The Bend Bulletin

With Which is Consolidated CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The Bend Bulletin (Incorporated) 812 Wall St. Bend, Oregon

Entered as Second Class Matter, January 8, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bend, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

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An Independent Newspaper standing for the square deal, clean business, clean politics and the best interests of Bend and Central Oregon

Advertising Representative
M. C. Mogensen & Co., Inc., 220 Bush Street, San Francisco; 130 Sixth Street, Portland; 433 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles; 603 Stewart Street, Seattle; 122 East 42nd Street, New York; 3044 West Grand Blvd., Detroit; 860 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail

One Year	$5.00
Six Months	$2.75
Three Months	$1.50
By Carrier	
One Year	$6.50
Six Months	$3.50

All subscriptions are due and PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. Notices of expiration are mailed subscribers and if renewal is not made within reasonable time the paper will be discontinued.

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THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1933

COUNTY MANAGER PLAN

The Bulletin has, time without number, expressed its views on the need for businesslike methods in administration of public business. Its advocacy of the proposed state constitutional amendment appearing on the special election ballot offering the first step toward the county manager form of government is in accordance with these views.

It must be emphasized that passage of the amendment would be only a step. Before the county manager form could become a reality amendment of numerous Oregon statutes, by the legislature or by initiative vote, would be necessary. After that, it would still be required that the individual county should vote for the change in governmental plan. The amendment so provides. The change is not mandatory; it is optional with the voters of each county.

The county manager plan proposed is new, but not so new that it has lacked thorough test. The results have been excellent. It is somewhat analagous to the commission manager form in use in the city of Bend. The success of this plan is almost too well known to need comment. The taxpayer knows of the efficiency demonstrated, of the annual budget and levy reductions, and of the simultaneous reductions in outstanding warrant total—this continuing in spite of depression conditions.

A board of five directors or commissioners, elective, would represent the people. This board would employ the manager, subject to removal at any time that his services were not satisfactory. The commission would hold the purse strings, but the manager would have full power to administer the various functions of county activity. His job would be to get results. The commission would define policies.

In the affirmative argument in the voters pamphlet we find, referring to the constitutional amendment, the statement:

"It will give to the people of each county the right to adopt their own system of management and if the people of any county believe that they can bring about economies and better administration through the adoption of this system, they will have the right to do so. This privilege should not be denied the people."

We subscribe to this thought, and recommend the ballot marking:

304 "X" Yes. I vote for the proposed amendment.

Observations of scientific value are still doubtless to be made in the stratosphere, but the latest announced expedition for this purpose takes on somewhat the aspect of the old time balloon ascension at the county fair. Another of the Piccard brothers, accompanied by a naval officer, will go aloft, starting from the Chicago exposition. It is the be hoped that the opportunity for combining learning and earning has not been overlooked.

Bend's Yesterdays

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO
(From The Bulletin, July 13, 1918)

Vernon Carlon, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Carlon, was severely scalded Wednesday when he dropped into a hidden steam condenser at the rear of the Sanitary laundry.

Eight fires were reported in the Deschutes national forest as a result of the electric storms of Wednesday.

Edward Lyons, a member of the medical corps, stationed at San Pedro, Calif., arrived in the city this morning on a furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stoner are the parents of a son, born July 11. The youngster weighs nine pounds.

No definite word has been received from Crescent lake, where the search for the bodies of the two men who drowned last Sunday is being pressed under the direction of Hugh Brady, Portland.

Work on the Prineville railroad is progressing rapidly, reports H. C. Ellis, who made a business trip to the Crook county town yesterday.

RADIATOR FLUID KILLS FOUR

Tarentum, Pa., July 13.—(UP)—Radiator alcohol killed four men and a fifth is critically ill in Allegheny Valley hospital here today.

The dead men are Chester Sneebold, 23, Natrona; Jack Dougherty, 60, Kittanning; Joseph W. Ross, 55, Freeport, and James Powell, 38, Glenshaw.

They and William Rose, 45, Johnstown, were believed to have obtained the alcohol from a garage and used it to make highballs.

