

# THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1935

## EUGENE'S HIGHWAY AND RAILWAY PLAN

The Eugene planning board proposes an ambitious project to move the railroad tracks north and away from the University campus. By placing the railroad along the river bank the Pacific highway would have ample right of way for a super traffic artery coming into the city from the south and east. Nine of the worst grade crossings in Oregon would be eliminated. The project calls for heavy flood control works along the river bank to prepare the roadbed for the railroad track.

Since this change is primarily one to provide a wide traffic entrance to Eugene we think it might well be extended to include West Springfield. Instead of stopping at Judkins point it might be extended on to McVey overhead. The same kind of flood control works needed inside the city of Eugene is also needed in West Springfield from McVey point to the Springfield bridge to prevent floods which damage the pavements and hold up traffic in winter time. They might as well all be put in at once.

The plan proposed is a sensible solution to a bad highway and railway traffic problem but it should be broader to completely solve the situation in the vicinity of the junction of the Pacific and McKenzie highways.

## PREPARING FOR A MASTER PLAN

The war department has asked the bureau of applications for public works for \$200,000 for a survey of the Willamette river valley with a view of flood control and proper utilization of its water resources. The application states that the Willamette valley constitutes the most important agricultural and industrial area within the state of Oregon and the future development of the state depends primarily upon the proper utilization of the water resources of the Willamette river.

Slowly but surely we seem to be winning national recognition to the problem of development of the Willamette valley. The fact that the government owns 60 per cent of the area is prima facie evidence that the project should go on with federal aid.

News items say that the Maryland state game department has purchased 6,000 Missouri rabbits to liberate in that state for the benefit of the hunters. Having in mind some other long eared animals grown in Missouri we read the above announcements with some misgivings. But if there were open season on jack asses hunting would be good in every state of the union.

The president's program for the elimination of grade crossings should provide all the work necessary under the four billion works relief program. There were 7,124 grade crossings eliminated from 1930 to 1933, but at the same time 4,716 new ones were established. Estimates are that there are 237,000 grade crossings existing in the country now. Big field to work on isn't it?

"Detachable, interchangeable uppers feature a new sandal for feminine wear," so the description goes. Well, the ladies have detachable, interchangeable and other unthinkables on all their other clothes so they might as well have them on shoes.

Since the supreme court decision on NRA General Johnson and Mr. Richberg have not had anything to fight about.

This is the era of regulation. Everybody wants to tell everybody else what to do, but few want to be told themselves.

Experts say we are about 40 per cent out of the depression.

Everybody is putting off economizing in government until next year.

Moral problem: Why will a man ordinarily reliable catch a fish and lie about its size?

Intelligent Americans support the public schools; they are not perfect but they are making progress.

Women's place may be in the home but all the men in the world can not keep them there.

Most people understand more about automobile fuel than body fuel.

This summer would be a good time to build the sidewalk between Eugene and Springfield.

We are told there are no marriages in Heaven. Well, we suppose that is what makes it Heaven.

There have been 30,000 arrests with 70 per cent convictions since the repeal of prohibition.

Every superior man started with being inferior.



## The FAMILY DOCTOR

by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.

EVERYDAY SUGGESTIONS

I believe in the strictest economy in food, of course, but I draw the line of caution at "warmed-over stuff" in hot weather. Better prepare fresh food for each meal,—the quantity measured so that little or none will be left over as waste, or to be warmed over in its stale condition.

What set me to thinking of this—I had a midnight summons this week, to attend a mother and her nine-year-old daughter—both suffering acutely—severely—vomiting and purging; they could hardly be still long enough to answer my questions as to the probable cause.

Well, they had both eaten supper at a public cafe; a bowl of chicken-and-noodles had been prepared for the noon dinner, in over-supply; the left-over part had been chucked into the ice box—and came handy for the evening meal.

A son, also with the mother, had not eaten any of the noodles or chicken—he did not have any trouble; the identity of the offender was plain. Of course it had become infected in some way, and was certainly stale, over-cooked, devoid of sweet, pure, nourishing properties.

Better watch the refrigerator too,—if you are in the habit of storing desserts, meats, etc.—one can't be too clean.

The nation-wide study of pure foods, has about done away with the old-time "summer complaints" that used to make the warm season a nightmare for the family doctor.

