

LOCKS HIGHWAY REBUILDER GETS CHANNEL WORK

P. J. Kernan of Portland and the Brookfield company of Astoria were found to be low bidder on the work of widening and deepening Columbia river channel from Celilo to Umatilla when the second Portland district engineers' office opened proposals last week.

Kernan and the Astoria concern asked \$295,178 for removing 31,600 yards of rock and 73,000 yards of gravel to make the channel 150 feet wide with a minimum water depth of seven feet.

Kernan is at present the contractor for rebuilding the Columbia river highway through Cascade Locks.

This was the second call for bids U. S. engineers had made. Several weeks ago, bids were opened and the lowest found to be 40 per cent above the \$400,000 allotted to the work. The work is expected to be completed in two working seasons. The channel work is expected to give impetus to river navigation, giving farmers in eastern Oregon and Washington lower freight rates on their wheat, costing them less for gasoline and other bulk cargoes which could be brought upstream.

LEGION MEETS AUGUST 12

Bonneville Post, American Legion, will meet August 21 in the Bonneville dam auditorium. Instead of August 14, regular meeting date, Commander Dave Marvin announced yesterday. Change was made because of the Legion convention in The Dalles, starting the 14th.

ANDREWS REARRANGE STORE

R. E. Andrews, Cascade Locks owner, this week finished rearranging counter and shelves in his store to make it more attractive to customers. The new arrangement, said, makes it easier for the customer to select the merchandise he wants personally, speeds up buying and improves the looks of the store.

Read the Chronicle for news

RIVER TRIPS SET

Steamer excursions on the Columbia river will be featured during the state convention of the American Legion in The Dalles, August 14, 15, 16, and 17. The Steamer Cascades has been chartered by the Legion convention commission, and will make three 2-hour trips daily through the Columbia gorge and around Memorial Island and the Victor Trevitt monument. An all-day excursion to Bonneville dam is planned for Saturday if sufficient reservations are made by Friday noon, August 16.

EPPING IMPROVES TRUCK

Carl Epping made further improvements to his new V-8 delivery car he purchased last week for his grocery store. First, a traveling sign painter, touring the country with his family, dropped through, asked Carl for a job, so a sign appeared on each of the two car doors. Then Epping and his driver, Scott Griffith, built slides and top over the original pickup body on the rear to protect deliveries from the weather.

DRIVERS' LICENSE EXAMS

Examinations for drivers' licenses will be conducted today from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. by a state examiner in the Bonneville dam reservation library, back of the postoffice. All those who have not yet received their new licenses are urged to get them today. No test is required for renewals, except in rare, specified cases.

BEN SCOTT AUTHORIZED

Ben Scott's service station in Cascade Locks has been appointed authorized distributor for Standard Oil company, to handle tires, tubes and accessories. He is the only authorized distributor between Hood River and Portland at present.

A. W. Foote this week opened his new shoe store in Cascade Locks, moving from the old postoffice to his new building east of M. L. Morgan's house and service station. Foote offers guaranteed shoe repairs at popular prices. He operates a shop already in Garibaldi.

Vic Wigren Writes A Letter ---Which Calls Up A Story

Victor Wigren, who is spending his idle time these days painting a halo around the head of J. B. Laber, is a likeable cuss despite his eccentric habit of blowing hot—and then blowing cold.

A year ago he was spending his idle time planting horns and tying a tail on his lord patron. Times change. So do men. Vic, you know, loans money. He is reputed to have what old John Doughboy in France termed "booko francs" and what the fellows at the dam call a "lot o' rocks." All of which brings up a story. Vic will not tell our telling it, but since he wrote a letter to Mr. Laber and the letter was read by Ira Owen at a closed meeting of the Civic club, he should not mind our repeating the yarn. Anyhow, Vic is a good fellow and should be able to take a joke. Except that this is no joking matter with old Mrs. Alger, who owns 40 acres down back of the high school.

This is a kind of a long drawn out yarn, but since its only a chunk of Denver mud which sticks like glue and hurts when it is yanked off we are going to take our own time in telling it, chiefly for the reason that it explains why some people are never so happy as when writing letters to the newspapers.

Vic, you know, wrote a letter to the campaign weekly, published in Washington, which puts in its idle time pinning wings onto Mr. Laber. The letter was all about what a fine fellow Mr. Laber is and how he loves the people. Purpose of it, folks gathered, was to get across the idea that Mr. Laber was entitled to a harp and a front seat in heaven because he donated the church a deed to its property. Vic gave his typewriter everything it would stand. Incidentally, Vic wanted folks to get the idea that Mr. Laber would do a swell job of running the town.

