

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1933

## TRIBUTE PAID LUMBER INDUSTRY

The mill opening celebration in Springfield Saturday night was the largest and most unique gathering of its kind ever staged in Lane county. Every community wants new industries but few communities pay much attention to an industry after once established. Lane county had had a demonstration as to how important existing industries are by the closing down of lumber mills for nearly two years. All were pleased to see the Booth-Kelly mill, second largest in the county, and other mills as well resume operation, and so expressed themselves.

Nearly 2000 people visited the lot where the barbecue was held. It was a tribute paid those who have courage to operate sawmills under present conditions.

There are 30 sawmills in the area on the east side of the Willamette river and as far as Creswell on the south in the Springfield vicinity. Most of these mills are operating now. No industry is contributing more to the welfare of the people in Lane county.

## WERE FOR A SALES TAX BUT NOT THIS ONE.

Because we are convinced the proposed sales tax will save the real property owner in this city little if anything we are against the proposed sales tax, which will be found on the ballot July 21. Theoretically a sales tax which makes everyone pay some taxes we think is a sound measure but when the state takes its full share at the expense of local government then we believe the bill unbalanced and unfair.

The sales tax will eliminate the state property tax of about three mills and the elementary school tax of two mills. But because it cuts down the total valuation of a city or school district by exempting personal property it will cause the local millage to rise in this city absorbing the five mill savings. Thus the real property owner will pay practically the same property tax and the sales tax besides.

A sales tax which will allow all taxing bodies to participate in every dollar collected is to our mind the only fair one. This tax on the ballot is not a substitute tax but an added tax to the property holder.

The editor of the Oregon Voter, an ardent sales tax supporter, figured out for us that the sales tax would save about \$4 on a \$100 property tax in Springfield. His estimates like the other proponents on the tax is based merely on assumed revenues. We think he is too optimistic in his estimated returns to the cities and school districts. Little if anything is to be saved real property taxpayers by the adoption of the sales tax seems evident to us.

## LUMBER STILL CHEIF MATERIAL

Lumber is not the declining industry that some would picture it. They are the same people who believe the world is stationary and that no new inventions will be made or new desires cultivated—men without vision.

Facts are that it takes 700,000 new homes annually for replacement and to house the expanding population in this country. The recession in building the last three years and the doubling up of families have resulted in the country being 700,000 homes behind. With better times this normal demand will be resumed.

There are constantly new uses being discovered for wood, and its superiority for building is being demonstrated often just as it was in the last California earthquake when frame structures stood after the so-called more substantial building materials were leveled to the ground.

There has been no substitute for lumber found suitable for houses costing from \$3000 to \$6000. This no doubt will continue to be the type of house of the future as well as in the past as it is the class most people can afford. It is in this home the working man can become independent from landlords and raise his family free from crowded tenements. Only better methods of financing has been lacking in this field for building and it is now to be supplied by the government.

There is constantly new uses being found for wood in industry and with renewed research and sales policies coming up in the lumber business there is yet hope for a greater lumber industry.

The federal government does not think much of our lumber for building the coast bridges, so the highway department tells the world. But the unkindest cut of all, to our mind, is the sending of coal stoves to Roosevelt's reforestation army. Some people in the government do not think that our forests will even make good wood. Either that or we have another display of governmental efficiency in operating public works.

Intoxication arrests have fallen off 30 per cent in Portland since the advent of new beer, police report. We predict they would have fallen off 100 per cent if only the new beer had been drunk.

A contemporary points out that now days a man is judged by the company he keeps solvent.

The sales tax is aimed to remember the forgotten man.



# The FAMILY DOCTOR

by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD  
MORE ABOUT FAT

Nearly every week I am beset with pleas for "something that will help me reduce." So, listen, ye fat people—especially the sisters. No use to talk to the fat boys—they'd rather be fat! Therefore, my good ladies, this is expressly for you.

