

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
H. E. MAXEY, Editor

Entered as second class matter, February 24, 1903, at the postoffice,
Springfield, Oregon

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATE
One Year in Advance \$1.50 Six Months .75
Two Years in Advance \$2.50 Three Months .30c

County Official Newspaper
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1932

PLANS WORK FOR ALL

James Mott, Republican candidate for congress, should appeal to the laborer, the farmer and the small business man as a champion of their case. He believes in governmental long range planning and in sure steady employment and operation of industry. He thinks that ultimately all large industries will have to come under the same regulations as do the public utilities. This he thinks will be mandatory if we are to get along even if it is not what we desire.

Mr. Mott reasons that all people who want to work have a right to be employed. If because of our improved methods of machine production and transportation only half share in the production through shorter working days, whole population needs then we must find something for the other half to do. There is nothing left but to let the idle half share in the production through shorter working days. If industry and business must carry this added burden then it must have guarantees similar to that of the railroads and public utilities. They must be protected from ruinous competition and gross over production and given the privilege of making a fair return on investment. This will come through government supervision similar to that now exercised over the railroads and public utilities.

Mr. Mott's is the view of many modern economists. It is the view that all real champions of the "forgotten" should have.

WELL-TO-DO CANDIDATES

George Washington was the wealthiest man in the United States when he was elected president in 1788. A good many other presidents have been men of considerable means, and a good many of them have been poor men. Theodore Roosevelt probably had the largest personal fortune of any president since Washington, when he entered the White House. President Hoover at the beginning of the war was worth several million dollars, but had spent a great deal of his capital in Belgian relief work and other philanthropies, and lost more of it through unfortunate investments, before he became president, according to the interesting and expensive magazine called "Fortune," which sells for \$1 a copy.

Mr. Hoover started in life with nothing and was making \$100,000 a year as a mining engineer when he was thirty, according to Fortune, which estimates that he was worth something over \$4,000,000 in 1914 and now has about \$700,000, mostly invested in bonds, which bring him an income of about \$35,000 a year apart from his salary.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic candidate for president, has an income of about \$17,500 a year apart from his salary as Governor of New York, says Fortune. About \$12,500 of this is from investments made by himself and his wife of money which they inherited. Governor Roosevelt's magnificent home at Hyde Park, New York, is owned by his mother, who is estimated to be worth about half a million dollars.

Both of the candidates for Vice-President are also well-to-do. Mr. Curtis and Mr. Garner have been the architects of their own fortunes.

We do not see that it makes much difference whether a presidential candidate is rich or poor. Even Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, who presumably represents the poor, married a considerable fortune. Perhaps, on the whole, the country is better served by putting in office men who do not need the jobs, but who are economically independent and able to devote their lives to public service.

BIG VOTE TO SWAT SCHOOL MOVING

More than 1100 voters are registered in Springfield which is the largest registration in history. What should be the goal of Springfield people now is to enroll as near as possible a 100 per cent vote against moving the University of Oregon.

"Vote 317 X NO"

Should be our slogan as well as the rest of Lane county. We can not afford to have this institution started by pioneers of our county moved away. It would be a calamity to Lane county and to Springfield. We must roll up as great a majority in Lane county as possible to overcome possible adversity in other parts of the state less affected.

Lumber investments are 25 per cent less than a year ago and orders the last few weeks show increased demand. Some mills have reopened and others have hopes for the immediate future. It is generally agreed that improved business conditions and the lumber tariff is responsible for the strengthening of the domestic market.

Springfield is one of the few school districts in Oregon cities which does not show a decreased school attendance. This should be proof that our community is holding its own in population. Many of our people own their own homes and have not become transients during this period of so-called depression.

If there are ever to be any junior colleges in Oregon the place where they should be thoroughly tried out is in Portland as a part of the public school system and in connection with the high schools. Ashland and La Grande are far too small for such costly experiments as contemplated in the Zorn-McPherson bill.