Mr. Laber has wanted a 40-foot street past the church property. And old Mrs. Brolliar, who lives nearby and was on the church board of trustees, did not want a 40-foot street because it would shut off her view. She wanted to retain the 60-foot street. Mr. Laber came into possession of the townsite back in 1931—four years ago. The church stood on his property. It has stood there since it was built by the fellows employed on the locks back in '90's. Mr. Laber might have been a big hearted Jim and given the church a deed right off the bat—but he didn't.

Time went on. The matter of the 40-foot street was a source of constant irritation. Vic was on the church board. And being a good fellow, he likes to get on with people. He was willing to give Mr. Laber a 40-foot street. Mrs. Brolliar stood pat for a 60-foot street. Some months ago old Mrs. Alger leased her 40 acres to an Italian, who wanted to raise hogs on the ground just back of the Locks high school. So she had to give possession. She talked some of going down by Sandy to live, but finally decided to build a house. Just something small, understand. Inexpensive. Two or three rooms that she could pay for easily and live off the lease money.

Mrs. Alger went to see Ira Owen at the Cascade Locks Lumber company, which is owned by J. B. Laber. Ira thought she should build a large house. Something really attractive. Fire-place, built-ins. Nothing too good for folks with money and she went for it. Ira sold her the lumber. G. N. Hesgard, who often works for Laber and who wants to sit on the council, got the job of building it.

Things went along for a time. Then the lumber gave out. The house was habitable, but unfinished. Ira wanted the money, for the lumber and Hesgard wanted his money for labor. So they talked of applying the lien. And Mrs. Alger became excited and worried. She was in over her head. She tried different places to borrow money, and not succeeding at the bank, went to Vic, who has lots of rocks and writes letters to newspapers. Vic allowed he could accommodate her—on condition that she apply it to paying off the lumber bill and taking care of Hesgard. She agreed.

Vic let her have \$700—and took a mortgage on her forty. She paid Laber—and Hesgard. Everybody appeared happy.

After Vic had gone with her to the lumber yard and everything was straightened up he had a talk with Mr. Laber.

"Now I have accommodated you," said Vic in effect, if not in so many words, "why don't you give the church a deed to its property?"

And Mr. Laber allowed that it would be a fine thing to do. Had it made out, anyhow, so why not? The matter of the 40-foot street had been disposed of meantime through the simple expedient of replacing Mrs. Brolliar with another member on the board. Then Vic wrote The Chronicle a laudatory letter, praising Mr. Laber. But he did not sign it. Nor did the letter bear the names of the other two board members. Vic, you see, thought The Chronicle would be foolish enough to print the letter as its own copy.

When The Chronicle declined to pull any chestnuts out of the fire for Mr. Laber, Vic wrote his lord patron a highly apologetic letter. It was this letter that was read at the closed meeting of the Civic club. That was the meeting where an attempt was made to bar a Chronicle reporter. And that was a silly thing for Jack Elmer to attempt for he is supposed to be smart.

Vic spoke with some feeling about all this on one occasion. He wanted to know if The Chronicle would publish a letter of thanks if he signed it. And he was told that The Chronicle would publish anything anybody would sign, irrespective of contents, so long as it was not libelous. Vic said he would write one and get the other members of the board to sign with him. The letter never came to the office. But Vic broke into print over in Washington. However, the letter did not bear the signatures of fellow board members. Mr. Laber has been properly thanked.

BELLARTS PANS GOLD

The gold fever has struck U. S. Guard Charles Bellarts. Ace fisherman, Bellarts has noticed colors showing up in the gravel of Tanner creek. So, armed with a pan, he has taken out a small amount of dust, has it corked up in a bottle.

Biggest discovery, from a spot he won't name, is a chunk of rock shot through with both gold and silver ore. Near the same place, he discovered a bed of petrified leaves 200 feet long, six or eight inches deep, apparently laid down in some quiet pool and then covered by a slide.

CROWD ATTENDS DANCE

Despite the mud of Cascade Locks' main street, now being rebuilt, 248 couples turned out last Wednesday evening to dance to Sonny Rice's 12 "Harlem Play Girls," colored orchestra now on its first northwest tour. Everyone had a big time. It was the largest crowd of the season.

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