# "SANDY"

By CLARA M. BROOKS

EDITOR'S NOTE—The story "Sandy" is purely fiction, written by Clara M. Brooks, Springfield high school student who is not yet 15 years old. Miss Brooks has written several stories and articles which have been praised by her instructors. She also writes original readings which have been very successful when given before student assemblies. The story "Sandy" will be published in several installments.

### CHAPTER V

Orlando Hamilton

We got off the wharf in record time, and looked around for something to do next, when—right here I want to ask you a question. Did you ever in all your life, see a boy appearing to be about twelve years old with yellow hair hanging in long curls over his neck and shoulders; a boy in a short purple velvet pair of pants with a white linen shirt and a bright blue tie; a boy with short pink silk socks and black patened leather slippers walking down Main street in broad daylight? Well believe me I never; that is I never 'til just now. But believe it or not it was just such a creature that our kids saw coming down the street!

Well, we just looked at each other in dumbfounded amazement, and then in pity. I never felt so down right sorry for anybody in the world as I did for that poor kid. Yes sir! I felt pity for him and anger at his mother. To think that she'd dress her lovin' little son in them clown clothes to actually go to town in! It's a downright shame! Maybe I'm sorta lucky after all! 'Course there's Nellie, but I can at least wear decent respectable clothes without looking like a walking rainbow.

Well, our kids decided that a feller citizen who has such a mother as that, ought to be treated kind by his country men, so we walked over to him.

"Hi, sissy!" yelled out Spink. He didn't mean nothin' bad by it, but I'll bet President Roosevelt himself would say "Hi sissy" to a guy like that.

"Hello, my friends," says Sissy. Say! You could'a knocked me over with a feather. Imagine a boy, an honest to goodness twelve year old boy talking like that! It's beyond me!

"What's yer name?" I asked him. "Lorenzo Orlando Hamilton," says Sissy.

"My name is Noah Moses Jonah Spraddlin," yelled out Spink.

Of course our kids all roared, but that dumb-chuck never even cracked a smile. When he told us his name, then I knew he was the son of Professor Eugene Hamilton and his wife who had just moved into Star Cove.

We asked him what he liked to do—if he wanted to play Indian or Pirates or fire men or what, and he said:

"Ah, my friends, I love to read. Reading is truly a delightful pastime, but one must always remember while reading, that he must never become so deeply engrossed with the story, so as not to observe the wonderful flow of language."

Well—it's a good thing I've got a strong heart or I'd have passed out sure. Believe me, Spink, Otto, and I didn't lose very much time in making tracks for home.

I sez "So long, Horatio," and he says:

"Goodbye dear friend, I am truly delighted to have met you and I hope that the small blaze of friendship which has been kindled in our hearts today will continue to live and burn until it has acquired warmth enough to light our hearts with deepest affection and comradeship for one another."

Gee whiz! I thought, if there's such a blaze as you rave about kindled in your heart, I hope it grows big enough to burn you up and your ashes also! Not to be wishin' you any hard luck either.

### CHAPTER VI

Nellie's New Friend

It was several days after we had been knocked so cold by Orlando Hamilton, that our kids were walking by old John Sewell's place where no body has lived for several years. There is a kind of a ghost story about the old house, so we don't pass by it very often, but we did now and right in front of the old gate, we saw something that made us stop in surprise. A big truck was backed up there and two men were unloading some real fancy furniture and carrying it into the house. Someone else was moving into Star Cove!

All of a sudden a girl of about Nellie's age came around on our side of the truck. She stopped and looked at us. Gee whiz! She was pretty! Soft brown, curly hair'n blue eyes and red lips. Her face wasn't round and rosy like Nellie's, but it was sorta oval shaped and real white. She had a white ribbon in her hair, and she wore a blue dress. I glanced down at the knees of my overalls and I saw that they were kinda dusty. So I brushed 'em off a bit, and tucked by shirt in better. Then I looked at her again, and she smiled! Gee whiz, she smiled!

Well I says, "Hello, what's yer name?"

"Della Dill," she answered,

"what's yer's?"

"Sandy Mayo, and there are my pals, Spin, Spradlin and Otto Hamilton," I said pointing to the two kids.

