

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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H. E. MAXEY, Editor

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THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1933

## WE WELCOME THE MILL OPENING

Once more the saws are humming at the Booth-Kelly mill. Like the old adage "we never miss the water until the well runs dry" we never miss a sawmill so much as when it has been down for a year or more. Those who work at the mill and everyone else in the community as well welcome the resumption of operation.

A sawmill or running factory represents action, progress and industrial accomplishment. Springfield is glad to join the many other communities of the northwest who in the last few weeks have seen their lumber mills reopen.

The West Coast Lumbermen's association says, "Production increased about 10,000,000 feet during the week, making a twenty million increase in cutting in 14 days. This reflects an added employment during the two weeks of at least 6,000 men in logging camps and sawmills. On July 1, a total of 141 mills reported as operating to the association compared with 119 on June 3, 109 May 6, 98 April 1 and 96 on March 1.

"Orders received broke all records for this year, last year and with the exception of one week and by one million feet the record of 1931. The week of April 11, 1931, alone in that year was greater and that by one million feet. Lumber sold but not delivered—unfilled orders—are now 48.5 per cent of the lumber in stock, the largest ratio since in the summer of 1929. The position of the industry is strong."

## MANY SUBJECTS ON BALLOT

Nine measures for approval or disapproval of the voters will be presented on the ballot at the special election July 21. Besides this there will also be the selection of six delegates to the state convention for the ratification or the rejection of the amendment repealing the eighteenth prohibition amendment.

Seven of these measures were referred by the legislature, one is proposed by initiative petition and one is a referendum by petition.

The first measure is on the proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States repealing the eighteenth amendment. It is necessary to vote this measure even after you have selected your six delegates which are pledged to vote for or against it in convention.

The next measure is to repeal the soldiers bonus amendment after 1938.

The third measure referred by the legislature is on the county manager form of government.

The fourth measure is to amend the state constitution so that the legislature can change the grand jury system providing for prosecution by information of the district attorney.

Fifth comes the debt and taxation limitations for cities and school districts, requiring two-thirds vote to authorize bonds.

The sixth measure is the state power fund bonds asking for \$103,779.45.

The 2 per cent sales tax is the seventh measure for decision, and is referred to by the ballot title "to replace personal property taxes and reduce real property taxes."

The measure submitted by the people is for repeal of the prohibition amendment of the state constitution.

The last measure is the re-occurring Oleomargarine bill. This time it is a vote on the bill passed by the legislature taxing oleomargarine.

We are not editorially advising people on how to vote on any of these measures. They have nearly all been before the voters in one form or another for many years. Nearly everyone we suppose has his or her mind made up on repeal of prohibition. Most people know whether they want a sales tax or not. If they are property owners they know whether they want other people to vote bonds on their property except by two-thirds majority. Voters are probably as good guessers as we are if they will ever get any benefit out of the proposed \$103,779.45 power bonds which are designated to provide salary and expenses for some interested people.

The remaining measure we can not see are of sufficient import to contribute a great deal to the welfare of the state.

## WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE TIME?

It seems to be definitely on the cards that our reorganized industries will operate on a shorter working schedule than has prevailed in the past. Workers are to have a higher average wage and a shorter average working week.

In other words, everybody is to have more time for play.

It seems to us a rather important question: What will we do with this added leisure?

Beyond doubt, there will be a big boom in commercialized entertainment, all the way from the so-called "sports" of professional baseball, boxing matches and the like, to super-super-talkies and theatrical entertainments of all kinds. For there will always be a large percentage of people who have never learned how to get any real benefit out of their spare time, largely because they never had any spare time and partly because they are too lazy or too stupid to take part in any sort of sports or games themselves.

But we think there are signs that more and more people are interested in what may be called the old-fashioned ways of having a good time in their leisure hours. Roller skating has come back strong. So has bicycling; bicycle makers say they are doing a record business. And that is not because people haven't got cars; it is because a new generation of young people have discovered, what their grandparents knew, that there is more real enjoyment and health in a day of cycling in the country than there is in a day's motoring.

In almost every community there are better facilities for community sports and entertainment than there were only a few years ago. With more people having leisure in which to take part in them, we ought to develop new forms of community activity in which everybody can have a good time.

If you are satisfied with the rise in the price of bread the sales tax passage should please you. Bread went up on the consumer because a processing tax was placed on the miller.

And we hope, too, that some of the new leisure will be spent by at least a few in the cultivation of the intellect. Most of us could do with a good deal more of that.

# AWAKENED WOMAN

ELINORE BARRY

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

Synopsis—

Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, in a skidding taxicab accident in Chicago, suffered loss of memory. Two years later she woke one morning after a fall from her horse to find herself, under the name of Frills, married to Neil Packard, rich California fruit packer. From letters in her desk she learned something about her life in the two-year interval, and realized that she had been a heartless, reckless young woman and that she is seriously involved in an affair with a man named Maitland. She decided that at all costs she would end it, but she found Maitland hard to manage. Her troubles were further complicated when she read a letter referring to a baby—was it hers?