Herbert Hoover stands preeminently as the champion of the country's welfare regardless of politics. He has no time for petty partisan considerations which would ruin his position as a great executive and statesman. He is the leader of all the people in constructive progress.

Seventy per cent of all imported goods come into this country duty free and our total import trade is but 10 per cent of our nation's business. The affect of tariff on our whole economic structure is greatly overstressed.

Some of the Democratic candidates for county office have omitted the name of their party from their cards. What's the matter boys and girls are you ashamed of the party of Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson?

Some good friend of Gov. Roosevelt ought to pass on to him the old saying: "A winner never knocks and a knocker never wins."

Well, we can't blame Hoover for the Great Flood or the San Francisco earthquake.



WASHINGTON BY RADFORD MOSELEY

Washington, D. C.—Now that all of the primaries for the nomination of congressional candidates are over the wets and the drys are beginning to inquire into their attitudes on the question of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

Nearly 100 percent of the Democratic congressional nominees are listed here as being as well as their party platform, which calls for unqualified repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. A pretty high proportion of the Republican candidates, however, are regarded as drys by preference, though more than a majority are said to have expressed themselves in favor of modification of prohibition along the lines of the Republican platform.

Nobody can fortell as yet when the proposed modification of the Eighteenth Amendment will be submitted to the people of the various states for action. There is still possible doubt that three-quarters of the states will go wet when this referendum takes place. But one thing seems reasonably certain. That is that there will be a vigorous attempt made, as soon as congress meets again in December, to amend the Volstead Act to legalize 4 percent beer.

Favoring 4 Percent Beer
The present prohibition law declares beer of more than one-half of one percent alcohol to be intoxicating. The old fashioned beer that used to be sold so freely in pre-prohibition days contained about 7 1/2 per cent of alcohol. A great deal of the so-called beer that is being sold in speakeasies today contains alcohol up to 20 percent. There isn't any question about 20 per cent beer being intoxicating.

But a very strong showing will be made to prove that 4 percent beer is not intoxicating up to the limits of the amount of beer that an ordinary individual can drink at one time, and the brewery interests are very hopeful that they can get this percentage of beer legalized.

In that case, however, they do not anticipate the return of the saloon. Plans are all completed for the production of bottled beer to be sold mainly in drug stores, over the soda fountain, or delivered by grocers at residences. The price to the consumer, dependent upon the tax imposed, will probably be from fifteen cents a bottle upward. How much effect the legalizing of 4 percent beer would have upon the whole prohibition agitation is another question, however.

Legislation Program
Regardless of the outcome of the election, programs of legislation for next winter are beginning to take shape, since it will be the same congress up to next March that will act on the bill. And right up at the top of the list of new revenue measures is the general sales tax.

The state of Mississippi has now had more than six months experience with this tax, which every consumer pay as he spends his money. It has caused no excitement of any kind in Mississippi. Everybody has taken to it kindly, and there are no reports of unwillingness to pay the tax. It is producing ample revenue for the state.

Congressional leaders of both parties are said now to have come fully around to the idea that the sales tax on a national scale is the soundest and least burdensome method of raising funds for the conduct of the government that has yet been proposed.

Transportation
Unquestionably, there will be a strong effort made at the next session to put all interstate means of transportation under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This is especially designed to bring the bus and truck lines, which operate on the public highways, under the same sort of control that the government exercises over the railroads.

At present the independent highway lines are completely under individual state control, while trucks and buses operated by the railroads themselves have to be sanctioned by the commission. One hope of the railroads is that they may obtain control of the bus and truck situation and so recover some of the heavy losses which this new form of transportation has cost them.

The whole tendency of the times is for greater unification and more complete federal control over transportation.

A Tactful Retreat
What might have been a serious situation in railroad affairs has been averted by the indefinite postponement on the proposed conference on railroad wages. The railroad managements had been talking about another 20 per cent cut in wages. A. F. Whitney, chairman of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, announced in a public address in New York that the railroad workers would not accept another cut. The railroad managers thereupon tactfully withdrew their suggestion of a conference on the subject, greatly to Washington's relief.

