

The Bend Bulletin

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1933
FISH AND CHIPS

It has taken the Klamath papers a long time to prepare their reply to the announcement made in the Bulletin several weeks ago that the potato war was over and Deschutes netted gems admitted to be supreme. At last, however, they have stirred themselves to a somewhat wordy and involved reply that is reprinted on this page today.

Sheila Shayne, dancer, refuses to marry Dick Stanley, son of wealthy parents, who is in New York trying to write plays. Sheila's idea of marriage is a cozy little home far from Broadway. Although she has spent most of her life on the stage she would be glad to leave the theater.

Sheila returns to New York and a few months later joins another road company, this time as the featured principal. They play in Jerry's home town but she sees him only once. After that she has no word from him until the tour ends and the company returns to New York.

Dorothy's summer home faced the water on the south side of Long Island. The estate had formerly belonged to a family prominent in New York society. When they removed to the more exclusive north shore Dorothy had bought the place.

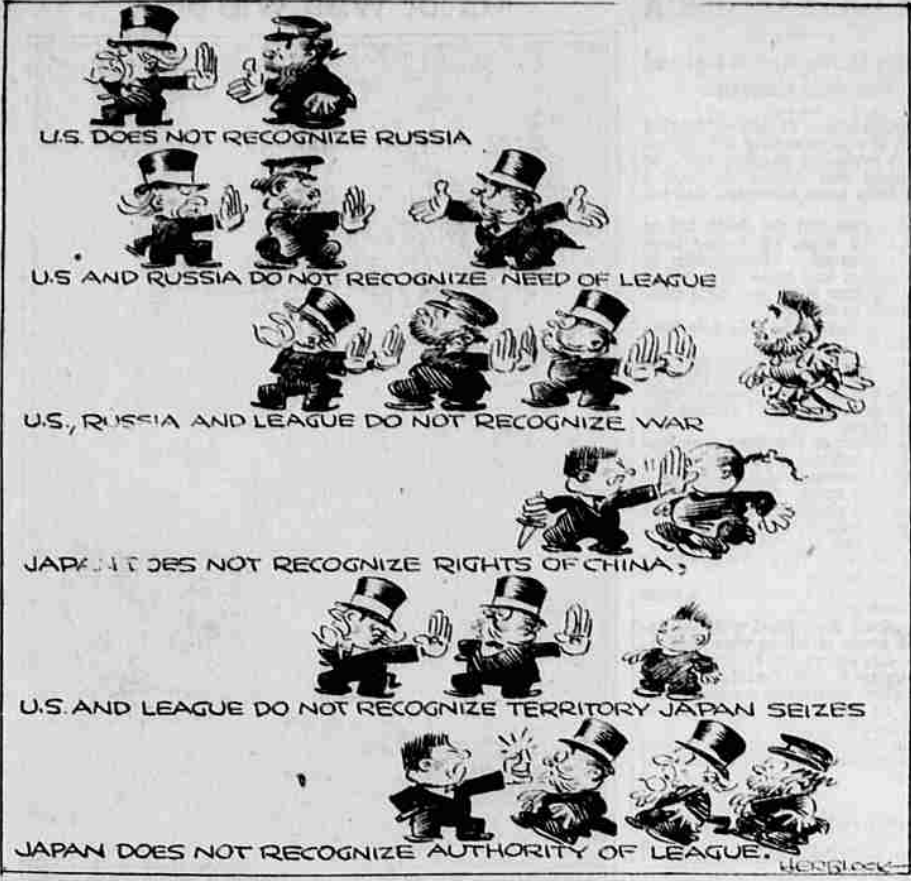
Joseph H. Shearer, who for many years ran a stopping place at Shearer's bridge on the lower Deschutes, died on February 11. He came to Oregon in 1852. For many years his stopping house was a favorite place for travelers going to and from the Dalles.

Glen H. Slack finished a four months' term of school at Powell Butte Friday and has moved to his homestead southeast of town. He will clear a tract of land and seed it to barley and see what can be done by dry farming. He has also ordered a dozen fruit trees.

The Ladies Library club has been organized with Mrs. Charles D. Rowe as president, Mrs. F. F. Smith as vice president and Miss Coleman as secretary-treasurer. Purpose of the club is to assist the Bend Library association.

ADMIRAL GRIFFIN DIES
Washington, Feb. 21.—(UP)—Rear Admiral Robert S. Griffin, 78, retired, died in naval hospital today.

Now Go On With the Story



SPOTLIGHT

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Sheila Shayne, dancer, refuses to marry Dick Stanley, son of wealthy parents, who is in New York trying to write plays. Sheila's idea of marriage is a cozy little home far from Broadway.

On a road show tour she meets Jerry Wyman. Jerry is attentive and Sheila falls in love with him. She thinks he is a hard working young man with little money and does not know his father owns the factory where Jerry works.

Sheila returns to New York and a few months later joins another road company, this time as the featured principal. They play in Jerry's home town but she sees him only once.