The Final Note From London

BARGAIN BRIDE

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR ©1933 NEA SERVICE, INC.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Elinor Stafford, 20, falls in love with Barrett Colvin, 35, returned to New York after years abroad. Barrett has made a name for himself as an archeologist. Elinor returns his affection but her jealous, scheming mother, Lida Stafford, breaks up the romance by convincing Barrett that Elinor is a heartless flirt.

When Elinor's aunt, Miss Ella Sexton, dies she leaves her entire fortune to Barrett. Then drunken Vance Carter shoots Bentwell Stafford, Elinor's father. Barrett, who does not want the Sexton fortune, tells the girl that if she will marry him and live in his home as a guest for a year he will give the entire sum to her to divide among the relatives. Elinor agrees, knowing the money may save her father's life.

The marriage takes place next day. Barrett, still believing the lies Lida has told him, finds himself falling in love with Elinor again.

Years before Barrett shielded his half-sister, Marcia, when a youthful romance ended disastrously. Marcia had a son whom Barrett adopted. She is constantly in fear that her husband may learn this and she forces Barrett to promise he will never tell anyone the truth of the affair.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXVIII

As Barrett made ready for the night he heard Elinor moving about in the next room. She had not turned the key in the lock, he realized, and by that small omission had made plain her trust in him. He dallied long over his cigaret.

He would make her as comfortable in his home as she could be, he vowed. She must have all the pretty things she had lacked. He would tell her next day that he had transferred to her account the exact sum that had been left him by Miss Ella Sexton's will. After that, he reflected, he would probably know further disillusionment. She might pay the bills for her father's illness, decide $1,000 was enough for the Thropes and keep the rest for herself. That, however, was not his business. He had done all he could to return the fortune to Miss Ella's relatives.

And sure enough there was trouble about the money, but not the trouble he had expected. Three days later Barrett arrived home toward the close of the afternoon to find Elinor waiting for him in the hall.

She said, "Barrett, will you help me? I'm sorry to trouble you but I've worked and worked and nothing comes right. I'm so stupid!"

"What am I here for?" he questioned, slipping from his coat with unusual haste.

"It's about Aunt Ella's money," she explained. She sighed, "I never was at all clever about figures."

"We won't worry over that," he comforted her. "We'll fix it in no time."

The gratitude in her glance made him look away.

"I wish you knew," she said, "how fine I think you are—how wonderful you've been about all this!"

"My dear child, that's ridiculous!"

"No, it isn't. It would kill me if you would fall in love with anyone and were hurt by—this. I don't know what I'd do!"

She was twisting a handkerchief, staring at him with eyes not yet world-wise enough to be able to veil any tragedy.

"You're an adorable child," he said, "and you're talking nonsense. Now suppose we go to the library and look over your problem?"

* * *

They settled side by side before his big desk. Humbly and with some embarrassment Elinor gave him a paper on which she had written very carefully large figures under the names, "Bessie," "Mother," "Father."

He considered these as his brows tightened. "But you'll have nothing left for yourself!" he objected.

"Why, I don't need anything! I couldn't, really, take it. I'd feel as if I'd been small, scheming, working for myself—"

He turned to face her. "Of course," he said slowly, "you'll have your alimony—"

"Oh, no! I couldn't take—anything from you!"

"Look here, child!" He moved, speaking, to face her more fully. "We should have had this out before we were married but since we didn't, here goes. Do you think I would let any woman—or stubborn youngster—be my wife without seeing to it that she was provided for adequately when the time and circumstances makes her cease to be my wife?"

"I don't know." He had never seen her more feminine—maddeningly, alluringly so. "But I can't," Elinor went on, "I really can't take any money from anyone—as things are. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see!"

"But—"

"How are you planning to care for yourself?" he broke in. Again he glanced at the page on which was charted her plan to give away every cent of Miss Sexton's vast fortune.

"Well," she explained slowly, "I can give music lessons. I thought of doing that when father was first taken sick but I realized I could only earn enough to support myself. I can do that, though. I'm sure I can!"

"Yes?" he queried grimly. He would see her doing it, he reflected satirically.