Information available here had indicated that any attempt to enforce another railroad wage cut would result in a general railroad strike.



Sixth Installment

SYNOPSIS: Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who has spent all his life aboard a Hudson river tugboat, playing near New York, is lured into the city by a terrific explosion which sinks the tug, down his mother and father. He is taken to a boarding school, and, after a year, he is released and taken into the home of a Jewish family living in the rest of the second-hand clothing store. He works in the washroom store—and is openly courted by Becka, the young daughter. The scene shifts to the home of the wealthy Van Horns, 5th Avenue, where lives the bachelor Gilbert Van Horn—in whose life there is a hidden chapter. That chapter was an affair with his mother, who left the house when he was accused. The lives of Johnny Breen and Gilbert Van Horn first cross when Van Horn sees Breen with his first important ring battle.

NOW, GO ON WITH THE STORY

Malone, in the dressing room with the fighters, saw Sol Bernfeldt slowly come out three five dollar bills, and offer them to John. They were standing in a corner, partly shielded by a locker.

"What's that?" Malone demanded sharply, approaching the boy and his manager.

"What I won. I get fifteen and Sol gets ten; he's my manager," John explained.

"Say—your dirty crook!" The trainer glared at Sol, Bernfeldt to a deathly pallor at the discovery of his duplicity. "You give that boy his money," Malone, with a sudden grip, pulled the retreating Bernfeldt backward. "Dig, damn you—dig!" and he drove his elbow sharply into the middle of Sol's soft back. Bernfeldt, wincing with pain, hesitated. John eyed him with suspicion. "Dig, you rotten crook," and Pug Malone gave him a second and much harder shove in the back, and a crisp fifty dollar bill came to light. Malone matched this and handed it to John.

"Take that, son, you earned it. An' now, turning to Sol, "fade, an' fade fast, before you get what's comin' to you." Bernfeldt took the hint without delay.

"What's your name, son?" Malone asked. "You look white."

"Breen, sir, John Breen," the "str" slipping from some dormant cell, recaptured, perhaps, while overhearing Captain Breen address some wharf or ship officer. Pug Malone, compact, gray haired, and pink looked like a god to the boy.

"Where do you work?" Malone knew that John was not a professional. "With Mr. Lipvitch in the Clothing Emporium," demanded Malone.

"Yes, sir, he pays me," John felt his benefactor was under criticism. "Of course he does, son. How much? What do you get a week?"

"Three dollars— and how?" John added, by way of good measure. "Board! Board!" Malone ran his hand over the body of the boy. "Board what? And then, seeing the alarmed look on John's face, he went on in a kindly tone. "What you need is feedin'. Better stay here. I'll give you a job, five a week an' real board. Rubbin', that's the work, an' I'll train you, son, an' split right. Are you my boy?"

And so John Breen left the Greater City of New York.

sparkled through his clear skin in startling contrast to the sodden wrecks of men and women drifting all about. After two months of training for condition, Malone initiated John into the science of pugilism, coaching him behind closed doors in the art of jabbing, hooking, and blocking blows. He impressed upon him the great value of infighting, and the secret of terrific punches with the crooked elbow, throwing the full force of the body into the blow by applying the fundamental principles of mechanics and dynamic force.

One day, after a long go with Malone himself, the trainer, wiping a bleeding nose, and out of breath, re-



Malone initiated John into the science of pugilism.

marked shortly. "You'll do to take a crack at a few second raters." John pushed. "Sure—you must always win. Don't forget that, John. Get the habit of always winning—always. It's the principle of success."

And then John polished off a half dozen "set ups," third and second rate boys disposed of with starting rapidity and with cold calculating precision. Almost over night the name of Fighting Breen, the writer weight, became known on the Bowery from Chatham Square to Cooper Union. The Grogan Gang claimed him as one of their original members and boasted of his renown. Fighting Breen was on the road to championship honors and rewards. And at most of these fights, sitting near the ringside, alone or with Judge Kelly, was the well-known sporting man, Gilbert Van Horn. He always bet heavily on Fighting Breen.

