

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Published Every Thursday at
Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, by
THE WILLAMETTE PRESS
M. 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 \$1.00
Two Years in Advance \$2.50 Three Months 50c

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1933

THE HOME FOLKS FIRST WITH US

The building of a super-highway 40 feet wide, above occasional high water and away from railroad crossings to accommodate future traffic which it is presumed will greatly increase despite the completion of The Dalles-California and Roosevelt highways, is the beautiful picture painted now by the highway department. The federal government will furnish the money and all we have to do is to buy the right-of-way, it is said.

The new survey now complete in its preliminary stages is no shorter than the present Pacific Highway through Lane county. The reason for not using the present routing is that the bureau of public roads engineers will not furnish the money without it is a new line, so it is reported. The highway commission promised the last legislature that it would build no new roads hence this new project is called a re-location even though it touches the present route in only one place.

This community's principal objection to the new route as surveyed is that it moves the junction of the McKenzie highway over on the side of Laurel hill where no satisfactory connection can be made. While the proposed route eliminates grade crossings in Eugene and Junction City it will compel everybody using it in this section to cross a railroad before coming to the new road. It would increase the travel distance between Eugene and Springfield by at least a mile.

The tragedy of the whole re-routing is that it destroys present property values and ruthlessly diverts traffic away from businesses with substantial investments on the highway. We have listened to several people who have spent their life savings in camp grounds, service stations and stores on the highway both north and south of Eugene. There are probably 50 or 60 of these places that have investments varying from a few thousand dollars to \$100,000. Some of them are people who have come to us but recently and were located by our chambers of commerce on a highway they were told would never change.

We believe the present alignment should be followed as closely as possible in re-routing the present Pacific highway, because we are for the home folks first. The advantages of the new route over the old to our mind does not justify a change at a much greater expense. We are interested in building up the communities of Lane county. Not tearing them down for the benefit of stages, freight trucks and flying tourists California or Canada bound.

AMERICA HAS GROWN UP

Thirty-five years ago, on the 3rd of July, 1898, the naval battle of Santiago put an end to Spain's pretensions of being a world power and put the United States of America on the map as one of the great powers of the world. It is not putting the case too strongly to say that until the Spanish War the American nation counted for very little in world affairs except as a source of food supplies, and our politicians and most of our people felt themselves somehow inferior to Europe and the Europeans.

Some of that inferiority idea still persists and crops up every now and then, whenever the United States takes part in any discussion of international affairs. Foolish people get the notion that somehow America's diplomats and delegates are going to be "outsmarted" whenever they try toicker with Europeans. And Europe, of course, does its best to make that notion stick.

We don't believe that European statesmen and politicians are any smarter than our own. We have every confidence that the American delegation to the present World Monetary and Economic Conference will get all they want after, whether Europe likes it or not.

America has grown up.

AUTOMOBILES DEADLIER THAN FIREWORKS

Next Tuesday is the Fourth of July. Already we have received the warning from different government agencies to be careful with fire works and make the Fourth Safe and Sane. This is old stuff. What the president and governor of Oregon should do is to issue a proclamation calling for careful driving of automobiles on the Fourth of July when the city pours into the country for a holiday. A hundred people will no doubt be injured in automobile accidents on the Fourth of July to one hurt with fireworks.

Uncle Sam is ready and willing to pour a million dollars or more into Lane county for the building of a new super-Pacific highway and if we don't take it the money will go elsewhere, so we are told. Every state and county in the union have their hands out to get some of this monster jack-pot because they think that the other fellow will have to pay it back. But who is the other fellow anyway? Is it possible it might be you and I?

Well old Sol beat the processing tax to it. Wheat has gone to a dollar a bushel because of heat waves in the middle west which are drying up fields before harvest. The sun has added 70 millions of dollars to the nation's wheat crop, even if this is no consolation to a farmer who has lost all his crop.

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The FAMILY DOCTOR
by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD
A TONSORIAL TALK



I have been a patron of the barber shop for over forty years. I am one of the best friends the barber has. That's why I am so much interested in the very best for both operator and customer, in this important field.

I may have mentioned in this column before—that I knew a clergyman with the finest "suit" of hair I ever saw; he would not permit a barber's brush or comb to touch his scalp—for fear of some sort of carried infection. The more I think of it the more I feel that the preacher was right.

Now I am uncomfortably bald. My more than three-score and ten years may account for it—but I wish I could have kept that hair! Many a barber's brush has showered down on my scalp whatever was in the instrument. Let me repeat: The barber's hair brush should be kept immersed in a good bowl of antiseptic solution.

