

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1935

WEST SPRINGFIELD IMPROVEMENT

A citizen committee of West Springfield has presented to the county planning board a request of a survey of its area with a view of flood control by means of a levee from McVey point to the Springfield bridge. Everybody in this community should do their part to help our neighbors secure this improvement.

West Springfield lost \$50,000 in the 1927 flood. We all know that there is considerable more improvement in West Springfield than in 1927. They came back and built more and better improvements. A flood now of the proportions of the 1927 disaster would do a great deal more property damage and might endanger many lives.

We all have an interest in West Springfield as the connecting link between Eugene and Springfield, the highway, Springfield bridge and McVey overhead. We should all be interested in protecting our public property as well as our neighbors. Any money the government spends in this levee project will be well spent.

CANADA GRABS OUR LUMBER MARKETS

Canada is making big inroads into the lumber export business of the northwest due to increased costs of operating in this country. From 1928 to 1934 the export lumber business of Washington and Oregon dropped from 1,629,000 board feet to 719,000,000 board feet. During the same time British Columbia's export trade rose from 381,000,000 to 830,000,000 board feet.

It will be noticed that British Columbia now does an export lumber business greater than Oregon and Washington combined. Her business is four times as great as Oregon's. Codes, regulations, strikes and other things that have worked hardships on the industry have made it difficult to compete with our Canadian neighbor.

California is coming to Oregon quite strong this year. A visit to any of the lakes reached by road or along the McKenzie and Willamette highways as well as the coast sections will convince one. Usually more than half of the cars parked or seen on the roads have California license plates. Conversation with many of these tourists are that they have been in this country before and come back every vacation or so. With the many miles of good roads and resorts and camping spots unlimited our opportunity is here to entertain hundreds of thousands of tourists—California and other states as well. We should not miss the opportunity to sell Oregon.

The moving of Dean Poindexter to a Salem church takes from us a minister who was most popular and a positive force for good in the community. Some preachers seem to think that they can not be like other folks and accomplish their mission in church work. Dean Poindexter was not only one of his flock but a citizen of his community who participated actively in all its affairs. His counsel and personality will be missed but our loss will be Salem's gain.

"It is a general error to suppose the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for the welfare," wrote the great economist Burke. How true this is in the case of Huey Long.

A Chicago woman outsmarted a bandit by pretending to faint and fall in his arms. It was too much—the bandit ran leaving the loot rather than have a woman on his hands.

Everyone agrees there are too many automobile fatalities but the living do nothing about it and the dead can't.

The world war cost the U. S. 50 billion dollars. Question is how much will the New Deal cost us?

Some failures in public life resign. But we don't know their names.

Pork has become so high it is reported that pigs will not associate with ordinary cows any more.

If the League of Nations can not stop Italy and Ethiopia going to war then it might as well be disbanded.

The Library of Congress reports its busiest year. Brain trusters reading up we suppose.

Novelty is what we prize most highly in all things.

To follow foolish precedent is easier than to think.

 **The FAMILY DOCTOR**  
by JOHN JOSEPH GAINES M.D.

BITES AND STINGS

In hot weather, when people are much out of doors, with children playing on the grass, wounds of a varying degree of severity are common. Spider-bites always produce more or less terror for mothers such insects being considered particularly venomous. I can remember when death from some unknown cause was attributed to the sting of a venomous spider. All guess-work.

In these modern times, it is very easy to obtain good professional attention—and it is always the wise thing to do. A small bottle of "Spirits of Ammonia" is a good thing to take along on your picnic; it is a good application for the sting of any flying insect, such as bees, wasps, yellow-jackets, etc. The wound should be kept wet with the ammonia solution, until the pain is gone.

I never advise gouging around an insect sting with any sort of household instrument; you are likely to spread infection as you are to correct it. We have—or at least I have—revised by ideas of procedure in bites and stings of insects, and I believe I have no regrets with the change.

It doesn't do any harm to bath an insect wound with soap and water, especially if the site be dusty or on a perspiring surface. And then—if you are fortunate to have the KING OF EMERGENCY REMEDIES with you—a bottle of Tincture of IODINE. It is a good application in all cases, regardless of their origin. Your doctor will tell you the same, as soon as he arrives—if you call him.

Do you remember when the "family almanac" sagely advised that we remove bee stings by pressing the wound with a watch-key? The crudity—the horror of it! Watches required keys to wind them in those days.



"SANDY"

By CLARA M. BROOKS

CHAPTER VIII

The Circus Comes to Town

The circus, the one with the magic title of Barnum and Bailey, was coming to town! Everything and everybody was in a wild bustle and bustle of excitement over the event.

Us kids were kept busy peering around corners and through cracks trying to catch a glimpse of circus life. Nellie, of course, had to stick along with us—the old bother cat. Oh, gee! What did I ever do to deserve a sister, especially one like Nellie?

I wanted to go to that circus awful bad, but when I kinda hinted about it to dad, he said:

"Well, young man, if you want to see that circus, git ye a job and earn enough money to go."

