

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1933

IS HUMAN NATURE CHANGING

There is definitely less drinking and intoxication at present than ever in this state's history. In the absence of statistics we make this statement based on interviews with police officers, new beer vendors, and from reports on the grapevine that the bootleggers' business is all "shot to pieces." The bootleggers claim that the new beer is ruining their business but vendors of the new brew say that now that the novelty has worn off sales has dropped and anyway they declare 3.2 per cent beer is not intoxicating. Both groups admit there is something strange about human nature.

Some of the decrease in drinking is no doubt due to the repeal of the state enforcement law and the change of sentiment in this country whereby liquor is not such an outlaw. There is less glamour to drinking when one is not taking a chance at breaking a law. However, that will not account for all of the decrease. There is most certainly a change taking place in human nature either temporary or permanent at least in this part of the world.

No doubt Oregon will vote for repeal of the eighteenth amendment by more than two to one. All states voting so far have given it large majorities. Yet two or three years ago Oregon was numbered among the dry state by a safe margin. A change has taken place. This change we think has bewildered the organized drys for they realize the old propaganda against liquor is not effective in this campaign. It's like discharging a gun into the air, the bullet never hits the mark except by accident. Evidently the drys are not going to put up any fight at all to prevent repeal. The shift in public sentiment has weakened their ranks and left them without effective weapons to combat the wets. And after the wets win some of them are now complaining that perhaps it will be an empty victory. Such is the change taking place. We can not explain whether it is a new psychology or another phase of the "new deal." But we feel certain that Oregon is more temperate now than ever before.

"GO WEST YOUNG MAN"

The advice of Horace Greely is being followed out by the civilians conservation corps which has unloaded hundreds of eastern young men in our county the last few days. These boys are mostly from Kansas and Nebraska plains and many have never seen the mountains they are going to work in until now. They have come west to regain "their American birth right" the president says they have been robbed of.

The public relations officer in a letter to the press this week has this to say:

"For those from the east who are picked up in urban districts and set down in the west where conditions are much different, the experience will unquestionably confer a broadening influence. In addition these young men, with life still ahead of them, will be given a taste of a new background that will, in all probability, lead many of them to return in future years to settle in this region."

"This will be advantageous for Oregon. Many tourists who visit our section come after they have reached a state of financial independence which carries with it, in most cases, maturity of age and attachment to some home locality elsewhere. With the young man of the Civilian Conservation Corps, this is different. They have not attained settled age nor do they have any considerable quantity of the world's goods.

"Their years of activity and responsibility are still ahead of them. They seek opportunity. The climate, scenery and natural resources of the west will appeal to them. Most of them will return east at the end of their enrollment periods but many will come back to this part of the United States in future years as settlers. Oregon has here an opportunity for much valuable advertising that she should not overlook."

THESE ARE FLYING TIMES

An American aviator, James Mattern, breaks the world's record for air travel between New York and Moscow. The president's wife flies across the continent. Frank Hawks flies from Los Angeles to New York without touching controls.

Flying seems to be looking up. Of course, some of the revival of interest in aviation is purely seasonal; we're having better flying weather than in mid-winter. But looking over the figures of passenger mileage on the great airplane routes whose planes make their schedules day in, day out, at all seasons of the year, we are forced to the conclusion that traveling by air has at last become as popular in America as it has been for years in Europe.

It's only six years since Lindy flew the Atlantic. That really gave commercial aviation its first great start in America. We had lagged behind Europe in the development both of military planes and of commercial flying, although aviation is the one great advance in human progress which all the world concedes to be of American origin. The war forced military aviation on us, but there is a vast difference between military planes and commercial flying. Military planes have to be swift and maneuverable; safety is a minor consideration. Commercial planes have to be safe, first. Most of the difficulties and accidents of early commercial aviation in this country were due to the effort to make military planes do work they were not designed to do.

Now we have developed commercial, passenger-carrying planes which are far safer than motor-cars, if the proportion of accidents to mileage is considered. They are equipped with instruments which enable them to fly as safely by night or in fogs as in broad daylight. By radio they are in touch with the ground at all times, receiving weather reports and flying instructions and, lately, even being able to carry on conversation with distant points and other planes while flying. And the latest achievement—the "robot" pilot which guides the plane according to the compass, removes the danger of the pilot going to sleep.

Planes are getting faster, safer and cheaper. Perhaps the airplane may prove the great new industry which will give the impetus to our next wave of prosperity, as the automobile did for the last one. At any rate, we note that the biggest of all motor-car companies has bought control of the biggest of the air-lines.