Not only that; but barbers should be zealously guarded in their own personal health and condition of blood. In these days of rapid transit and mixed customers, too much care cannot be exercised by men who have such varied contacts as barbers have. I don't like to have a workman shave me who has a crop of ugly lesions on his face—and certainly not on his hands!

It would make me leap for joy to see a sign hanging in my barbershop. "ALL OPERATIVES HERE HAVE NEGATIVE BLOOD-TESTS." It ought to be the finest drawing card for a public barber shop or hair-dressing establishment.

I ran across a man professionally this week who was "Wasserman plus four," who absolutely did not know how he acquired the ugly condition. Such experience as this sets a man to thinking. We should close every door against dangerous invasion.

AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Before the stranger reached her, she had time to see that he was a thin, unimpressive type with reddish face and tiny sandy mustache, neatly clipped. His features were small and his blue eyes twinkled. His plain gray business suit, which lacked all trace of style, was in need of pressing and his wide common sense shoes were dusty and scratched.

"Well, Frills, how's the beautiful bean feeling today? Golly, you women are lucky, the way you can get thrown around and not get hurt! Now a man, who has to use his head, would have been just the fellow to get a crack that would put him out of business completely."

Joyce smiled up at him easily. This man was not in love with her, she knew instinctively. He was friendly enough, but impersonal.

"Oh, is that so?" she retorted. "Well, the Lord must have thought women's brains more important than men's, if he protected them so much better."

"Ha! Well, I haven't time for any arguments on the equality of the sexes now, just dropped in to see what you looked like so I can send Neil a wire that everything is O. K."

"Of course! This was the doctor! 'Well, I'm all right,' she replied, and then it occurred to her that she had better not be too well if she wished to stave off the hordes of friends who were trying to draw her back into their activities. 'But it shook me up and I'm going to cut out some of the jazz for this week anyhow. . . . You might tell people it's by your orders.'"

"Ha! You don't expect anybody would believe that you were obeying any orders of mine, do you? When have you ever taken my advice, young lady?"

He stared at her with such a sudden keen searching look in his blue eyes that Joyce blushed deeper than ever.

"Advice comes natural to a doctor, Frills," he went on. "If you are going to take advice, I wish you'd take some I've given you long ago. Quit this excessive smoking! Look at the way you fliget."

"But I haven't smoked since day before yesterday," retorted Joyce triumphantly, "so it can't be that."

"It can't? Whew! No wonder you're nervous! Don't you know you can't cut it out all at once? Not a girl with your highly strung nervous system, who's been smoking at the terrific rate you have! Use a little common sense. Here, take this. If you want to cut out smoking, do it gradually." He handed her a cigarette with a decisive gesture which made refusal impossible.

Joyce took it, her hand shaking. But before she had even raised it to her mouth, they were interrupted by the arrival of Roxie. "Dr. Ellison, the Gates Hospital wants to speak to you, sir."

The doctor jumped to his feet. "Thanks, Roxie, just tell them I'll be right there. Good-bye, Frills, I'll drop in again later," and he was off without a backward glance.

Joyce drew a breath of relief. "Another one killed off! I couldn't light this cigarette with him looking on," she murmured.

She successfully lighted the cigarette and puffed at it daintily. After a few moments, however, her attention was suddenly distracted by the approach of a woman. In her renewed agitation, Joyce swallowed a mouthful of smoke, which to her surprise she found herself expelling through her nostrils and mouth without any sensation of strangeness. Automatically her breathing apparatus was performing a familiar operation!

Fortified to meet another visitor, she rose to her feet and smiled greeting at the newcomer.

"Well, my dear Frills, what a fortunate child you are!"

Her caller, who seated herself without waiting for an invitation, was a woman about forty years old with a delicate skin fine in texture. She had large pale blue eyes, a straight little nose, and a thin-lipped mouth whose corners dropped with a petulant, complaining expression. Her feet were shod in beautifully fitting white kid walking slippers. From the top of her head to her feet, Mrs. Paul Packard was immaculately well dressed and well groomed.

"If she affected Frills one-half as unpleasantly as she does me,"

thought Joyce, "she wouldn't be on speaking terms with me now, or else at least Frills would have put the fear of God into her."

"You escaped a very serious injury," went on the visitor. "Have you had Dr. Ellison make a thorough examination?"

"No, I haven't," replied Joyce. Her welcoming smile faded out, and sitting down again, she puffed at her cigarette, waiting in defensive silence. If this was Laurine, deliver her from any more in-laws!

"Well, I should certainly think he would have done it. . . . I do wish you would consult him, I feel certain he would think a thorough internal examination the only safe thing to do after such an accident as yours. . . . A stitch in time saves nine."

