

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THE COAST BRIDGES

To build five bridges on the Oregon Coast highway without cost to the state automobile license or gas tax fund and at the same time provide employment for several hundred men was the thought of the Lane County Chamber of Commerce when it petitioned the highway commission to borrow from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Ultimately the state plans to build these five bridges and load the cost on the already overburdened automobile owners of Oregon. There is no denying this point and the plans are to build these structures just as soon as the funds can be squeezed out of them—the Waldport bridge in 1933.

The Chamber reasoned that no motorist in his right mind would shun the Coast highway, the most scenic and some of the costliest road in the world, simply because he was asked to pay an extra dollar on the cost of the bridges.

The question is now raised that perhaps the tolls would not liquidate the bridges. Of course no one can answer this question until it is tried. It is reasonable to think tolls based on the traffic this year and prospects for increase when times get better would be sufficient.

Also it is reasoned that the coast people would want the tolls taken off before ten years elapsed, perhaps they would but we could deny them that privilege until the state could afford to take over the bridges, and besides their leaders and Coast highway association are ready to pledge themselves to the ten year loan.

Then why, you say, was this road built? There were three reasons: A tourist highway mostly for people without the state, a military highway, and to develop Western Oregon in future.

A proposition to bond the counties to secure the loan is not well taken. In the first place it is a state road and the state is under obligations to build the bridges the same as it did the Rogue river bridge—without county aid.

Then too, the counties think these bridges should be built of wood and not cost anything like the \$3,000,000 estimate.

People do not hesitate to pay a dollar or so to get into a national park and we think the Coast highway "has it over" any national park in the country. Let's build the bridges. As a business venture the toll plan is better than further burdening our own automobile owners.

As a \$7,000 a year purchasing agent William Einzig is an imposition upon the state. His conduct around the state house where he cusses out employees at will and makes disparaging remarks about his superiors is surely uncalled for.

How many times we have pounced upon supposed truths—to find out, after more exhaustive study and experiment—that we were wrong!

For instance: I have preached for years that, the pipe-smoker may bring himself a lip-cancer by long frequent massage with a pipe-stem. Now, a careful thinker observes that tobacco has little influence in causing cancer; in other words, any other sort of stick would cause cancer of the lip just as quickly, used in the same way.

And, a fine medical writer tells us that blood-pressure is not permanently made worse by tea or coffee or even salt. That more folks die from lack of chlorides than from excess of them. That the intelligent use of these things never does harm.



FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

GUARDS . . . their assignment

Wherever the president of the United States goes, secret service men accompany him. When the president's car leaves the White House grounds half a dozen guards on motorcycles go ahead to clear the way for it.

When Mr. Hoover went to the opening of a new spectacle in Washington last week, the chief of the White House secret service corps, with a staff of men, preceded him by half an hour and made a thorough search of the building to see that all workmen were out and that nobody but those on a list vouched for by the management was in the building while the president was there.

Those precautions may sound unnecessary in a democracy, but Washington does not forget that three of its presidents have died at the hands of assassins. I am perhaps the only man living who was present at the assassination of two presidents. As a small boy in Washington I was in the old Baltimore and Potomac railroad station when President Garfield was shot, and as a newspaper man in Buffalo I was at the Temple of Music of the Pan-American Exposition when Major McKinley was shot.

GRUB . . . Cal Spencer way

The women of Berkshire county Massachusetts, are getting to be about the best cooks I know of anywhere. And that is all on account of my neighbor, Cal Spencer.

After Cal's wife died, a couple of years ago, he went into the kitchen himself and made such good bread and pies and doughnuts that his daughter encouraged him to show them at the West Stockbridge Grange Fair, Cal did, and he walked off with first prize in five or six classes.

This year he is going to send samples of his culinary products to the Berkshire county fair at Great Barrington, and the farm women of the county are determined not to let him get away with any blue ribbons. As a result, Berkshire county farmers are getting a chance to sample some of the best pies and doughnuts a man ever put a tooth in.

SMOKERS . . . lose last sanctum

One effect of the emancipation of women has been to leave mere man with very few places to go where he can enjoy the society of his own sex without feminine invasion.

The saloon used to be such a refuge, but they tell me that the speakasies, in the big cities, at least, have as many women patrons as men. They still don't let women into Masonic and other lodges, but most of the railroads are finding it impossible to keep them out of the smoking cars.