The emergency economies the city council ordered more than a year ago are showing some results even in the face of less than half tax collections. It is reported that the city warrant debt has been lowered materially. The only way we will ever have lower taxes is to rid ourselves of our debt burdens.

There has been a definite improvement in agricultural prices lately. Hops at 75 cents of course leads the list. Altogether the farmer should get a better return for his labors this fall.

This may be known in history as the great age of "passing the buck." European debtors want to pass their debts onto the shoulders of the American taxpayers.

AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

Fourth Installment

SYNOPSIS

When Joyce opened her eyes one morning to see a fruit-laden orange tree from the end of the luxurious sleeping porch where she lay in bed, she couldn't decide what had happened to her, for the last thing she remembered was a skidding taxicab in Chicago on a sleeting November day. And when she saw the circle of diamonds on her wedding finger and when a man who called her Frills came to bid her an affectionate good-bye before leaving home for a hurried business trip, warning her to be careful after her fall from her horse the day before, she was even more puzzled. The gorgeous house that was evidently her home, the faint brown stains on her fingers—she had never smoked—and the initials on her toilet articles, F. L. P., added to her bewilderment. But—"It's heavenly," she said. "I'd be perfectly happy to spend a whole day right here."

Who was this man? What did he expect from her?

He was older than Neil Packard, she realized—older, and wiser. His dark eyes had heavy, drooping lids and his mouth a slightly one-sided twist to the full lips. The nose was straight and clean cut, his chin narrow, white, like Neil, his face was evenly tanned. He was dressed in golf togs and had an unmistakable air of smartness about him.

"I called up while you were asleep," he went on, pulling out a silver cigarette case, "did Roxie tell you? This morning." Without taking his eyes from her, he put two cigarettes between his lips and lighted them expertly, both from the same flame. Extinguishing the match with a quick shake of his hand, he offered her one of the cigarettes. From his automatic manner, it was plain that this was an accepted procedure.

"I... I don't care for any—now", faltered Joyce, making no move to take the cigarette and surreptitiously attempting to push her chair farther back, away from him. He was so close that it seemed to her he must be able to look right through her eyes and read her confused thoughts.

"For Heaven's sake, Frills, what's the matter? Better smoke; your nerves need steady. How do you feel?"

"Well, I have a headache, naturally... and I feel sort of shaken up," replied Joyce, dropping her eyes before his ardent gaze. "You're damn' lucky it's not worse," he remarked forcefully, "what you need is a good stiff drink right now, and I'm going to give it to you. Got some real Canadian rye here, some Jake Townsend got me." He drew out a large silver flask, unscrewed and filled the top and handed it to her. She accepted it without protest, silently. Perhaps it would help steady her nerves.

Raising the flask in one hand he placed his other hand on her knee, and pressing it with a sudden strong clasp that made her wince, he exclaimed softly, "Here's to Frills, the most marvelous girl in the world!" Joyce smiled an embarrassed acknowledgement and gulped the liquor down hastily.

"Feel better?" he inquired, still watching her closely. "Lord, Frills, I was in a torment till I found out you weren't seriously hurt! If Neil doesn't take Fire Queen away where you can't get at her, I'm going to do it myself. That beast ought to be killed, and you know it. If you weren't such a stubborn little devil, you'd admit it."

Joyce now knew without doubt that this man was "Mait." His assured tone sent a tremor of apprehensive terror through her. "Did Neil get away this morning?" he asked, flicking ashes from his cigarette.

"Oh, yes."

"I was afraid he might cut out the trip on account of your accident, and do us out of our bit. You'll be all right to go with the crowd Wednesday?"

Joyce's heart sank. Go where? "Oh, no, I can't... I... don't feel up to going anywhere..." she answered quickly.

Frank perplexity mingled with real alarm swept over the man's face. "Judas, you act queer this morning! Never knew you so quiet... so queer."

Joyce was thinking desperately. "I must get rid of him. I can't stand much more of this sort of thing... I've got to do something quick. I'll make use of a little 'temperament,' I guess."

She jumped to her feet and exclaimed, "Oh, let me alone! Can't you see I'm sick? And if you don't like it, you can... you can..." she faltered, her burst of courage evaporating suddenly, and she turned toward the door, her one thought to escape.

I'll come tonight—up through the garden... Between the rapidly muttered words, his kisses fell on her neck and face with scorching touch and ardour.

Joyce was aghast to find she could not struggle free from his grip.

