

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1932

YOU AND I AND THE OTHER FELLOW

The government does not owe every man a living but it does owe him an opportunity to make a living. The government is you and I and the other fellow. If you and I play the game so as the other fellow is ruled out when he is living then we are not altogether fair with him.

This is the problem that government and capitalism must face or else when the other fellow is continually ruled out he will turn to socialism in order to change the rules so he may also take part in the game. Government is complex because we make it so and the federal loans that have been placed so far to help unemployment have more than half run into blind alleys of horrors.

Money is loaned to the railroad or other large industries on the theory operations will be increased and more will be paid to labor. The industries pay past bills with the federal money to creditors who do not need the money and are afraid to invest it—hence it is hoarded. In effect the government has done nothing for unemployment but has merely secured the claims of the creditors. The law is only half right. When the government loans money to an industry to insure operation and employment it should say to the creditors you must agree to wait for your money until the industry earns it out of future operations. The government is under no obligations to make creditors bills good but it is under obligation to keep the wheels of industry moving that all may have employment.

INITIATIVE RACKETEERING

Scores of paid initiative petition circulators are scouring the state, under the direction of a high salaried promoter, securing signatures to the so-called higher education consolidation bill. Other promoters and circulators who have worked with the school consolidators on other political rackets apply for jobs, as high powered propagandists against the school bill, to the committee defending the institutions of higher learning. It is like starting a forest fire so as to get a government job fighting the blaze.

This practice is not only true of the school bill but also of the bus and truck bill and other initiative measures being proposed. The whole thing is democracy gone wild with chislers on every side trying to start a racket.

Paid circulators of petitions should be prohibited by law and the initiative resorted to only in measures where volunteer signatures can be gotten. No great harm could come from such a law, because after all it must be remembered we have a legislature elected by the people and paid to make the laws the majority of people want. Let's give them something to do.

SHORTENING CREDIT

The federal tax on checks, to our mind, will do more harm than good toward balancing the national budget. In the first place it will mean a decrease in the number of checks written. Already some large banking houses are reporting that they are cashing from one-fourth to one-third less checks. This means that transactions are being carried on with money with the resultant shortening of credit. Congress has been appropriating millions of dollars for loans to broaden credit yet it passes a law that shortens the service of a dollar materially. It is evident that when business firms deposit a great many checks daily and then draws on them perhaps before the day is out that a hundred dollars will do several hundred dollars business. When the money is passed a dollar does a dollars business and it circulates very slowly, with the resultant curtailment of trade. We all know that from practical experience, yet congress seems not to have found it out.

FASTER THAN RADIO

An unpleasant rumor began to circulate about a certain man. Such stories are an unsolved mystery. How do they start? What is the magic which spreads them, magic more deadly than lightning, faster than radio.

You hear a tale in New York; you climb into an airplane and as you climb down in San Francisco you hear a voice exclaim: "What do you know about So and So?"

If the victim is famous and of enviable reputation, the broadcasting is twice as rapid. In the instance referred to this was the case. Here are the comments of the first three men who hasten to tell me the story:

Number One: "It just shows that you never can tell. Who'd think that old X would be up to such tricks?"

Number Two: "I was terribly shocked. What in the world could he have been thinking about?"

Both these broadcasters, you see, assumed at once that the man was guilty.

Number Three spoke with honest indignation. "I've known X for years. You can't make me believe that he ever did anything crooked. I don't care what the story is. I simply will not believe it."

The full facts came out a few weeks later and proved X an innocent victim. But the damage had been done.

There was a wise preacher in my boyhood who would say to the Sunday school: "Never believe what you hear and only half of what you see."

Much of what our eyes tell us is untrue. I see the sun move every day around the earth but, it does not move. I see that my cane, when I thrust it into the water, is crooked. But it is not crooked.

Eyes are notorious deceivers. And as for the ears, they need to be policed every minute by tolerance and sympathy and common sense.

Mr. X, of whom I have spoken, had lived an upright life for forty years. Surely, this should have counted in his favor. Surely, the answer of all his acquaintances should have been: "He's all right. He cannot have done it. We deny this libel."

