

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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H. E. MAXEY, Editor

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County Official Newspaper

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1932

## LET'S BE UNANIMOUS FOR A 50% CUT

A cut in automobile license fees will no doubt be made at the next session of the legislature. Three plans are being discussed widely now. They are the 50 per cent cut, \$3 fee and \$5 fee.

No property tax payer can wisely consider the \$3 and \$5 fees. Every foot of real property in the state is pledged as security to some \$32,000,000 in highway bonds which are now being paid with license fees. It is evident that if the fee is cut to a point where this obligation can not be taken care of that a tax on property will be made.

The 50 per cent cut is the one that we feel should be settled on in Lane county and urged upon our legislators. With a 50 per cent cut the bonds can be paid off as they become due, maintenance of the present system can be kept up, and there will be \$2,000,000 for new construction to match like federal appropriations as they come available.

Under the 50 per cent cut no increase in the gasoline tax is needed and will remain at 4 cents. It has been found in other states that a 4 cent gas tax yields the maximum amount of revenue. A higher tax results in increased bootlegging of gasoline, farmers using tractor tax-free gasoline, and evasion of the tax altogether by many motorists, with the result that the revenue falls off rather than increases.

Washington raised her gasoline tax in April, 1931, from 3 to 5 cents. Despite the fact that there were 25,000 more cars registered this year than last the state lost \$625,000 in July, August and September over the same months last year, clearly indicating that five cents is too high for the gas tax.

Under the present law the counties receive one-third of the plate tax but none of the gasoline tax. Many counties will object to having their one-third reduced and may lobby before the legislature. In Lane county, it is the state's worry, for our third has been pledged to the state highway department to pay for roads already built. Since there is no interest it will cost Lane county taxpayers nothing. We have the roads and the state has the debt which it must ultimately collect from the license fees even if it does take a long time.

If we want to protect our property from increased taxation to pay the state road debt, then we should back the 50 per cent cut. We should not be led astray by any cheap fee which will enable the non-property owner to escape a portion of his plate tax and load that portion on real property which is now greatly overburdened with taxes.

## IT MIGHT BE WORSE

The United States Department of Labor reports that the average week's wages in the several countries will buy: 561 pounds of bread and butter in the United States. 240 pounds of bread and butter in England. 206 pounds of bread and butter in Sweden. 150 pounds of bread and butter in Germany. 127 pounds of bread and butter in France. 125 pounds of bread and butter in Italy.

Springfield's tax next year for local purposes will be about 10 per cent of the assessed valuation. In other words we must dig up \$1 for city and schools for each \$10 we are assessed. Regardless of what the county and state does about taxes our chief worries will be right here at home.

As soon as the word got out that Judge Barnard called in Fred Fisk to help the court make the budget, President Hoover had an idea. He called in President-elect Roosevelt to take over the money situation.

Well the democratic administration of Wilson loaned all this government money to Europe. What should be more proper than they should be the ones to get it back for us?

We're holding our breath for fear the "new deal" might be a couple of ducats from the bottom of the deck.



## CARE OF THE AGED

At this writing I have eight people under my care who are over eighty years of age—six men and two women. All but two of them are on foot; one woman has had a "stroke" but can get about and help herself. She is 85. The other is just past eighty, and has a sprained hip, using crutches to go about her house. One old man, 86, is a veteran of the civil war; another will be 88 at his next birthday.

It is interesting to watch these old boys and girls, who have somehow come mighty close to living the right way, else they could not have achieved all these years with such success; I meet many of half their ages who really complain more than they do.

And they know just a little more about what is good for them to eat than I do. I never put them on a diet, except to ask them to eat what "agrees" with them. If I caught one old fellow eating salted peanuts and topping off with ice cream, I would not stop him. If one has diabetes, I do not by any means cut off a reasonable amount of sugar from his dietary. I have always been a stickler for letting well enough alone.

One of them—just went out my door this moment—has a leg ulcer. I keep DRY dressings applied while it heals nicely. He laughs over the situation, not at all like a much younger man would do.

And, my old people are so appreciative; they make one love them. They have lived all these years, I have no doubt, on that very principle. The fellow who is eternally finding fault is in a poor way to live out a long and beautiful existence, because he burns up the good within him. We younger ones may learn from this.