"Yes, really. And at night I could play in a restaurant."

* * *

He laughed shortly. "But it happens," he pointed out, his lowered eyelids making his gaze a condensed slit, "that I won't have that! You playing in some damned restaurant!"

"I could clerk or be a social secretary—if you preferred that," she offered meekly. "I could do almost anything you thought to be suitable. I'm very strong—"

"My God!" he flung out. "Excuse me, Elinor—" He pushed back his chair, arose and crossed the room. He had not dreamed that she could be so obstinate.

The girl sat still, crushed by his disapproval. "It's a year ahead," she pointed out timidly. "Perhaps by then we can come to some arrangement that will satisfy us both."

He had been rather unnecessarily dramatic, he realized, but the idea of her slaving, wearing herself out and doing without had made him feel as he had never felt.

"I won't do anything you don't want me to do!" she promised. There were tears in her eyes.

"Child," he muttered, "if you promise me that, all this is—unnecessary!"

"I do promise it. I owe you too much to hurt you. But I can't take any of Aunt Ella's money, nor any from you—"

The thawing moment was gone. He laughed mirthlessly.

"I'm going to keep enough to support myself while I'm here," Elinor went on.

He flushed deeply. "That," he said, "is the first really unkind think I've heard you say."

"But Barrett—"

"Elinor!" Again he sat down beside her. "I am going to support you while you are in this house and you're goig to be suitably garbed. You're not going to ride on buses—"

She smiled at that a little but his face did not change.

"Your allowance will be adequate and I don't want you to hoard it."

"Oh, dear!" she murmured.

"And, what's more, I can't see you give away all Miss Ella's fortune without a protest," he added.

"You aren't!" she stated with her first and last attempt at humor that day.

* * *

An hour later their voices had grown a bit shrill from strain. She was nervous and thoroughly upset. Elinor realized, as she dressed for dinner. She had not dreamed he could be so belligerent. He had insisted she must buy twice as many frocks as any woman could need. He spoke of her allowance and the amount staggered her.

"I don't want to be an expense," she objected. "Can't you understand?"

To which he had replied with a frozen "No!"

Higgins, serving their dinner, was depressed. They had been married less than a week and obviously they had had their first quarrel. They hardly spoke when he was in the room but when he was out of it they went on with their discussion. Entering softly, Higgins heard her saying, "I'm not a mule. I only—," and Barrett's response, "if you're not a mule just what do you think you are?"

After dinner Barrett sat in the library and Elinor, in the drawing room, played wistful tunes. At 10 she went upstairs without saying good night.

Barrett called for a whisky and soda and a little later for another whisky and soda. He mounted the stairs wearily at 11. But in his room he forgot weariness. The door was open.

"Barrett—?" he heard.

"Yes!" He neared the door with a few eager strides.

"I want to speak with you a moment—if you'l come in?"

(To Be Continued)

Millican Family Moves To Location In La Pine

La Pine, July 12—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Tellifson and three childen will move from Millican to La Pine this week. Tellifson is employed by the state in highway maintenance work. He will take the place of Ernest Chapin as assistant to Alfred Wild.

F. C. Ryder and family and Ralph Gillette have moved to La Pine from Redmond. They will fall timber for Arthur Bilodeau.

Mrs. P. B. Beale has gone to Salinas, Calif., to care for Beale's mother, who is ill. The Beale ranch is a few miles south of La Pine.

Mrs. George Mayfield who visited for a week with her sister, Mrs. W. G. Fordham, left Saturday for her home in Klamath Falls. The Mayfields were formerly ranchers in the La Pine country.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Smith drove up from Bend Sunday and visited at the home of Mrs. E. L. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Fitzgerald from Moffatt Butte were in La Pine Monday to do some trading.

Roy Friend and infant son spent Saturday night with W. L. Sheets. Friend is a sheepman at present located at Sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. George Conklin and children of Bend spent Sunday in La Pine.

Knute Lundin made a business trip to Bend Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Burgess of Crescent were in La Pine last Saturday, en route to Bend.

