

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THUMBS DOWN ON SPECIAL SESSION

The state administration is now figuring how it can raise more money by a sales tax or gasoline tax or something else to meet governmental deficits. The thing the state should do like any individual must do when his income is curtailed is to reduce expenses.

It is not sufficient to point to how much has already been saved by cuts. Lowered expense on the existing operation would have resulted because of lower cost of material, supplies and labor.

The state administration should make its government fit the income and not look for new tax sources. There are \$5000 men in the state government that Washington, a larger state with more business, pays but \$3000 in similar capacity. If these \$5,000 boys are worth the money let them try to get it in private life awhile and we will worry along with the \$3000 kind.

With business stagnant and industry at a standstill it is silly to talk of sales taxes. The business won't stand it without going bankrupt and the common people will have to pay nine-tenths of it.

We do not need any special session of the legislature to create extra expense. Let the state learn to live within its income. Everybody has enough taxes to pay right now.

THE QUARTER MILLION CUT

Fred Fisk was elected county judge and Cal Young, commissioner, on the sole issue of tax reduction and nothing else. They carried the county by 5000 votes because they said that they would cut the budget \$250,000. Other things they said were either details of how to make this cut or inconsequential.

Now it is up to them to make the cut. The people have spoken and there can be no retreat if they would keep their word and hold the large support they were elected by. The public mind is in no state to be trifled with. Other commissioners before now have tried it and did not last their term out, when the demand for tax reduction was not an issue.

All eyes are on the county court. If the budget is made up without this quarter million cut, then every man and woman in Lane county is going to know about it. It is squarely up to the new court to keep the election pledge—to face the issue. They must make the cut!

ONE OR THE OTHER

We think the foreign nations should at least pay a portion of their debt payments due in December. The American people have had to go down in their pockets to balance the budget—to pay new and more taxes even when business and industry was prostrate. The Europeans should do likewise.


While Europe remains an armed camp. The American taxpayer should not be called upon to hold the sack. It must be remembered that every dollar reduction on foreign debts granted the American taxpayer must take up. Either they must pay or we must pay. The money they borrowed was from the sale of Liberty bonds and must be paid back dollar for dollar.

AMERICA IS GOING AHEAD

It is a relief to have something besides politics to talk about, now that the election is over. We are among those who believe that the United States of America will continue to travel along its predestined course regardless of politics and politicians. They and their activities may impede or reflect the course of events momentarily, but in the long run the destiny of this republic is in the hands of its people, and over these nearly one hundred and sixty years since we established our independence as a free nation, our people have always, in emergencies, exhibited a sane, underlying common sense which, we believe, is still to be relied upon.

One of the things our pioneer ancestors in America learned was to take the bitter with the sweet. They endured hardships far beyond anything we of today can imagine, in their determined effort to establish homes for themselves and enduring heritages for their children in the new land. Sometimes we forget that everyone who lives in America is a descendant of an immigrant. We all of us come of adventurous pioneer stock. Some of us are only a generation or two removed from these ancestors who left their native lands because they could no longer tolerate the conditions under which they were compelled to live, and came to America in search of a new freedom. Some of us come from older stock that has been developed in America through generations. But whether we are the children of recent immigrants or the descendants of the earliest Pilgrims, we all have in our very blood something of the same strain of independence and self-reliance, without which none of our forebearers would have ventured to cross the ocean.

It is that spirit which has made America, and it is that spirit which will carry America forward to greater achievements than we have ever dreamed of.



The FAMILY DOCTOR
by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD

FROM THE MELTING POT

There are some points—I might call them rules—that I feel pretty safe in abiding by, subject to very moderate amending for special cases. I will mention a few.

I have learned that the adult man needs at least one meat ration a day, cooked in the manner he likes it best. The working man needs more meat than the housed man. I do not permit heavy meats for the evening meal.

The adult human body needs one or two eggs daily, cooked as the individual prefers.

I prefer cooked fruits to raw fruits, as a rule. From the producer to the consumer these days, may pass the viand through a dozen pairs of more or less dirty hands. It takes more than a casual rinsing to remove germs; cooking does the work. Stewed dried fruits are my absolute favorites for winter eating.

The fruit portion of a meal, roughly speaking, may furnish from one-third to one-half the volume of the ration. We, as a nation, eat too little of well-selected fruits.

We do not give enough attention to the volume of water taken. A patient weighing 150 pounds should drink a total of a half-gallon of water daily. Don't wait until you are sedentary. Get the habit of drinking methodically.

