

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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County Official Newspaper THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1932

BANKS MAY COME AND BANKS MAY GO BUT—SPRINGFIELD WILL GO ON FOREVER

The closing of the First National bank, Springfield's oldest institution, Monday was received as somewhat of a shock to the community. However, after going through one bank failure, most people have taken the closing here rather philosophical.

If the money tied up in the bank here is made available through the assistance of Eugene banks then business in general need not be hurt much. After all a bank is merely a service institution and if the service can be obtained elsewhere then there is no particular hardship.

At one time there was \$400,000 or \$500,000 deposits in the Springfield banks. Once the depression is cleared up this will again be a profitable banking field and no doubt we will have another bank, and it will not be one hampered with frozen assets and may perform a real service to the community.

FREE TRADE NOT WANTED HERE

Governor Roosevelt's free lumber and no tariff on agricultural products finds no favor in the Willamette valley where these two items of production form almost our total business.

The lumber duty became effective in July. In June the last month before the imposition of the tariff, 77,535,000 feet of lumber was imported into the United States in competition with domestic lumber.

QUALIFICATIONS AND NEED

Springfield has three candidates, Swarts for sheriff, Poole for coroner, and Moffitt for school superintendent, whom we believe will be given a very large vote by the home folks.

- 1. They are as well or better qualified for the offices which they seek than their opponents. 2. All three are men with families to support and need the employment which they seek while their opponents are all comparatively well to do and do not need the salaries attached to the offices.

Germany is so broke that she now wants to build a few battle ships and increase her armies so as to protect herself in bankruptcy.

A stork in an Ohio zoo went cuckoo recently so the news tells us. That same thing has often happened in Springfield.

It used to be the children who were expected to believe the fairy stories. Now it's the mothers.

Jimmy Walker turned out to be New York's "forgotten man."

Some of these oversea flights for the advancement of aviation to our mind work in reverse.

It is being advocated that married men wear rings on their thumbs—as if in their noses weren't enough.

The FAMILY DOCTOR by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD THE FAMILY DOCTOR

School-bells ringing all over this broad land. What a rat-tat-tat, the shuffle of skurrying feet, to and from the "little red school house"!

The American boy and girl have the absolute right to normal, honest Christian parentage, correct physiological birth, and thereafter, good, faithful, intelligent care.

Are you satisfied with your child's environment and equipment in school? If not, it is your duty to get busy. A great God is watching you—the eye that never sleeps.

When your boy and girl are big enough to "do for themselves," do you consider them "raised" and your duty done? Then you are mistaken.

Light-minded writers may deceive themselves and their readers into disregard of the actual peril to American boys and girls. The peril of the trust in the automobile in the country lane, in dark hours. The ruin of today is appalling.



CHURCHES . . . now uniting

Up on the hilltop above my farm stands an old white church with a tapering spire, in which religious services have been held for nearly 150 years.

In England the other day the three branches of the Methodist church agreed to drop their doctrinal differences and unite in one church organization.

Contrary to the prevailing notion, membership in both the Protestant and Catholic churches in America is increasing.

DETERMINATION . . . girls

When the University of Louisiana announced that the college would accept farm products instead of money for the payment of students' fees, seventeen year old Elena Percy, of West Feliciana Parish, got on her horse, rounded up nine head of cattle and herded them over forty miles of country road, to the university, where she enrolled as a freshman student.

To me there is something not only picturesque but refreshing in this girl's demonstration that the old pioneer spirit of America is not dead. I have never met Elena Percy, but she has the spirit that overcomes obstacles, the determination to get an education at whatever cost in hardship and work.

My guess is that Miss Percy will develop into a much more useful citizen than some of the young women I occasionally see riding horses in Central Park or following the fox hounds at the fashionable country clubs.

FRANCE . . . her dirt farmers

The farmers of France have no such problems about the marketing of their wheat and other staple crops as confront the farmers of the United States. That is because they do not export anything to speak of, and the importation of staples which might bring the French farmers' prices down is strictly regulated by law.

Every year the authorities in each department tell each French farmer how many acres of winter wheat and how many acres of spring wheat he may sow. There is no surplus production. Bakers are not allowed to use more than 3 per cent of imported wheat in their bread.

Unfortunately, under our American system we cannot exercise any such control over individual farmers. Each farmer will grow what he pleases, regardless of the probable market. Nobody can help the farmers but the farmers themselves. They can only help themselves by cooperative effort for the control of crop production and marketing.

"I was born in the city," he told me, "and served eight years in the navy before I fell in love with a country girl and married her and came up to live on the farm. I am milking thirty cows, but although I am only getting two cents a quart at the milk station I am not complaining. Things are going to get better."

"I've got five smart, healthy children, and always have plenty to eat and a roof over our heads," and I think I hear from the fellows that I used to know in town that they have lost their jobs and don't know what to do for a living. I think I am lucky.

I think he was more than lucky. I think my friend showed a great deal more intelligence in getting a piece of land under his feet than most men of his opportunities.