She tries unsuccessfully to get a part in another play. When her money is almost gone she is hired as a model at Henri's fashionable shop. There she sees Dorothy Trevor, Dick Stanley's cousin. Dorothy invites her to lunch but Henri tells Sheila the models are not allowed to have social engagements with customers.

Sheila could not compete with them but she could enjoy the beauty of the place the scent of the woods, the roll of the sea, the white sails flapping so far away against the fluttering blue water.

She still hopes for a stage engagement but none comes her way. Dorothy invites her to spend a week-end at her Long Island home.

Dorothy's summer home faced the water on the south side of Long Island. The estate had formerly belonged to a family prominent in New York society.

The house stood about a mile back from the road. It was surrounded by trees that concealed stables for riding horses and kennels housing several aristocratic fox terriers.

Though the sea was so close at hand a swimming pool had been built at the rear of the house. Across the glade smooth meadows had been converted into a golf course. There were carefully landscaped gardens.

A little brook ambled through the estate and on its surface placid swans glided lazily. A barn had been transformed into a recreation house and pool and billiard tables, a card room and gymnasium.

Sheila arrived late Friday afternoon, making the trip in Dorothy's huge touring car. The butler met her at the door. Miss Dorothy, he said, was in the swimming pool where the other guests were. Sheila was to join them there.

A maid led the way to Sheila's room, a spacious apartment overlooking the shore and the ocean beyond. The maid bustled herself with Sheila's luggage, opening it and hanging away the gowns. She helped Sheila into the bathing suit of delicate green jersey that Dorothy had laid out for her.

Half a dozen brightly garbed water sprites lolled about the rim of the pool or flashed from the diving board high over the clear blue-green water. Dorothy rose from a chair at the further end of the pool and came toward Sheila, waving gaily.

"Darling!" she cried. "I would have come myself if I hadn't had to stay at the last minute. How are you? Not tired, I hope, after the drive?"

at hand no one else could hear, struck Sheila with its deep note of sincerity. Two girls and a man, rushing past them, pushed them to one side. The trio plunged off the diving board and caught the attention of the crowd. Sheila and Dick were forgotten.

The two stood in the midst of the splashing, shrieking throng and to Sheila it seemed as though they on a desert island. Dick was looking at her. His eyes held hers so that she could not look away.

"Sheila!" he whispered her name softly. "A girl in a scarlet suit called out 'Gangway!' and came running toward the spring board. 'Are you two going to dive or aren't you?'"

Sheila and Dick stepped to one side. "Let's get out of this," he said. "I want to talk to you about so many things."

They moved off toward two beach chairs at the other end of the pool. The chairs were shaded by a gigantic orange and black striped sun umbrella. Behind them the crowd was laughing at the antics of a clumsy diver. Sheila turned and saw a tall, blond-haired youth catch Dorothy's hand and leap with her into the water.

"Idiot!" Dick growled. Sheila's heart was beating rapidly. She sat down in the low chair and Dick dropped beside her on the ground. A servant came toward them bearing a tray with tall glasses of tinkling drinks. Dick waved the man away.

"Listen, Sheila," he said abruptly. "maybe you don't want to hear all this again but I can't help it. You've got to listen to me. I love you! I love you and I won't take 'no' for an answer this time. I'll get a job digging ditches if that's what you want. I'll prove to you I can earn a living. I'll give you money away, do anything! You can have a home in the country if you want it with a kitchen and gingham curtains and red geraniums in the windows. But, Sheila, you've got to marry me. You've got to!"

(To Be Continued)
BEHIND THE SCENES IN Washington

Washington — The latest, up-to-date shipment from the mammoth Warm Springs dope factory, sent north just before the president-elect began his vacation, indicate that Roosevelt is going to jump his first big official hurdle amid a chorus of huzzahs which will be qualified by few if any groans of disapproval.

The correspondents, after months of trial and error, probably now are hitting close to the mark in predicting the makeup of the next cabinet. If so, Roosevelt is not only picking himself a cabinet with which neither the conservatives nor the liberals in his party can find fault—a feat heretofore regarded as virtually impossible. He will also have a cabinet distinguished for the recognized ability and past achievement of its members. And even the republicans will have trouble finding targets in it for prompt attack.

"Sheila!" he said. "I'm so glad you're here. We'll have a great time together." He eyed her approvingly. Dick himself looked handsome. Straight limbed, well built, he was like the statue of a Greek athlete. Sheila, feeling the approval in his glance, smiled shyly. They stood at the edge of the pool making an attractive picture.

"I'll race you to the other end," Dick proposed suddenly. "I don't swim very well," Sheila told him, but the protest was lost. Laughing, struggling, she felt herself borne along toward the diving board.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, "wait a minute! Honestly I don't swim very well. And I can't dive." He seemed not to hear. The others hailed them with shouts of delight. All at once Sheila understood. She was one of them. It was all a game and she had exactly as much part in it as any of the others.

At the diving board, suddenly, Dick dropped her wrist suddenly. "Didn't mean to rough-house you," he said, lowering his voice. "We won't swim if you'd rather not. I wouldn't let anything hurt you for the world!"

