

LEXINGTON NEWS

Lexington People In News of the Week

By Bertha Hunt

Mrs. Earl Hunt and two daughters, Enid and Patricia, of Portland are visiting relatives and friends here.

Vacation Bible school was held this week at the Congregational church with Rev. and Mrs. Sturdevant as teachers. On Saturday the pupils enjoyed a party on the church lawn.

Among those going to Pendleton this week were Mrs. Earl Warner, Mrs. Lou Broadley, Mrs. Maude Pointer, Laurel Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jackson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hunt, Mrs. Arthur Hunt, Louise and Dean Hunt.

Mrs. Otto Ruhl and son and Mrs. Arthur Hunt and children drove to Arlington Monday to meet Mrs. Etta Hunt of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Messenger and children spent the week end in Boardman.

Mrs. Carolyn Kuns of La Grande visited for a few days this week at the home of Mrs. Sarah Booher.

Carlyle and Lawrence, young sons of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle Harrison of Marshfield, are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Palmer.

Lon Edwards and Adolph Majeski made a business trip to White Bluffs, Wash., Sunday.

Mrs. Eldon Winkley of Corvallis is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Ola Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Nichols, Dona Barnett and Trina Parker spent Sunday in the mountains.

William Ganger of Pendleton was a business visitor in Lexington Monday.

Beulah Nichols visited in Lexington Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Whillock and daughter Carla went to the mountains Sunday.

Laurel Beach of Gresham visited with his mother, Mrs. Elsie M. Beach, a few days this week.

Mrs. Florence Beach left Saturday for Portland to visit her two sisters, Mrs. Mable Raymond and Mrs. Eda Hewitt.

Mrs. Viola Duvall and two children of Nyssa are visiting at the Harry Duvall home.

Mrs. Beulah Nichols and son Billie have moved to the Gilman apartments at Heppner.

T. W. Cutsforth recently purchased a new Plymouth coupe.

The candid cameramen, James Leach and Arnold Sprauer, were busy the last two weeks taking moving pictures of both grownups and youngsters in Lexington. Last Friday afternoon and evening "Stars of 1937" was shown at the local hall. Much enjoyment was had by all who attended and saw themselves "as others see them" in real life.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lyons and two children who have been visiting at the Harvey Bauman home, left for their home in Portland Monday.

W. B. Tucker and Billie Nichols went to Hermiston Monday.

David Clark, weight 7 lbs., arrived Monday to Mr. and Mrs. Merle Miller of Lexington, at the home of Mrs. P. A. Mollahan at Heppner.

Helen Breshears and Bud Park drove to Hermiston Sunday.

'Lil Ol' Cow Town Prepares for Fiesta

Mayor Jones with deep purple shirt and black sombrero . . . Eddie Chinn in light shaded 10-galloner and bright green windsor . . . Those of "real sport" age decked out as Will Rogerses and Buck Joneses, many with drawn six guns . . . the queen age on horseback . . . Gala bedecked Main and swabbing down of plate glass . . . Preparation of the midway . . . Working out of bang-tails . . . Directors dashing madly about . . . Cars with horse-trailers . . . Strange faces of lanky boys in waist overalls and range lids . . . Dick Lawrence getting himself a horse, a big one . . . Activity in the vacant corner of the Peters building . . . a dime portrait vendor . . . Jimmy Healy carrying loads of bread from the bakers . . . Harry Tenney in long-flowing red tie and large louse cage . . . Click of horses' hoofs on concrete . . . And horses, horses, still more horses. . .

◆ Motor Cruising for Fun ◆

Trip to Grand Coulee Made by Motorlogers . . Dam Man's Largest Work

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of motor cruises under the title, "Motor Cruising for Fun." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific northwest. The following article has been condensed from a full-page article appearing in The Oregonian on July 18.

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

A few years ago if the people of Oregon wanted to glimpse the largest evidence of man's ingenuity, an extensive journey was necessary. They had to span the hemisphere to Egypt to view the great pyramid of Gizeh.

Now, this mission can be accomplished in much simpler and less expensive fashion. All that is required is a 381-mile automobile drive from Portland. The change in traveling distance is not because the great pyramid has been magically transported to the Pacific northwest, but because the great pyramid is no longer the largest man-made object on earth. It has been superseded by Grand Coulee dam.

