

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1932

THE CRUSADING FARMER

Mr. Henry Zorn, of the so-called Marion county taxpayers league, sets himself up in daily press releases as a crusader. He is out swatting the "gross misrepresentations," in his own words, concerning his bill, to consolidate the University and Oregon State college on the Corvallis campus. From the arguments Mr. Zorn uses we doubt very much if he would know a "gross misrepresentation" if he were to meet it in the road. Facts mean nothing to him so long as his imagination holds out.

He uses obsolete figures to prove the University has only 87,000 square feet of floor space—about half of what it actually has. In his 227,000 square feet of floor space attributed to the Corvallis school he evidently counts laboratories, cow-barns, chicken coops and pig sties of the agricultural department. Surely Mr. Zorn would not have our children taught English, language, and the fine arts in such places.

Mr. Zorn does not take into consideration that President Kerr was before the last legislature asking for further building appropriations on the grounds that present floor space was wholly inadequate for the college enrollment. He says we can dump the 3000 University students into Corvallis and there will still be room for more. He has found out more about the college in a few days than President Kerr has learned in 25 years. Smart, man, Mr. Zorn, or is it his press agent?

However, Mr. Zorn, who is so good at floor space figures, has not chosen to tell us who is paying for the expensive floor space in his office headquarters in Portland nor furnishing the money to pay the army of petition pushers now in the field. After all 18,000 names at 10 cents per is some money. Much more than Mr. Zorn's measure will ever save the state of Oregon, if his wild scheme is successful.

He says moving the University will not injure Lane county in the least. This county he says has 80 active sawmills to support it—don't laugh dear reader. He says we are located in a very rich agricultural district and our merchants sell to one-tenth of all the people of Oregon—150,000 people. We are so well off he says that we would not feel the moving of the University to Corvallis and to argue that we are not is an "insult to the intelligent taxpayers of Oregon." Now we know that Mr. Zorn would not "grossly misrepresent" the facts without us telling you.

NO MORE CANCELLATION

The United States has indicated it will not be a party to a discussion of war debts at the meeting called for in a few days in Switzerland. We advanced European nations during the war and in the difficult months of reconstruction following the armistice some 10 billions of dollars. This money our nation furnished had to be borrowed. Necessarily IF WE DO NOT COLLECT IT FROM THE EUROPEAN NATIONS WE MUST COLLECT IT FROM THE AMERICAN TAXPAYERS."

Taxpayers in this country are in no better condition to pay this money than the Europeans. It must be remembered we once reduced these debts and gave the borrowers 62 years to pay in interest bearing bonds. Further than what we have done we should make no more concessions. Payments of these debts can not be attributed as a substantial cause for the depression because no European country has as yet paid any amount sufficiently large enough to affect its finances. Payments in each case have been less than 2 per cent of the foreign nation's budget.

When we came into the war we never agreed to bear the expenses of any other nation or group of nations. The allies were glad enough to have our help without charging us for the privilege. The war was a European product and we neither provoked it or started the fight. We merely came in and ended it, for which we should have the everlasting thanks of Europe. But for our help they no doubt would have owed still greater debts and had still less to pay with. These European debts, which have not been met, can not be attributed in fact for the falling off of our foreign trade despite the economist-theorist. The argument that it would stimulate foreign trade to cancel them seems to us a poor method. It's like the grocer forgetting a customer's back bill in order that he may give him more credit in the future. We do not think it wise to subsidize Europe at the expense of our own taxpayers at the rate of about one-quarter billion dollars a year. If we have subsidies to grant we might better give them to our own people instead of increasing the taxes and further handicapping American industry.

There is on real reason, in the light of facts, why we should further reduce the foreign debts or keep talking about them with the Europeans. We can not help it if they are hard up. If they never pay then we will know better than to loan them more money. They'll be a poor risk in future and if they cannot borrow from us they'll have a hard time financing any more wars on a credit. Perhaps the world will be better off in the long run.



Way of Life by BRUCE BARTON

SAVING PACE

A friend was telling me about Big Business in China. No man ever is discharged there, he said. If it becomes necessary to remove an employee the boss arranges to have a friend tip him off. The next morning the doomed man appears in the boss' office. "My uncle in the most remote province of the Chung River is very ill," he explains. "It is necessary that I should go to attend him." The boss assumes an expression of distress. "Why, to reach the Chung River and minister to your uncle and then return will require more than two years," he protests. "Nevertheless, I must go." "Noble fellow," says the boss, embracing him. "Do your duty, and though your journey keep you away for years, have no fear. Your place will be kept open for you." The next morning and every morning thereafter the two meet on the street, but there is no embarrassment, no sense of inferiority on the part of the ex-employee. Face has been saved.