At last, her unresponsiveness and her feeble efforts to free herself seemed to reach his consciousness. He lifted his head to gaze inquiringly at her. His eyes were humid; his handsome face moist and flushed.

"Let me go!" gasped Joyce, taking advantage of his slightly relaxed hold to pull her arms out from under his. Putting her hands against his shoulders, she gave him such a suddenly violent push that she broke his hold. He stared at her in blank amazement at the unexpected repulse, then a shadow crossed his face. "Frills something's happened to you. Has Neil?... It is Neil? Tell me what it's all about!"

Joyce backed to the door, fighting for self control. "Let me alone! Don't touch me... go away—" she was almost sobbing.

"But, sweetheart, I can't understand it. Don't you love me? What have I done? Or is it Neil? Has he been—"

Without answering, Joyce fled upstairs, her knees trembling under her. The very force of her aversion, however, took her to the front window, and, peeping out from behind the curtain, she watched Maitland getting into a long gray sport roadster outside the door. He glanced up and saw her. Joyce dodged back, angry at having been seen, but not before she caught the wide confident smile on his face and the wave of his hand toward her.

Then she ran into the big bedroom and shut and locked the door. "Oh, dear! What am I going to do? Well, next time I'll know enough to keep at a distance and not give him a chance to grab me that way!"

She was interrupted by a knock. At first, she decided to pay no attention. Then, merely to get away from her own disturbing thoughts, she hastily opened the door.

Roxie stood there, holding out a yellow envelope. "Telegram for you, Mrs. Packard."

"Oh, Oh, thank you," said Joyce taking it. When she had torn it open apprehensively, dreading to encounter further complications, Joyce read: "HOW ARE YOU PLEASE WIRE ME HOTEL BLACKSTONE LOVE NEIL." It was evidently sent enroute for it was headed Sacramento.

What should she telegraph? She sat down at the desk and considered.

Then, picking up a pencil and scrap of paper, she finally wrote: "Everything fine. Don't worry. Take care of yourself. Love Frills." "I could use another word. That's only nine, and my thrifty New England soul does hate to waste anything. Shall I say 'Much Love'—I'll bet the telegram will be different enough from what he expected without that. Now, how does one send it? Telephone it? Or have the chauffeur, if there is one, attend to it?"

She finally decided to telephone the message. Scarcely had she hung up the receiver than the bell rang. She listened in and heard as before Roxie's calm answer.

"Hello, Roxie, can I speak to Frills?" drawled a feminine voice.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Emery, but she gave orders she didn't feel up to answering the 'phone today."

"Is that right?" with an incredulous note in the voice. Look here,

Roxie, go and tell her I'm on the wire, will you? Ross and Ed and Ethel and I want to come over after dinner..."

Joyce shuddered. Ross and Ed and Ethel! Whew! Four new ones at a blow. Who were they?

When Roxie appeared, Joyce said, "Please tell Mrs. Emery I have a headache and I don't feel like seeing anyone for a day or two."

She smiled with a touch of malice when she heard Mrs. Emery's remark to Roxie. "Say, Roxie, honest, did Frills say that? Has Doc been in today to see her? ... Frills is sure sick when she won't see the gang."

Joyce set her lips indignantly at this further evidence of the unknown Mrs. Emery's familiarity with her affairs. She was glad that Roxie answered with obvious acidity. "No, ma'am."

"I like Roxie," she decided gratefully.

It all began to seem to Joyce like a species of fantastic game. How long could she hold off these unknown friends? With the one important exception of Maitland, the points had so far been in her favor. With care and good luck she might continue to win, until there came the move which would require her utmost skill—the return of Neil Packard.

Her restlessness gradually became more and more mental. She found her hands moving nervously, the fingers rubbing together automatically, or picking up objects aimlessly. When she sat down it was impossible to keep her body still for more than a minute at a time. She realized a craving in her for something—without knowing what it was.

When Roxie appeared to ask whether she wished dinner, she gave an affirmative answer, adding that she would like it served upstairs, and that she was not at home to any callers.

"Excitement must make me hungry," thought Joyce later as she sat before the attractive dinner which Roxie brought to the boudoir and arranged on a small round table. "Anyhow I'm not so far gone with shock that I can't appreciate good food when I taste it."