Grand Coulee is tremendous. It challenges verbal description. It is like some relic of the massive and thundering ice age that still survives in an era of smaller and lesser creations. The only way to understand its unbelievable proportions is to point your automobile north-eastward and drive the 381 miles necessary to see it for yourself.

On the way to Grand Coulee you will pass Bonneville dam, as did the white motorlog car of The Oregonian and the Oregon State Motor association. Perhaps your reaction will be the same as that of Harris Ellsworth, publisher of the Roseburg News-Review. En route up the Columbia along the Washington bank of the river, he looked at Bonneville. "By gosh!" he said, "that's some project. Just get a look at those piers and penstocks."

Later, Passing Remark

Two days later the motorlog car came back past Bonneville, headed down the river this time. In the interim Ellsworth had seen Grand Coulee. He viewed Bonneville without comment for several moments. Then he turned to an astonished government guard standing nearby. "Nice cute little dam you have here," he blithely remarked. "Do the boys take it down at night, or do they work on it all the time?"

There is but one method of appreciating the size of Grand Coulee—see it for yourself. However, a few comparisons with Bonneville may be of interest. Bonneville will be 170 feet high. Grand Coulee 500 feet. Bonneville will be 180 feet thick, Grand Coulee 550 feet. Bonneville will be 1800 feet long, Grand Coulee 4300 feet.

To reach this monumental edifice, you drive via U. S. 830 up the Columbia gorge from Vancouver to Goldendale. Then on U. S. 97 to Ellensburg, going through Toppenish and Yakima. This consumes about 240 of the miles between Portland and Grand Coulee. From Ellensburg, which is near the center of the state of Washington, you point your radiator cap directly east to Vantage, where the highway spans the Columbia on a spectacular bridge. Then you head northward to Quincy.

It is on this stretch that the motorist, for the first time appreciates the bigness and immensity of the region into which he is driving. The canyon walls of the Columbia become more precipitous. Weird and towering rock formations flank the highway. Lofty hills roll away to the horizon like the folds of some monstrous blanket. Occasional farmhouses are dots against the background of wilderness grandeur. Here and there are the ruins of dry-farming experiments that failed—mute and tragic reminders of the great irrigation project that lies ahead.