Seventh Installment

SYNOPSIS: Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who has spent all his life aboard a Hudson river tugboat plying near New York, is tossed into the river by a terrific explosion which sinks the tug, drowns his mother and the only other passenger. He is rescued and taken into the home of a Jewish family living in the rear of the second-hand clothing store. He works in the sweatshop store—and is openly courted by Becks—the young daughter. The scene shifts to the home of the wealthy Van Horns—on 5th Avenue, where lives the bachelor—Gilbert Van Horn—whose life there is a hidden chapter. That chapter was an affair with his mother's maid, who left the house when he was a child. The lives of Johnny Breen and Gilbert Van Horn first cross when the latter sets Breen with his first important ring battle. Pug Malone, fight trainer, rescues young Breen from a crooked manager, of your progress. Malone cannot read and starts him to night school.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

As he burrowed and grubbed and collected and stored the kernels of fact, he envisioned a greater, vaster thing than all the astonishments of the surrounding city.

Hubert Malcolm, his teacher, met John one Saturday afternoon, quite by accident. They were in Union Square. "John, I live over this way; come in and have tea. Mrs. Malcolm will be happy to see you. I've been telling her of your progress."

It was a flat, so clean and fresh, so simple and pure. John dropped spools, blushed, stammered. Enid Malcolm seemed like an angel in her gingham dress, and the baby, tucked in a crib, curled its pink hands about his fingers. It had never occurred to John that a baby could be so clean, and could seem so happy.

Malcolm smoked a pipe, and John, like a wild thing, sat tongue-tied. "Are there many places like this?" he finally asked, his tones harsh. Mrs. Malcolm overheard the question.

"Millions of them," she smiled, "only much nicer than this."

John knew the quiet-voiced woman was a liar. For the rest of the visit he sat mute and ill at ease, and then his friend and pug trainer, who had come to see John, lay behind the direction he attempted. In several clandestine bouts, John Breen only held his own, in one, with the Philadelphia scrapper Jerry Wilke, he almost lost, until, at the very ragged edge of his downfall, Pug intervened with him, cried to him, and inspired him, literally throwing the handlers from the ring, talking and arguing with John who sat sullen and preoccupied.

The bell sounded and John Breen, a sudden light in his eyes, his face battered, stepped into the center of the ring and knocked Wilke cold with a single perfect blow to the jaw. A tremendous howl of approval greeted him; admirers tried to carry him from the ring.

"Leave him alone," Pug cautioned. "That kid was thinkin' of somethin' else. He'll be Jerry, or he never would of pulled that punch."

"What was you dreamin' about, John, when you soaked that Quaker?" Malone asked as they prepared for bed.

"I was knocking the whole prize fight game in the eye. I'm through, Pug," John smiled sadly. "I guess you're right," Malone agreed. "That crack was too good to be true. Hell, wish I knew what to do with you."

"I'll leave," John stood looking out of the window. "Not if I know it!" Pug jumped up and grasped John's hand. "You stick around an' finish that school. I won't fight you any more, can't risk it. The next time some low-down scrapper will trim you good. An' then where will I be?"

So John Breen continued to tend bar during the day, to work in the Samson Club gym, to live with Malone. Another year drew its veil of changes over the face of the growing city.

"Judge Kelly says they'll stand for anything an' they'll pay—pay well. The McManus looked yellow and flabby in contrast with the trainer. "If you work them guys rough they'll fall for you, and the lookin' up at Pug with veined bloodshot eyes, he spoke vehemently. "Kick 'em, beat 'em up, sweat the liver out of 'em. Judge Kelly's watched you, Pug, knows what you kin do, an' he's lined up guys who'll pay. But, mind, Pug, you got to turn that better."

"I've got five smart, healthy children, and always have plenty to eat and a roof over our heads," and I think I hear from the fellows that I used to know in town that they have lost their jobs and don't know what to do for a living. I think I am lucky.

I think he was more than lucky. I think my friend showed a great deal more intelligence in getting a piece of land under his feet than most men of his opportunities.

Greenbough Farm consisted of a fair acreage of rocky uneven land upon which a roomy comfortable old house was sinking into gradual decay.

Carpenters from the city, working under direction of Pug Malone, converted the barn into a practical vivarium. A farmer and his wife and son were engaged to run the place, milk the cows, tend the garden, and the chickens, and cook the meals.

The farmhouse itself was given a thorough cleaning. The wall paper was stripped from the place, the plaster sized and coated with washable tint. Floors were painted, and bed rooms were prepared on a model of Spartan simplicity. Canvas cots and stools, without backs, were placed near the windows and a small rag rug was added by way of luxury. Three pegs were engaged in the doors for the hanging up of clothes, and all closets were locked and nailed. There were no lights, no mirrors, no shelves, no pictures. There was absolutely nothing to distract from the business of sleeping, which both John and the trainer shared with enthusiasm. The green country was a refreshment to John Breen. In those brief moments, before he dropped off to slumber, he seemed to see a fading city, a vast pile of tenements flashing with lights and the jumbled voices and cries of millions, as if he had alighted in the midst of it suddenly, as he had, and as if he were then standing on the rear platform of a train, whirling him away. The quick rumble of the wheels of the jumbled voices and cries of millions, as if he had alighted in the midst of it suddenly, as he had, and as if he were then standing on the rear platform of a train, whirling him away.