The latest (and I truly believe best) advice is, DON'T ADOPT A POPULAR FAD. Don't go on a diet of carrots, or spinach, or starch-free bosh—nor on any "one-piece fodder." Stick to a VARIETY of food, and keep your health and strength—fat or lean. I am treating a lady at this time, age, 46; five feet tall; weighs 194. Her flesh is firm, and her circulation ideal. Nothing wrong anywhere—only overweight, and it's solid muscle—not adipose. Even correct mental poise. Happy disposition. Want to know my advice to her? Here it is:

"Now, I want you to go about this thing in a sensible way. Eat of anything you like, just so it's a wide variety. I want plenty of green stuff—plenty of fruits and vegetables. If anything is cut down severely, let it be the things that grow beneath the surface in the garden. Turnips, carrots, beets, rutabagas, potatoes,—better gaze from afar on these, if anything is cut out entirely. And here: You eat just HALF of what you've been consuming. Do the halving yourself. Leave half on the dish. It's easy. Half-glass of milk. Halt a piece of pie. One slice bacon, if used to two. Half cup coffee. If two biscuits, use one. Remember—just HALF of every dish you've been using. Obey me to the letter—and come back in one week to weigh."

This good lady had gotten down to two meals a day! And ate the major portion of a half-bushel at each—mostly carrots and spinach!

Now, you'll be listening at the key-hole, to hear how this girl gets along. If I have luck I'll tell you about results later.

# AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

## NINTH INSTALLMENT

The Story so far:  
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, but 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—  
Shortly after ten o'clock Sam brought the car to the front door and stowed away her two suitcases.

The bank teller at the bank greeted her with a friendly smile. "Good morning, Mrs. Packard. Say, that was some little tumble you took. How do you feel after it?"

"Oh, I'm all right," replied Joyce hastily. She pushed her check in at him and stood on tiptoe with breathless impatience while he deliberately counted out the money. Then she seized it, thanked him abruptly and almost ran out to the car again.

When they were well out of the town, humming swiftly along the smooth roads, Joyce felt her nervous fear evaporate under the stimulus of an irresistibly mounting spirit of adventure. This was going to be fun, she reflected happily.

They reached San Francisco about noon and Joyce parted from Sam with mingled feelings of relief and regret. As soon as she was installed in her clean little room at the big Y. W. C. A. building she proceeded immediately to carry out her plan of action.

The days passed rapidly. In the mornings Joyce went out for her instructions in driving a car. In these drives, much to her surprise, she had little trouble in learning to handle a machine.

She spent the afternoons riding in beautiful Golden Gate park. Her first timidity vanishing very quickly, she made gratifying progress and every day looked forward to her ride with greater pleasure.

One day she overheard some girls in the Y. W. cafeteria talking about the Chinese restaurants, and her interest aroused, she set out to explore these exotic places.

One evening she went there for dinner, pleasantly weary after a day of riding and driving the car. Dreamy and contented, she presently wandered out of the restaurant, to realize a moment later she had left her book on the table. She retraced her steps.

A man was sitting at the table she had occupied, and she was disconcerted to find that he had picked up her book.

"I say, is this yours?" He was on his feet in an instant. "Please sit down. I want to talk to you about it. This is really very extraordinary—"

Joyce sat down, her embarrassment vanishing. She felt at home with this man, as if she already knew him well enough to be casual about the meeting. Why should she feel that with a man she'd never seen before? He grinned at her with much informal friendliness that Joyce thought he must, surely, be a friend of Frills Packard. And yet—and yet—he was so unlike the

Manzanita men! She stared at him frankly curious!

He was much taller and looked almost as young as Neil. She guessed his age as about thirty-one or two. A splendid physique undoubtedly, with wide shoulders and strong arms. As for his face, the details of it impressed themselves on Joyce so strongly in the first few minutes of their meeting that she felt she would never lose the picture.

