

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1932

TAXATION AND TIMBER

The northwest lumber business last year totalled about \$160,000,000 and showed no net profit. The tax bill of the lumber industry last year was roughly \$65,000,000 and must come out of the pockets of the timber and sawmill owners who have not made a cent of profit but faced a loss in the operation of their plants in order to provide some employment.

It is evident that this sort of taxation can not go on. It is another case of "slaying the goose that lays the golden egg." The lumber industry should pay a yield tax as the timber is cut at least in lieu of a good part of the property tax. This would not only be the fair way but it would be showing a sensible attitude toward this great industry which is now in grave danger of being taxed to execution.

SUPPORT THE NEW CHANCELLOR

Dr. William Kerr has been named chancellor of the state institutions of higher learning. He takes the reins after a period of uncertainty and divided authority and with a political wrecking crew in the shape of the Zorn-McPherson bill on the job at the November election.

The purpose of the institutions of higher learning is to properly train the conduct and educate the youth of the state. In this the state at large has been setting a poor example recently. And even with the high quality leadership of Dr. Kerr these institutions will not maintain the standards they should without the united and loyal support of the people of Oregon.

Dr. Kerr has been chosen chancellor. It is up to the people of the state to back him up and militantly combat every influence that trends to tear down our institutions of higher learning.

HOW WILL THE WOMEN VOTE?

We don't know who is going to be the next president of the United States, and we are not quite sure about who will represent some of our own districts in the next congress, but we are beginning to feel pretty sure that the women of the United States are going to have a good deal more to say about it this year than we men.

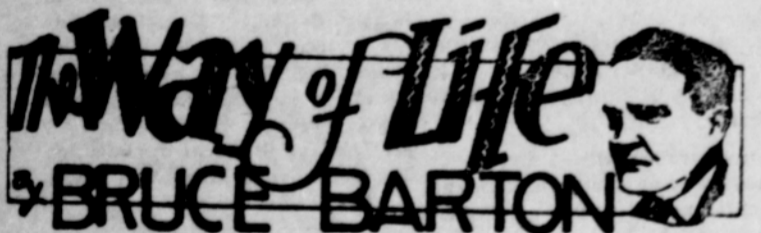
According to the United States census of 1930, there are just about 35,000,000 women over 21 years of age in this country. We have lived long enough to know that it is never safe to predict what a woman is going to do, but we have a strong hunch that most of these girls are going to get out and vote next election day, and that they are going to pay a great deal more attention to the issues of the campaign than to the personalities of the candidates.

Before the days of woman suffrage the opponents of the notion that women ought to have a vote had a favorite argument that women would vote for the handsome boys, because they liked their hair or the way they tie their neckties.

It hasn't worked out exactly that way. We haven't noticed any movie stars going into the senate, and we have seen some of the worst looking specimens of mankind we ever laid eyes on occupying seats in congress and other public offices.

They used to say that women would vote the way their husbands or fathers or brothers told them. We never did have much faith in that argument. It is our observation that the best way to get a woman to do something is to tell her to do something else.

Seriously, we not only believe, but we hope, that the women's vote is going to be a big factor in the coming election. Almost every woman we know anything about is instinctively frugal, while probably most men we know would be spendthrifts if they had anything to spend. What is needed now more than anything else is a general housecleaning in government and lopping off of unnecessary expenses everywhere. We would very much rather trust the women—any group of women—to do the job than we would trust a similar group of men.



THE DAY OF REST

I feel sure our editor will pardon me, if I seem at times a little old-fashioned; there are so many flimsy, new theories now—and so much untried stuff advanced, that it is refreshing to go back to the old trudge-advance for a bit of old-fashioned comfort once in awhile.

Isn't the family doctor a sort of guardian in his community? I think so—a trusted mentor and friend. He, above all others must conclude God's laws are always right.

So, there's a seventh day for rest. It has been so for centuries. That assumes that we work six days. He set the example for us, in this matter of first importance. Well, how many of us observe the law—or follow the Divine example? How many of us pay the penalty which is sure, after many, flagrant violations?