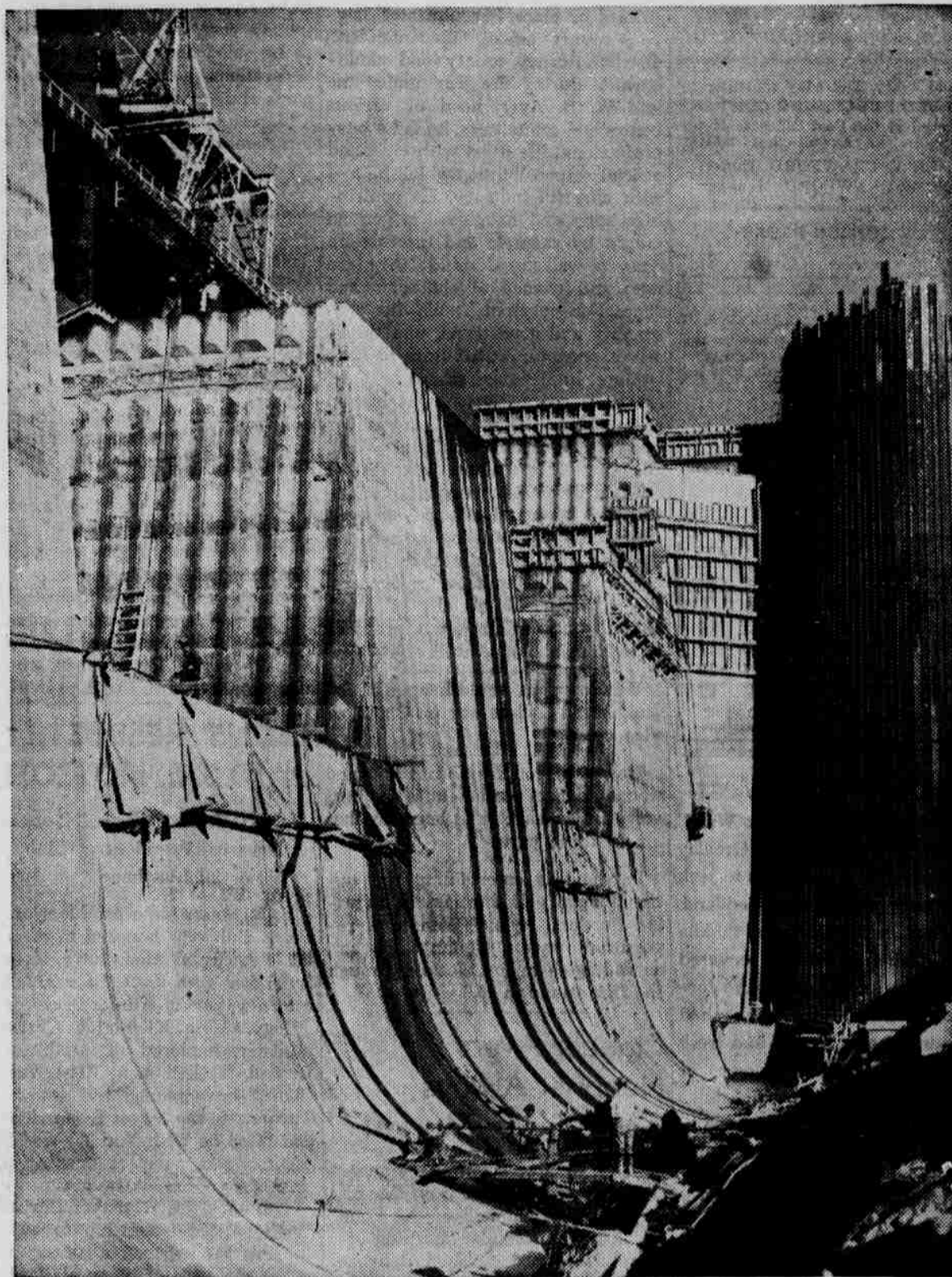
First Sight of Coulee

You drive almost due north, go through the mineral-springs health resort of Soap Lake, and there, visible from the center of town, is the opening of one of the remarkable geological phenomena of all time—the Grand Coulee of the Columbia river. It is like the entrance of a huge trough—not a trough dug by men with steam shovels and dynamite, but a trough gouged by some supernatural power transcending all the efforts of all the men who ever lived.

Through this vast declivity the road goes. You drive up it with mingled awe and wonder. On either side the cliffs are as sharp-brinked as shoe-box edges. A mammoth chisel could not have carved them straighter. The bottom of the coulee is flat and dotted with an occasional rock formation or lake.

At the end of this boxlike chasm, the road circles up a sharp cliff and you discover yourself in another coulee the exact replica of the first. A 400-foot precipice as straight as the front of a safe separates the upper and lower coulee.

Wheeling your automobile up the coulee, a trough effect is noted—



An outstanding shot of the Grand Coulee structure, taken from the base

sharp cliffs and smooth floor, and again the impression of immensity and vastness. At the head of the upper coulee you drive around the monolithic bulk of Steamboat rock, swing through clusters of shacks and tarpaper buildings, and there it is—Grand Coulee!

Only One Road

In and out of the construction site there is only one road. You take it and the car winds like a scenic railroad around cliffs and bluffs until you roll through a model village that might have been transplanted from the Swiss Alps.

The entire setting is one of tremendous magnitude. The river pours through the granite gorge with the speed and fury of a thousand locomotives in a thousand tunnels. The granite walls and basalt formations dip down to the stream and stand against the skyline, survivors of the great ice-sheet of the Pleistocene Epoch, when glaciers from the arctic carved the upland plateau that dominates eastern Washington.

You can get a hotel room with bath in Mason City for \$2.50. The hotel is a hastily built structure, because it will be torn down after the dam is finished. But it is comfortable and roomy. Not a chimney pokes through its roof. Electricity

provides plenty of heat, even in sub-zero weather. There are a few cafeterias and restaurants in the town, but the best place to eat is at the messhall. Meals there cost 60 cents to tourists and 50 cents to persons accompanied by government officials.