"I'm afraid I'm not altruistic enough to give the book to you," laughed Joyce. "Robert Ainsworth is one of my favorite authors, and I've wanted to get hold of this book for years, but never could. It's out of print, you know—"

The little Chinese waitress, subtly smiling, approached. "Some tea?" she asked.

Joyce rose hastily. "No, no. I must go—"

"Then I'll go with you," he said at once, thrusting a bill in the hand of the little Chinese girl, and following Joyce, who was a little bewildered but glowing with pleasure.

They walked for over an hour, and Joyce discovered that her new friend had read nearly every book that had been written, and that his enthusiasms were largely hers. He agreed eagerly with her opinions of Robert Ainsworth, whom, he said, he "revered above all other moderns." He praised Ainsworth so lavishly in fact, that Joyce had a sudden sense that he was making fun of her, and for the first time she felt a slight hostility toward him. She could not bear her admiration for Ainsworth, whom she considered so gifted a writer.

Hastily getting her bearings, she discovered that they had gone in a circle and were again near the Y. W. C. A., and she therefore led their steps in that direction.

"Good-bye," she said "and it's been great fun talking with you. I'm only sorry you don't—quite—feel as I do about Robert Ainsworth. Under the circumstances, I shall have no compunctions about claiming my book!"

"Oh, but I do share your enthusiasm!" He bowed somewhat mockingly, and held up the book. "But you will let me sign the little sketch?" He propped the book up on his knee, and wrote in it, slowly, meticulously; waved it about with maddening deliberation to blot the ink; then handed it to her, closed.

"Good-bye, Miss—?"

"Joyce Ashton," she said without thought.

He raised his hat and was gone. Joyce was frankly disappointed. "He might have said he'd like to see me again," she thought, then added, "But, oh dear, I've no right to go about being charmed by strange men! Why, oh why, did I have to meet so vital and intelligent a man—it'll only make life harder for me!"

She opened the book, too gaped in her thoughts at first to grasp what she saw.

Beneath the sketch was written, in an exceedingly beautiful handwriting, "Robert Ainsworth!"

It was inevitable that Joyce should think a great deal about Robert Ainsworth in the days that followed. She was an emotional girl, of warm, staunch enthusiasm and Robert Ainsworth won her unbounded admiration.

That she should ever meet him had not entered her wildest dreams. In fact, had she been introduced to him, she would have been tongue-tied, covered with the confusion of

awe. Even looking back on their conversation, she blushed to think how boldly she had advanced her opinions before him! At the same time, she glowed with the realization that she had been absolutely herself, and that he had regarded her as at least intelligent enough to talk to.

It had been such a relief to shed the mantle of Frills Packard and discuss with frankness the things that she, Joyce Ashton, was interested in, that she knew she had been unusually vivacious and lacking in shyness. Apparently, however, Ainsworth had been on more than casually interested. He had left her without protest, and he had made no effort to see her again. She had not despised her intelligence, but he had been indifferent to her femininity! All at once Joyce found this somewhat bitter.

Days went by and Joyce drifted on until one day she drew her thoughts up sharply. She had allowed herself to grow forgetful of her situation, to visualize Frills Packard as a separate person, and to consider herself as detached from Neil and Mait and the whole life in Manzanita. Little as she had grown used to it, Frills was herself! Frills' husband was her husband!

Neil Packard; her husband, Neil, whom she had no more than barely spoken to, but on whose bounty she had been so lavishly living; here was problem enough to occupy her. More and more the subject of his return grew on her as a formidable reality.

Joyce had time during these two weeks to wonder about the friends she had left in the East. Did they ever think about her? She had been secretary to one of the members of the Lyman-Warde firm of advertising agents, Mr. John K. Lyman was an elderly, impersonal gentleman who had never appeared to recognize the fact that she might have a life outside of the office. At the end of three years of this sort of existence Joyce was deathly sick of the city and the monotonous routine of her days, from the early morning scramble for her turn in the bathroom to the evening crush in the crowded, stuffy trolley cars.