MAN MADE THE TOWN

by RUBY M. AYRES

Eighth Instalment
Diana, in love with a married man, Dennis Waterman, has a nervous collapse as a result of the gay life of London society. Her aunt, Mrs. Gladwyn, takes her to a doctor, who orders her to the country for a rest. Dr. Rathbone has a country house nearby. Dennis calls at the cottage, then goes away for a long time. When he returns, he is with a woman named Linda, his wife. Diana finds herself becoming more and more interested in Dr. Rathbone and questions her nurse, Miss Starling, about him. She also questions Jonas, a farmer of the neighborhood, about a woman who lives in Dr. Rathbone's house. Her name is Rosalie. Then Diana meets Rosalie in the woods; she acts strangely and leaves Diana puzzled.

Soon after the meeting in the woods with Rosalie, Dr. Rathbone calls again at Diana's cottage.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
"On the contrary, I am quite sure that you will never forget and that you will often think about it, and perhaps sometimes when you begin to feel tired and bored to death with an eternal round of so-called society parties, you will come back—even if only out of curiosity—and spend a couple of days with Miss Starling."
She made a little grimace.
"She might not want me."
"I am sure she will. Miss Starling has a great affection for you, though you may not believe it."
"That's a change," Diana said sarcastically, "for someone to have a great affection for me."
They were at the cottage gate now. She led the way into the cottage.
Lenny met them in the narrow hall.
"There's a telegram for you, miss, on the table in the parlour."
"Thank you."
Diana threw her hat down onto a chair and went into the sitting room. The yellow envelope lay on the polished table, and she took it up, tearing open the flap with nervous fingers.
"Both sailing Aquitania tenth."
"Low Drevens."
Rathbone had followed her into the room and saw the cable in her hand.
"Not bad news, I hope?" he asked.
Diana laughed a little uncertainly.
"No, very good news," she said.
"That's splendid."
Diana folded the message across and across, keeping it in her hand. Tomorrow was the tenth, in a week's time she would be home.
The cablegram slipped from her fingers to the floor, and Rathbone stooped and recovered it.
"I suppose he is on his way home," she said quietly.
She looked up, a hard light in her eyes.
"Yes, on the Aquitania."
"And so it will really be good-by?"
The colour rose quickly in her face and died down again.
"I don't know... there's nothing settled... anyway, I don't see why you should be interested."
"I am interested because I like you well enough to want you to be happy," Rathbone answered. "And because there is such a conviction in my mind that you are making a terrible mistake."
The colour rose again swiftly to the very roots of her hair.
"Well, you should know," she said defiantly.
Rathbone was silent for a moment; then he said in rather an expressionless voice:
"Two blacks do not make a white, Diana."
"I know that, but all the same—it's rather—cheap, isn't it—to preach to me when everyone says that you—that you—"
She stammered and broke off, and Rathbone took up the words for her.
"When everyone says that I have a woman living in my house—is that what you want to say?"
She stared at him with eyes that were pathetic in spite of their almost insolent defiance, but before she could speak he said in a voice of steel:
"It is indeed time you and I said good-bye, Diana."
"Only that as I have done all I can do for you—all that I am sure you wish me to do for you—I wish to be no need for me to see you any more."
She caught her breath. "You mean... never?"
"Never is a long day. It is quite possible that we may run across one another sometimes; the world is not such a big place. Anyway, I wish you all the happiness you can wish yourself."
"But you don't think I deserve it, or that I shall get it?" she burst out passionately. "And you don't care, either, in spite of what you said when I was ill. You treat me like an ordinary patient now you think I'm well again. You promised to teach me to skate, but you've never said another word about it."
"Isn't there someone else better qualified for that privilege than I am?" She ignored him. She went on with a breathless rush.
"You said you were my friend, and now you calmly say to yourself, 'Thank God there'll be no need for me to see her again'... Good-bye and good riddance—that's what you really mean. It's always what happens to me when I really like anybody—they always go



"When everybody says that I have a woman living in my house—is that what you want to say?"

