

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1934

WILL BUILD THE BRIDGES

The five bridges on the coast highway costing more than \$5,000,000 are to be built on a loan from the federal government public works fund. Seventy per cent of the money will be paid back to the government by tolls on the bridges and thirty per cent will be a gift for re-employment.

The building of the bridges will be the greatest public works project in Oregon, except the Bonneville dam, during 1934 and should materially relieve unemployment. They are the kind of public works that will return dividends in the future and no doubt this method will relieve the state of the total expense of the bridges in future years as well as do away with expensive ferries. While the bridges are of concrete and steel much lumber will be needed in their construction it is said.

INDUSTRY SHOWS GAIN

Every editor of a trade paper, every manufacturer, and every president of large mercantile companies interviewed by three different business agencies, which conducted national surveys, reported substantial gains in industry and commerce for the latter part of 1933 and were highly optimistic for 1934.

Retail sales for the first 3 weeks of December are estimated at more than 50 percent above all of December 1932. Dun & Bradstreet's December summary begins: "Business in all divisions appears to be reaching favorably to the stimulus of the national recovery program. The definite upward trend was helped by Christmas trade of near record proportions. It now is generally recognized that the groundwork for advancement is more secure than at any time in the last 4 years."

Careful observers note substantial improvement in car loadings, earnings of transportation companies, and signs of revival in the capital industries, including construction. Net profits of railroads in November as compared with November of last year were as follows:

Pere Marquette, \$105,357 against deficit of \$2,851; St. Louis Southwestern, \$166,689 against \$5,136; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, \$644,287 against \$129,884; Erie, \$114,231 against net loss of \$415,858; Pennsylvania, \$5,064,463 against \$4,698,714; Chicago Great Western, \$151,838 against deficit of \$85,062; Southern Railway, \$934,281 against \$575,025.

The list, as yet incomplete, covers every section except the Pacific coast, and increased earnings are in spite of heavy additions to pay rolls.

Residential building permits for November were 66 percent over October and 138 percent over November 1932, according to the Department of Commerce. F. W. Dodge Corporation reports contracts let for construction projects in States east of the Mississippi during the first 2 weeks of December totaled \$122,877,200, or 52 percent over the entire month of December 1932 and 70 percent over the first half of November 1933.

However, the president overlooked no opportunity to remind us that, while he firmly believes "we are on our way," we nevertheless must keep in mind the fact that the start was made from the lowest level of activity in our entire history. The cooperation he earnestly requested, and from which there have been results, must be sustained and for the entire period of the Recovery Act.—N. R. A. News.

The president has approved 181 codes for the NRA. Copies of most of these codes are on file at our office. They cover everything from mop stick handles to automobiles and retail trade.

Home building increased 138 per cent in 1933 over 1932, according to government figures. If this increase continues then we should look for better days in the lumber industry.

THE BOOK

... the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures ...

by BRUCE BARTON

OUR FIRST LAWS

One of the wicked decrees of Pharaoh was that every son who was born to the Hebrews should be cast into the river. The mother of Moses managed to hide her baby for three months, and then, unable to secrete him any longer, she made a little cradle and set him afloat in the River Nile near the spot where the daughter of Pharaoh and her maidens came down to bathe.

Pharaoh's daughter took compassion on the pitiful little voyager, carried him with her to the palace and reared him as her own. She gave him his name, Moses, which means "draw out"; "because," she said, "I drew him out of the water." The boy grew up with all the educational advantages which the palace could give, but his heart was true to his people. He developed physical strength which was needed when he ran afoul of an Egyptian taskmaster who was abusing a poor Hebrew workman. Moses slew the man and hid his body, and formed then and there the determination to set the Hebrews free.

With his brother Aaron, who was a good talker, which Moses was not, he carried on extended negotiations with Pharaoh, enforcing his arguments by a series of ten plagues that descended upon the Egyptians. In the end he was allowed to lead the Hebrews forth into the wilderness, but Pharaoh changed his mind at the last moment and gave pursuit. It was a fatal decision. The Red Sea, which had separated to let the Hebrews pass through, closed up on Pharaoh and his army and drowned them every one. So Moses was launched on his career as leader of a grumbling, short-sighted and discontented lot of ex-slaves, who continually annoyed him with their complaint that they would rather be back in their slavery than wandering free in the wilderness.

Moses was not only a leader but an executive as well, thanks to his father-in-law Jethro. That wise old gentleman, visiting him in the wilderness on a day when he was holding court, saw the tremendous pressure which was on him in his combined capacity of ruler and judge, and protested:

"Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou, and this people that is with thee; for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone."

Acting on the old man's sound advice, Moses associated certain other upright men with him as judges and thus it came about that the people were provided not only with a law—through the Ten Commandments and the comprehensive Mosaic Code—but with a judiciary as well.