"No," Malone was positive, "that boy's under my care. Never mind about me, now. He'll be a champion, then you can all meet him. The kid's too young—don't give him bum ideas. You sports spoil too many good fighters."

Strangely, it was Marvin Kelly who wanted to talk with John Breen. Gilbert merely looked on. He had bought a Panhard, and on days following the fights roared through the countryside in clouds of white dust, tearing up the water-paved macadam. People thought he was crazy in his goggles and mask. He hardly knew whether he was or not. At Dobbs Ferry he upset a farmer's truck cart, the horses were really at fault, and the Morning Advertiser carried a long story of his doings. It seemed as if the Van Horns would always be in the public eye.

In the meantime, Malone, guarding John with the care of a father, placed his winnings in the Bowery Savings Bank and John, at the time of the reform wave, engineered from the inside, had saved over four hundred dollars and had also provided himself with an elegant wardrobe. The lapse in the fighting game pleased him as he was beginning to hate the contests. A feeling of hopeless unrest seized him. He became moody, discontented, and gettish. Malone studied the boy and wondered what poison was entering into him when they were engulfed in the heat of the great municipal campaign of 1901.

Malone sensed something strange in John, just what he attempted in vain to discover. But the boy, noting a bar-room loafer sitting at one of the tables thumbing a newspaper, knew that he was looking at a superior being. The bum's clothes might be foul; he might be filthy inside and out, but he possessed a key, the great key to all; he could read. John had grasped a word or two in casual contact with letters.

He knew that R Y E spelled ry whiskey and that B E E R spelled beer, but the label Pilsener Genzsch & Co. Brauerer was utter mystery. He did know that there were such things as letters and an alphabet. But he knew of no way in which he could go about the task of acquiring the art of reading, or of what he might find out should the

gift come to him like magic in the night. For he did dream such miracles, often, that he could read, and just as he was about to gain some mighty truth his fairy gift faded away. Then, at times, he consoled himself with the thought that it was no great gift after all. None of the readers he saw were particularly wise, except, of course, his idol, Pug Malone.

John's inability to read was brought to light one day. "Here's the story of my scrap with Stitt. I just dug this up in my old trunk. Look over, Jack, an' you'll see Stitt topped me by ten pounds," and Pug held out the paper to John. John took the paper, glanced at the full length wood-cut of Malone,

middle weight champion, etc., etc., his eye roaming over the figure of his friend in fighting pose. Tears welled into his eyes; the picture blurred; the red tinge of shame was not so crimson as he. His blush of shame, and his tear-bathed eyes, looking straight at Pug, halted the trainer in his recital.

"Pug, I can't read a damn word!" he said.

"Can't read! Can't read the Gazette!" Malone almost dropped a bottle of seltzer he was about to squirt into a highball, a customer having appeared before the bar at that agitating moment. "Well, I'll be damned!" and Pug shot the water with such force it splashed the bar, drowning out the Scotch. "Here, take some more," and Pug passed the bottle back to the customer who spiked the drink liberally, wondering what the excitement was all about.

When Malone recovered the whisky bottle he turned to the boy. Tears glistened in John's eyes and stained his cheek where he had roughly dashed a sleeve across his face. A great lump rose in the throat of the trainer. He went to the end of the bar, poured out a large drink of cold black coffee and tossed it off. When the customer left he returned to John.

"Why in the name of hell didn't you tell me this before?"

"Too busy, Pug," the boy explained haltingly. "I wanted to make good at the scrapping. I ain't had no chance. I figured I was too old. So what's the use?" John's voice held a note of hopeless maturity. Time, the master, had passed him by. On leaving the bar Pug and John walked into the gym, and domed gloves for their usual fast round before supper. Malone, scoring a hard left to the nose, drew blood.