A benefit dance will be given by the Eagles next Saturday night, in the Redmen's hall.

ALBANIA PLANNING TO BUILD SEAPORT

Adriatic Harbor Found to be Necessary

Washington, D. C.—San Giovanni di Medua (Shen-Gjin), a seaport by courtesy of geographers, may soon be an Adriatic harbor of importance, says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C. headquarters of the National Geographic society. A plan, for improving the harbor, has been presented to the Albanian cabinet council.

"Sandwiched between Greece and Yugoslavia, Albania might be compared to a huge chess board on which the west and near east have been making major plays since the division of the Roman empire in the fourth century, A. D.," continues the bulletin. "The successive human moves on this animated board were made by Byzantines, Goths, Serbs, Bulgarians, Byzantines again, Sicilians, Venetians, and Turks. When the game seemed to have reached a stalemate in 1913, a conference of ambassadors in London declared Albania an independent state.

Harbor on Crescent Bay

"The bay, which is known as San Giovanni di Medua to the Italians, Shen-Gjin to the Albanians, and Chinkin to the Turks, is located in the northeastern neck of Albania. It is two and a half miles long and two miles wide, cutting a crescent into the peculiar coast line of the eastern shore. A sandy beach stretching to the west and south forms a huge comblike barrier, with irregular sendteeth jutting out into the bay. At the head of the bay is the town of Shen-Gjin, flanked by swamp lands. In the background is a wild, tangled mass of dispirited hills.

"Until 1858 the Drin river deposited its water south of Shen Gjin in a swampy wooded delta. The river then became obstructed by silt and most of its waters now go through the Boyanna, the outlet of Lake Scutari. Communication in this section is quite difficult as the Drin is not bridged, and the road to Scutari has been allowed to fall into decay. The natives usually cross the Drin by swimming, supported by inflated skins.

Oaks Furnish Fuel and Fodder

"The lowlands surrounding the bay support very little vegetation. The trees are oak of the evergreen drought-resisting variety. These trees are valuable to the natives for they not only furnish fuel but also leaves and shoots which are used as winter fodder for the livestock. In the highlands is a luxurious growth of mixed forest. Fertile plateaus found there are used for summering livestock and for cultivation.

"The people around Shen-Gjin, or north of the Shkumbi river, are known as Ghegs, while those south of the Shkumbi line are Tosks. The Ghegs are chiefly dwellers in the hills and are kindred in spirit to the rugged chiefs of the Scottish highlands. Unlike the Tosks of the south, who are very much interested in national affairs, the Ghegs' gossip and energy is of local nature. With the comlpetion of the new harbor at Durrazo this year the south is opening a much needed trade lane. The Ghegs, realizing the value of such a harbor, have again proved true to their locality by sponsoring the development of their own harbor at Shen Gjin.

"As a race the Albanians are brave and hardy, always faithful to their pledges. Drastic means are often used to enforce their personal laws. Inhospitality is inexcusable at any time. As they are isolated from foreign markets for lack of harbors, and from local markets for lack of roads, the people raise very little stock, living mostly on vegetables and fruit. They export a small quantity of tobacco. Their olive crop of 1932, which was sold to Italy, proved an economic salvation for the country."

Life For Pint Victim Paroled By Governor

(Continued from page one)

7½ to 15 years in conformance with the new laws.

Last fall the state overwhelmingly repealed the prohibition laws and swept into office a democratic regime pledged to lenlency for liquor law violators.

Today the governor commuted his sentence to five years and nine months—the exact time he has served.

His release marks the release of one of the last of the liquor law violators in prisons in Michigan.

LIQUOR DIDN'T AFFECT FISH

Port Arthur, Tex.—(UP)—The poor fish of Lake Sabine flipped in careless diconcern as a rivulet of sparkling liquors, valued at $35,000 trickled into the waters from the city dumping ground, where customs and coast guard officers smashed contraband seizures.

MONKEY GOT SOLITARY TERM

St. Louis—(UP)—A carnival show monkey was sentenced to 10 days of solitary confinement, tied to a post, for biting Mrs. Elizabeth Barret on the ear when she attempted to pet the animal.