I see that the Santa Fe railroad has put on a special smoker for women. If the girls want to smoke, they ought to have a place for it where they wouldn't get in the men's way.

FIGURE . . . man, oh man

I suppose everybody realizes that the figure of the average American man is not in the least like that of the ancient Greek gods, whose statues have been preserved from antiquity. But it was something of a shock to me to see the spindleshanked, pot-bellied plaster model in the American Museum of Natural History which represents the average young American male of today.

Museum officials took the average measurements of 100,000 American soldiers on their return from the World war and have a figure which, probably, exactly represents the typical American man of twenty-three or twenty-four. From an artistic point of view, he is nothing pretty to look at. He carries too much stomach and not enough legs to harmonize with the classical ideal of masculine beauty.

Perhaps, in another ten thousand years our artistic standards will have changed. Perhaps, too, after ten thousand years of mechanical locomotion, we won't need any legs at all.

AMAZING . . . Olympic receipts

The most amazing statement I have seen in print in years is that the Olympic Games committee has enough money on hand from admission receipts to pay back the million dollars which the state of California lent in 1927 to finance the preparations for the great international athletic tournament.

I do not remember ever having heard of a state or a government getting back any money that it had lent. And what makes it more amazing is that there were 800,000 paid admissions to the Olympic



FELIX RIESENBERG

First Installment

Warm mist, filled with vague forms, hung above the lower stretches of the Hudson. A boy, his arms folded, leaned on the cabin trunk of a barge, the Cavalier, of Haverstraw.

"See—" The boy kept repeating the one word—"See!" His arms, bare to above the elbows, were capped with a white vapor in her sunlit, doubtful fashions were hard and his face was freckled.

The barge carried with her, as the water slapped her low side, for the Cavalier was at the stern end of a tow. Far ahead a tug, a little wooden puffin, exhaled a white vapor in her struggle with the river. The last tow, whipping about as the course was changed to avoid the ferries, seemed the tail end of a gigantic kite, sometimes in view and sometimes lost to sight.

A large black double-decker washed by, her paddles drumming an energetic tattoo on the sluggish river, her sharp stem carving and curling the water into an open greenish scar, her bows throwing off brave, white whisks of seething foam. Rows of lighted cabin windows marched by him, square ports exuding radiance and offering glimpses of a strange interior region of flashing light and congested, breathing crowds.

A thought occurred to the boy—how he wanted to know those people. "Their names must all be different. But is there so many names?" He spoke aloud, to himself, as he often did. "They must be more'n a hundred—"

Down in the little cabin of the Cavalier, the boy, John Breen, often lay in his bunk, behind the dresser, listening to Mother Breen reading aloud, or half at all, her lips moving. Speaking out of the paper, Captain Breen, who held all book learning in contempt, listened on such occasions, and smoked his pipe, shifting his short legs about in uneasy fashion, his eyes peering from under shaggy eyebrows. "Mother kin read!" Johnny Breen always said this to himself whenever he thought of reading.

Johnny Breen had been around the city many times, but each succeeding trip around the Battery found him gazing in growing fascination toward the piles of buildings banked upon the shore. He noted and remembered many things about the city. The sharp metallic clang of fire engines, the clatter of horses, iron-shod hoofs on Belgian blocks; the harsh rattle of elevated trains—how fast they went! Would he ever ride in one?

Captain Breen was a dogmatic man, Josep preferred a squat, incapable man, seeing but a short distance through a veil of red. Harriet Breen, the woman who married him, managed him. Sixteen years before, when the barge was new, he accepted a responsibility. The sharp metallic clang of fire engines, the clatter of horses, iron-shod hoofs on Belgian blocks; the harsh rattle of elevated trains—how fast they went! Would he ever ride in one?

The detachment, and strangeness of the broad river suited Harriet Breen. She sang to her baby boy. A calm, intangible possession. She was still a handsome woman, twenty years younger than the captain, when the Cavalier rounded the Battery on that misty evening in spring.

The years go fast on the river. John Breen became a strong and capable barge hand, an expert swimmer, a great help and comfort to his mother. Suddenly he had grown, grown almost over night, bursting out of his clothing. The fact that his laugh and a certain trick of pawing through his hair reminded her of another wild impetuous boy caused Harriet Breen to flush. John's father had been only a few years older, when she came to the Cavalier.

"We got to put Johnny to school," Mrs. Breen remarked to Captain Breen, busy at the small coal stove, turning a pan of biscuits with the hem of her apron.

"All right, Mother, we'll send him, when we lay up this year." He began to shift his pipe. "It's getting mighty thick."

"Where we now?" "Turned up of the East River. Them's the Fulton Ferry bells. I'll call Johnny—his eyes drawn into the deepening blur of the warm enveloping night, hearing strange sounds, thinking huge thoughts, heard the talk below, coming up out of the square of light. How he loved his mother! He

games in this year of deepest depression. It all goes to show that California is a wonderful state, and that there are still some sports-loving people with money left in the world.

BAROMETER . . . human suffering Evangeline Booth says things are getting better. She ought to know. She is the head of the one organization in the world that is closest to human suffering. That is closest to human suffering. That is the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army reaches down to the lowest strata of humanity. It deals with human beings as individuals in trouble. Its officers know better than anyone else when times are hard and when they are easier. So when Miss Booth says that things are getting better, I, personally, would place more reliance upon her report than on those of all the economists and statisticians in the world. The demands upon the Salvation Army for help are an accurate barometer of human necessities.

WRINKLES . . . neckwear and shirts The big industries of the future are coming out of the research laboratories every day. The latest is a process of treating cotton, rayon and silk fabrics so that they will not crease or retain permanent wrinkles.

THREE DROWN ON BARGE

The brick barge Cavalier of Haverstraw, McGurtney Brothers Brick Company, collided with an unknown craft in the East River

was going to school—perhaps to school in the city—the monumental city shrouded in the fog. Suddenly there was a crash!

In the Morning Advertiser of Saturday, May 12th, 1900, fourth page, column six, near the bottom of the page, smothered on one side by a reading notice for Peruna, was a scant news item:

Each succeeding trip found him gazing in growing fascination toward the piles of buildings banked upon the shore.

just south of Brooklyn Bridge during the heavy fog last night and sank. Captain Breen, wife, and son are missing.

At the point where Manhattan shows an elbow into the river and the Brooklyn Bridge swings high above the shipping, we must take up the story of Johnny Breen. His dreaming kept him on deck. The conversation below, the warm mystery above, the river moaning and whispering, he'll him in a spell. Then a terrific blast was followed instantly by a crash of rending wood, the snarl of rushing water, the panic cry of Mother Breen—"Johnny!"

He struck out boldly. He gripped the line of piers, his hands slipped from the slimy cluster piles, he washed upstream, swimming bravely. At the next pierhead he made a desperate effort, lifted himself on a cleat roughly nailed to the piling. It was the bottom of one of those rude ladders sometimes found on pier ends; devices nailed by the river rats—the thieves. Johnny Breen dragged his aching body above the water, climbed to the stringpiece and rolled exhausted in the mud.

For a time Johnny Breen lay there stunned. His muscles were sore, his head throbbled, he was sick, nauseated, from vile water he had swallowed. The world spun about him in a maelstrom of disaster. He stood, then walked unsteadily in the dark. He saw the dim shadow of a covered van. It offered shelter, he climbed in. He sank between two bales, the sounds of the river were stilled. The water was blotted from his clothing, a warm glow crept over him; strong arms seemed to enfold him. The terror and turmoil of the night melted away.

THE GHETTO

Johnny was awakened by the movement of the wagon. "Mama!" he cried with a start of terror. The horror of the night burst upon him anew. A torturing thirst closed his throat. His torn shirt streaked with mud and grease. His hair was matted with dried slime. His eyelids stuck together, his swollen lips were dry and hot and his pants were hanging by half their buttons.

His bed, among the bales of waste paper, was jerking and swaying, and as he cried, a canvas flap was lifted. An evil face glared into the van. "What the hell!" A thick and unfriendly voice shouted at him. The face had a wicked mouth, edged with broken teeth, brown and green. Johnny saw a monster, a dragon, glaring and cursing him. "Git tha hell out of there! Git out, ya crummy rat!"

Johnny, still crying, sat up amid the bales. His head bumped the ribs of the van. He rubbed dirt into his eyes and smeared the dried filth on his face wet with tears. He was a dismal

wharves. It was a fearsome neighborhood. High houses loomed over him, strange smells and noises confounded him as he slowly rose to his feet, standing in the midst of a curious crowd of half-grown children who suddenly materialized, as if sprung from the stones. It was an eager Saturday morning crowd of waterfront boys—a gang.