Joyce had made a sudden desperate decision to get out of it all and try some other part of the country. Recklessly she gave up her position, sold her few Liberty Bonds, bought a ticket for San Francisco with stopover privileges at Chicago and Denver, said good-bye to her friends, and started out for the west of which she had, to be frank, only the vaguest general knowledge.

As she lay in her bed in the Y. W. C. A., Joyce smiled and frowned alternately at the thought of how her plan had turned out.

Thirteen days after she had left Manzanita, Joyce received the word that ended her solitary campaign to fit herself for taking the position of Frills Packard again. The morning mail enclosed a laconic telegram from Neil: "Arrive Manzanita Monday evening." This was Monday morning, Joyce immediately got Sam on long distance and asked him to drive to the city for her.

On the way home she questioned him with forced interest about all that had happened in her absence. Sam obligingly imparted what news he could think up; Dickie had won the love of both Roxie and Marcia; Rosita was in fine condition; Sam had exercised her a little every day but she was raring to go and Mrs. Packard would find her full of pep; there had been a small fire at the

packing plant but almost no damage had been done; and so on, a list of trivial items to which Joyce listened with interest that grew in spite of herself.

Dickie was at the gate to meet them and his joyous welcome filled Joyce with a quite disproportionate sense of the pleasure of coming home. But when she entered the big luxurious bedroom she was struck for the first time by the dimming realization that soon she would be unable to flee to it for refuge and escape.

She unpacked hurriedly and had a bath, careful to take a negligence in with her and to lock the bathroom door. It was horrible to feel that at any moment a strange man might enter that bedroom, and that she could not order him out! Suppose he came before she finished dressing! In a panic she jumped out of the bathtub and dried herself hastily.

She dressed in the huge closet, thankful that its size made this possible, and was completely ready before seven-thirty.

Dickie followed her downstairs and they went through the front door together. Just as they stepped outside a big blue touring car came up the driveway. Joyce felt a curious tightening in her throat as she recognized Neil Packard.

"Hullo there, darling, how've you been?" cried Packard, jumping out of the car. "I was hoping you'd write again. It was great to get that broad, eager smile on his face and bent over her. Joyce forced herself to lift her face obediently for his kiss, but moved away hastily to prevent a second.

"You were lucky to get even one," she said lightly, but her heart thumped so hard it made her breath come short. "Look, who's here! Dickie, speak to the gent!"

"So that's your new dog, is it? Hullo, feller, you're a cute cuss, all right. Come here, boy!" Dickie was quite ready to make friends, for he appeared to regard every man in the light of a potential playmate. He began now a little eager whining interspersed with short barks.

"That means he wants you to throw a stick for him," she explained. "He has one great passion in life, and that's to be given something to worry and run away and play tug-of-war with."

Her voice faltered a little at the end when she looked up and met the puzzled expression on Packard's face.

"Dinner's almost ready," she went on hastily, abandoning Dickie as a topic of conversation, "you haven't had any, have you?"

"No, and I'm hungry as a bear. Hope Marcia's got something good for us. Who's here tonight?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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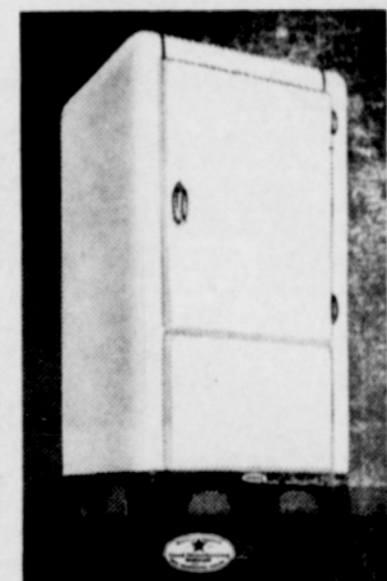
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