## DAVIS . . . a nomination

The writer is not trying to pick President Roosevelt's cabinet for him, and he wouldn't let us if we wanted to, but we should like to nominate for Secretary of State Norman H. Davis. Mr. Davis is a Democrat who made a fortune in banking and other enterprises in Cuba and has been devoting himself to public service since the beginning of the war. He served President Wilson as Undersecretary of the Treasury, acting and Undersecretary of State and as an expert member of the Peace Conference.

For the past few years Mr. Davis has served Presidents Coolidge and Hoover in Europe in the difficult negotiations arising out of the war. He was a member of the Dawes Commission, but was called in by the League of Nations to straighten out the finances of several European countries, and is a member of the finance committee of the League. At present he is the principal representative of the United States in trying to negotiate a disarmament treaty and is in charge of arrangements on behalf of this country for the forthcoming International Economic Conference.

Norman Davis knows foreign affairs more intimately than any other American and would be an excellent successor to Secretary Stimson, in our opinion.

## LADIES . . . new faces

One result of the election will be a decided change after March 4th in the feminine aspects of political Washington. Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Mrs. Dolly Gann will disappear from the picture. Alice's first cousin, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, has said that she does not intend to devote much of her time to Washington, but will continue her school teaching, her furniture factory, and her editorial magazine work. No doubt she will find her obligations as first lady of the land in a highly satisfactory manner, however.

There are always interesting women in the political background at Washington, and I look to see Eleanor Patterson, editor of the Washington Herald, brilliant, wealthy in her own right and occupying a position of commanding influence through her newspaper connection, as perhaps the most influential figure in the social-political life of the new administration. She and her paper warmly supported President Roosevelt and she has not lost an opportunity in years to stick a pin in Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

## DEBTS . . . and Europe

Europe only waited until the American elections were over to come forward with a general request for a revision of international debts and the further suspension of payments until the whole subject can again be revised. I think there is an almost unanimous opposition in this country to the cancellation of the debts of Europe to us but I think there is a very strong and growing sentiment in favor of some readjustment on a basis which would be mutually advantageous.

We should not be asked to give them something for nothing, but if some way can be worked out, as suggested by Senator Borah, by Alfred E. Smith, and many other leaders, whereby we could, as many phrased it, "trade debt for prosperity," I think such a solution would be well received by everybody in this country. It is entirely possible, it seems to me, to work out some adjustment of this situation which will not only help toward the immediate improvement of international trade, but which might continue to be of benefit to American industry and business, and any such solution ought to be accepted.

If I am any kind of a prophet, there is going to be definite progress made to that end this winter.

Mahoney—I hear Jake is in the hospital.  
Baloney—Yes, he got caught in the rain and tried to economize by not taking a taxi. Now he's got pneumonia.  
Mahoney—And Joe is in the hospital, too.  
Baloney—Yes, he too a taxi.

## What We're Thankful For...

We wish to express our thanks for the generous patronage accorded us by the people of this community. Eggimann's continues to be the headquarters for candy and fine confections and people come from far and near.

We want you to know we appreciate this support and are thankful for it this Thanksgiving.

**EGGIMANN'S**  
"Where the Service is Different"

## Thirteenth Installment

Syosset: Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who has spent all his life aboard a Hudson river tugboat plying near New York City, is made motherless by an explosion which sinks the tug and tosses him into the river, swims and crawls ashore where starts a new and strange life. He is ignorant, cannot read, and knows nothing of the world. He is beaten and chased by thugs he is rescued by a Jewish family living in a great city. . . . Here he is openly courted by the young daughter, Breen fights business and life. . . . and soon is picked up by an unscrupulous manager who cheats him—until "Tug" Malone, a regular Malone, 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 actually a rival of his uncle, a rather than an old captain of a river tug. . . . rather than return home—and was soon a mother. . . . Under Malone's guidance young Breen develops fast. . . . "Tug" discovers the boy cannot read—starts to open for Johnny Breen. . . . Malone, an old-timer, is backed in a heavy venture—losing Breen with him. There they meet and come to know Gilbert Van Horn. John attracts Van Horn, who looks at Breen's picture and named Harriet. Learning John's desire for an engineering course at Columbia, John comes to know Josephine, Van Horn's ward, and during his school years John and Josephine go to school together. John gets a job with a great construction company, working in New York. Breen was a rich man of the world by the name of Rantoul. But John wins out. He promotes and Josephine accepts. Breen gives all his attention to his job which worries Van Horn. Finally Josephine goes to work for her troupe. And at the last moment Rantoul, sails on the same boat.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