"My real name is David," interrupted Spink.

I frowned at him. What business did he have talking to Della Dill when I wanted to? Della didn't pay any attention to Spink, but turned and looked at me.

"Have you got a sister, Sandy?" she asked.

"Yes, a girl 'bout your age with black hair hanging in curls around her face and rosy cheeks," I said. Somehow I wanted Della to like Nellie, lots.

"Do you want to go see Nellie?" I asked. "If you do why come along with us kids."

"I'll go and ask mother if I can go," she replied. "If you'll wait here for me."

So she went into the house and presently came out carrying a doll with her.

"I can go!" she cried.

And then when she got up to us she said, "Will you carry my doll, Sandy?" and handed me the thing. Good night! There I was carrying a doll. But of course when she asked me to carry it, I had to—well, that is, I 'sposed I had to. Gee whiz, and I hate girls!

When we got to my house, Nellie came running out to meet us.

"Hello, what's yer name?" she asked Della.

"Her name is Della Dill," I replied, "and she's come to visit you and me!"

Nellie's face took on an awfully surprised look.

"Oh, how nice," she said, and her voice sounded like someone about to laugh.

Well of course, Nellie being Nellie, she asked Della if she didn't want to play house and Della said that she'd love to. Good night!

I said, "Don't you girls want to play Indians 'er something?"

"No," answered Nellie, "we're going to play house and you can play to, if you want to."

I just glared at her in outraged indignation and then stalked off trying to decide whether I'd be another Robinson Crusoe or join the circus! Of all the nerve! Asking me to play with their silly old dolls!

I wandered around sort of aimlessly for awhile and then went way down the road to Davidson's place. Don was at home, so we went out in the back lot and started playing circus. Pretty soon Walt Westmore came over and we all had a dandy time. Finally I decided to go home.

When I at last got to the house, I hurried down to the caves where the girls were playing just to see what they were doing. Say, you could have knocked me over with a feather! Here's just what I saw. Nellie was putting some dishes on the old box that she uses for a table, and she was saying,

"Now you folks jest see still, I never allow company to come into the kitchen disarranging my utensils an' things." (She got that from

mother).

And that guy, Lorenzo, was sitting there by Della holding her doll. Della had her arm around his shoulder and was saying:

"Lorenzo, I think you're the nicest boy I know."

Well, gee whiz! I didn't wait to yell which would've scared dead men, and I wasn't long in gettin' tu him an' ye may lay to that.

"Well what should my dear lights rest on, but a critter seventeen feet long approximately, and it resembled an alligator with a tale like a snake. It had seven humps just like a camel, red eyes about the size of saucers, a head like a cow's, and it wuz of a bright blue color. It wuz swimmin' along in the water along side o' our ship and it wuz shore fearful looking and I give you my affdaffy on that mates.

Day arter day that critter swam along side o' our ship, and one day as Smith wuz standing up on the deck leaning over the railin' that 'air thing jumped right up out of the water and jest swallowed that fust mate right down. Right afore my eyes that critter swallowed him down!

I turned and run jest as fast as my timbers would carry me, clear down into the hold. My heart was beatin' like a steam engine and my face was as white as a breaker. Ily'n by I went back up on deck to see if it wuz gone. It wuz, and inside its powerful body lay my one and only companion.

Day arter day then, we drifted, the ship and I, but still not a sign o' land. At last the day come when not a drop of water wuz left in the barrels, and not one bite of food in the galley. So I ate my shoes and then my belt. Then I ate some of the men's belts which they hed left on board. And then I begin to git skinny—jest plumb naturally dried up.

I don't know jest where I wuz at this time, mates. Never did know—never will know. But what I seed durin' all that time is almost past believin'. One day I seed a critter resemble a skunk with sails on him. Guess they were part o' his hide, but they shore looked like sails. He had blue eyes and a pure white skin. I catched him, but jest as soon as I laid my hands on 'im, he vanished into thin air.

And once I saw a big cloud sailin' right out o' the sky. On it wuz a creature dressed in white a playin' a harp. The cloud drifted down by the ship and the beautiful creature focussed its blue lamps on me, then sadly shook its head and the cloud drifted on—and on, 'n then one evening—

Once again the Captain's yarn was brought to an abrupt ending. A feller in blue was descending upon us, so we beat a hasty retreat. (TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VII

Capt'n Brewster Relates Another Sea Story.