side. He looked so much older than she, and their relationship, she was almost one of formality, she a sick child, not knowing what she wanted of life—perhaps wanting nothing—and he a world-weary man who had merely done his duty by healing her against her wish or desire.
Diana went on, her voice raised a little.
"Well, why don't you go? I don't want you to stay. As you say, you've done everything I can possibly wish you to do for me—you've done it. Your job is—more than you are paid to do, I suppose."
He let the childish insult pass, and she broke off for an instant, biting her lip hard to hide its trembling, only to rush on again: "Why didn't you let me die? I didn't want to get well... I'm no good to anyone—there's no place in the world where I seem to be really wanted."
And then, as if suddenly realizing how far she had lost her self-control, she hid her face in her hands.
Rathbone walked over to the window, standing with his back to her, as he said:
"You seem very determined to rake up all my sins of omission, but don't you think you are a little to blame too? If you had had any—any real regard for me, would you have gone prying into my private life—hoping to discover some wretched secret which you could triumphantly broadcast among your friends when you got back to town? If that is your idea of friendship, it is not mine."
In the first place Diana's car arrived, and in the second place the renewed excitement of driving it once more; driving it at terrific speed with the Creature silent and terrified beside her.
"You'll break your neck," she gasped once, and Diana laughed recklessly.
"That would save a lot of trouble," she said flippantly.
Then a second cable came from Dennis Waterman to say that his departure from America had been unavoidably postponed for another fortnight.
"Linda, of course," Diana told herself, but she did not care much; nothing seemed of great moment just then. Miss Starling was going up to London that evening to a lecture on something or other. She had told Diana all about it, but the girl had only listened half-heartedly, wondering why people should trouble to waste a railway fare on anything so dull.
She had offered to drive the Creature up to town in the car but her refusal had been quick and decided.
"No, thank you, please, I shall have to come back by train."
So it meant an evening alone.
Diana leaned on the gate and decided that after all she hated the coun-

try. It would be fun to get into an evening frock once more and dance at the Savoy or Ciro's; fun to drive home in the early hours of the morning through brilliantly lit and almost deserted streets; London was a wonderful city at night.
Did Rathbone ever take Rosalie Smedley to her, to London? Or was it his idea of happiness always to keep her down in the country and walk hand in hand with her through lanes and woods?
Diana had not seen either of them for more than a week, and she suspected that they were deliberately keep-

ing to the other side of the village.
She sighed and made a little grimace.
Well, let them... Rathbone must be missing her just a little, seeing that she missed him so terribly.
"Be happy." That was the last thing she had said to her, and since then she had been more miserable than ever in her life before.
The Creature came out of the house "I'll drive you to the station," Diana said quickly. It would be something to do something to help pass the time.
"No, thank you, too quickly, thank you," she said nervously.
She sat with one hand tightly holding the door handle during the short drive, and Diana was highly amused.
Diana stood on the little country platform till the train went pulling slowly Londonwards, then she turned dazedly away and saw him.
The evening lay before her, long and lonely.
And the thought came to her: "If Donald were only here."
Funny she should think of Rathbone by his Christian name; she could not remember that she had ever done so before. Well, he had more than once called her Diana.
"If Donald were here..."
Why not?... She felt her pulses jerking with strange excitement. Why not drive over and see him?
Diana caught up a woollen jersey from the coat rack and slipped it over her silk frock before she stole softly out and through the garden.
The big gates of Rathbone's grounds were shut, and she had to stop and get out in order to open one of them.
Diana went up to the big front door. It was open, and beyond she caught an attractive glimpse of a wide hall and some bits of old furniture and shining brasses of a light movement in the dimly lit hall.
Somebody at last! She took another step forward ready to speak, and at the same moment Nero, the big Alsatian, came running down the stairs, and then, after the barest hesitation, he moved slowly towards her, walking on tiptoe.
Diana spoke his name at once, confident that he would recognize her.
"Nero—good old boy..." and she took another step towards him.
She saw him hesitate; saw his gleaming eyes through the dim light, and then suddenly and utterly without warning he sprang.
Like a panther he was upon her, his solid weight bearing her to the ground before she could cry out or leap aside.
"Nero!"
She could feel his hot breath on her face, and she put up both arms wildly in a vain effort to shield herself before she felt the agony of his great teeth tearing into her soft flesh.
For a moment it was just a lurid nightmare of pain and pandemonium; the savage snarling of the dog, her own frantic and unavailing efforts to beat him off, and his hot heavy body crushing her down, before her fear and agony rose above it all in a wild scream of blind terror, calling frantically on Rathbone's name: "Donald!... Donald!"