As they sailed Josephine, too, suddenly glimpsed the present quality of John. He had picked, and what John might very easily have been a hero in her eyes. That horrible night at the tunnel shaft, and the frightful garlic smell of the acetylene, and the confusion, began to look less crude. John certainly carry himself with an air of confidence, and—how easily he had assumed the character of a gentleman! Josephine noted this especially. Of late Gerrit Rantoul had told her a great deal about John's early life on the Bowery and in the Chicago, and she had picked up bits in conversing with Malone. It seems John Breen had lifted himself far above his normal station in life. Fortunately, for Rantoul, Van Horn had no idea of this phase of his conversations with Josephine. "Rantoul" smiled over on business," Van Horn remarked to Josephine. "Fine, that'll keep Josephine occupied. He's handy." John had no special reason to accept Rantoul as anything but a very agreeable old man.

"When you are married, next spring, I'll have a very important thing to say, John," Van Horn held John's hand, looked steadily into his eyes. Their glances dimmed momentarily. "Gilbert dear, John's mine, not yours. Give me a chance, please." A sudden mood seized her, there on the deck she hugged John, his arm was over her shoulder, their lips met. Gilbert Van Horn, a smile on his face, stood near them. Suddenly his ashen look seemed to wash away. He became gentle, agreeable. He looked at Rantoul, but that distinguished cosmopolitan was busy with his friends on the wharf. A whistle was blowing. Visitors were hastily leaving the deck of the steamer.

"Good-by, John, good-by." The business of drilling, exploding and mucking out rock, of punching a long tunnel, miles and miles of it, two and some places four city blocks, straight down in the rock crust of the earth, of lining it with concrete, mixed by machinery, spaded and tamped behind steel forms, of fitting monster bronze gates and valves, of carrying out the magnificent details of conception, all unthought of, unseen, unknown, except in its list of dead things, occupied John Breen, C.E., through the winter and into the spring of 1912.

A month later, John was visiting Harbord at the University. "I've had a taste of the city work, I'm going to stick. This place," nodding out of the high window, "is so full of big things it's a challenge to a fellow with a grain of kick in him. That bridge off there," pointing to the huge new span of massive steel rising above Hell Gate, "is enough to make a man stick. I've had a taste of this for some time, it's full of chances. Dammit, Harbord, this city is a challenge to a man. You've heard of Hammond, the mining engineer? Well, he said something the other day. 'This is a big man's town,' was his advice. 'Go west, or go anywhere, if you feel yourself to be about the average, but if you have

Mrs. La De Dahda—Such an exquisite gown! How much is it?  
Clerk—Fifty dollars.  
Mrs. La De Dahda—It's exactly what I have been looking for. I believe I'll take it, although the price—  
Clerk—Pardon me, madam, I have made a mistake—this is marked \$15 instead of \$50.  
Mrs. La De Dahda—Oh, I see. Well, the gown doesn't suit me. Show me something better.

the punch, stick in New York—and win!" Gilbert and Josephine were in Paris in early April. Josephine completed her troupeau. Rantoul had gone on ahead to London. Then they were at the Cecil for a few days. Rantoul had preceded them. A letter from John reached Van Horn as they were about to embark for New York. Pug Malone was waiting for his return. He had planned a walking trip through the Berkshires. A regular Malone hike, John had written. "Pug wants to get away from his work. He's had arm partly muffled in the warm wide sleeve of her cloak. Words were so inadequate, so unnecessary. He suddenly drew her to him, fiercely nor did she resist. Her eyes flashed a message to each other in the dark above the rushing night above the blue-black water scarred with fire. She dropped her lids; his eyes, burning, eager, were on her own. They seemed to be buoyant, her cloak fell apart and he crushed her to him. Rantoul, utterly out of control, kissed her with the pent-up yearning of months and years of waiting. Passionately their lips met

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a rotten winter, Greenbough filled with bad lives. I am full of tunnel air and need a change. American dust will do you good. And, Gil, I'm crazy for Josephine, crazy for her again. I never knew what love meant, until now." Poor John! It was spring. Gilbert Van Horn carefully folded the letter and gave a sigh of satisfaction. Thank God! they were home again. He called Marvin Kelly, "Sailing tomorrow. All well."