Whispering' Rock

By JOHN LEBAR

SYNOPSIS

Ruth Warren, who lived in the East, is willed three-fourth interest in the "Dead Lantern" ranch in Arizona by her only brother who is reported to have met his death while on business in Mexico. Arriving in Arizona with her husband who has alluring lungs, and their small child, they learn that the ranch is located 85 miles from the nearest railroad. Old Charley Thane, rancher and rural mail carrier, agrees to take them to the ranch house. As they trudge wearily through a gulch approaching the ranch house, a voice whispers "Go back! . . . Go back!" At the ranch house they are greeted suspiciously by the gaunt rancher partner, Snavely, and Indian Ann, a herculean woman of mixed negro and Indian blood. Snavely is difficult to understand but regardless, Ruth takes up the task of trying to adjust their three lives to the ranch and its development. Kenneth, Ruth's husband, caught in a chilling rain contracts pneumonia and passes away before a doctor arrives. Ruth tries to carry on. She is not encouraged by Snavely in plans to try and stock the ranch or improve it. She writes to her father in the East asking a loan with which to buy cattle. She receives no reply. Will Thane comes home to visit his father. . . and Ruth meets him. A rancher nearby decides to retire and offers to sell Ruth and Snavely his livestock on credit. Snavely tries to balk the deal but Ruth buys to the limit of her three-quarter interest in Dead Lantern ranch. NOW GO ON WITH STORY—

Installment Fifteen

"You see," explained Will, the rain that falls between the top of the mountain range and the dike sinks into the ground and goes down to bedrock. But it can't get past the dike and is impounded under the surface. Where the wall crosses this arroyo is the lowest point, and it's there we found wet sand last year."

They came up to the dike. Fifty feet above the arroyo bed it rose, forming a waterfall during rains, and below was a great sandy hole. The bottom of this hole was damp.

Ruth could hardly conceal her disappointment—she had pictured a pleasant little pool, and the bottom of the sandy hole looked as though some one had spilled a pail of water there, twenty minutes before. But Will was boyishly enthusiastic. "There she is! Believe me, when you find a damp place in this weather, there's something doing."

When Alfredo and Don Francisco came with the shovels, Will directed them in excellent Spanish to dig from the damp spot toward the wall. In less than a half hour there was real water at the bottom of the trench.

She and Will returned to the barn for a rock drill and a sledge—the plan was to drill through the dike into the water beyond.

Will and Alfredo took turns at swinging the sledge, while Don Francisco held the drill, giving it a quarter turn at each stroke. The drill sank in steadily; at every blow a little more water trickled around the inch-thick bar of steel. Snavely, Ann and the Mexican woman came to look.

Four hours after they had begun, the sound of sledge on drill began to change subtly—"It's coming! We're almost—through!" Will's voice was tense with excitement as he swung the sledge. A few more strokes, and the drill shot in six inches at one blow.

No one made a sound. Will dropped the sledge. Every eye was on Don Francisco. With both hands he worked the drill up and down to loosen it. Slowly he pulled it out and as it came, water spurting around it in ever increasing volume. The drill was out and a mud-

dy spout of water struck the sand three feet away from the wall.

Everyone, from David to old Don Francisco, made some kind of noise. Ruth hugged the first person at hand, until she discovered it was Snavely. And even Snavely shook hands all around—real running water was too much for the old cattleman.

No one slept that night. They kept the fire going for its light and sat around watching the spout of water. Every now and then, some one took a drink, and although the water was still quite muddy, declared that it was probably the purest water in Arizona. With the proper troughs it would water every head of stock the Dead Lantern could ever carry and, incidentally, although Ruth did not suspect it, the value of the ranch had increased by some thousands of dollars since that last blow from Will's sledge.

By daylight a temporary dam had been thrown across the arroyo for the use of the cattle until the water could be piped to a permanent pond. Snavely had actually helped to build this dam. But when the cattle had been driven up the arroyo and every one was going back to the ranch house for breakfast, Ruth sensed that Snavely was rapidly returning to normal.

After the midday meal Ruth and David accompanied Will to the mail box to meet Old Charley. Before they left, however, Will had to take a last look at the water. Not a single cow was at the pond; they had all had their water and now were scattered over the pasture. On the way to the mail box the three friends talked incessantly. David rode with Will.

It was when Old Charley's car appeared far down the highway that Will said, "I'm planning a little joke on Dad. He is always kidding me about leaving the ranch for the city—I know that he hopes some day I'll come home for good and help him raise cattle. There's a piece of homestead property which joins our place on the east and yours on the south—he's always hinting that I ought to take it up before any one else does. He watches that section like a hawk. Well, here's the point. I'm not sayink anything to Dad, but this trip I'm going to pull stakes at Los Angeles and come home for good. I expect to get back about a month before the round-up and I'm not going to say a word to Dad but just sneak out to that homestead and put up a shack and live there. It'll be a kick when he discovers somebody squatting on that choice section of his."

The girl laughed. "Be careful he doesn't take a shot at you before he discovers who it is."

Old Charley honked the horn as he sighted the three by the mail box. Ruth turned to Will. "It seems dreadfully inadequate to say 'thank you'—I—"

"Good Lots! I've had the time of my life!"