Joyce wanted to add, "And an apple a day keeps the doctor away" but she kept quiet, wondering how much longer Laurine would stick to this particular subject.

Laurine changed the subject. "Delphine sent her love to you and hopes you're feeling quite recovered from the accident, and Paul said to tell you he'd probably run in sometime today. He's having lunch at the club with Otis Clark and a business friend from the city, and they're going to play golf all afternoon, with Art Belmain to make up a foursome."

It was nearly an hour later when Mrs. Paul Packard rose from the marble bench. She had touched on a multitude of subjects, ranging from the newest cold cream and its wonderful effects, to the details of the recent confinement of a Mrs. Wellman.

The effect of this call on Joyce was a weary annoyed feeling that she had suffered more than the net results in the way of enlightening facts were worth.

"By the way, Delphine told me that she saw Arthur Maitland one night having dinner at the Palace with what she called a 'jazz baby' in a vermilion evening dress. And I heard from somebody else, though I won't repeat the name because if there's one thing I pride myself on, it's not spreading scandal or gossip—but it's a woman who spends a lot of her time in the city, and you know her almost as well as I do—that Maitland has two separate apartments in the city, not just the one where the men have their stag parties. I think you ought to know those things because you're so careless about appearances and it's a crying shame the way you run around with a man like Arthur Maitland."

In the midst of the resentful fury that seized Joyce at the nerve of the woman for mixing up into her private affairs she could not help feeling admiration for Laurine's courage. She had thought of Frills as a dynamic being who would not for a moment have tolerated the rebuke or advice of such a complacent upholder of middle-aged conventionalities. She herself was speechless, wholly unprepared, and no match for Laurine's methods of attack. It occurred to her, however, that this information of the second apartment might be used later in her handling of Maitland, and she could not help being a little grateful to Laurine for furnishing her with any weapon.

Laurine, not waiting for the scarlet-faced Joyce to reply, went on calmly. "When you're a little older, my dear, and have had as much experience as I have of the world, you'll realize it's foolish to put any trust in a man who is so lacking in principle that he can deliberately compromise a married woman. Nine times out of ten, he won't be faithful to her, and when she's been made a fool of she'll find that she was only one of a number of other silly women. Arthur Maitland is no different from the rest. Well, I must run along now. And do come over soon, my dear. Paul and I are always glad to welcome you, and no matter what happens, you must feel you have a refuge in our simple home. . . ."

Joyce was left alone again, plunged into another whirl of emotions. "I'm getting so many new things to think about, so many angles all at once to this business of being Frills Packard, that it makes me dizzy trying to fit them together. Whew, but Mrs. Paul Packard is a fearful and wonderful female! I'll bet all I have that she's telling every one she knows about Arthur Maitland's other apartment. If it weren't that it helped me find out more about life here, I should have been bored to death by Laurine. . . ."

She picked up the letters again and re-read the ones from "Sophie" with a glowing longing to see the baby. Fired by this feeling, she went into the house to hunt for Sophie's address. But there was no Sophie in the little pigskin book. She had wandered out onto the sunny sleeping porch still pondering Laurine's conversation, when she heard the rattle of a machine which sounded like a Ford driving into the grounds. She ran downstairs, out across the terrace and around to the garage. Yes, there was Sam just getting down from the machine, and in his arms was a little black and white dog. "Here

you are, Mrs. Packard, the Marches were glad to get a home for Dickie," and he set the wriggling bunch down on the ground, and laughed as it strained at its leash.

"Oh, thank you, Sam, he's a darling!" exclaimed Joyce, stooping to pat the chunky little square head. Dickie wriggled as Sam released him from the leash and responded amiably to her patting but after a moment he looked about excitedly, dashing away from her a few feet, and barking sharply, then returning again. "What does he want, do you suppose, Sam?" asked Joyce, mystified by his behavior.

"He's looking for a stick," explained Sam. "That's what you want, isn't it, Dickie?"

Sam picked up a smooth round piece of wood, showed it to Dickie who jumped frantically for it, and then threw it as far as he could. Dickie dashed after it tumultuously. Then he came romping back to Sam, who commanded, "Go take it to Mrs. Packard, Dickie, that's your lady now. Go on, give it to Mrs. Packard."

Dickie, his wide pink-lipped mouth clamped tightly over his precious stick, rolled his expressive brown eyes up at Sam in a speculative sort of way. Then he turned and trotted over to Joyce.

"There, that's enough stick for a while. You're all out of breath. Come with me, darling, and get acquainted with your new home," said Joyce finally, "thank you, Sam, I'm ever so grateful to you for getting me such a perfectly sweet dog as Dickie."

There was a look of puzzled surprise in Sam's face as he answered, "Oh, that's all right. I'm sure glad you like him, Mrs. Packard."