And as luck would have it, I managed to get a job watering the elephants! Boy, was I tickled! Here I was going to see that circus without having to worry about sneakin' in like Spink and Otto were going to do. Billy Rooker, the sap, mowed lawns and earned enough money for two tickets—one for hisself and one for Nellie. Good night! Think of all that extra work jest for a girl! I'm sure glad that I ain't got no girl. Why if I did I'd have to mow lawns to git her a ticket to the circus. Gee whiz!

Well, the day of the circus came at last, and I got up real bright and early intending to slip off without Nellie, but she was up too.

"Why ain't little Billy Rooker coming after you?" (I said this awful sarcastically, but she didn't even notice!)

"No, I'm going to meet him down there," she replied.

"Well come on then," I said catching hold of her sweater and pulling her out the door. We finally got there. Right away up came Billy looking like a banty rooster and strutted off with Nellie, and the last thing I heard her say was, "Now Billy, you dear boy." Ugh! It sure made me sick!

I proudly handed the white slip which said I was water boy to the ticket taker and walked in. Jest 'fore I went in I told Spink 'n Otto where we were waiting for a chance to sneak in, that I would tell them all about the circus when I came out.

The circus had started before the animal keeper said I could stop watering the elephants. I walked into the main tent and finally managed to squeeze in between Spink and Otto. Gee whiz! Here they'd gone and snuk in and got to see the whole show without payin' or workin' or nothin', while I'd watered the old elephants and hadn't gotten to see the first of the circus either! I didn't enjoy the first part of the acts I saw one bit!

Down in the front seats were Billy 'n Nellie and Lorenzo and Della eating popcorn and candy. Lorenzo had his arm around Della and Billy had his arm around Nellie. Oh, boy! would I have something to tell on her that night. I started in feelin' a little better already.

Perty soon along came a big fat guy walking up to us.

"Show me your green slips, please," he said.

So I held mine up 'cause the animal keeper had given me one, and the fat guy took it. You see the boss of the circus had the men who took the tickets, give each person a green slip telling that he had bought a ticket. This was to keep people from sneaking in 'cause if they didn't have a green slip they were kicked out. (I found out all of this sometime later.)

Then the big guy looked at Spink and Otto.

"Why—why we haven't any slips," stammered Spink.

"Hey, Scoop," yelled out that fat feller, "come here and throw these two brats out!"

The whole crowd turned around and rubber-necked at us when Scoop came up and ordered Spink and Otto to vamoose pronto. I sat up very stiff and straight and cast pitying glances at my two fellow men. Finally the circus was over and I started for home.

Perty soon, zoom! By my ear zipped a large rock uncomfortably close. Then there followed one, two, three, four and on up to ten stones in rapid succession. I picked up about half-a-dozen rocks and turned around to hurl 'em at my enemy. Who was it but Spink and Otto?

Well then we had a real nice little rock fight and when we got through we were—well we were aight! I was the worst sight seen that they were two to one, but they didn't resemble Orlando Lorenzo Hamilton by any means either, so I wasn't worried. After they quit firin' rocks I walked up to them and yelled out "Quit fellers!" and so we shook hands and parted pals as usual.

CHAPTER IX

Della's Cat

Well as the old sayin' goes, "There's always sumthin' taking 'way the joys o' life," and I firmly agree with it. The thing that was burdening my pore soul now was Della Dill's cat! That cat was a pure white color with greenish blue eyes, and had a big bushy tail which it waved around like a flag floatin' in the breeze. And that dog-gone cat actually snubbed

the river and then paint it a different color. But somehow or other the people in Star Cove got wise and—I ate supper standin' up for a month and so did the other kids. One day I hit on a swell idea.

"Why not hire a boat and put on our swimmin' suits and go out on the water by the wharf and save people from drownin' when they fell in?" I asked.

All the kids thought this was a swell idea so we decided to try it. I managed to git some money out of my pig bank and so did Spink 'n Otto. We were the bosses, and I was the main boss 'cause it was my idea. We rented an old boat that it hadn't leaked, wasn't unpainted and crazily built would have been a dandy little craft, and everyday found us out by the wharf waiting for people to fall in so we could save them.

Well, we didn't have any luck for about a week, and then our guiding angel must have helped us out for somehow or other we were guided right to the spot where Professor Hamilton fell into the water! After a lot of maneuvering around, we managed to git the big lard tub on board, (you see he was awful fat) and then we headed for shore. We felt like we were on a whaling vessel and had just caught a prize whale. We got him safely ashore, and while he went to change his clothes we hung around on the dock 'cause he said he'd be back.

"My dear young fellows," he began as soon as he got back, "you have saved my life and by doing so, you have saved a large firm from going bankrupt. Tomorrow my wife, my son, and myself are departing for New York, and before I go, I would like to do something that would show my gratitude to you boys. Now is there anything you would especially enjoy havin'?"

We looked at each other, and then Spink spoke up.

"Yes sir, we would like to have a boat."

"A boat, eh," replied the Professor. "Well, you shall have it. I'll ship it down here tomorrow, and now I must go. Goodbye my young friends."

I don't know whether any of us answered him or not, but I think we were all too stunned.

The very next day the boat came. Boy, she was a beauty, and were us kids proud of her! We couldn't decide what to call her though I said that I thought "The Mayo" would be an awful nice name. Finally we decided to name her "The Spanker," and we had a swell ceremony when we christened her. Old Capt'n Brewster hobbled over to where it was anchored and gave her a seaman's blessing as she rocked on the waves. I am the captain and Spink is the first mate and Otto is the 'bo'swain. The other kids are sailors 'cept Walt Westover, and he is second mate.

Long about noon here came Lorenzo to say goodbye.

"My dear friends," he said, "it grieves me sorely to think of parting with you. I hope that you enjoy many delightful days skimming over the foamy waters in your new boat. Perhaps we shall meet again some day, let us hope so, and now good bye." He shook hands with everyone of us and marched off the wharf and out of our lives. None of us kids shed any tears at the parting, although I did kinda hate to see him go. If it hadn't been for his old man, we couldn't have got our dandy new boat, so I said:

"Goodbye Lonzie, I hope you have lot'sa fun readin' your books and things for the rest o' your vacation."

He smiled and said, "Oh, thank you my friend," and then walked off.

Well, I'm getting sorta tired of writing. I don't think I'll ever write another book, but I just thought I'd write this one so you all could see how us kids in Star Cove spend part o' our time during summer. I hear Spink calling me—us kids

are going for our first ride in "The Spanker" this afternoon, and we're going to take Nellie, Della and Anna along too. Spink is calling louder so I'll have to go now. So long you all!

«THE END»

USE OF RADIO SPEEDS UP FOREST COMMUNICATION

Short wave radio messages are speeding over the twenty national forests of Oregon and Washington this season, carrying information on fire and weather conditions, and tightening up organization plan generally for the summer fire fighting campaign, according to an announcement by Assistant Regional Forester F. V. Horton, in charge of the radio development project of the U. S. Forest Service, Portland, Oregon.

The Olympic national forest in northwestern Washington tops the list in number of forest radio stations, according to Horton, with 21 stations in use. The Chelan national forest, with headquarters in Okanogan, Washington, ranks second with 79 stations, and the Skiyku national forest in southwestern Oregon uses 59 stations. Between 300 and 400 radios are in use in the North Pacific region.

The greater part of this equipment is made up of portable 9-pound and 16-pound radio transmitting and receiving stations. The 9-pound sets are made compact enough to fit into the "pack sack" of the "smoke-chasers" in order that they may be constantly in communication with lookouts and ranger stations while fighting fire. These smallest sets have a working range of about 20 miles, receiving messages by voice, and transmitting by code.

With these portable radio stations, a few minutes' work will put the most isolated forester into touch with the nearest ranger station, and thence with forest headquarters, according to Horton. Last year these small radio stations proved invaluable in the search for lost persons, and in other emergencies of the forest. They are used by isolated field crews and newly located CCC camps where forest telephone communication is not available. Under the present fire control system, central control of officers are keeping lookout and ranger stations informed of weather conditions and other developments affecting the forest fire situation.

Washington Man Here — C. B. Willcock of Vancouver, Washington, was a business visitor in Springfield Monday.

From Eastern Oregon—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Knox and J. A. Stork, all of Ontario, were visitors in Springfield Monday.

VARICOSE VEINS ARE QUICKLY REDUCED

No sensible person should continue to suffer from disfiguring and often painful swollen veins or lumps when the new powerful, yet harmless inhibitory antiseptic, called Emerald Oil can be procured at little cost.

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SALES OF FARM LAND BY LAND BANK SHOWS GAIN

A graphic picture of improving agricultural conditions in the Pacific Northwest is shown by the increase in sales of acquired farm property by the Federal Land bank of Spokane for the six months' period ending June 30.

The number of farms disposed of during the first six months of 1935, compared with a similar period last year, shows a decided increase in the number of units sold. Sale volume in 1935 totaled 1,438, 252.75 an increase of 371,439.38 over 1934.

"The number of units sold and the percentage of cash received on sale of farms through the Land Department during the first six months of 1935 reflect improved agricultural conditions and the desirability of real estate as an investment," says Ward K. Newcomb, vice-president in charge of the Land Department. "The percentage of cash received as initial payments was nearly three times the amount paid in a similar period in 1934."

"With the revised rulings making Commissioner loans available for financing real estate purchases up to three-fourths of appraised value, and with the new low interest rates granted for long-term loans, the Land Department looks forward to continued activity in the selling of bank-owned farms."

BOY CYCLIST INJURED IN AUTOMOBILE CRASH

Robert Johnson of Eugene received lacerations on both elbows, one light fracture of the elbow, and other cuts and bruises about the head Monday morning when thrown from his bicycle in a collision at Fifth and Main streets with a car driven by Isaac Cleve.

No one was willing to place the responsibility for the accident.

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