"There, son, you see you got to go to school now." He carefully wiped the red smear from his glove with a towel, while John laughingly held his bleeding nose. "It's night school for you. Night school with them kykes an' Polacks. You start tomorrow, kid, at the beginning," Pug was positive. "I'll bet you'll be readin' the Police Gazette in a month," he added hopefully.

John Breen knew no more where he was heading than did the first voyagers who sailed their crazy caravels across the waters of a virgin world. He glowed ahead with an energy sustained by his magnificent victory. In six months' time he had burst his prison bars. In his feverish research he ran beyond the limits of the school. In a year he carried on his quest to science and philosophy. The day John Breen first stumbled into a second-hand book store he became aware of a vast mine of incalculable wealth.

John trembled as he walked off with his treasures, and then spent the night searching the pages, wringing from them the ecstasy that went into their making.

METHODIST LADIES AID POSTPONES MEETING
The regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church which was to have been held Wednesday of this week has been postponed until the following week because of the Missionary convention being held in Eugene. A special meeting of officers of the Ladies' Aid was held last Thursday to decide on the postponement.

HOW ONE WOMAN LOST 10 LBS. IN A WEEK
Mrs. Betty Luedeke of Dayton, writes: "I am using Kruschen to reduce weight—I lost 10 pounds in one week and cannot say too much to recommend it."
To take off fat easily, SAFELY, and HARMLESSLY—take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast go lighter on fatty meats, potatoes, butter, cream and pastries—it is the safe way to lose unsightly fat and one bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle. Get it at any drugstore in America. If this first bottle fails to convince you this is the safest way to lose fat—money back.
But be sure and get Kruschen Salts—imitations are numerous and you must safeguard your health.

SPANISH VETERANS TO PORTLAND CHAMBER

Members of the Bert B. Chandler post, Spanish War veterans and their auxiliary will be hosts at the Armory in Cottage Grove Friday evening to members of the two units of General Lawton post in Eugene. Springfield members who will attend the Cottage Grove meeting are Mr. and Mrs. William Jones and Mrs. Myrtle Eggimann, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Richmond and daughter, Helene, and Mr. and Mrs. Noah Heltbrand and daughters, Pearl and Jewel.

The use in Oregon of newspaper paper manufactured in other countries was criticized last week in Portland by the Trade and Commerce committees of the Portland Chamber of Commerce in a resolution passed by that body.

In the resolution the group calls attention to the fact that the manufacture of paper is a prominent industry in Oregon and that thousands of men are employed in the industry. It also points out that 3500 tons of newspaper from Newfoundland had been shipped from the Atlantic seaboard and was unloaded on the Pacific coast.

BIRTHDAY PARTY HELD AT SCHNETZKEY HOME

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Schnetzkey entertained at their home Sunday with a birthday dinner in honor of Mrs. Schnetzkey and Mrs. M. A. Pohl. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Patrick, Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Pohl and family, Dr. and Mrs. R. P. Mortensen and the host and hostess.

CRESWELL GRANGE HEARS STATE MASTER

Members of the Creswell Grange had Ray W. Gill, Portland, state master of the Oregon Grange as their speaker Friday evening when they observed open house. Several other marching and musical numbers were provided on the program.

For Lovely Ladies

The drug store is the home of many useful toilet articles for milady.

Lipsticks, perfumes, powders, toilet water, compacts, manicure sets, atomizers, dresser sets, etc. All of the best quality are always ready for you at the drug store.

KETELS DRUG STORE
"We Never Substitute"

Sweets For the Home

Candy week is the occasion once each year when sweetsmen get attention . . . much to the joy of children, wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts. Take home candy. Keep candy in the home . . . Everybody has a sweet tooth.

CANDY WEEK
Oct. 9-15

EGGIMANN'S
"Where the Service is Different"

SAFEGUARD!

Against fall and winter driving. Have your car in good repair—plenty of pep in the engine and good brakes properly adjusted. This is the service station which offers you complete service.

The home of Motogas, Violet-Ray and General Ethyl—the best gasolines in their class.

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Continued Next Week

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