During the summer months it is as dry near the dam as a piece of zweibach and you can camp out without hardship. Tents can be rented. There are a lot of eating "joints" in Grand Coulee, Electric City and the other surrounding communities, but unless you cook your own food the messhall is the best bet for victuals.

Information Service Good

The department of the interior, through the reclamation bureau, has made excellent arrangements for providing information for people who visit the project. A view-tower and grandstand (both free) look down on the dam, and a loud-speaker public-address system carries the announcer's explanation to persons within several hundred feet. There is a supply available of pamphlets that are clearly written and explain the purpose of the enterprise without indulging in long words and effulgent phraseology.

If you want more data than this public service supplies, there are

two men in the long, colonial-style administration building at the model village who make it their business to describe the project to people who want to look behind the superficialities.

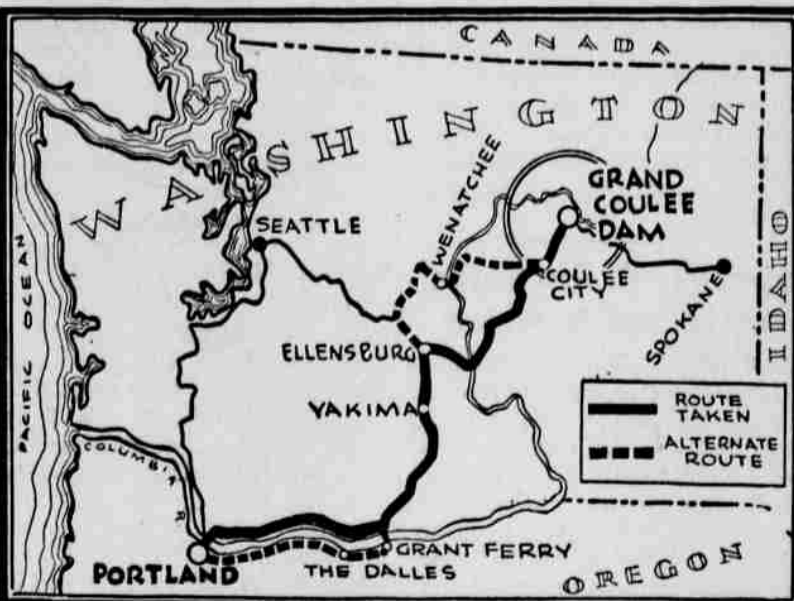
They are O. G. F. Markhus, the engineer in charge of public relations, and S. E. Hutton, the director of publicity. Markhus is a whimsical, bald Scotchman who wears a cap and smokes a pipe. Hutton has a little goatee and looks like the late Lincoln Steffens. They are quiet, philosophic individuals, who love to amplify Grand Coulee to bewildered persons who cannot understand just why the federal government is spending more money in eastern Washington than it cost to build the Panama canal.

Briefly, here is the why of Grand Coulee: The Columbia basin project is a chunk of potentially fertile land twice as large as Rhode Island. To bear in abundance all the crops native to the northwest all it needs is water. Water it can get if the Columbia is diverted back into the coulee, and thence run from the coulee through irrigation canals to the Columbia basin project. This can be accomplished by throwing the world's largest chunk of masonry across the river at the head of the coulee, and generating enough power to put the water back where it flowed thousands of years ago. Thus, Grand Coulee dam.

Roads Over Project

There are automobile roads all over the various parts of the project, and the bureau of reclamation is co-operative in enabling tourists to drive to the various points of interest. Blasts are set off at specified times each day, and thus motorists know exactly when to be on hand for the most spectacular feature of the construction work.

As you come back, everything seems smaller than when you went up. Bonneville dam was not the only object that impressed Harris Ellsworth as being smaller after he had seen Grand Coulee. Even the cliffs flanking the river looked less massive than the great granite walls and bluffs near the biggest man-made edifice on earth. Grand Coulee is the Colossus of Rhodes among the dams of the world, and everything looks less significant and of less proportions after the ultimate has been seen.



Map shows routes to Grand Coulee dam from Oregon