"Well, well, Matties, how are ye. It's right glad that I am tu see ye. Came the hearty greeting from the kindly old captain as Spink n' Otto n' me with a merry whoop surrounded him.

"Hi, Capt'n Brewster, spin us a yarn, will you please?" yelled out Spink.

"Wall, so it's a yarn you younguns want, eh? Might'a knowed it, like who ever seed a boy w'd didn't like to listen to some ole' dog relate an old sea tale?"

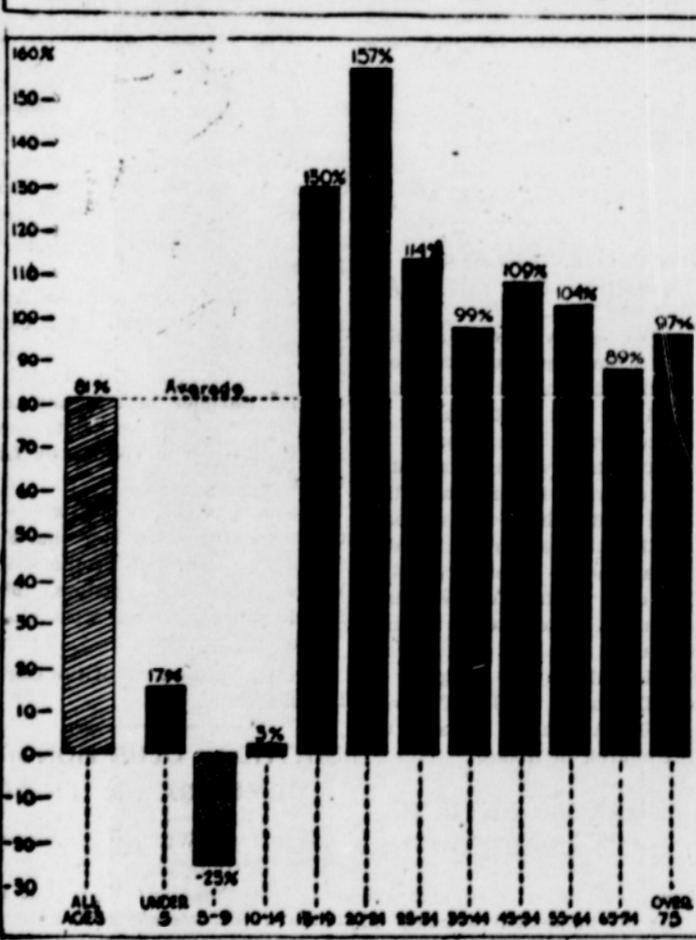
"Well along about '92, I shipped on board the 'Breaker' as the cap't'n. We were sailin' fer Africa to hunt for some buried treasure what wuz supposed to be buried there. We sailed 'n sailed and one bright mornin' we sighted land. It wuz the fust we had seed for quite a spell so we decided to go ashore and stretch our timbers a bit. So it warn't long 'til we had dropped anchor and manned several small boats to go tu land. Me, I didn't go 'long with 'em—not that I didn't want tu, but the fust mate and I stayed on board so's we could examine that chart we hed about that treasure.

Well, about two hours arter them lads went to shore, a orful storm come up. It come up quicker then any storm I ever seed come up before. The wind screamed 'n raged and rattled the mizzen-mast 'n I thought it would blow the ship to pieces afore it abated. The sky got so almighty dark that you couldn't see two paces afore ye, and the air got so heavy and sultry so thet it wuz hard to breath and move about. There them men every one o' them except the fust mate and myself were wuz ashore! And we couldn't see hair nor hide of them on account of the terrible darkness.

Wall that storm raged fer 20 days jest as fierce and wild as when it first broke, and during all that time we never seed hair nor hide o' them hands wot went ashore. I guess they're either down in Davy Jones locker or bein' hauled around in some nigger's stumck now.