When Joyce sat down in a comfortable lounge chair on the terrace, Dickie came to her side and, resting his blunt chin with his queer, soft drooping lips on the edge of it, looked up at her pleadingly. She was delighted that he accepted her so promptly, and her spirits rose when she thought of having his companionship. She felt less alone in an incredible world. With Dickie she need never pretend to be Frills Packard.

When Roxie came to find her and announce that her luncheon was ready, Joyce was amused to see the distrust with which she eyed the sleeping Dickie. She did not look surprised, and Joyce knew she had probably, with Marcia, been watching the game of stick out in the garden.

Just as Joyce left the dining-room she heard the whir of a motor outside the door, and before she could decide whether to retreat through the kitchen or make a dash for the stairs, two young women entered the house and greeted her loudly.

"Hello, Frills, how are you?" "Say you don't look so bad!"

SPORT SHORTS

Twenty-eight runs, twenty-nine hits, eighteen bases on balls, one man hit by a pitcher, one wild pitch and three errors, all in one game between the New York Yankees and the Philadelphia Athletics in New York, the other day, in which New York won 17 to 11. Philadelphia scored 11 runs in the third and New York ten in the fifth. Doesn't sound like big league baseball.

There is considerable interest among track followers in the coming Yale-Harvard vs. Oxford-Cambridge meet to be held at Cambridge, Mass., July 8.

A lot of tennis fans will want to know why Frank X. Shields, fifth ranking United States tennis player who was expected to compete in the English championships at Wimbledon, is returning home. Shields was defeated in the French championships by Christian Boususs.

Bicycle racing is being revived in various parts of the country.

Archery tournaments are becoming increasingly popular.

Horse racing and betting has received sanction of the Texas legislature and when signed by Governor Ferguson, the bill becomes operative in 90 days, in time for the fall fairs.

Whippet racing drew 17,000 the other day in Portland, Oregon.

Baseball, boxing, dog shows, golf tournaments, horse shows, polo, horse racing, yachting, are all offered to the New York sports fan these days.

The big intercollegiate regatta with the best crews of the country competing is scheduled for Long Beach, Cal., July 8.

The National Outdoor Fencing Championships are scheduled to be held in Chicago June 23 and 24.

WINS AIR RACE



Henrietta Sumner, of Los Angeles, Calif., flew 45 miles in 17 minutes, 7 seconds in the second annual air race for women flyers at New York, June 4 thus winning the Annette Gibson cash award over 23 competitors.

REGISTRATION GOES UP FOR JULY ELECTION

A total of 27,113 eligible voters had been registered in Lane county last Tuesday when the registration books were closed for the special election to be held July 21. Of this

number 14,720 were men and 12,393 women. This is a considerable increase over the registration for the fall election in 1932 when the total was 26,883.

Thirty-seven new residents in the Springfield vicinity had been registered by I. M. Peterson, city recorder, at the time the books were closed.

MRS. ADAMS ATTENDING N. O. W. GRAND LODGE

Mrs. Marion Adams left Tuesday morning for Portland where she is spending the week attending the Grand Lodge sessions of the Neighbors of Woodcraft. Mrs. Adams is one of the Oregon delegates to the national gathering, and is one of 1170 delegates from all parts of the United States.

Why Use a Bladder Physic?

To drive out impurities and excess acids that cause irritation which results in getting up nights, frequent desire, burning, leg pains or hiccups. BUCKETS, the bladder physic works pleasantly on the bladder as castor oil on the bowels. Get a 25c test box from your druggist. After four days if not relieved go back and get your money. You will feel better after this cleansing and you get your regular sleep. Sold by Flanery's Drug Store.

When You are Hot and Irritable

cool yourself off internally with a cold drink at Eggimann's. We have the kind you prefer, mixed just like you like it—cold and delicious.

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- We are well equipped to give you a prompt, complete printing service of "The Printing 'Staples' Used In Every Business Community."
- 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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| LETTERHEADS | ANNOUNCEMENTS |
| STATEMENTS | BUSINESS CARDS |
| ENVELOPES | PAMPHLETS |
| BLOTTERS | HANDBILLS |
| RECEIPTS | TICKETS |
| FOLDERS | TAGS |

The Willamette Press
Business Printers
Springfield

KEEP HIS FOOD SAFE

If you really knew the facts you would own an electric refrigerator. The food saving alone will pay for the refrigerator and electric refrigeration is the one sure way to keep the baby's milk clean and pure. No chances must be taken with his food and grown-ups live better and healthier if their food is also protected from moisture, germs and dirt. Invest in an electric refrigerator.

KEEP HIS FOOD SAFE

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY