 feet from the week ending April 30 and are

FOR CONGRESS



JAMES W. MOTT Leading Republican Candidate

"James W. Mott is one of Oregon's brilliant legislators. He has an unusual record of accomplishment. He has been the author of some of Oregon's most important legislation. He is a speaker of unusual gifts. He has invariably been found favoring sound legislation and opposing the unsound, and has been an outstanding member of the House since 1923."

WIN WITH MOTT P. Adv. Mott for Congress Com. Wm. P. Ellis, chairman

CLINTON HURD

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR

Re-election Lane County Commissioner

(Paid Adv. by Clinton Hurd)

VOTE FOR



CLARENCE V. SIMON Candidate for Republican Nomination for County Coroner.

I have had five years experience as deputy Coroner, ten months as Coroner by appointment. I have never before asked for the Nomination or election to this office. (Paid Advertisement)

VOTE 51 X FOR

Frank B. Reid

Candidate for Republican Nomination for

District Attorney of Lane County

Primaries May 20th

I stand on my record as a practicing attorney with ability to personally conduct trials and advise Lane county in legal matters; to strictly enforce the law without the assistance of a full-time deputy. I am a lawyer—not a professional politician.

COURTESY, ECONOMY, AND HARD WORK FOR THE PEOPLE OF LANE COUNTY

(Paid advertisement by Frank B. Reid.)

ALL BANKS OF COUNTY TAKE HOLIDAY FRIDAY

Election day will be a legal holiday and all banks of Lane county will not be open for business on that day. It was announced here today. The Portland Federal Reserve bank will be closed and others will follow suit.

Salem Man Here—Pline Vasby of Salem is in Springfield visiting with friends for a few days.

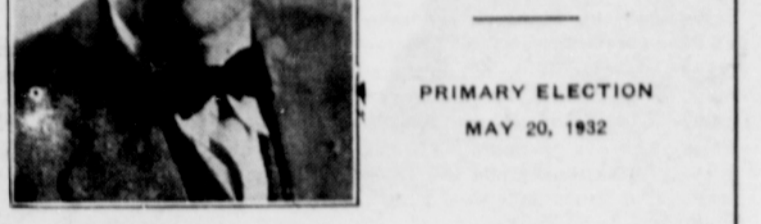
CAL A. PRYOR

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR

Sheriff

OF LANE COUNTY

PRIMARY ELECTION MAY 20, 1932



Farmer, Taxpayer Lane County for Twenty-five Years.

Tax Reduction - Efficiency - Honest Law Enforcement

VOTE 46 X CAL A. PRYOR

(Paid advertisement by Cal A. Pryor.)

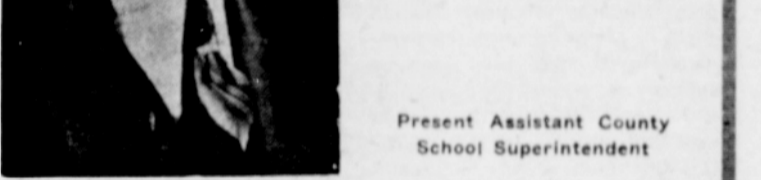
Laurence C. Moffitt

CANDIDATE FOR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION FOR

County School Superintendent

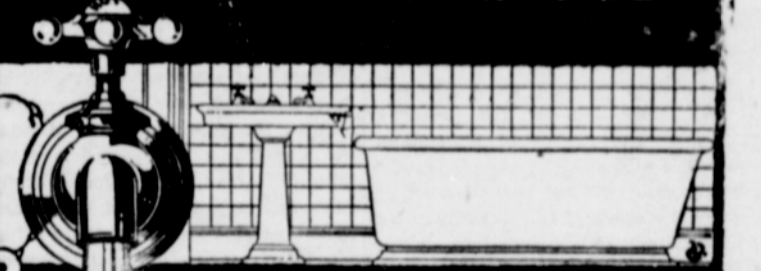
OF LANE COUNTY

Present Assistant County School Superintendent



PLATFORM AND POLICIES: To honestly, faithfully, courteously, economically and efficiently perform the duties of the County School Superintendent.

(Paid Advertisement by L. C. Moffitt)



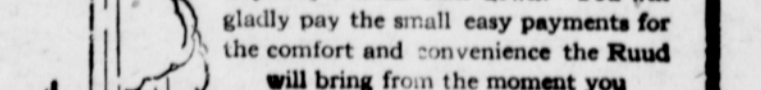
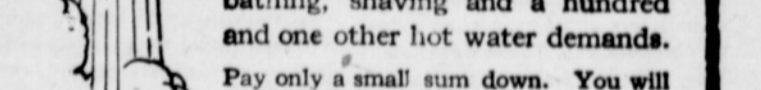
GAS HOT WATER

75c Down \$1.50 Per Month

NOW—is your opportunity to have steaming hot water for bathing, shaving and a hundred and one other hot water demands.

Pay only a small sum down. You will gladly pay the small easy payments for the comfort and convenience the Ruud will bring from the moment you connect it.

NORTHWEST CITIES GAS Co.



FACE HANDS HAIR

Need Extra Care in Summer

We have those toilet articles so necessary to beauty. Ours are well known standard brands and not cheap substitutes. We like to serve you.

Ketels Drug Store In the New Store Springfield

Your Car Will Surprise You

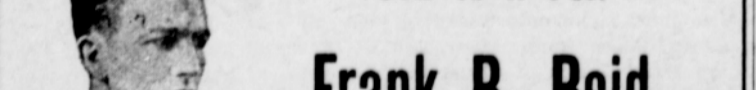
Violet Ray, anti-knock, and General Ethyl, double powered gasolines will make your car go so much farther than ordinary gas that you'll be surprised. They are the leading automobile fuels developed after much scientific study.

Why experiment. Start with proven gasoline.

"A" Street Service Station

5th and A Streets Springfield

VOTE 51 X FOR



Candidate for Republican Nomination for

District Attorney of Lane County

Primaries May 20th

I stand on my record as a practicing attorney with ability to personally conduct trials and advise Lane county in legal matters; to strictly enforce the law without the assistance of a full-time deputy. I am a lawyer—not a professional politician.

COURTESY, ECONOMY, AND HARD WORK FOR THE PEOPLE OF LANE COUNTY

(Paid advertisement by Frank B. Reid.)