Finally, the fust mate and me decided that it warn't much use to stick around no longer, so we hoisted anchor and sailed out o' thar. We wuz short o' grub so we

## High School and College Ages Dangerous



The value of street and highway safety education in the schools, especially in the lower grades, and the great need of it in the high school grades, are shown in the chart above. This chart, based upon findings of the Travelers Insurance Company, brings out the percentage of change in the rates of death by automobile accidents from 1922 to 1933 inclusive.

During this period when the rate of death was increasing 21 per cent for all ages combined, there was a decrease of 25 per cent in the age group of 5 to 9 years, and in the next age group of 10 to 14, the increase was only 3 per cent. Undoubtedly the great improvement in the fatal accident experience in the ages of 5 to 9 and the very small percentage gain in the ages of 10 to 14 have been the result of safety education in the schools and the protection

that has been afforded by traffic officers in the vicinity of schools.

But in the age group of 15 to 19 years, which may be regarded as the high school period, deaths from automobile accidents have increased 150 per cent, while in the age group of 20 to 24, which may be regarded as the college period, the increase has been even greater.

The best record of deaths in these two age points to the great need of educational efforts at a time when young people are beginning to drive cars. Many high schools now are providing such courses of instruction, and as these are extended to all high schools, it may be expected that in time the adverse experience in the high school and perhaps also in the college age groups will begin to show the improvement that must be made if coming generations of automobile drivers are to become safer drivers than many present day motorists.

## OREGON BENEFITS FROM HAY SALES IN MIDWEST

Drouth Area Farmers Approve Oats and Vetch Hay After Trial Tests

Confirming the old adage that "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," more than half a million dollars were swept into the pockets of Oregon farmers by the wind which parched middle western meadows last year and lifted top of that section and scattered it into swirling dust clouds, says E. R. Jackman, extension specialist in farm crops at Oregon State college.

When drouth directors, SERA and FERA purchasing agents, county agents and hay dealers throughout the drouth areas were notified of a surplus of hay in Oregon by extension workers in this state, there was immediate demand for shipment of clover and alfalfa hays. Little interest was shown in oats and vetch hay at first because it is little known in the west, but samples and chemical analysis soon removed doubts as to its quality.

Largest Crop in History Western Oregon had its biggest hay crop in history last year and eastern Oregon has a surplus in some sections, just at a time when mid-western stock were faced with empty barns, Jackman recalls. Numerous difficulties appeared in the way of ready movement of hay east, however.

One eastern Oregon county agent had to make a special trip east to clear up a quarantine tangle. Railroad rates were at first prohibitive but were lowered to emergency levels in view of the vast tonnage and the apparent need. Difficulties in getting buyers and sellers together were reduced by making Jackman's office a clearing house, with county agents here and in the drouth areas serving as "field men."

Movement of hay from Oregon continued well into the spring, reaching an estimated volume of 75,000 tons. Efforts are being made to get more exact figures. Price ranged from \$8 to 11 per ton on the cars for most of the hay. This is not a particularly high price but in view of the surplus in Oregon it made a profitable outlet compared with what could have been received locally, says Jackman.

PIONEER GROUPS WILL DISCUSS MUSEUM PLAN

A joint meeting of the Eugene Park and Playground Commissions with the Pioneer Museum building committee of the Lane County Pioneer association will be held at the cottage in Skinner Butte park Tuesday morning, July 9, at 10 o'clock.

Members of the Pioneer building committee have been called to meet at the Court house on Saturday, July 6, at 1:30 to organize, elect officers, and consider any business which may come before the group.

H. E. Maxey is the only Springfield member of the committee.

INMAN WRECKS AUTO IN WET PAVEMENT CRASH

Leroy Inman was injured and his car badly damaged Saturday when he turned out to pass another car on East Main street and skidded on the wet pavement. His car struck a curb and rolled completely over, landing right side up.

OPENING DATES SET FOR FALL COLLEGE TERM

Corvallis—Principal dates for the 1935-36 school year at Oregon State college have just been announced. The dates are uniform this coming year for both the state college and university. Freshman week will be September 23 to 25 inclusive, with classes starting September 30. The fall term will end December 21, and the winter term will start with registration January 2, ending March 18. The spring term starts March 23 and ends June 6. Alumni day will be May 30 and commencement June 1.

How Refreshing!

The nectar of the Gods could not be more refreshing than our ice cold soft drinks. They are the most thirst quenching drinks you ever tasted.

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