I remember one of the first men for whom I worked in New York, and one of the wisest I have ever known. He called me in one day and said: "I want you to think up some way by which X can be prompted to resign."

I was astonished. "After he resigns," my boss continued, "I think I can help him to find a more congenial place. But he's no good where he is."

"I always try to be very careful in these cases," he explained. "I don't want it written on my tombstone that I ever dealt a blow to a man's self-confidence."

This employer was almost as wise as the Chinese. As our civilization and our business grow older we all shall learn some of the mature wisdom of these older people. They know there are things in life more important than efficiency and production and quotas and charts.

MAN MADE THE TOWN

by RUBY M. AYRES



Sixth 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 special sea-side office, the physician orders her to the country for a long rest. She rebels, but the doctor is handsome and sympathetic. She learns that he is not the great man himself but an assistant, Dr. Rathbone. "God made the country and man made the town," she tells her, and she agrees to go to a rural retreat.

Before she leaves she goes to Dennis Waterman's flat, where they are surprised by Linda, Dennis's wife, who takes the situation quite calmly and suggests she wants to marry her! she asks Dennis.

At the night club where she goes with Dennis and his friends, she meets Miss Starling, a coquettish little country cottage, with nurse, Miss Starling, bending over her. Dr. Rathbone's home was close by, Miss Starling told her.

After three weeks Dennis Waterman calls. He tells her he will have to go away, and in his manner, as he leaves her, suggests that his love is waning. But Dennis has not been gone many days before Diana finds herself asking Miss Starling all sorts of questions about Dr. Rathbone.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
"That depends what you mean by foodily. His wife won't divorce him. He only wishes she would, but she won't, and so—"

"And so—what?" Rathbone asked. "And so," Diana rushed on recklessly, "as soon as he comes home and I'm well enough, I'm going home with him."

"I see. Well, if he's a decent fellow—"

She gave a little strangled cry. "I thought you would try to prevent me from going."

The ghost of a smile lit his eyes. "I prevent you? Why should I? Do you think I flatter myself that I could prevent you from doing anything you wish—once you are well?"

She looked a little sullen. "No, but I thought you might try," she said indignantly.

He went back to his old position of leaning on the bed rail, his hands loosely clasped together before him. "No lecturing in the world has ever yet stopped a woman who is in love from doing what she may seem foolish to other people," he said quietly.

"You think it would be foolish?" she insisted.

"To go away and live with a man who is already married and who cannot get his freedom?" he queried.

"Well, it all depends. In your place I should be afraid that if he had already wearied of one woman it would not be difficult for him to weary of another."

"He never loved his wife," she said.

"That is what men tell you. That is what all men tell all women in the circumstances you describe."

"You seem to know a great deal about it."

Rathbone stood up. He looked infinitely weary all at once.

"Then you must be prepared for him to grow tired of what, after all, can never be anything more than an ordinary liaison. I've seen so many of them, and they all end badly. It seems a pity—you are too good to be wasted on 'that sort of thing,' as you call it. I wonder you don't think so too."

She said sullenly, but with flushing cheeks, "Only the other day you told me you doubted if I was worth trying to keep alive."

"Did I? Perhaps I've changed my mind. Is there anything else you want to say to me before I go?"

"You're not going already?"

"I think I'd better—before I make you too angry."

"I'm not angry," she said. "I like you, though nobody has ever been so so brutal to me as you have."

"Isn't 'frank' a truer word?"

"Perhaps—but sometimes frankness can be brutal."

She was sitting up in bed, her chin resting on her hunched-up knees, her big eyes fixed on his face. "But I like you," she said again seriously. "Whenever you come into the room it's like a breath of country air."

He laughed, though he looked a little embarrassed, and took his leave.

CHAPTER IX
Diana grew well with much greater rapidity than either Rathbone or the Creature had expected.

In a week's time she was getting up after her breakfast, dressing herself, and spending long hours in the tiny garden of the little house.

they call him? He is only a pupil to Mr. Shurey, learning farming like any labourer."

Diana laughed in frank amusement. "But he's only seventeen, at the most," she objected. "Just a lad—and he amuses me—goodness knows there are not many amusing people in the village, as far as I can see."