Youths Held as Police Slayers

Traveling up the Pacific Coast past scores of C. C. C. camps, where youths of their ages are in forestry work, John A. Barrier, 17 (left), and Harry Bowles, 21, of Los Angeles left a trail of robberies that culminated in the killing of B. M. Baucom, Oregon state policeman at Grants Pass, Ore., according to Oregon police. They declare Barrier confessed to the robberies and murder.

Advisory Board Lists Millions In Projects

Portland, Ore., July 13.—(UP)—Awaiting the regional or state administrator of the Oregon public works program, when he is appointed, will be applications for loans of more than $2,000,000 in addition to the $3,600,000 Oregon coast highway bridge program.

This was revealed Wednesday at a meeting of Governor Meier's advisory board which will make recommendations to the governor. Meier, in turn, will recommend applications to federal officials.

Among the requests for money is the $1,066,000 building project of the state board of higher education to include a $36,000 gymnasium for Ashland normal, a $50,000 gymnasium at Monmouth normal, $130,000 training school at La Grande normal, $100,000 infirmary and $350,000 library at the University of Oregon in Eugene, $100,000 infirmary at Oregon State college at Corvallis and a $300,000 psychopathic ward addition to the University of Oregon medical school in Portland.

Applications thus far from cities in the state total $1,097,000, the board reported. Most of the requests are for construction of sewage systems, water works and public buildings.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN Washington

Washington—Many new names are being entered on the scrolls of fame in these days, but there ought to be special medals for one small group of men whose outstanding performances have caused the most widespread amazement.

Eccentricity still lives. These fellows stand out from among their contemporaries like so many geraniums in a snowbank, and it's a small and exclusive club they'll have if they ever organize one. Attention is herewith called to:

Vice President John Nance Garner, the member of the administration who turned down an offer of $52,000 a year to talk five minutes a week over the radio.

Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, chairman of the Tennessee valley authority, and boss of Muscle Shoals, whose conscience as a public servant caused him to deliver to the attorney general a statement of all property owned by himself and his wife.

President Henry W. Kendall of the Kendall Manufacturing company, operator of northern and southern textile mills, who urged at the first industrial recovery hearing that the cotton mills be required to make minimum wages and maximum hours apply to cleaners and outside help as well as operatives and that women and minors be excluded from night work.

President E. G. Buckland of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, who refused J. P. Morgan's offer of United Corporation stock at $75 a share when it was selling at $99 simply because his road was going to negotiate a contract with a power company.

* * *

"On land and sea," says a wall inscription crossing the auditorium above the stage where the recovery hearings are being held and surmounting a mural map of the world with all its trade routes, "the lanes of man's commercial enterprise have marked the progress of civilization."

And hundreds of sweltering people watch directly beneath it the first step in the industrial phase of America's new program of economic nationalism.

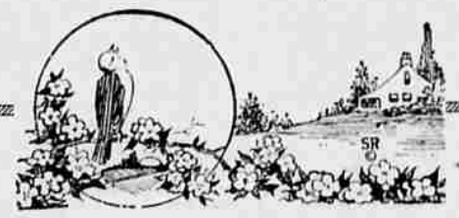
* * *

Some jobs have been obtained in these "new deal" emergency organizations by strangers who simply walked into offices, squatted down and went to work. In several instances the squatters soon seemed to become indispensable to the men higher up.

Most of the administration headquarters have resembled squirrel cages with the squirrels running in different directions, but sufficient order has been attained so that applicants now must command some political backing in the usual manner.

FISH WAS CAUGHT WITH HOE

Independence, Ore.—(UP)—P. L. Hedges, local hop grower, caught a two-foot carp with a hoe—and made the catch in his hopyard. High water had washed the carp into his field and the fish had buried itself under the fresh mud.



"Requiescat in Pace"

When your dear ones are conveyed to their final rest, it is altogether fitting that the funeral services should be characterized by harmony and smoothness. Our many years' experience as capable morticians means that you may rely upon us to perform our part with sympathy.

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE: Dirty Weather Ahead