Halfway across, on her maiden voyage, the Titanic raced through a smooth sea, a flat flexible sea enamelled in the deepest blue, reflecting stars great facts, glinting in the sky. But stars have long been ignored by men, or they have been confounded with, it matters very little to the stars, and few attended them at night. Dinner was over and Gilbert Van Horn busied himself in the smoking room, playing solitaire, a demi-tasse and his pipe keeping him occupied. Aunt Wen had retired to her state room, the night as slightly chilly, a breath of the outer world, a touch of the ethereal cold.

Few were out, but Josephine, on the arm of Rantoul, both in ample steamer coats, walked the deck, broad and white, like a lighted avenue in a deserted city. In a spirit of adventure Josephine, nodding at a ladder, pulled her escort. "Let's go up, Monsieur Gerry." How quickly he responded to her mischievous spirit. They were on the deserted boat deck and walked aft, far about the funnels. The peculiar spiral of black smoke twisting rapidly over the rims of the huge stacks and curling astern, was the only indication of their speed. They looked down over the steep side, from the rail. A singing white streak of water rushed by the black hull, a seething phosphorescent band of light.

Rantoul knew that time was getting short. He instinctively felt the moment had come. If the heart of Josephine was to be captured he had at last arrived at the final movement of assault. He walked with her in silence, holding her close to him. The rustle of her loose dinner gown, under the folds of her loose warm cloak, the intimate detachment of the sea, her laugh, her evident enjoyment of the night, gave him resolution. He too was being somewhat carried away.

They had walked back and forth for almost a half hour and were leaning on the after thwartship rail again, sheltered by the bulk of a large life-boat, looking down into the sea. A sigh from Josephine, a slight shudder, caused Rantoul to place his arm about her, a thing he had never done except when dancing. She rather yielded to the embrace. She was thinking of the end of such things. John, grubby, hard, unsympathetic, practical John, always dirty and smelly, in the tunnel, would be so different. Much of this was in the sigh; an implicit answer to the many days of their circumspect intimacy. Rantoul caught her bare hand, with his free

## PRISCILLA MEMBERS PLAY BRIDGE AT MEET

First and second high scores in bridge were won by Mrs. William Curtis and Mrs. J. E. Turnbull of Eugene, respectively at the meeting of the Priscilla club held last Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. H. Steamer. Mrs. Roy Steamer assisted the hostess. Guests present were Mrs. Howard Freeland, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Ed McKevitt, all of Eugene. Members present were Mrs. John Tomseth, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. William Rouse, Mrs. John Parker, Mrs. John Sawyer, Mrs. Riley Snodgrass, Mrs. E. G. Privat, Mrs. H. O. Dibbles, Mrs. Frank Logan, and Mrs. Ernest Bertsch.

Mrs. Snodgrass will be hostess to the club at her home on December 1, for their next meeting.

## SEVEN TABLES IN PLAY AT BENEFIT CARD PARTY

Seven tables of "500" were in play at the benefit card party sponsored by Iuka circle Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Wanda Barnes. Several others were present who did not take part in the games. High scores were made by Mrs. Bernice Barnes and Mr. Robinson, while low places went to Mrs. C. F. Eggimann and Graydon Lewis.

## HOME MAKING PROJECT HAS MANY TASKS DONE

Two thousand, two hundred and 29 tasks were completed in the 4-H Home Making project by 11 girls carrying the project.

The project calls for the completion of ten lessons in home making calling for the care of the living room, bedroom, dining room, kitchen, bath room, yard, basement, store room and fruit closet. In addition to this members are required to plan the family meals for one week and draw the plan of arrangements of the furniture and equipment in the kitchen. The family laundry must also be taken care of by the member, including washing and ironing.

