

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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LAW DISCUSSED

During a recent discussion of the Workmen's Compensation law of Oregon it became apparent that many employers in Oregon are, perhaps unknowingly, violating this law. This law is administered by the State Industrial Accident commission and therein is definitely set forth those operations that are hazardous thereunder. Any operation not listed as hazardous is considered non-hazardous. It is wholly elective, any employer may accept or reject the requirements of the act but he first must comply with the law before he can exercise this option.

It provides that any person, firm or corporation about to employ workers in any of the hazardous operations set forth in the law must, at least five days before employing such workmen, notify the commission of his or their intention to engage in a hazardous operation, describe the operation, its locality, the number of workmen and the estimated payroll and signify his or their acceptance or rejection of the protraction afforded by the act. This notification must be filed if any workmen are to be employed—one or a thousand—for one hour or for an indefinite period of time.

Among the operations designated as hazardous in the law is construction of any kind, which includes building erection, alteration or repair; painting, plumbing, electric wiring and all operation incidental thereto. This means that erection of new homes or repair or alteration of homes already built is hazardous under the law from the time the first shovelful of earth is turned to the painting of the roof.

LEARNING A TRADE

Talk to some of the older residents of the neighborhood and they will tell you that when they were "growing up" fathers and mothers insisted on their sons learning a trade. Some can recall when boys were "apprenticed" to a mechanic, carpenter, cobbler or other craft, and his father usually paid for having a trade taught him. In the old days learning a trade was almost compulsory. Sons of the rich alone escaped it.

Today things are different. Parents are more inclined to shove their sons into an already over-crowded professional field, insisting that they earn their living with as little work as possible, overlooking the fact that right now there are so many lawyers and doctors that only about one in ten is actually earning as much as an expert craftsman can make as a machinist, electrician, engineer or a hundred other trades that could be mentioned. The boy of today who hopes to get by the easiest way, and who reaches manhood without having learned a trade is pretty apt to find himself stranded—possibly an object of charity—when he reaches old age.

Parents should bear in mind that a trade is just as important as an education. They should remember, too, that it is a young man's best protection in the years ahead, and insist that their boys learn one. The day will come when he will thank his stars—as well as his parents—that he did so.

A good many of the people who are grumbling about their income taxes this year are the same ones who were grumbling a few years ago because they didn't have any income to tax.

Coincidental Misfortune

By a strange coincidence, each of three cases considered at the most recent term of the grand jury, with indictment resulting, involved a person named Harris.

Mike Harris, salesman, was indicted on a charge of larceny by bailee; Floyd Harris was killed in an accident for which Howard Walters was indicted on a reckless driving charge, and Irvin Harris was victim of a crash which caused the indictment of H. N. Adams for drunken driving.

DOGS AND AUTOMOBILES

Moving automobiles have a strange lure for dogs. One often wonders just what queer psychology causes some dogs to chase cars, sometimes fairly biting at the rolling tires. Why do they never learn by broken bones and painful injuries that this is a risky pastime? On the contrary, such mishaps increase the grudge dogs seem to hold against automobiles in motion.

Yet practically all dogs have the tourist spirit and enjoy riding and sight-seeing. Most dogs seem to delight in taunting their more unfortunate brothers who must trot along the road while they ride offily by. Other dogs—and these we find hardest to understand—appear eager to get into the car with the family, but once the car is in motion, the dog goes suddenly frantic. He yelps, jumps and leaps around to the disgust and discomfort of his fellow passengers. Discipline can quiet some dogs but most of this type just have to be left at home.

Dogs and automobiles! Who can unriddle the riddle of reactions?

WILD VIOLETS APPEAR

Wild violets are reported in the sunnier spots throughout the valley. Kildeers and phoebes are calling. Oregon towhees—distinguished from robins chiefly by the white streak on each side of their breasts—are busily scratching among last autumn's fall of leaves. The rich notes of the meadow-lark pour forth throughout the day.

They say babies are going out of fashion. All right, a vacuum sweeper will pick up the tacks and pins off the floor just as carefully.

A lot of this world's troubles can be avoided by learning not to give a darn how other people run their affairs.

A general rule the man who argues loudest about his "constitutional rights" never read the constitution.

Meetings

Cascade Locks Chamber of Commerce—Merrill's dining room, Tuesdays, noon.

Bonneville Parent-Teachers Association—First Wednesday every month, study club at 1:30, regular meeting at 2:30 in Bonneville grade school auditorium.

Bridal Veil Lodge, No. 117, A.F. and A.M.—School house, Latourelle falls, second Saturday in each month. Visiting Masons welcome.

Cascade Yacht Club—Model room of new administration building, Fridays, 8 P.M.