Two weeks after the arrival of the trio the bags with their elaborate provision for comfort, their toilet sets, silk pajamas, and fancy knickers, the country togery of city folk, were again on the verandah. The three men, strangely sober, tough and clear-eyed, marched up, took their traps down to the waiting backboard and then, of a sudden, they rushed back yelling like Indians. They grabbed the trainer, hoisted him on their shoulders, carried him down the field and tossed him on a hay stack.

"Boys, your better'n I expected," Pug shouted, waving at them as they ran for the backboard, calling "good-by" to John Breen and Pug, while the grin on the face of Charlie and the frantic apron waving from the kitchen doorway, and the expansive face of the driver, told of extraordinary largess by the departing guests.

While John was making haphazard progress in learning, the great city to the south, the city that loomed up on clear days and glowed with a cold aureole of light on sharp winter nights, added another million to the tally of its inhabitants.

Van Horn, in his own way a rover of the city, took John Breen on long rides through the width of the metropolis in his new high-powered racing car, a second French machine that sped over the poor roads with a soft purr of chains clicking in giant sprockets.

What was this damn thing, the city? Van Horn, in arguments at Greenbough, with men such as Rantoul, the engineer, attempted to fathom its meaning. His ancestors had predicted great things for it, and their faith had been rewarded, but their dreams were already far behind the actuality that was the city in the year 1905.

"It's simply a natural coming together for cheaper warmth and shelter and food. It's a result of specialization in industry made possible by progress in the mechanical arts." Rantoul looked upon the city as just beginning.

"This building will never stop," Herkimer Pratt, the auctioneer, insisted. "Ten years, twenty, thirty, fifty, a thousand years. It will keep right on until—until—"

"Until what?" asked Van Horn. "Well, I guess it will continue until all the people of the world are assembled in cities." His vision was of a world cut up in city lots.

John Breen, listening, reading, and appraising, sensed the immensity of the city.

John Breen had come up through the difficult period of life with a rush. His childhood had on into manhood, and his sudden crash from the shell of circumstance found him emerging into a world of delicious earnestness. John was twenty-two, and as he strode beside the rather tall figure of Gilbert Van Horn, on one of their long walks, in early September, a casual observer might have pronounced them father and son. Gilbert Van Horn and John Breen had become friends, close, yet miles and miles apart.

They talked as they had long talked, on many subjects. Van Horn's interest in the prize ring and John's ability and knowledge gave them a common topic. The fights, many of which they saw together, had long ceased to be an absorbing interest with John Breen.

"Gilt," he paused for a moment. The older man was puffing as they lifted over a rise of ground. "I'm getting tired of this training game, and I haven't fought in the ring since Pug came up here. Fact is I'm not so sure there is any real fight in the business. Gilt, it's a rotten business."

"Right, John." "I've made up my mind to break this training, Gilt." "I guessed you would, John."

Continued Next Week

THIS WOMAN LOST 45 POUNDS OF FAT

"Dear Sirs: For 3 months I've been using your salts and am very much pleased with results. I've lost 45 lbs., 6 inches in hips and bust measure. I've taken 3 bottles—one lasting 5 weeks. I had often tried to reduce by dieting but never could keep it up, but by cutting down and taking Kruschen I've had splendid results. I highly recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. Carl Wilson, Manton, Mich.

To lost fat SAFELY and HARMLESSLY, take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—don't miss a morning. To hasten results get light on fatty meats, potatoes, cream and pastries—a bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle—but don't take chances—be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first—get it at any drugstore in America. If not joyfully satisfied after the first bottle—money back.

Yachats People Here—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Taylor of Yachats arrived here Friday to spend the week-end visiting with Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Dibblee. Mrs. Taylor is a sister of Mrs. Dibblee and teaches school at Yachats.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of October, 1932. (SEAL) I. M. PETERSON, County Commissioner expires May 25, 1936.

Men as Well as Women Our drug store is a men's store as well as a caterer to women. Shaving creams, soaps, lotions, powders and other items necessary to the men's toilet are carried in the best brands. We are particularly proud of the service we give to the men.

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STATEMENT of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912. Of The Springfield News, published weekly at Springfield, Oregon, for October, 1932. State of Oregon, County of Lane—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. E. Maxey, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the Springfield News and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager is, H. E. Maxey, Springfield, Oregon. 2. That the owner is: H. E. Maxey, Springfield, Oregon. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other securities held, are owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

H. E. MAXEY, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of October, 1932. (SEAL) I. M. PETERSON, County Commissioner expires May 25, 1936.

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