"He is a very grown-up seventeen," the creature asserted firmly. "And your aunt—"

"If my aunt was in the least concerned about my health or my morals she would not have put me off to Aix, as she has done, without even bidding me a fond farewell."

Diana interrupted flippantly. She yawned and got up from the deck chair, where she had been lying, and walked down to the gate.

"It would be fun to go with you to the village and see what sort of a place it really was. She opened the gate, hatless as she was, and went out into the lane.

Diana reached the end of the lane and stood looking to right and left, and uncertain which way to go, and it was at that moment that a light farm trap driven by a lad in breeches and a loose shirt open at the neck turned out of a state close by.

He saw Diana and pulled the horse to a standstill, and Diana asked eagerly: "Where are you going? and would you like to take me with you?"

She had made friends with Jonas when he called daily at the cottage with eggs and cream, and she knew without any warning from Miss Starling that, had thought he was, he was greatly attracted to her.

In a few years' time he would be a fine-looking man. She quite agreed with the Creature for once in her assertion that he was a very grown-up seventeen.

His face lit up when she spoke to him now.

"I'm only going over to the other side of the village," he said.

"Well, take me," she urged again.

He reached down a slender brown hand, which seemed somehow oddly out of keeping with his rough clothes and general appearance, and carefully helped Diana into the high, hard seat beside him.

"Jonas," she said, "do you know where Dr. Rathbone's house is?"

"Jonas nodded. "Yes, I know."

Diana turned an eager face to him. "Let's go there," she said. "I should like to see where he lives."

The lad hesitated.

"It's more than five miles away."

"But that's nothing in a trap like this."

"I know... but won't they miss you?"

"I daresay, but that doesn't matter." She laid her hand on his arm. "Do let's go there," she urged softly. "It's such a lovely afternoon, and it's weeks since I was out by myself like this."

"He has gone to the ends of the earth for me, and Diana knew it well enough."

She felt quite happy and a little excited. The seat was rather hard, it is true, and made her body ache a little, and the sun was getting hot on her bare head, but these were trifles.

At last he pointed across the hedge on the right side of the road. "Dr. Rathbone's house is just there," he said. "You'll see the chimneys in a minute through the trees."

Diana was a little disappointed to find that Rathbone's house stood so far back from the road that even when they had driven round to the front of it one could only catch glimpses between the trees of painted red gables and queer Jacobean chimney pots.

She stood up in the little trap, her hand resting on Jonas's shoulder, but even then, beyond splashes of vivid colouring here and there in the garden, most of it was effectively shut out by a high brick wall which had many trees and shrubs planted on its near side.

She sat down again with a little disappointed sigh.

Jonas was pulling the trap to the side

of the road to avoid a big car that had just at that moment rounded the bend. The road was not very wide at that point, and there was hardly room for the two to pass in safety.

"How dangerous to drive at that speed!" Diana said, and at the same moment recognized Rathbone's car. She turned eagerly to look after it as with a wide sweep it pulled up to the closed gate.

The back hood of the landaulette was down, and sitting there alone was a woman. Apparently a very young woman with Titan red hair; Diana had only time to notice those two facts

before the trap was round the bend and the car hidden from view.

"That was Dr. Rathbone's car," she said in a small voice.

"Was it?" Jonas was not interested.

"There was a woman in it," Diana said.

"Was there? It's the one who lives at the house, I expect."

"I thought Dr. Rathbone was a bachelor."

"So he is."

She frowned impatiently.

"Then who is the woman?" she asked.

Jonas shook his head.

"I don't know, but I know she lives there."

"What's her name?" she said.

"Miss Rosalie."

"Rosalie what?"

"I've forgotten," he said almost sullenly.

"Only Rosalie?" Diana persisted.

"Not Rosalie anything else? She must have another name?"

"If she has, I've never heard it."

Neither of them spoke again till they were back in the village street once more. It was half-past five by the church clock; the big bell chimed as they passed.

There was nobody in the little garden when Jonas jumped down and gave his hand to Diana.

"You'll have to lift me down," she said.

"I'm tired."

He took her in his arms very carefully, as if fearing to injure her, and set her down gently on the path beside him.

Diana said, "Thank you," and gave him a little smile that quickened his heartbeats.

Miss Starling told her Dr. Rathbone had called to bid her good-bye.

Diana was startled and insisted on sending Jenny over with a note asking him to call, marking her note "very urgent."

She waited in her room, feeling sure he would come.