Cascade Locks City Council—Second and fourth Mondays, city hall.

Cascade Locks Boy Scouts—High school, Tuesdays, 8 P.M.

Bonneville Boy Scouts—Grade school auditorium, Tuesdays, 7 P.M.

Cascade Locks Townsend Club—Odd Fellows hall, first and third Fridays, 8 P.M.

Rebekahs—Cascadia lodge, Cascade Locks, first and third Wednesdays of each month, Odd Fellows hall, 8 P.M.

Damside post, Veterans of Foreign Wars—First and Third Mondays, meeting room of administration building, 8 P.M.

Cascade Locks P.T.A.—Second Friday of each month, 8 P.M., high school.

Izaak Walton league—Meets second Monday of every month in Bonneville auditorium. Directors meet fourth Monday.

THE HILLS OF MOSIER

The hills are painted purple
Where the sisyrinchiums blow,
Fringing each field and meadow
Is Mission bells' golden glow.

The pale spring beauties cluster
Under the scrub oaks' gray limbs,
Hollows and dips spill fragrance
Over their flower-filled brims.

A crow is harshly cawing,
Winging its way to the west,
The dusk trailing slim fingers
Hushes the hills to their rest.

—Gladys Hinrichs.

RECIPES

Outdoor rhubarb is appearing in the markets in ever-increasing quantities. There are so many delightful ways of preserving it, to make it last throughout the year. Did you know that you can seal uncooked stalks of rhubarb in sterilized jars and cook it up later, as you wish? No less authority than Miss Lillian Tingle is responsible for these directions. Many of you will remember her as the Home Economics expert connected with one of the Portland papers for many years.

Canned Uncooked Rhubarb

Clean thoroughly, but do not peel, stalks of rhubarb cut to the desired length. Pack in well sterilized jars. Fill jars to overflowing with cold water. Seal securely and store. Do not cook. If you are a bit skeptical of this unusual recipe, you can boil the water and chill it before pouring it over the rhubarb. This is not at all necessary, ordinarily, however.

Canned Rhubarb (Cooked)

Cut rhubarb in short pieces. Pack firmly into sterilized jars. Do not peel. Pour over rhubarb enough hot medium-thick syrup to fill jar. Partly seal. Cook for about 30 minutes. Tighten jar tops thoroughly as you remove jars from the stove.

If you are so fortunate as to have tasted the following preserve, you have never forgotten it—and, surely, would like to know the recipe which the maker is generous enough to share.

Rhubarb Marmalade

Cut unpeeled rhubarb into very tiny slices. The rhubarb can be chopped by hand or put through a grinder, but the latter methods will not give nearly so successful results, as the first one.

4 level cups finely-cut unpeeled rhubarb

Juice of oranges (number depending on size and juiciness)
Grated rind of 2 oranges
7½ level cups sugar
½ bottle of Certo (½ cup)

Fill quart measure with prepared rhubarb. Pour over fruit enough orange juice to fill the quart measure. Place mixture in good-sized sauce-pan. Add sugar and mix well. Stir constantly while boiling. Boil hard for 3 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in Certo. From time of taking from fire, let marmalade stand 5 minutes, exactly, with occasional stirring to cool slightly. Pour quickly into jars.

HOUSEHOLD TIPS

If you wish a beautifully colored sauce, do not peel rhubarb.

In case jellies, marmalades, etc., which are supposed to be an attractive red, do not show enough color after cooking, add a few drops of red coloring.

Partly used jars of peanut butter, syrup, mayonnaise, etc., will stay fresh longer if kept upside-down. Be sure lids are screwed on tightly.

To prevent eggs or cream from spattering while being whipped, cover bowl with wax-paper cut to fit. Slit paper and pass beater through it.

Have you tried using lemon-drops instead of sugar in hot tea?

Newly-cut flowers will stay fresh much longer if their stems are cut off under water and left under water for a half-hour or so, before arranging flowers in vases.

Odd Shots

By H. A. S.

Developments have been ripening thick and fast since this column last appeared. The author has suddenly discovered two more people who read "Odd Shots," which, coupled with the original two and the four waitresses who have refused to give us any more service, makes a grand total of eight. Such an astronomical figure will seem incredible to the casual headline scanner, but it has been checked and re-checked by the most accurate method known to science, namely the finger-tally.

Most encouraging, perhaps, was the totally unsolicited communication of William Nielsen of Portland, who saw the offer of coffee and donuts for usable original jokes and immediately submitted a little gem. It follows:

"Dear H. A. S.,

"I read in your column 'Odd Shots,' where you offer coffee and donuts to anybody sending you a new wheeze. Do you know this one?