—That the writer, Sophie, thought Frills ought to have with her. Much to the surprise of Sam, in her husband's employ, she asked for a dog and he got her one.

Now go on with the story—

Before Joyce addressed and stamped the brown envelope, it occurred to her that she might write a few words to put in with it. Then, having come to this conclusion, she found herself dismayingly unable to decide what to say. What sort of letter would Frills write to Neil? "I don't see how she'd have the face to write to him at all, when all she cared about his absence was the chance it gave her to go off with Maitland and his crowd," she thought disgustedly, "but just the same, since Joyce Ashton isn't going off with Maitland, I think she might send a few words." She ended by writing:

But it seems to have knocked some ivory dome just by falling on it! But it seems to have knocked some of the pep out of little Frills, and she's annoying the gang by cutting out some of the jazz. Laurine was rere this morning with a lot of good advice, Ethel and Clarice this afternoon, and while I was out, Paul and Dot came, and Tess Farnsworth. Don't know why I've never wanted a dog before nor just why I want one now, but I've acquired a darling." She wrote hastily, "Sam got him for me from the Marches on the Dry Creek Canyon road. They're going to China and can't take Dickie. He is quite adorable, and when did I ever care what any one thinks? Frills."

Joyce was a little doubtful, when she finished, about whether she had not written more than was wise. She sealed up the letter, however, and then went downstairs to look for Sam to post it.

Sam listened with casual politeness to her explanation of her appearance.

"I had a telegram from Mr. Packard asking me to mail him some papers he left behind by mistake, and I wondered if you could get them to the post office for me? I'm sorry to disturb you this way but I think the papers are important and ought to leave right off. Would you mind?"

"Sure not!" replied Sam taking the envelope, "I'll hop into the bus and take it down."

"Are Roxie and Marcia out?"

"Yeah, gone to the movies with their steadies," Sam grinned good-naturedly.

"Oh, of course," she murmured, smiling back at him and then added curiously, "What were you doing Sam, when I interrupted you?"

"Oh, digging at the same old stuff," replied Sam, as if she knew also what that meant. He ran his big brown hand through his hair.

"Sometimes I think it's the bunk, getting educated by absent treatment. But I s'pose I might's well do it as to play pool or take some

Jane to the movies." Joyce returned to the house full of thoughts of Sam, plugging away by himself out there alone, and she forgot for a moment the problems of her own situation.

Just as she entered the living-room, a group of people came in with a burst of talking and laughing and took possession of the house.

"You're my hoty, I'm your toty, everything is hoty-toty now-w-w!" sang a tall man with a bald head and jovial pink face.

Joyce was seized in a rough embrace by this hearty gentleman and kissed several times before she could get away.

Behind a veil of smoke, Frills examined the separate members of the company. She was more relieved than otherwise that the free-and-easy manners of Frills' set demanded so little effort. Apparently nothing very definite was expected of a hostess; everyone talked volubly and seemed entirely at home. Both Ethel and Clarice were present, now in dinner dresses and earrings.

There were two other women, who turned out to be Tess Farnsworth and Kate Belmain. Tess was about thirty years old, a non-descript brunette with a strained look back of her small brown eyes. Kate Belmain was the oldest woman in the party. Her white hair, bobbed and marcelled with such careful skill that it quite rated the dignity of being called a coiffure, made a most becoming soft frame for her still excellent complexion.

The four men were commonplace enough. Charlie Bates was a bachelor, cheerful, unintelligent, dissipated, addicted to the use of strong perfume. Ed Rawley, the "faithful Ed" of Clarice's sarcastic comment, looked unhappy in this gathering. Ross Emery, who had greeted Frills so vociferously on her entrance, proceeded to be the life and death of the party. The fourth man, strolling restlessly about the room trying to draw somebody into a game of poker was Art Belmain.

"Say, folks, I'm going to buy you all a drink," exclaimed Ed, jumping up, "who's with me? Frills is so holler-than-thou tonight it scares me. I know something that'll put a little original sin into her!"

"I'll come along and help you, Ed," offered Art. Then a diversion occurred in the form of the arrival of two more men. One of them was Dr. Ellison, and the other a man of about the same age who was hailed as "Trace." Tracy Farnsworth was tanned like the rest. Everything about him was neat, well-creased, and immaculate, and like his personality, insipid.

With the arrival of the cocktails the party took on a shiller air.

"Say, doc, did you write a prescription for Frills after she did her leap for life the other day?" demanded Clarice.

"I did not," retorted the doctor, "what does she need it for, with Nell's supply still holding good?"

"And Malt's," added Kate with her loud laugh, "where's your sweet patootie tonight, dearie?"

Joyce, thus directly addressed, answered coldly, "How should I know?"

