

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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SONG OF POWER

Sentiment seems to be fairly well crystallized among informed persons throughout the gorge area that if a blanket rate is slapped on Bonneville power, the giant powerhouse will simply sit idle, a costly monument to political maneuvering.

One thing is certain, and that is that Bonneville will remain in politics as long as there is a sizable surplus of unsold power, or as long as the power is tied up only by short-term contracts. There can be little disputing of this fact.

The rub comes in disposing of the power if the price set upon it is determined by cost of generation plus cost of transmission over a wide area.

Let us do some supposing.

Suppose that the above basis (blanket rate) were the policy approved by congress for sale and distribution of Bonneville power.

In order to determine how large a figure to add into the cost of the powerhouse to take care of transmission, a definite district within which power would be distributed at a flat rate would have to be determined. (Politics raises its ugly head.) Most of the states of Oregon and Washington, and southwestern Idaho, are generally mentioned as eligible for a hypothetical blanket rate.

Points to which trunk lines would be built from Bonneville would have to be determined. (Politics raises its ugly head again.) Every town would want to be situated on a trunk line, because cost of branch lines would have to be borne by the contracting municipality—unless the government stands ready to build a line to every hamlet in the state.

Costs would skyrocket. Even proponents of the blanket rate scheme have admitted transmission will represent 90 cents out of every dollar of power costs if the primary zone includes the major part of the Columbia basin. Most favorable estimates of Bonneville power cost at the switchboard place it at approximately one-fifth the cost of industrial power at present available in northwestern city centers. This means the blanket rate would make Bonneville power roughly twice as expensive to a heavy user as present private power.

Another problem which will be troublesome if much of Bonneville power is reserved for municipal power districts, as Congressman Pierce advocates is the acquisition of present private systems by public bodies. The latter will have to bond themselves to buy the private systems or to construct new competing systems, which would be a ghastly waste in most instances. Attempts to establish public districts elsewhere have had tough sledding recently, and there is no reason to suppose that Bonneville power, saddled with a blanket rate, will cause cities and towns to tumble over themselves to get at it.

Certainly, Bonneville power should benefit everyone in the northwest—but where will its benefits lie if the power is never used?

OUR BEST WISHES

To grade and high school graduates of the Dam area the Chronicle extends its heartiest congratulations.

School work is just as serious business to the student as any commercial enterprise is to its proprietor. The youngster's hours may be shorter, his ability to concentrate on a single project for a long period may not be so well developed, but the necessity for success is just as pressing. Any student who can wind up a

TO THE JUNE BRIDEGROOM

*How oft do you see early summer's fair bride
Slowly strut down the aisle with her Lohengrin stride
But when have you seen that to which she'll be tied
Ever glowing with joy or abeam with pride?*

*The bridegroom's distress as he stands by his "Mrs."
Isn't caused by his dread of the relative's kisses.
He knows something well which he never confesses
His part in the romance was just many yesses.*

*Now what is the reason that every minute
The man in the wedding regrets that he's in it?
The bride likes the romance, she knew she would win it
—The bridegroom dislikes it—he didn't begin it.*

*Who starts in to tell of a home and its lore?
Who says she likes children, at least three or four
Who stops to view rugs at the furniture store?
Who says, "I don't care if my darling is poor."*

*Who starts in to tell when out dining she goes
That skills of the kitchen she thoroughly knows?
Who slyly asserts that she likes to darn hose?
Don't tell us—we know it's the girls who propose!*

—Uncle Jeb

grade school or high school career with a creditable record deserves praise. Some folks take the school too much as a matter of course, simply because children and young people of certain ages are required to go, without direct expense on the part of their parents. But school work is not made easier by virtue of its being compulsory—in fact, it often seems more burdensome on that account—and more honor to the student who tackles the work with willingness and interest.

To the teachers, too, goes commendation in the measure to which they exercised patience and intelligence in guiding their pupils, and volunteered their spare time for school activities. The community has come to expect much from the teachers for which they can be repaid only in appreciation and thanks.

So our best wishes, graduates, and may the lessons you have learned stand you in good stead!

OREGON'S TRAFFIC DEATHS

A Series of Weekly Articles on the Problem of Highway Safety By EARL SNELL, Secretary of State

Do you know which class or group of drivers are causing most of the traffic accidents in Oregon?

Don't make the too common mistake of blaming Oregon's traffic accident record upon any particular group of drivers or upon any particular cause. It is not the road, because 76.2 per cent of fatal accidents occur on dry roads, and 87.6 per cent with the car going straight ahead. It is not the weather, for 76.2 per cent of fatalities are recorded on clear days. And the responsibility can not be placed with any small group of drivers.

An average of 261 persons met death in California each month last year. After a comprehensive survey of these accidents, the California Bureau of Vital Statistics finds that "it is the thoroughly experienced, often well-trained and able driver, who has been well qualified in a driver's test, but who, in a moment of capricious experiment or an instant of neglect, figures chiefly in our growing mortality totals. Out of 12,000 drivers involved in accidents in 1936, over three-quarters of them had eight years or more of driving experience, and never a previous accident. The crux of the whole problem lies here how to keep a good driver, good."