Presently she drifted off into a vague sleep of sheer exhaustion from which she was aroused by Miss Starling's hand on her shoulder.

The room was nearly dark, lit only by the peary grey twilight.

"Dr. Rathbone is downstairs," the Creature said.



SCHOOLS

I wish every teacher and every parent could read and ponder upon the remarks of Dr. William J. O'Shea, New York Superintendent of Schools, who said the other day that the efforts of the schools must be directed toward defining what is success in life.

"Too often the unthinking identity success in life with wealth, and judge human achievement in terms of material acquisitions," he said.

I have long felt that our school systems started off on a false trail when they began to try to teach children how to earn money. That inevitably results in setting up acquisitiveness as the chief virtue, and money-getting as the principal pursuit in life.

CONFIDENCE
The other day a banker said to me: "We've got more money to lend than we've had at any time in two years, and I think that is true of most other banks, but we are not lending it, because the people who ought to be borrowing it have lost confidence in themselves and their businesses."

I asked him to explain. He pointed out that in normal times sound banking consists in making loans for productive purposes. It is not sound banking to lend money to someone who cannot use it to make more money in order to pay it back. Most of the would-be borrowers today, my banker friend said, are trying to get money to save something that is irretrievably lost.

I am inclined to think there is plenty of bank credit for every legitimate purpose, and that the reason it is not being used more freely is that business men are afraid to try anything new.

BEAUTY
Three or four years ago an artist moved into the little New England village where I vote and trade my farm produce. He bought the tumble-down but picturesque old stone mill and made a studio of it. He was a pleasant, unassuming fellow, who quickly got acquainted with the village people and won their confidence and respect.

The artist's eye was offended every day by the unartistic appearance of Main street. There are, perhaps, thirty houses and stores between the cross roads and the bridge, and no two of them were the same color. Some of them looked as if they had never been painted at all. Quietly, without advertising his purpose, the artist persuaded one of the store owners to paint his building white. It looked so clean and fresh that the owner of the adjoining property felt obligated to paint his also, and he put on a coat of white paint. Then a lady across the street decided that this white paint made her old yellow house look dingy, so she painted that white.

Now every house on Main street is painted white, which is the best color of all for buildings set among green trees, as these are, and tourists driving through, instead of hurrying on to get past an ugly and unattractive spot, slow down to admire the trim looking village. And the village folk are proud of their town now—all because one man succeeded in selling beauty to his neighbors.

POTATOES
Botanists from the department of agriculture are exploring the mountains of Bolivia in search of new varieties of potatoes. Potatoes came originally from the high Andes, where more than 150 varieties are known. The natives preserve them in the ice water of the mountain streams, and "cook" them by freezing. They were taken to Spain by the early conquerors, but did not spread over Europe for more than 200 years, when a Yankee advisor to the King of Bavaria introduced them into Germany and taught the people how to grow and cook them. They were introduced into Scotland as a substitute for turnips about 1790, and into Ireland some years later.

In communities where the potato will grow it is the safest reliance against famine that has yet been found. When all other crops fail the potato can be relied upon to keep a nation alive. The end of the recurrent famines in Ireland came when the people began to cultivate potatoes. If they would grow in China and India we would probably hear no more of famines in those countries.

SPELLING
How do you spell analogous? Correct.

I spelled it with three "a's" and had to step down, in the return match of our Stockbridge versus West Stockbridge spelling tournament. I had the satisfaction, however, of lasting a lot longer than the principal of the high school did. The winner, now hailed as the spelling champion of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, was the wife of one of my farmer neighbors. I don't know that spelling bees

prove anything, except that the ability to spell is more a gift than something that can be acquired by study, and that a rural spelling bee is a lot of fun.

"GROW YOUR MEAT" BEING SUGGESTED

Winter Food Supply Easily Grown From Cheap Feed and Stock Says Specialist

While much has been said and written about growing next winter's food in this summer's gardens, an equally attractive opportunity exists this year for getting next winter's meat supply at the most reasonable price in decades, says H. A. Lindgren, livestock specialist of the state college extension service.

"Hogs are cheap and so is grain," says Lindgren. "A weaner pig fed from now till fall on such feeds as are available on the farm can be made into 125 to 150 pounds of meat for next winter's use. It can be cured as hams and bacon, made into sausage, dry salted or canned."

"Pigs can be fattened on pasture with a little grain. Table scrap; also make good hog feed. Under conditions such as we are now experiencing one can even raise a hog in a small pen, supplying it with green grass, table scraps, and a few pounds of grain daily."