I am asked often, "Shall I drink milk?" This by people who are merely run-down from over-strain of affairs. I ask, "do you like it?" "Yes." "Then drink it." But if the answer is, "No, I can't say I like it, but have been told its good for me." Then I say, "take a glass now and then, but abandon it if it causes distress." "Trial and Error—" you know.



WASHINGTON BY RADFORD WOLBY

Washington, D. C., Nov. 17—If half of the "armies" that are planning to march on Washington next month come through in half of the strength which they anticipate, there won't be even room for them to camp in the public parks and grounds, from present indications.

The bonus army of last spring, with its numbers estimated at around 5,000 ex-service men and others, was just an incident compared with what Washington is looking forward to, with a few occasional shudders, as soon as congress meets again.

For one thing, there is a pretty reasonable certainty that there will be another array of "bonus marchers." It may not be as large a crowd as that which invaded Washington to demand immediate payment of the bonus last spring, but it probably will be better disciplined and under more responsible leadership. Beyond question, a large percentage of the veterans of the world war, with the backing of the American Legion behind them, will make an insistent demand to be heard on behalf of the immediate payment in full of their adjusted compensation certificates.

Some members of congress and of the administration are worried about the possibilities of another and more serious clash between the bonus marchers in December and the local police. It is probable, however, that ways will be found to avert any physical encounters.

"Forgotten Women of 1932" More congressmen are worried about another army which promises to invade the capitol, an army of women organized as the "women's committee for education against alcohol." One of their leaders coined a name for them. She calls them "The Forgotten Women of 1932." They are the uncompromising Drys, and they claim to represent millions upon millions of American women who will protest to the last breath against any modification of the Volstead Act or the slightest relaxation of the Federal government's efforts at prohibition enforcement. Nobody knows how many of them are going to swoop down on Washington, present indication is that there will be plenty. Their purpose is to make things extremely unpleasant for members of congress who vote, or have announced their intention to vote, for the modification of the Volstead Act. And your average congressman is a lot more afraid of the women's votes in his home district than he is of all the men voters.

It looks as if these "Forgotten Women of 1932" would have plenty to protest against, for probably half of the members of congress who are coming back in December will come with bills in their pockets already prepared for introduction, to legalize four percent beer, or beer of some other alcoholic percentage.

Farmer's Congress On top of those two "armies" there is going to be a Farmer's Congress, which is expected to bring to the national capital representatives of, and spokesmen for, the entire farming population of the United States. This is being very thoroughly and carefully organized in the expectation that it will be perhaps the most representative, as well as the largest delegation in the interests of agriculture that has ever appeared in Washington. So far the demands to be made by the farmers have not been formulated. That is to wait until they meet in Washington. But there is no reason to doubt that they will make demands, and plenty of them, and that their leaders will be prepared to camp on the Capitol steps, if necessary, to make their demands heard by the national legislature.

No belief is more widespread in many of the sections of the country than the belief that Washington is dominated by Wall Street and that Wall Street is determined not to give the farmers a chance. How far that attitude will be reflected when the agricultural delegation decides what it is going to demand of congress, and how far wiser and more intelligent counsels will prevail is still in doubt. The only certain thing about this is that the organized farmers are going to present a serious and annoying problem for congress.

The Waterway Treaty Political Washington is also looking forward to a lively and perhaps bitter battle over the treaty between the United States and Canada for the development of the St. Lawrence deep water way which would let ocean-going ships through to Chicago. While the treaty has been signed by the diplomatic representatives of the two nations, it has yet to be ratified by the United States senate. And public sentiment in favor of it is far from being one-sided.

There is a very large and well organized group which is demanding the construction of the St. Lawrence water way. There is a less well organized but still powerful group which thinks that the whole project is foolish and which