His voice, so low that even near

The slate now most commonly agreed upon picks Senator Cordell Hull of Tennessee for secretary of state, Senator Carter Glass of Virginia for treasury, Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana for attorney general, Miss Francis Perkins of New York for labor, Henry Wallace of Iowa for agriculture, Jesse Strauss of New York for commerce, James A. Farley of New York for postmaster general and Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico for interior. Relatively speaking it doesn't make much difference who becomes secretary of war and secretary of navy.

Such a cabinet as the one outlined might be considered almost impeccable. Those members regarded as conservatives are men highly regarded by most progressives and the liberal prospects are in no sense anathema to the ordinary conservative. There's neither a reactionary or a radical on the list, though the slate is sure to draw some cheers from each extreme. On the other hand, there's none among the eight whose appointment would carry great appeal to Wall Street or the biggest of big business.

Three statesmen—Glass, Hull and Walsh. Hull, father of the income tax and possessor of a prodigious knowledge of tariffs, economics and world trade, is one of whom thousands of thoughtful democrats have wished could be president. If we are to enter debt-tariff-monetary-trade agreements with other nations, as Roosevelt desires, Hull is an ideal man for state.

Glass has been the logical treasury secretary from the beginning. At the age of 75 he remains the democratic party's greatest authority on banking and currency. He gave the country its federal reserve act.

Walsh, in the oil scandals and against the public utility and aluminum interests, has shown his fearlessness in the face of vast corporate wealth without losing prestige as a constitutional lawyer of sound principles. Past attorney generals have been accused of failing to act against "trusts" in the public interest. Miss Perkins has devoted herself consistently to social welfare and the progress of wage earners.

Cutting, a vigorous Republican, progressive, also is a wealthy aristocrat to whom chief objection probably would arise among partisans in Roosevelt's own party.

Farley is a super-successful politician popular throughout the party. Strauss would be the first secretary of commerce to be picked from the tens of thousands of American retail merchants.

Considered as a possibility to become the new American ambassador to Germany is Robert J. Danham, Chicago financier, who is pictured above in his New York hotel.

put in their bags, and needs must violate the law to secure Klamath for that purpose. And again, the agent no doubt may have discovered a little better quality was required in order to stimulate his trade; logically, the place to turn for quality was to Klamath county.

It is also possible the agent may have operated in Klamath county previously, and was accustomed to buying sacks in lots of more than 300 or 400 at a time. In case he may have been now in the Deschutes district, he may have followed the policy of purchasing a carload of sacks and found that there were not enough potatoes in the entire Deschutes valley to put into the sacks.

Nor did the Bulletin editor point out how easy it must have been for the inspector at Portland to spot the Klamath potatoes in the Deschutes bags, due to the superior size and quality of the tubers. Had the dealer been more careful in selecting potatoes in Klamath and had he selected the U. S. number ones, small—indeed, very small—the difference might have been overlooked in the Portland market. But he was trying to stimulate the market, probably, and therefore used ordinary Klamath number ones, comparable to selling hen's eggs and labeling them bantam eggs.

The agent's motive, we believe, was to increase the general price level of Deschutes potatoes in the Portland market, but he overlooked the fact that this is construed as mislabeling, under the Oregon law. The motive, no doubt, was for the best.

Now, we see why the shrewd Bulletin editor so carefully dodged the responsibility of supporting his absurd conclusion concerning this little episode. He hints of plain implications. Now that we have cited a few of them, we wonder if the Bulletin editor will care to print them. His readers might not be so easily fooled next time.

LINDBERGH FLIES AGAIN
Newark, N. J., Feb. 21.—(UP)—Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, making what was reported to be his first

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May Become New Envoy to Reich



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Light in six months, left Newark continental and Western Air Express, for which Lindbergh is technical adviser. Airport officials said they believed he would return here later today.

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OREGON EDITORIALS

KLAMATH WON IT
(Klamath Falls Herald)
The editor of the Bend Bulletin is shrewd. Hence, he might choose to explain and interpret for the casual perusal of Bulletin readers, just as far as might be expedient for his purposes. By such strategy one can get across just about any old idea and then can flatter the readers by telling them to figure the rest out for themselves—which they probably can't or don't do accurately.

The Bulletin editor has resorted to exactly that little game in an editorial re-printed on this page regarding the war that has raged over the relative merits of Klamath gem and Deschutes gem potatoes. The Bulletin, reporting that a selling agent packed two carloads of Klamath potatoes in Deschutes gem sacks and shipped them into the Portland market, claims to see in this an abject confession of the inferiority of Klamath spuds. Then the Bulletin editor, rather than attempting to support such an assertion, blithely states that "we need not dwell on the implications of the story. Enough has been said."

Sure, enough has been said for Bend readers. What else might be said wouldn't make such good reading in Deschutes county.

For instance, the situation in Deschutes county must indeed be pathetic when their over-zealous dealers do not have quality potatoes to

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE: Be Nonchalant