Ruth looked at his feet. "I shall remember that the Dead Lantern owes you a pair of shoes, not to mention trousers—why didn't I think to lend you some overalls?" He laughed, as Old Charley turned from the road. "All right, Ruth, but I'll be needing boots instead of shoes the next time you see me."

Within a week after the development of the water the summer rains had begun. Almost every afternoon brought a brief shower; great, cold, pelting drops making the desert sparkle, redolent with the perfume of greasewood. Usually, after these showers, the sun shone for a time before it slipped behind the mountains—as though

to remind the desert that it still was master. There had been two severe storms which turned the arroyos and gullies into angry little rivers. All the deepened ponds were full to overflowing and water lay in small natural pools in many of the deeper canons.

The cattle were everywhere—there was so much water that they could go where the feed was choicest and they made good use of the opportunity. The remains of the cottonseed meal was stored in the barn and the band of bottled-fed calves was scattered. Already, every animal on the place seemed two-thirds fat.

The Mexicans worked on their house—Ruth knew that they were happy and would stay indefinitely. Every evening for an hour after supper she and the girl Magda had lessons in Spanish and English. When the hour was up Ruth went back to the ranch house, for, as the end of the lesson approached, Alfredo always picked up his guitar and stood near the door, his eye on the fresco outside.

Snavely seemed to have changed subtly since the discovery of the water. Ruth sensed that he had begun to regard her in a different way; it was as if she had proved that she was not to be frightened, she could no longer be treated as a child. She had shown him that she knew something about ranching; and, since the drought was safely past, that she stood a chance of meeting her note. But the girl knew that Snavely was far from becoming reconciled to her presence on the ranch; he hated her and he hated the Mexicans.

Another thing about this strange man had come to her notice; he seemed to be looking at the old well whenever he was near the ranch house. Ruth had never seen him go there since he had built the board fence around it; but many times she had watched him coming up the path from the barn with his narrowed eyes on the clump of bushes by the woodpile.

There was much riding to do, as there always is after the summer rains. Ruth was so busy that she still had five books to read of the half dozen Will had sent her. Each morning she rode out with Don Francisco and Alfredo, often accompanied by David.

Every fifth day she carried a slip of paper with numbers from one to twenty-two and rode until she had checked all of the bulls. The white numbers on their sides were still glaring conspicuous—sometimes she could check six or seven animals all within a mile as she looked carefully from a hill-top. She still considered her system of marking very fine.

The summer rains, having been unusually generous, had gradually ceased except for an occasional thunder storm which hurried over the San Jorge Valley. On the Dead Lantern the natural surface water in ravine and canon was fast disappearing and the cattle were drifting to the neighborhood of the ponds.

Late one afternoon Ruth and Alfredo were returning from the south pasture driving a poor-grade heifer. The heifer was to be butchered and it is axiomatic among cattle owners that only the off-color, the dish-faced, the knock-kneed, and the sway-backed shall be served at the family board.

When they were crossing the last deep ravine before reaching the ranch house, Ruth rode toward the mountains, leaving Alfredo to bring in the heifer alone. There had been water in a pool farther up the ravine the week before and Ruth wished to look at the cattle which

would remain in the vicinity as long as the water lasted. She met few cattle in the ravine and upon arriving at the pool found it empty. As she rode out of the ravine along the side of an entering gully and neared the upper level, her eye caught a white object hidden among the undergrowth in the gully ahead. Presently she saw that the object was a numeral six painted upon the red-brown side of a bull. The animal appeared to be lying stretched out, and even though she could see little distinctly through the clumps of catclaw and ocotillo, Ruth felt with a quick tightening at her throat that the bull's position was unnatural. Dismounting, she half walked, half slid, to the bottom of the gully and picked her way toward the bull. As she approached, half a dozen great buzzards flapped into the air on reluctant wings.

The next morning she and the two Mexicans returned to discover if possible why Number Six died. Don Francisco and Alfredo held a long consultation together but could come to no definite conclusion—some sickness such as comes to the strongest of things. As the three companions rode on, the black buzzards slowly circled into the gully.

Suddenly Alfredo pointed southward. A group of buzzards were wheeling low above an oak tree which rose from the entrance of a gully in the opposite bank of the ravine.

By noon, five more dead animals had been found within a radius of a mile. Ruth, half sick with anxiety, rode back to the ranch house for Snavely who had remained at the corrals shoeing horses.

The old cattleman listened to what she had to say, then shrugged. "You're liable to find a dead cow or two most any time—too bad about the bull, but they'll die just the same as anything else."

"But we've found six altogether—all recently dead!" Snavely grew more attentive. "Six—five besides the bull?" "Yes."

New Ice Cream Prices

Owing to increased production costs under the NRA code adopted by the Lane County Ice Cream Manufacturers association a slight advance in retail prices was made effective January 1.

The new prices	Qt.	Pt.
Bulk (dipped)	- - -	45c
Factory filled containers	- 35c	20c
Bricks	- - - - -	40c

Less than gallon lots, 15c extra for packing. Pop Suckles and Nickle Sellers remain at 5c.

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