When the sun had disappeared darkness came on rapidly—not with the soft lingering of twilight in the East. Going out on the sleeping porch, Joyce caught her breath with delight at the brilliance of the stars in that clear deep blue velvet of the night sky. There seemed to be more than she had ever seen before, closer together and brighter. The entire sky was powdered with stars. She could plainly see the scalloped line of the distant mountains against the firmament, and beyond the garden the blossoming fruit trees spread a carpet of soft white, faintly shimmering in the starlight. Not a building, not an artificial light, emptiness spread around her like a pool of fathomless still water, lonely, awe-inspiring.

Joyce sat there until she discovered that the night air was actually cold, a surprising change from the hot sun of the daytime, and she returned to the house.

At ten-thirty Joyce was still so wide-awake that she had no desire to go to bed, but a feeling of restlessness swept over her again, and she could no longer sit still in front of the fire.

"It must be safe to go downstairs now... I think I'll sneak out to the kitchen and look for something to eat."

She found the lower part of the house in total darkness, but remembering the cubistic floor lamp just inside the living room door, she fumbled for it and successfully

pulled the chain. This gave her light enough to find the kitchen. When she had finished eating, Joyce tried the back door and found it locked. Then, before she went upstairs again, she made the round of all the windows and doors on the lower floor.

When she was in bed, Joyce lay tense for some time, nervously sure she would never go to sleep. She could not have lain awake long, for, when she woke to broad daylight, Joyce had no recollection of a sleepless vigil in the dark.

She felt so much better that her courage went up with a sudden leap. There was a quality about the brilliant sunshine and clear air which sent a thrill of pleasurable excitement through her. The prospect of the coming problems stimulated instead of disheartening her. Today she would play the role of Mrs. Nell Packard more convincingly...

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NATIONAL BODY GRANTS FUND FOR STUDY HERE

Geologists Receive Financial Aid in Studying History of Willamette Valley

Was the Willamette valley once a great sound, as some geologists have claimed, as some geologists have claimed, thus explaining the presence of glacial boulders and granite deposits in certain places, or might these have come from a diversion or backing up of an ice-berg laden Columbia river in some prehistoric time?

Such questions and many others related to them may be answered as the result of a recent grant-in-aid of \$300 from the National Research Council to Dr. Ira S. Allison, pro-

fessor of geology at Oregon State college. So many conflicting theories have arisen as to the geological history of western Oregon that the national council has considered it of enough importance to assist Dr. Allison in clearing up some of the questions if possible.

This is the second grant-in-aid to be received by research men at the state college this year, the other being \$450 to Dr. B. T. Simms to continue his studies into the cause and control of salmon poisoning in dogs. In these days of reduced budgets in national foundations and similar organizations, these grants are considered a high compliment to the men receiving them and the work of the institution.

Attend Rose Show—Mrs. C. H. McKee and Mrs. C. J. McKee motored to Portland Friday to attend the Rose show.

HOW SHE LOST 18 POUNDS OF FAT

For Less Than \$1.00

"Will say in regard to Kruschen: I took it to reduce. I lost 18 pounds after using one bottle and feel fine. Just bought one more bottle today and expect to lose 18 more pounds. I now weigh 148 and feel fine." Mrs. Harry Robinson, Akron, Ohio. (Jan. 6, 1933.)

Once a day take Kruschen Salts—one-half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water first thing every morning. Besides losing ugly fat SAFELY you'll gain in health and physical attractiveness—constipation, gas and acidity will cease to bother—you'll feel younger—more active—full of ambition—clear skin—sparkling eyes.

A jar that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle at any drugstore in the world—but demand and get Kruschen and if one bottle doesn't joyfully please you—money back!

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ways ready to serve you here with the king of all good ways ready to serve you here with the kind of all good things—ICE CREAM!

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Williams' Self Service Store

77 E. BROADWAY EUGENE, OREGON

The Largest Stock of Footwear in Lane County

EVERY PAIR HAS A DEFINITE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

Serve Yourself and Save!



WHEN OUR MOTHERS WERE BRIDES

- "Man's work was from sun to sun, but woman's work was never done." Electricity has changed all that. Today in the "ALL ELECTRIC" home, electricity cooks, heats the water, operates a refrigerator, washer, iron, vacuum cleaner, radio, sun lamp, percolator, toaster, waffle iron, food mixer and lights the house at an average cost per day equal to the hourly wage of a good servant.
- Electricity is as clean as sunshine and by far the cheapest service you can buy. The wise woman of today conserves her health, beauty and time with the clean, cool convenience of electricity.

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- These "Staples" are the printing that you are using day after day, week after week, and month after month.
- Check your supplies-on-hand NOW. If exhausted or low—place the order TODAY.

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The Willamette Press

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