"A little boy was walking down the street with his father when he cried, 'Oh, look, father, there goes an editor!' 'Hush,' said his father. 'Don't make fun of the poor man. Who knows what you may come to some day yourself?'

"If I win the coffee and sinkers please send 25 cents to pay for same to general delivery, Portland, and I'll buy them at Coffee Mike's."

With the receipt of Mr. Nielsen's letter we became aware for the first time that the price of coffee and donuts in Portland has soared about 67 per cent. However, we shall gladly remit and neglect to inspect the dentures of a donated nag.

Let us make ourselves clear on one point right now, while there is yet time: The offer stands only for original humor, and does not include aboriginal humor. The offer will be continued for another week in the hope of obtaining a definite commitment from another reader.

We notice in a newspaper column that in 1929 steel was being produced in this country at 102 per cent of capacity. That, according to our way of thinking, is real production!

The graveyards are full of good drivers.

It's a sure sign prosperity is here when the quacks conclude they can make more out of an oil-stock promotion than a share-the-wealth campaign.

We glanced over an oil promotion sheet the other day which did everything but guarantee a 1000 per cent return on your investment in the first couple of weeks. The oil described, however, had a peculiar banana odor.

This business of going to bed at 6:30 A. M. and arising at 7 becomes a bit wearing if one is the type who needs 15 minutes to go to sleep and 15 minutes to wake up.

Well, Odd Shots is going to Grand Coulee next week-end, and later he'll bring you an eye-witness account of the Dry Falls and all the other nat-

ural paradoxes which abound in that section of the country. We can't guarantee a detailed account of night life after 12 P. M., but we'll do our best.

ENTOMOLOGISTS TO STUDY WEEVILS, FLEA BEETLES

A research organization for studying methods to control pea weevils and potato flea beetles, as provided in special appropriations passed by the recent legislature, has been set up by the entomology department of the Oregon State college experiment station.

These projects will be under the direct supervision of Kenneth Gray, assistant entomologist. Both will be carried on as cooperative projects in connection, in some instances, with federal specialists, and in the case of the flea beetle work with partial local support. Field men will be kept at the Pendleton branch experiment station throughout the pea season and in Columbia county, where the greatest infestation of flea beetles is now centered.

Joe Schuh, assistant in the entomology department, will be stationed at St. Helens during the growing season to supervise the study of potato flea beetle control. Cages are being placed throughout the district to determine the exact emergence time for the flea beetles which will indicate the best time for applying dusts. Attempt is made to control the adults which feed only on the tops before they lay the eggs which hatch out into larvae and do the actual damage to the tubers.

Aunt Eliza Again

Now, Mr. Editor, there's the wheel. It deserves to be spelled in capital letters, for it is indeed a capital affair. A good deal has been written about it, but its possibilities have not been exhausted and therefore it can come in for some more attention.

Those five letters spell out for us, Motion, Transportation, Progress, and a thousand other things. Primitive man put his burden on his back and lugged it many weary miles before he thought of rolling it along. Then he cut out a thin section of a round log, rigged a stage for it, and presto! he had the first model of a wheelbarrow. The wheel was too heavy, and so man evolved (and this last word we may notice is a wheel in itself) the tripart assembly of hub, spoke and rim. We still make it and the Chinese coolie pushes it around on the run.

However, there was too much friction in the hub, even when grease was applied. Therefore we came into the ball-bearing stage in its history. This improvement is but a double application of the wheel principle—a wheel within a wheel. Maybe, this modern contrivance was what the prophetic eye of Ezekiel was looking at when in his scriptural vision, he saw a wheel within a wheel. However this fancy may take you there can be no question of the fact that the progress of the world has rolled forward on a wheel.

And while we are speaking of progress, the progress of the great Northwest comes into mind, and the figure of the Oregon country's great pioneer Marcus Whitman, rolls into view. Every body told him that he could not take his wheeled wagon into the Oregon country—impossible! His old cart got to be a joke even among his fellow travelers. But he clung to his idea and rolled his wheel along over what people called impossibilities. He had the vision of the Northwest Empire as we now have it in a short hundred years after he lived, and he carried on! They rightly memorialize him now with a wheel at his side.

We have used the wheel in many ways, but nature beats us all hollow with her use of it. She manages in her movements not only wheels that are circular, but elliptical, and there are no bumps and no lost motion. Some experts have been telling us that this Earth of ours is not a true wheel, but is flattened at the poles. That fact we unexpert folks cannot prove to the contrary, but we know that this mundane wheel elliptical or not, keeps on the even tenor of her way as the years roll by. There are the great stars in the sky wheeling along in their long courses, and that six-year-old across the street wheeling along in his kiddy car on the street pavement, and here is an old lady, a bit flat-tired now, talking about the similarity of their wheeling.

AUNT ELIZA