Continued Next Week

WEBFOOT STATE IS DRY SUMMER AREA
Weather Records Show Growing Season Lacks Rainfall, So Irrigation Pays Big

Many persons are convinced that the weather in Oregon is changing, and that the summers are getting drier than they used to be. Official weather figures checked by Arthur King, soils specialist at the Oregon State college extension service, do not bear this out however. In fact he has found that in the 60 years that records have been kept at Portland only two "wet" summers occurred in the first 30 years while there were six in the last 30.

"It seems that our 'unusually dry summers' occurred just as often in the past as they do now, which means about every year, and there is every reason to believe they will continue that way," says Mr. King.

Rainfall Records Studied
He has been using these rainfall records to show that irrigation in the Willamette valley need to be considered no more unusual than in many other sections of the state

where it is taken as an accepted farm practice.
"The average rainfall for the whole Willamette valley for the important crop growing months of May, June, July and August is only 4 1/2 inches, based on records at McMinnville, Portland, Salem, Corvallis and Eugene," says King.

"The irrigated Milton-Freewater district gets only 1 1/2 inches less in this four months period. Baker where irrigation is an accepted practice, gets only three quarters of an inch less summer rain. At La Grande where irrigation is common, the summer rainfall is a half inch more than the Willamette valley average, while at Joseph in the irrigated Wallowa valley, summer rainfall is 1 1/2 inches greater.

"It is interesting to compare the Willamette valley summer rainfall with that of the great drought area in the middle west," King says. "Arkansas was the driest state during the drought of 1930, records show. Yet the rainfall there for June, July and August, 1930 was just over five inches, or a half inch greater than the average for four months in Oregon. Because of our

soil we can raise excellent crops despite dry summers, but it is not to be wondered at that supplemental irrigation even in the so-called wet Willamette valley gives such profitable returns."

BOYS SEEK MONEY FOR ANNUAL CAMP EXPENSES
Springfield Boy Scouts want odd jobs to do so that they can earn their expenses to the annual camp the first two weeks in July. P. J. Bartholomew, chairman of the troop committee asked members of the Lions club to aid the boys when ever possible at the weekly luncheon Friday. Those who have work to be done, either large or small jobs, should notify Howard Hughes, who will send a boy to do the work.

LARGE SALMON TAKEN FROM MCKENZIE MONDAY
Marion Adams caught two large salmon in the McKenzie river Monday evening while fishing in a boat near Deadwood ferry with Frank Fisher. The first one weighed about 20 pounds and the second one was a little heavier.
W. C. Wright, who was also fishing on the river with Levi Neet, caught a salmon.

NO SLEEP, NO REST, STOMACH GAS IS CAUSE
Mrs. A. Cloud says: "For years I had a bad stomach and gas. Was nervous and could not sleep. Adlerika rid me of all stomach trouble and now I sleep fine." Planery's Drug Store.

MAIN STREET LOOKS AT BROADWAY BY ERNEST CAMD JR

New Yorkers are generally condemned for sticking to the seaboard and never going west. A young woman who has traveled all over Europe and crossed the ocean many times, recently remarked that she had never passed a night in a Pullman car.

Under questioning, she admitted she had never been more than a couple of hundred miles away from the city, in this country; had never been to California or even to Chicago, and knew next to nothing about her own country.

There are millions of New Yorkers like her, even in these days of fast travel, although the condition is changing in recent years. The writer lived here for seventeen years before he ever got a hundred miles away from the Atlantic Ocean, although he had visited nearly all the coast cities.

New York Opportunities
Gotham is beyond question the greatest city in the world for any man to make a fortune—or to lose it. Recently there died here a man named 80, Leopold Zimmerman. He went broke when 71 and made another fortune and paid off all his debts.