Guests at Hotel—Glen Johnson of Grants Pass and Clair LaFone of Butte, Montana, were registered as guests at the Springfield hotel on Saturday.

Mrs. Newedd—I wonder why we can't save anything.  
Mr. Newedd—The neighbors are always doing something we can't afford.

CALL FOR WARRANTS  
NOTICE is hereby given that School District No. 19, in Lane County, Oregon, will pay at the office of clerk of said district, all warrants to and including 2387, dated July 30, 1932. Interest ceases after November 26, 1932.  
C. F. BARBER, Clerk.

## Batter Toast with the Coleman TOAST OVEN



2 Slices, Both Sides at One Time!

Now you can have delicious toast . . . oven-baked, just right . . . the kind you like but seldom get. The Coleman Toast Oven toasts two slices, both sides, in one operation. It's the finest toaster you ever saw!

The Coleman is a compact little oven, beautifully designed and finished in gleaming special process chrome plate. Has ebonized handles on trays and sides. Equipped with sliding toast trays and removable crumb tray. Comes complete with extra quality cord and plug.

See Your Local Dealer  
The Coleman Lamp & Stove Co.  
Chicago, Ill.

## QUALITY FIRST

"When Cheapness comes in at the door, Quality goes out of the store," 'tis often said. When quality goes out of the drug store it is a calamity. Drugs must be pure and full strength, especially those used in prescriptions. We sell as economical as possible but quality must always come first. You can buy here with confidence.

## KETELS DRUG STORE

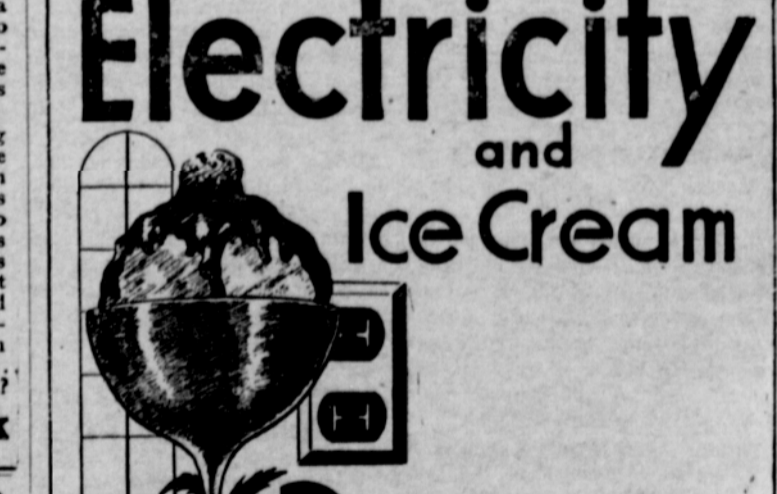
"We Never Substitute"

## Motor Satisfaction

There is more, pep, mileage, and better starting in Violet Ray, Motogas and General Ethyl gasolines than any other gases so-called in their class. They are motor fuels that have taken the lead because they give more motor satisfaction. Motorists have something to be thankful for this Thanksgiving as every year has seen greater refinement in motor fuels.

## "A" Street Service Station

5th and A Streets Springfield



## Do YOU KNOW

That for every dollar spent for domestic electricity in the United States \$1.60 is spent for Ice Cream? There is no other source

of energy at any price that will take the place of electricity. Electricity not only produces perfect light but is the most efficient cooking fuel as well. Electricity is a perfect laundry servant and gives the most dependable refrigeration in use today. It even furnishes the family with entertainment through the radio and so greatly shortens household tasks that the housewife spends much of her time in recreation and pleasant association with her family instead of in the kitchen. Yes . . . although electricity is the world's most perfect servant, it is cheap . . . so cheap that the average family spends much more for Ice Cream than for Electricity.

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY

## Now You Can Buy a Coleman

**Electric Iron**  
for ONLY \$4.95

Think of it . . . a beautifully designed, Chromium Plate finish Coleman Electric Iron at this new low price. Lessens ironing effort at least a third. "Buton Bevel" sole plate. Lifetime Guaranteed Heating Element. Don't miss this big value!



SEE THE HOLE  
THE C. Wicks, Inc., Chicago, Ill.