Loves
by FELIX RIESENBERG

Twelfth Installment

Svenors: Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who has spent all his life aboard a river tugboat plying near New York City, is the main character in this installment. He is a Jewish family living on the river. He swims and crawls ashore where starts a new and strange life. He is ignorant, cannot read, and knows nothing of life in a great city. . . . He is chased by toughs he is rescued by a Jewish family living on the river. . . . Here he is secretly counted by the young daughter, Breen, who is a self-defense instructor. . . . and soon is picked up by an unscrupulous manager who cheats him—until, Malone at the saloon-fight club, attracted to the boy, takes him under his wing. . . . On the other side of the picture are the wealthy Van Horns of Fifth Avenue. There is a Gilbert Van Horn, last of the great family, a bachelor, in whose life is a hidden chapter with his mother's maid—who leaves the home—to be lost in the city life—when Gilbert is accused. . . . It was reported the maid married an old captain of a river tug. . . . rather than return home—was was soon a mother. . . . Under Malone's guardianship young Breen develops fast. . . . "Pug" discovers the boy is a better man than he is to school. . . . and the world commences to open for Johnny Breen. . . . Malone, an old-timer, is back with him. There they meet and come to know Gilbert Breen, the son of the late Van Horn. . . . learns of Breen's mother, named Harriet. Learning John's desire for an engineering education, Van Horn comes to know Breen. . . . Van Horn's ward, and during his school days he gets a job with a great construction company, working in New York. . . . Breen has a rival for the love of Josephine, a rich man of the world by the name of Rantoul. . . . But John wins out. He proposes and Josephine accepts.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Rantoul, on learning of Josephine's sudden engagement, found urgent business calling him abroad. He had vast foreign interests, so she gathered from his letters, but he bore no ill-will; he was still her friend and never failed to ask after John. Post cards came to her from distant places, Cairo, Bombay, Singapore, Manila. Apparently he was going around the world. A pathetic word or two, a mere allusion, sometimes a picture of some long pilgrim, gave her the feeling of a deeper message. Then, after some months, there was the long silence that might mean his return via the Pacific. Josephine found herself wondering when he would return. She did not show these cards to John. He was blissfully unaware of these romantic memories on the part of Josephine.

Meanwhile John's ability to earn the respect of his men by the use of his fists had earned him promotion. He had been placed in charge of Section One, the toughest job on the aqueduct.

Gerrit Rantoul returned from his world tour. He arrived at the beginning of the season. He was in the New York that is the New York of the day, paying attention to fashion, was back in the city. He was finer, more considerate, more quietly correct, more distinguished than ever. If Josephine had imagined him the least bit difficult, the least bit aggressive, her fears were entirely removed on his return. Even Gilbert Van Horn was glad to see him. Rantoul was returning at an opportune time for Josephine.

When John Breen had appeared with his fist bagged, Josephine shuddered a bit at the caption, "I lifted a bum under the jaw." Perhaps it was anything but accurate, or heroic. Then too it was that Josephine found it more difficult to pit her charms against the insistence of the tunnel. John kept talking about an impossible Mr. Will, evidently an unsmooth and unreasonable person. Night after night he never came up, never came near his own rooms, and when Josephine did see him his eyes were heavy with weariness, his lips brilliant with the gloss of tunnel smoke.

For some months past a change had come over Josephine. She resented the growing place the tunnel was taking in the mind of her betrothed. Even gentle Marie Baskirtseff would not have tolerated such a lapse of devotion, and Josephine was a sensitive high-strung girl.

Even with the money she some day would have, on the death of Van Horn, life with John Breen might be more or less a struggle. He was insistent on working, would probably want her to go to drearful places, the Andes, or the Sahara Desert; just what to do, where she did not know, but young engineers took their wives to outlandish countries. Rantoul told her of such things, quite casually, of course. She would have to give as well as take.

Josephine found more occasion to find fault with John after his promotion. His heavy responsibilities as section engineer held him firmer and firmer in the grip of the tunnel. He was on the job hour after hour, day and night, and slept with a telephone at his bedside. He was compelled, time and again, to break engagements, to hurry from her suddenly. He felt restless and ill at ease when away from the tunnel.

"How long will this tunnel job keep going?" Van Horn asked one evening. He and John were in the library smoking for an hour that John forced himself to spare from the work,

will make a bitter fight against carrying it out.

There is a political angle, also, to this inland waterways question and particularly to this particular treaty. There is a strong Democratic sentiment, amounting almost to a commitment, in favor of the development of waterpower at public expense, and water-power is an important by-product of the proposed St. Lawrence canals.

The treaty will also be attacked on the grounds of economy, in that it would put an unnecessary additional burden upon the nation's taxpayers.

There are several hundred more or less well-organized permanent lobbies in Washington, making it their business to watch congress to see that this, that, or the other special interest is not harmed by legislation. One of the largest and most powerful of these is the Methodist Board of Temperance, Education and Moral, which has its own building not far from the capitol.

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having had to phone Josephine that he could not accompany her to the Winterrrow lecture on "Art, Life's Real Reward." She had already gone with Gerrit Rantoul.

"A year will see the main work done, the tunnel bored through and the lining poured. We are in the man-killing stage now," John paused.

"I've been watching you—and Josephine," Van Horn continued slowly. "She's difficult, John, you know what I mean. Women demand a lot. I know, John, I know." The old man looked kindly at the young engineer. "This work is making you, but

came to her, for the mangled bodies of men were being hoisted out. Why did Rantoul stay so long? Was John killed? Why had she come? Questions crowded upon her. She was dizzy, nauseated. The vile garlic odor was overpowering. She shuddered, sinking breathless in John's chair.