Zimmerman's specialty was buying exchanges on foreign money. There is always a shade of difference between the currencies of the great nations and he used to buy in London and sell in New York by cable, pocketing the difference. It sounds simple but it really takes the finest kind of brains, which explains why Zimmerman enjoyed what amounted to a monopoly in his field.

Victorian Art
A certain five-story building on lower Lexington Avenue has the most curious decorations that exist on any building in the world. The structure is built of brownstone and, over each one of its sixteen windows, appears a head of one of the earlier presidents.

The heads stand out from their different niches and are remarkably lifelike. One curious thing is that the architect, or sculptor, had his choice of about twenty-four presidents when the building was put up and he skipped around including Cleveland but leaving out a lot of others.

Canal Boatmen
Few visitors in New York ever find one of the strangest colonies here. The colony is one of canal boats and their inhabitants. It is located almost at the foot of the island and whole families live on the boats, sending their children to school when they can, and hanging out the family washing on the lines, just like the ordinary dweller does in the backyard.

Recently tug boats have put up their charges so high that it costs more to be towed back to the Erie Canal than the money received for freight, so many canal boats have been tied up for two years at their piers here, waiting for lower rates. Meanwhile the families feel as though they have become regular residents.

One Big Splash
Everybody knows that prices of many things have come down but the biggest shock we have received in months came the other day when we noted a truck carrying a big sign through the Times Square district saying "Penny-A-Dance."

The movies have made us all acquainted with the Dime-A-Dance establishments, where one can grab a more or less charming partner and amble about the room for a few minutes but we are still curious as to how long a cent will entitle one to swing a girl around a dance floor.

FOREST SERVICE MEN MARK TRAILS, ROADS
When the forest rangers complete the posting of road and trail signs in June, there will be 4,632 additional metal information and direction signs along the trails in the 22 national forests of Oregon and Washington.

These signs are put up for the guidance of the traveler in these mountainous areas. For those who use the roads within the national forests, the rangers will have put up some 8,700 additional distance and direction signs to make travel easier and safer.

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She Talks Well



Miss Lucyle Goldsmith of Los Angeles, 16-year-old high school girl, with the cup which proves her title winner of the ninth national oratorical contest held in Washington.

C. M. T. C. BOYS TO HOLD MEMORIAL SERVICES

Camp Harbut, Wash., June 30—(Special)—Standing silent while the clear, sweet strains of "Taps" sound over the area, hundreds of youths from Oregon and southwestern Washington at the Citizen's Military Training Camp here will participate Sunday morning, July 3, in the impressive annual memorial services for those of their number who have died during the year since the last camp.

Death this time claimed only one of the 600 boys during the twelve-month. The services will be for Jack O. Richardson, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ella S. Richardson, of Eleventh and Alder Streets, Eugene, Oregon, who was a student in the basic course.

The services, conducted by Major J. Burt Webster, post chaplain, will be brief but noteworthy. With the boys drawn up in formation at attention, the roster of the camp will be called. When there is no response as Richardson's name is read, a wreath will be presented to the mother, and the assemblage will stand silent for one minute as the bugler blows "Taps."

Jack Richardson was a nephew of Arthur Hendershot of Eugene. He died early this spring.

LOCAL PARTY CLIMBS CASTLE ROCK SUNDAY

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Wilson, Mrs. Larson Wright, Mrs. Walter Gosler, Miss Annis McGookin, and Clifford Lewis climbed to the top of Castle Rock Sunday. The trip was not a difficult one and the weather was bright and clear affording a beautiful view from the summit.

Take Violet or Ethyl With You

Violet Ray and General Ethyl gasoline from our pumps will take you to your camping spot or to the beach faster and cheaper than any ordinary gas. They are the scientific fuels for motor cars. Let performance prove their worth. Drive past here before you start on your Fourth of July Excursion.

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Ice Cream For the Fourth

You can't celebrate the Fourth properly without ice cream. We will be prepared to serve you in any amount from a cone to a large packed freezer for your picnic or outing.

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