"Grass is plentiful at this time. Why not fatten a calf, cow, or steer on grass and corn, and can the pro-

duct for next winter's use? Beef put up in that form is excellent and will fit in well with the garden products now being raised by many families in our state.

"Mutton and lamb can be cured and smoked in much the same way that we prepare hams and bacon. The product is delicious and will add a variety which will be greatly appreciated."

Federal bulletins on methods of preparing these products are available through the local county agricultural agent's office without cost. Where no agent is employed one may write the animal husbandry department of Oregon State college, Corvallis for the bulletins.

MARCOLA GIRL WINS ARCHERY TOURNAMENT

Esther Cowling of Marcola was winner in the women's division of the first annual archery tournament held at Albany college. The two with the highest scores in both the men and women's divisions will have their names engraved on the archery plaque at the school.

COMMON TABLE SALT OFTEN HELPS STOMACH

Drink plenty of water with pinch of salt. If bloated with gas add a spoon of Adlerika. This washes out BOTH stomach and bowels and rids you of all gas. Flanery's Drug Store.

GARDEN TOOLS.

Whether you take your gardening seriously for profit or whether it's a mere hobby you ride with immense pleasure, you want the tools to do your work with least effort and greatest effect. We have a large stock of the finest garden tools available. And they are less expensive this year than ever!

- Hoes, 70c - 90c - \$1.15
- Spades, \$1.00
- Forks, \$1.75
- Rakes, 70c - \$1.40
- Shovels \$1.00 to \$2.00

Lawn Mowers

HERSCHEL AND COUNTRY CLUB

PRICES — \$4.90 to \$12.75

Wright & Sons

Springfield, Oregon

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LUMBER MILLS OPERATE AT 19.2 OF CAPACITY

Seattle, Wash., June 16—A total of 321 mills reporting to the West Coast Lumbermen's association for the week ending June 4 operated at 19.2 per cent of capacity, as compared to 20.8 per cent of capacity for the previous week and 45.8 per cent for the same week last year. During the week 199 of these plants were reported as down and 122 as operating.

Current new business of 216 identical mills was 34.1 per cent over production. This group reported production approximately four million feet less than the previous week. Shipments for the week were 46.6 per cent over production.

Inventories, as reported by 144 mills decreased 14,000,000 feet from the week ending May 28 and are 19.7 per cent less than at this time last year.

Unfilled orders declined 3,830,000 feet from the previous week. New export business received during the week was 6,378,000 feet more than the volume reported for the previous week. New domestic cargo orders were 2,232,000 feet over the previous week, new rail business decreased 1,136,000 feet, while the

SLASHINGS BURNED OVER LARGE AREA

Slashings and brush on 400 acres were burned over Saturday by the Fisher Lumber company at Marcola. Large clouds of black smoke rolled down the Mohawk valley and were clearly visible here. The Fisher mill has closed down now and is operating only the planing mill.

HAIL STORM SWEEPS UPPER MCKENZIE AREA

Residents of the Upper McKenzie region and others who sought relief there Sunday from the heat of the valley were greeted with a regular midwest hail storm. The storm broke far back in the mountains along the Blue river and seemed to follow it as it did not fall very far above or below the path of the river. Rain which fell quite hard there did not descend more than a few miles down the course of the McKenzie river. Hail stones which fell during the storm were fully three-fourths of an inch in diameter and fell in sufficient quantities to make the ground white.

GROVE GOLFERS DOWN OAKWAY TEAM SUNDAY

Members of the Oakway golf team took a drubbing, 12½ to 29½ points, at the hands of Cottage Grove golfers there Sunday. Each team now has two victories over the other, Oakway losing at Cottage Grove and the Grove team losing at Oakway. Another match may be played on a neutral course. Elmer Pyne of Springfield is a member of the Oakway team, having played in several games against opposing teams.

LEGION POST CANCELS WALTERVILLE MEETING

The semi-monthly meeting of the Springfield American Legion post number 49 scheduled to be held at Walterville tonight has been canceled. It was announced today by J. M. Peterson, adjutant. Absence of many members at the summer Guard Encampment and the meeting of the Lane County Chamber of Commerce here tonight are causes for the change. The next regular meeting of the Legion will be held on July 7.

LOCAL TRADE INCREASED 1,897,000 FROM PREVIOUS WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Local trade increased 1,897,000 from the previous week's business.