Presently Rantoul returned. "John is all right," he announced curtly. His eyes reflected a hint of things below. "I saw him at the shaft head; he went down again. Some poor fellows were killed—an explosion—God! what a hole!" Rantoul lit a cork-tipped cigarette, snapped the gold case with a click

But you have still another thing to do, and that is to get and keep your woman.

women don't see such things, not all of them, at least. Pug made your body what it is, the schools have helped your mind, but this work, with its damnable demands, is forging character. God, boy, I envy you the fight." Van Horn was tense. "But you have still another thing to do, and that is to get and keep your woman—your wife. It means a lot to me, John, more than you know. I wish a day could be set for your marriage; say next June?"

"I'm ready, Gil," John laughed and looked away.

"Josephine can get her trousseau in Paris. I've promised her that. I'll speak to her, a run across will do no harm, winter in the south of France, and back here early in the spring. How about that, John?"

"Things may be easier for me by that time, Gil," John visioned a winter of uninterupted work. He would "get" the shaft and tunnel by that time; he would master the work, and take his place with the men who counted, the hard true men who worked with him on the job. Never in his life had he expected to have such slavish veneration for human beings as he had for the men of the great rock pressure tunnel crawling beneath the unknowing people of the city.

"By the way," John remarked as he was about to go, "Josephine is coming down to the job some night next week. I've asked Rantoul to bring her down. You'd seen the thing. I thought Rantoul might like to see it, too. He got me the first appointment, I'll never forget that."

"Good boy. It's something that will open her eyes. Show her the whole works, John; good luck to you."

And the night Josephine came John was in the thick of a big tunnel accident.

Rantoul's gray cushioned limousine drew up silently at the entrance to the shaft enclosure. Josephine Lambert, on the arm of Rantoul, walked gingerly toward the shafthead. Women were crowding about the head-house; weeping, wailing women. Children were crying. She knew the tunnel was a terrible place. But this? It was horror! Something had gone wrong. Rantoul held her arm, and led her toward the office of the section engineer, Josephine trembled. "You stay here," he said, seated her before the desk in the deserted office, brilliant with its clusters of lights above the drafting tables. "Something wrong below. I'll see." He was superbly calm.

"John! I hope he's not hurt." She clung to Rantoul's hand. "Yes! yes! go! Tell me soon. Go—" she cried. "Don't go!" She was shuddering—white. But he had slipped through the door.

Her frightened eyes took in the fittings of the little office. The place reeked of labor, and the untidiness of working men. A garlic smell from the locker room conveyed a sense of common, unclean feeding, as she sniffed the gas of damp carbide spilled while hastily filling tunnel lamps. And without, just beyond her sight, she heard the echo of an Homeric struggle rising from the shaft. The screams of women

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and which is expected to add its strength, which is not slight, to the fight against any modification of prohibition.

'POST FARM' SHOWS WAY TO MAKE FENCES LAST

Practical Tests of Various Kinds of Wood to Provide Beneficial Fence Information

How long will your fence posts last, five or 50 years? Of course that depends on the kind of wood used and how it is treated—or untreated.

Oregon farmers or others interested in fence building will in the future have a more accurate guide to post selection and treatment as the result of the information now being gathered on a "post farm" which has been conducted near Corvallis by the school of forestry at Oregon State college in cooperation with a number of commercial concerns.

This is a post "farm" not because it produces posts, but because on it are set more than 1000 posts of 30 different woods and treatments where their durability and resistance to decay are being tested out under actual soil conditions.

Some Fail Since 1928

The experiment was started in 1928 and already some of the posts have failed under the tests employed periodically. These tests consist of applying a pull of 50 pounds two feet above the surface of the soil. The experiment is being carried on almost without expense to the state as much of the work of placing and testing the posts is done by students in forestry, while commercial concerns are furnishing most of the materials.

Though the tests will continue to afford information for decades to come, already the plot has again shown the fallacy of trying to protect posts by charring. This only serves to weaken the wood to the extent that the fire destroys the post, and in no wise keeps out the wood decay fungus organisms. Coating posts with crank-cas oil is proving equally ineffective.

Practical methods of "poisoning" the wood against the action of the decay fungi are being given exhaustive tests on this post farm and it is hoped before long to give farmers of the state better directions than ever before on methods of cutting down their fencing expense.

FOUR SCOUTS COMPLETE TESTS OF TENDERFOOT

Four members of Springfield Boy Scout troop, Mark Smith, Dale Robertson, Bonnie Findley and Wesley Robertson, have recently completed their work for tenderfoot badges and have successfully passed the tests it has been announced by Glen Martin, scoutmaster.

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