A second round of drinks followed close on the first. The whole evening took on a confused, kaleidoscopic quality that gave Joyce the feeling of being in a noisy, unreal nightmare. She did not like the spectacle of these uncultured men and women drunkenly in pursuit of a "good time."

Would they ever go home? Her

head throbbed and she felt incessantly weary and revolted. Finally, watching her chance, she slipped out of the room just as a lively dance melody came in over the radio and several couples leaped up and began to revolve rather unsteadily.

Joyce escaped out of the front door to the quiet of the fragrant starlight. As she stumbled on the dark step she was suddenly caught in a strong embrace.

"Sweetheart, I had to come again to see how you were," whispered Maitland softly.

Joyce, overcome by her great weariness and disgust at the scene she had left, could not summon enough strength to struggle. She felt tired and terribly alone. All she was conscious of at the moment was that Maitland's cheek against hers was cool and sober, that his breath held no reek liquor on it.

He did not try to take advantage of her yielding mood. He simply held her quietly, and Joyce, whose head had been spinning from the heat and the noise, leaned against him with her eyes shut and murmured:

"Oh, I can't stand them, they're all drunk . . . I want some air . . ."

"Get in my car and we'll take a run," said Maitland promptly. He led her to his machine which was only a few steps off. "Here, put this one, you'll be cold if you don't." He held up a light overcoat and Joyce in a daze slid her arms into it and dropped back into the low seat without stopping to consider exactly what she was doing.

In another moment they were rolling down the drive and out into the road.

Maitland drove in silence, a tacit silence so welcome to Joyce in her lassitude that all her fear and abhorrence of him melted into gratefulness.

Finally, when they had driven about ten minutes, Maitland asked softly, "Feel better, dear?"

"Yes," said Joyce.

He took his hand from the wheel and felt for hers. When he had it in his warm clasp, she let it stay there, still too apathetic to care.

"Who was there tonight?" he asked after a bit.

"Oh, Clarice and Ethel and Ross and . . . Ed . . . and Kate and Trace . . . and . . . and Doc." replied Joyce drowsily, almost too tired to finish the long list.

"Same old crew, all talking at once, after they get a few drinks under their belts. Got damn sick of their drivels, don't you, Frills?" Suddenly the car swung abruptly to the left, drove in through the thick darkness of a narrow, tree-shadowed road, then came out to an open space and stopped quietly.

Maitland took his hand from hers and putting his arm around her shoulders bent over her.

Maitland drew her suddenly closer to him and began kissing her, with the same intensity of that first embrace in the living-room.

His kisses were on her neck, her eyes, over her whole face. She could feel his heart hammering violently, and his breath coming short and hurried. She was frightened and repelled. She must keep her head and get him to take her back to the house as quickly as possible.

Perhaps her very resistance was what inflamed him so; perhaps her safety lay in letting him kiss her.

She was so tired and it was so utterly futile to struggle against his superior strength.

Suddenly she relaxed her tense muscles and lay limp in his arms. The result of this, instead of cooling his ardor, seemed to fire him with new energy.

The touch of his cold fingers on her flesh sent a shock of flaming rage and humiliation through Joyce. She struck violently at him and pulled his hand away with desperate strength.

"If you . . . cared . . . at all about me," she cried, her voice quivering in spite of her efforts to control it, "you'd know I'm . . . that I haven't felt well since the accident. You'd do what I want, not just what you want. . . Please take me home right away . . . now . . ."

"Hell!" he exclaimed under his breath, "don't get you at all, Frills. . . Well, all right, you're the boss." He released her, switched on the headlights and in a few moments had the engine running and the car turned toward home.

On the way back Joyce silently pondered what had happened. When they turned in at the Packard house they could hear the sounds of the party still in full swing.

Maitland stopped the machine and said, "Want me to come in with you, sweet?"

"I don't want to see them at all," she insisted, "why can't I go in by the kitchen?"

"All right," agreed Maitland, "you go up that way and I'll send

the gang home for you." Maitland helped her out of the car and went with her around the back of the house. At the foot of the back stairs, Maitland drew her to him, turned her face up and kissed her, but this time very gently. "Goodnight, darling."

Joyce hurried up the stairs, through the hall and into the big bedroom which she locked with a sigh of profound relief. It seemed to her as if she had left its cool privacy years before.

The noise and music downstairs which came up in a muffled confusion of sounds continued for about five minutes longer and then with a succession of sharp bangs of the front screen door closing she heard her guests depart. She listened to the cars drive off one after the other and then there was absolute quiet.

The next morning a brilliant idea occurred to Joyce. Why should she not pack a suitcase and run off alone to San Francisco for a week? She could stay at the Y. W. C. A., where she would be unlikely to meet any of the Manzanita crowd, and there under an assumed name, she could learn to run an automobile and to ride horseback.

She found about seventy-five dollars in bills and silver in the desk and in a handbag on the dressing table. With courage newly-augmented by the excitement of her plan, she decided to cash a check in Manzanita.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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