I am afraid that the church, ambitious to succeed in a holy cause, approaches very close to transgression when it fills the Sabbath with exacting ceremonies. Sunday is the day of all days when I keep my eye on the clock, to see that I shall not be late at any of denomination's ordinances. I have somehow acquired the feeling that, if I am late, or neglectful of formal statutes on Sunday, I am not living up to my duty as a God-fearing man—a would-be setter of good example in my community. So Sunday has become almost a day of exacting requirement, with but little REST. I wonder if God wants it that way?



LIFE a survival

Strolling along the bank of a trout stream on my farm the other day I saw a fish capture an incautious frog and proceed to devour it. Crossing the meadow on my way back to the house I saw a hawk pounce down upon a baby rabbit and heard the victim's shrill scream as the bird's talons pierced its skin. At the edge of my wife's flower garden I encountered a small, striped snake in the act of swallowing a toad.

That, I reflected, is life as the animals experience it. They prey upon each other and none is safe. But they have no other way to live. It would be as foolish to call the hawk, the snake or the fish wicked as it would be to call humans wicked because they, too, kill animals for their food.

Sloppy sentimentalists endow the lower animals with the same sensibilities and emotions as humans, and make a great fuss about the cruelty of life. No one who eats meat is in a position to criticize the hawk that eats rabbits and in time, a few thousand years, perhaps, men may get over the urge to kill other men because they dress differently, or speak a different language, or get the better of them in trade.

AL the new editor I hereby extend the hand of fellowship to Al Smith, editor. I have not always agreed with the Hon. Alfred E. Smith, politician, but when he began to write for the papers a couple of years back I thought I saw the making of a newspaper man in him.

Now that he is out of politics—so far as the present campaign is concerned, at any rate—and is a full-fledged editor with a magazine of his own, Al and I ought to get along fine. I'll say this for Al, he puts a punch into whatever he writes. He has ideas.

In the New Outlook, of which he is to be the responsible editor, he will doubtless say a lot of things with which I won't agree, and probably will say a great many things with which I will be in perfect harmony. Anyway, like a lot of other Americans, I'm going to watch for that first issue under his direction.

'CELLO the masterpiece The greatest maker of violincellos was Nicolas Amati, who died two hundred years ago in Cremona, Italy. The greatest maker of bows for violins and cellos was Alphonse Tourte of Paris, who died many years ago. The greatest 'cellist, until his death, was Alfredo Piatti of London, who owned Amati's finest cello and played it with Tourte's finest bow.

Probably the greatest living 'cellist is Willem Willeke, born in Austria of a Dutch father and an English-Hungarian mother and now an American citizen. He has owned Piatti's Amati cello for a long time. At a dinner given by music lovers in Willeke's honor the other night in New York, the Tourte bow which Piatti used was given to the 'cellist reuniting two famous instruments.

Nobody ever heard such music as Willem Willeke produced when he drew that bow across the strings of that cello.

CREDIT the original idea When the five-day week and the "staggering" of hours of employment so that everybody will have a job become the general practice in the United States—and I see signs which make me believe that they are coming—perhaps the credit will go to the man who started the project, perhaps not.

The man is Isador Teitelbaum, who makes and sells fine furniture in New York. One day last fall Mr. Teitelbaum, who is a deep student of economic questions, outlined his idea of the short week and the wider distribution of jobs. "Come out to the national convention of the Furniture Association and tell them about it," his friend urged. Mr. Teitelbaum had never made a public speech in his life, but he talked that convention, representing employers of 400,000 men and women, into endorsing his plan.

Since then the shorter week and the staggered hours system has been put forward by hundreds of others, and it was one of the big features of the president's industrial conference a couple of weeks ago. Somebody else may get the credit for starting it, which is why I want to put it in the record now that it was Isador Teitelbaum's original idea.

HOARDERS still with us "Frightened" money is beginning to come out of the tin cans and mattresses. It takes a lot of persuasion, though, to get some of it back into the channels of trade again.

Up in my country the largest store in southern Berkshire county went out of business, and closed out its stock at unheard of prices. On the opening day of the sale, which was widely advertised, the main street of Great Barrington was almost impassable, it was so crowded with farmers and village



Second Installment

SYNOPSIS: Johnny Breen, in years old, had spent all of his life aboard a Hudson river tugboat plying near New York, and in a terrific collision which took the tug, drowned his mother and the man he called father, ignorant, uneducated and fear-driven, drifted ashore, hides in the friendly darkness of a huge covered truck—only to be kicked out at water's edge, exhausted, tumbles into a river rat who beats and chases him. He escapes, exhausted, tumbles into a basement doorway. Later, he hears the trap door slammed, a padlock snapped down and he is trapped.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY!

"Becka! Becka!" "Yes, Pa." "Will you shud de vawter off?" "Papa, it is off." "Vot you dell me, Becka? Id don't run? I heard id. Do vot I told you? will you?" Channon Lipitch hobbled back through the basement to the rear room. He shuffled, his feet at an angle, his bearded face assuming an air of comical severity. It was an occasion and Channon Lipitch, certain of his ground, determined to correct his daughter. Conversation, in the rear living-sleeping room, came to a stop, the loud voices quieting while the splash of running water sounded from without. "So, you told it lies to me on Shabbas?" He bristled, but Becka, more voluble than her father, instantly yielded.

"It's in back, Pa. Don't be so sudden with calling me a liar. It's in the house in back I hear it splashing, like you." But Channon Lipitch was right. Water was splashing, if not in their apartment, then near by. Ha, he was right; his ears were now stuffed up. Water was splashing, ever in his mind when faucets flowed. "Vell," he said, "shud id off, sy den't you? Dell me, who iss making soch a splash on Shabbas?" He was a strict man with his family—in the presence of visitors.

The girl, lit for her age, and plump, with an almost premature development, laughing and giggling, dimpled through a rear window of the Lipitch home, the living-, sleeping-, eating room in back of the Clothing Emporium—New and Second Hand. She had to make a high step, a very high step, for they were on the basement floor, and the stairs were high. Her skirt was tight and long. In fact, as she stretched one leg through the window, the other was uncovered far above the knee; a plump shapely leg.

Becka, standing on tiptoes, her skirts lifted unnecessarily high, peered over the railing into the living room. Through a broken window pane she saw a boy splashing over a rusty sink, under a tap of running water. He held a piece of hard yellow laundry soap and was working up a lather; his hair and face were streaming wet. The boy caught a glimpse of her, his eyes were wide with tear-blue eyes. She smiled at him. Then she turned hurriedly, her skirts up over her knees—her stockings were new and she made the most of the occasion. She leaped, she jumped down into the Lipitch living room. "It's a boiler," she declared, almost fainting. Tremendous excitement prevailed in the Lipitch home.

"Quick, Papa, quick!" Mrs. Lipitch and Mrs. Yartin were urging and helping the reluctant Lipitch at the window. Suddenly the water stopped. Lipitch, in the area, caught a glimpse of a boy's face at the broken window. The little man, he was a head shorter than his wife, struggled to command his voice. He did not look formidable in his black silk skull cap. His features worked convulsively.

"Vot iss! Vot iss!" He exclaimed excitedly. The boy looked harmless, frightened. "Vot you come out?" Lipitch screamed. "Or if you don't, I—call police!" "Papa, it's only a boy," Becka was again climbing through the window. Here, boy, come out to us." She rapped and rattled the weathered sash. "It's only a boy. Only a boy," Mr. Lipitch announced, as if terribly disappointed. He greeted Johnny with a smile, and held out a scrawny hand to the strong fat of the boy who leaped up without effort, a ragged, desperate wail with wet hair and shining eyes. But Channon Lipitch was triumphant. He had proven himself, with the help of circumstances. Before one's family and friends, bravery is a virtue.

The Lipitch Clothing Emporium—"New and Second Hand"—was not unlike the barge Cavalier, in shape, at least. It was a nice little business, buying and selling, in the back, branching from a dark, narrow hallway with a splintered pine floor, were the work rooms lit by naked yellow gas jets and crowded during ten hours of the day with operators, coats and vests. Lipitch took in piece work at the less difficult parts of manufacture, hiring his help from the tenements of the street. His stock did not spoil, he bought cheap, and sold at a profit, even

folk rushing to buy the bargains. And the money they brought was what they had carefully hoarded away, fearing to put it into the banks. "We took in more than ten thousand dollars in the old-fashioned large-sized currency on the first day of the sale," the manager told me. "Many of the bills were actually moldy, and almost all of them were creased and damp." There are still hundreds of millions of dollars of these old "big bills" unaccounted for, the treasury reports.

Wooden Eggs Fool Hens It was a Connecticut Yankee who first made wooden nutmegs, but it remained for an Oregonian to manufacture wooden nest eggs of western red cedar, and do a prosperous business turning them out. It is said the hens approved of them because they warm more easily than glass or porcelain and their odor is distasteful to vermin.

Forest Products Large Of Oregon's primary income 91 per cent is accounted for by forest products, agriculture, and manufacturing. Of this 91 per cent, forest products contribute 43 per cent; agriculture 24 per cent; and manufacturing (other than of forest products) 24 per cent.

Tree Growth Fast Following a selective cutting of the mature trees on an experimental plot in eastern Oregon, the Pacific Northwest Forest Experiment station found that the height growth of the sapling pines left unharmed more than doubled.

Erosion Seen In many parts of the United States from ten inches to two feet of the top soil has been removed by erosion in the last thirty years.

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He was suddenly confronted by a crowd of toughs.

In the living room there were two beds, covered by colored spreads by day and shoved against the wall farthest from the windows, to get away from the night air. Becca and the twins slept on one of these and Mr. and Mrs. Lipitch occupied the other. With the advent of Johnny Breen a cot, from a nearby second hand store, was placed beneath one of the windows.

Channon Lipitch, like the heads of many families preponderant on the female side, felt himself overshadowed by the growing impudence of Becka added to the volatility of Mrs. Lipitch. A shrewd general in a trade, Lipitch was limp in the hands of his wife and daughter. To him trade was art; it was life, and life depended upon the teeming, crowding multitude who swarmed and squirmed in the alleys of the town—it was a good place, this city, so full of customers always close at hand.

On the Saturday afternoon of Johnny's introduction to the city his reception in the back room of the Clothing Emporium took on the proportions of an event. Johnny's story, given amid a greedy mastication of seed rolls and gulps of tears and lukewarm coffee, thrilled the company with a sympathy grown quick through the age-long persecution of their race—a sympathy leading to momentary cries of sympathy within the city. Tears coursed down his cheeks as he repeated, "My mother is drowned, my mother is drowned!" The "oy, oy, oy" of Mrs. Lipitch and Mrs. Yartin punctuated the story. Mrs. Blumgren, with large, wondering brown eyes, cried in sympathy, while Becca dried his clothes and sewed on buttons.

"You are staying by us, now," Becca spoke to Johnny, smiling, her face close to his. Tears welled in his eyes. He was terribly tired; kindness cut through him like a knife. Johnny slept on a cot in the corner. He drifted off into oblivion, exhaustion and exaltation crowding back the events of the previous day and night.

Days of bewildering complexity followed on his establishment in a family of Channon Lipitch, an cousin from the farm, for so Elkan Nesser, a malamud, advised. Slowly the river Jimmed. Johnny Breen learned of synagogues and rabbis. He thought the whole world consisted of the river and the Ghetto, nothing else. Becca became a dominant force in the direction of his emotions. He burst out of his clothes, his strong body never tired. He could lift Becca high up so she might reach the top shelves in the shop; she was often needing things there, and then, suddenly, he refused to lift her, but climbed up himself and found nothing.

John had achieved a prime requisite for worldly success. He was known and five blocks away as "Fighting Lipitch." He became a celebrity, nothing less, elevated above the boys on the street; on a par, in fact, with young men four and five years his senior in point of age and a decade beyond him in worldly lore. The Grogan Gang, out for revenge, cruised the Ghetto. John Breen, with brass knuckle dusters in his pockets, a reckless light in his eyes, fought when there were no more than two or three,

FISHING GETS BETTER

AS SEASON ADVANCES Fishing in local streams and across the mountains is improving again now as the first fall rains have fallen. Good catches on the McKenzie and tributary streams are being reported.

A party of three local men, Dr. W. N. Dow, W. K. Barnell, and H. E. Maxey spent the week-end holidays on the upper Deschutes river and made good catches.

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FIRE DESTROYS LARGE

DAIRY BARN SATURDAY Contractors Storm Owner Upon Announcement That He Plans to Rebuild Soon

The new \$5000 barn on the M. G. Viles dairy ranch near Creswell was completely destroyed by fire early Saturday morning as the Creswell and Springfield fire departments stood by to prevent the flames from spreading. The flames which are thought to have been caused by spontaneous combustion in the hay had made such headway that it was impossible to extinguish them.

The barn was 70 by 50 feet and was insured for approximately \$3000. Mr. Viles has already been deluged with offers from contractors following his announcement that he plans to rebuild the barn. Many extra persons were put to work at the ranch milking the cows (about 70 in number) which had been milked by machines which were destroyed in the fire.

Business Visitor—

Angus Harbick of McKenzie Bridge was a business visitor in Springfield Friday.



Mosquito-repellent stockings are being worn by some women in New York. The stockings are ordinary silk hose which have been dipped in a chemical which discourages the mosquito but does not bother the wearer.

Three million persons in New York are members of churches.

A year ago the average grocery account in New York totaled \$25 a week. Today it is \$17.

Leaping from high places and the taking of gas are displacing other means of self-destruction in New York. Fifteen hundred men and women committed suicide in this city last year. Most suicides occur on Tuesday.

Few buildings in New York have a floor number thirteen. Numbers of floors usually jump from 12 to 14.

On suburban trains to and from New York, 98 out of every 100 passengers will be seen reading a newspaper. New Yorkers are the greatest newspaper reading people in the world.

On the boulevards leading to and from New York street merchants congregate wherever there is a traffic light. When the red light flashes and cars are stopped the vendors get busy. They sell leather, inflated balls, white, linen caps, pretzels, chocolate-covered ice-cream, fruit and what not.

It is estimated that more than three million electric light globes are in use in New York city.

Queensboro Bridge in New York, extending from Manhattan Island

to Long Island, is 7,636 feet long and cost \$25,000,000. It sees heavier traffic than any bridge in the world.

It has been estimated that New Yorkers consume 17,000,000 cigarettes a day.

The other day we saw a faded and drooping gardenia in the ragged buttonhole of a Bowery dervish.

The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel facilities include a private railroad siding underneath the hotel where guests fortunate enough to own private cars, may leave them.

On September 9, 1928, 85,366 fans crowded their way into the Yankee Stadium, New York, to see a double-header between New York Yankees and the Philadelphia Athletics. That's the largest crowd which has ever witnessed a baseball game.

On a recent day when a certain New York department store advertised extensively a big bargain sale, 26,000 persons were carried in the elevators of the store every hour for four hours.

A New York newspaper reporter was given an assignment to learn whether there is a family on Manhattan Island which keeps live chickens. Only one has been found to date and that one away up in the Bronx.

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

School Supplies

Tablets, pencils, pens, erasers and other articles necessary for the school child are here ready for the opening of school. After the summer vacation the boys and girls will be back in school September 19. They should be properly outfitted and this store is prepared to give first class service in school supplies.

KETELS DRUG STORE

5th and A Streets Springfield

On the Hills - 'More Pep'

Know the thrill of passing every car on the hill... of instant response to the slightest pressure of the accelerator... of a sure, safe power when power is needed. Get a thorough tuning up at our Service Station garage and fill up with General Motogas, Violet Ray or Ethyl gasoline.

"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. 3rd and Main St. Portland, Oregon

Your Friends will Say: 'HOW LOVELY'

Surprise your guests with those tempting ice cream fancies! They'll immediately compliment your good taste as a hostess, and contribute greatly to the success of your party. The same uniform excellence characterizes all of Eggimann's ice creams.

EGGIMANN'S

"Where the Service is Different"

\$1.50 Allowance for Your Old Lamp or Lantern ON A NEW Coleman

Right now your old lamp or lantern... regardless of kind or condition... is good for \$1.50 at our store on a brand new Coleman. The finest pressure-gas Lamps and Lanterns ever produced. They light instantly and produce up to 300 candle power of brilliant natural light. New Roto-Type B... assures continuous, trouble-free lighting service at less expense. Now—for a limited time you take your choice of any of the newest models... use your old lamp or lantern as part payment on your new Coleman.



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