Training, ability to handle a car, good roads and weather are not the major factors in safe driving—it is the driver himself.

A Scotchman walked into a store while a penny sale was in progress. "Gie me a broom," he said. "If you buy a second broom, it'll cost you only a penny," remarked the clerk.

"Guid," replied the Scotchman. "I'll hae the second broom."

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.

Aunt Eliza Again

In this world of ours which we are using more or less, Mr. Editor, there is the interesting matter of similarity and variety, and how they work, the one against the other. There is always the chance of running across your "double." One might say that that chance is remote, and another might answer that it is a seven days' wonder that you do not meet him oftener. Some one has generalized in saying, that there are no two leaves in the forest that are exactly alike. That of course is something that has never been proved, for no one has gone to the trouble of examining all the leaves of the forest. However, there we have it all about us, variety and close-up similarity; family resemblance, and yet a distinguishing individuality sticking out at some corner.

There's the pigeon; he's the same bird wherever you spot him, but how

MIKE'S
FOR FIRST CLASS
Barbering
Cascade Locks

infinite is his feather color scheme. Other birds do not seem to be so distinguished in their individuality. To me the robin leaves about the same impression as did the colored gent to the song writer when he wrote, "All Coons Look Alike to Me."

As we go up the scale of life, individuality is the more marked. The cops tell you that they find no finger prints alike. A man's guilt is proved these days by the lines of his finger tips. They even say that we writers betray our similarity by our characteristic use of adjectives, or the way we use the exclamation point, or the basic structure of our sentences. Even so, the scribe must be careful.

Individuality, one must conclude, is bogging down in present day practices. We are standardizing. We wear clothes of the same cut. Our hats are about pulled out of the same box. The style sets the high heel shoe, and the dear ladies go after it just like the sheep through the gap in the fence, en masse.

Then there is what we call today mass production. Its an advance, they say. But the worker is standardized along with the product. He is but a cog in the machine, and a very similar cog, meshing into his fellow worker, with action about as limited as a cog wheel. So, at the present rate, Mr. Editor, we conclude that the chance of finding your "double" is to be materially increased in the days that may be ahead.

AUNT ELIZA.

ROTONONE DUST GIVES BEST CONTROL OF FLEA BEETLES

Rotenone dust, mixed with diatomaceous earth or other finely divided material as a carrier, is the best insecticide yet found for the control of potato flea beetle, according to a circular of information on flea beetle control just issued by the O. S. C. experiment station. Rotenone dusts must be stored away from the light and air to avoid their losing strength, however.

In sections where flea beetles are a serious pest, first dusting is recommended as soon as the plants come up. The number of later applications will depend upon the length of time beetles are present and the length of the growing season, but where the infestation is severe, applications at about 10-day intervals are recommended until no additional foliage injury is evident.

Although much more extensive experiments are being carried on with flea beetle control this year, the best methods found in the past are described in the circular, which may be had free of charge.

Housewives of Mexico are demanding electric refrigerators in their homes.

Africa will have 27 new radio beams to guide flying boats.

Silo Silas Sez--



Another tragedy the younger generation escapes is growing up without knowing what the inside of the old family woodshed looked like.

Odd Shots

By H. A. S.

We were a bit shocked to read in a local column the other day that school boys and girls in a play were "dressed in early-day customs."

Why in the world do labor unions have such high-falutin' names? Such monstrosities as "Local 59126, Milk Bottle Cappers, Fruit Jar Sealers and Beer-keg Bunghole Pluggers' union" are all too common these days.

For the sake of expediting the movement of traffic we suggest the following sign for Panorama point: "20-minute parking, 1 A. M. to 5 A. M."

Don't honk your horn—you might wake the driver.

Borrowed humor is best unreturned.

As in all other agricultural lines, this year's crop of kisses is next year's surplus.

Hollywood actors have formed an organization to push the removal of foreign food-names from restaurant menus. Heck, just when hash was beginning to take on a little glamor!

A man in Salt Lake City is said to have a dandelion-eating tortoise. We would like to run across a goat which made a specialty of Christmas neckties and dun letters.

When a youngster in a swing wants to stop he "lets the old cat die." Another explanation for the origin of "swing music."

In a recent game Dizzy Dean amused himself by throwing the baseball at the heads of Giant batters. Longing to hear the crack of horsehide on wood, no doubt.

Why is it that the fool that rocks the boat is always the fellow who laughingly admits that he can't swim a stroke?

It's sort of hard to see why 15 old men would do a better job of supreme courting than nine old men.

The United States government has banned a trans-Atlantic air derby this summer. It's having a hard enough time taking care of its present overseas veterans.

With the advent of the swimming season, bathing suit manufacturers will have to find some new substance to make their wares of. Rubber and cellophane are getting to be old stuff.

Very few big shots are not aware of the fact.

Darkies say that the devil is beat his wife around a stump if it rains while the sun is shining. We can't prove they're not right.

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