"Hully chee, lookit dat bum! Whag in 'ell's bitin' 'im? He's lousy. Whag—what a stink!"

The crowd rubbed near Johnny. He turned as they milled about. He backed to the center of the street and stood defiant, legs apart, his trousers torn and half down, covered with dirt, his shirt ragged and streaked, his matted yellow hair over his eyes. Hostile boys closed in and surrounded him.

"Doity. Where ja come, outta da sewer? Hey stinky! Soak 'im! Lemme at 'im!"

Several bigger boys, tough, daring with the headless ethics of the pack, kicked and cuffed as Johnny turned in torment. Idle men in shallow jerseys, men in black coats, and bearded men such as John had never seen, paused to watch the boys.

"De Grogan Gang is out! Oy, what a business, de Grogan Gang!" The tough boys were really the Grogan Gang, or part of them. A boy taller than the rest, wearing a dented derby, came close to Johnny and spat in his face. A hard dirty brown fist shot out with desperate force. The tall boy howled, his jerky rolling at his feet in the gutter. The blow was utterly unexpected. It caught him in the stomach, and he doubled up. The crowd backed and then came at Johnny.

Continued Next Week

LIONS CLUB GETS NEW STREET SIGN THIS WEEK

A large ornamental sign for the Springfield Lions club was completed and hung during the past week-end over the entrance to the Community Hall where the club holds its regular meetings. The sign was made under the direction of Neil Pollard, J. W. Anderson, and F. B. Flanery. It consists of a large metal disk with large lion heads in natural color on each side and with the wording Springfield above and club below in gold leaf letters.

Marriage Licenses Issued

The county clerk during the past week has granted marriage licenses to the following: James Smith, Ames, Iowa, and Willetta Moore, Eugene; Walter Dyer and Meda Oxborough, both of Junction City; Clarence Drake and Margaret Cox, both of Eugene.

Eusebia—Let us sit nearer the music. Custis—But then you can't hear what I'm saying to you. Eusebia—Yes, I know. Come along.

PLAY GOLF

There is no better form of recreation than to play a round of Golf.

You're Outdoors Under the trees when you play

Oakway Course

Low Green Fees, and Lower Monthly Rates

Wet or Dry

If Eggimann's ice cream was on the ballot there would be no political issue but a landslide. Our ice cream is something everybody can agree on—it's good.

A good product and good service has always been our pledge to the people.

EGGIMANN'S

Quality - Service - Reliability

QUALITY—only the purest ingredients used in compounding prescriptions and only standard, nationally known drugs stocked in our store.

SERVICE—by a registered pharmacist with years of experience.

RELIABILITY—We never substitute.

KETELS DRUG STORE

Buy With Confidence

It may be only oil or gasoline you buy here but you can do it with confidence that you are going to get the utmost in driving comfort and service.

"A" Street Service Station

5th and A Streets Springfield

Lenox Hotel

COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT AND ECONOMICAL

Rooms: \$1.50 with bath; \$1.00 without bath

We Welcome You to Portland

W. F. WALKER, Mgr. Portland, Oregon

1¢ WILL DO THE AVERAGE FAMILY WASHING



MANY PEOPLE

do not understand how cheap electricity really is. The average electric washer, for instance, can be operated from one hour, to two and one-half hours, for 1 cent. A large four-tub washing can be washed spotlessly clean in the modern electric washer in one, to one and one-half hours. Electricity is so clean, is so easy to use, operates so quietly and is so very efficient that many times we fail to realize how much service we receive for the small amount of money we pay.

SPRINKLING SYSTEM USED ON PASTURE PLOT

Slow revolving sprinklers, each covering an area 75 feet in diameter, are proving an efficient "fool-proof" method of irrigating 12 acres of pasture on the Frank Hall place near Corvallis. The system was installed as an experimental method of irrigating rough land with a small water supply. The sprinklers are kept in one spot 12 hours, making it convenient for the man in charge of the dairy herd to change them morning and evening. The agricultural engineering department of the state college designed the system.

Colaslaw—That new maid is certainly quiet. One would never know that she was about the place. Mrs. C.—She isn't. She left this morning. Gassaway—Did you rescue your poor friend who was captured by cannibals? Blowhard—Unfortunately, when I arrived he had already been scratched off the menu.

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY