

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

With the old world entangled in the bitterest controversies since the World War and the lessons of that conflict forgotten, it would seem that the United States, now at peace with the world, has reason for making this Fourth of July a memorable one.

Any Hood River valley citizen who cannot find in his heart just cause for celebration this year is lacking in appreciation of the blessings of peace. All one need do to feel proud of our own position is read the daily reports of new entanglements, new hates and new threats carried by cable from foreign shores and of the tales of actual bloodshed and carnage as other nations go rushing headlong toward another bloody war. Through it all America enjoys the blessings of peace and domestic comfort, with no hatred in her heart for those who put greed and power above all else. At peace with neighbors to the north and south, separated from old world turmoil and tragedy by many miles of neutral waters, able to settle her domestic misunderstandings happily and without the loss of blood, the heart of every citizen who dwells beneath the stars and stripes should now swell with patriotism and love of country.

So hang out the good old flag and set off the fireworks. Forget for the moment all business cares and the little things that vex. Be glad you are a part of the most wonderful nation the sun ever shone upon, a nation of freedom who through their love of home and free institutions will see that it remains great. Never were there more reasons for patriotic thankfulness than now. Never was there greater reason for making this a grand and glorious Fourth.

WILLIAMS LEAVE

This week the transfer by the West Coast Power company of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams, their local representatives to Ilwaco, Wash., was announced. The step is a real promotion for them.

The Williams have been here two and a half years. They arrived when a very small power company, which had been giving spasmodic service for years, was called on to expand and produce on a par with the larger metropolitan companies. Into this condition the Williams were sent as Bonneville and Cascade Locks maintenance and office representatives to handle the Oregon side, under T. A. Bayless, of Stevenson, local representative.

It was more than a job of hooking up new "connects" and of collecting past due bills, it was a job of selling the West Coast Power company to the people.

The Williams did their job well, mechanically and morally. We congratulate the West Coast Power company in giving them this promotion and in so materially improving its service during this period. The best wishes of the community go with them. They will be missed.

MORE ABOUT JIM

In the Seattle Argus the Stroller tells how Jim Marshall, ex-Seattle newspaper man, got his job as staff writer for Collier's. A couple of years ago a man from Colliers called at the Star office, where Jim was wishing he didn't have to get out a column, and asked for information on Grand Coulee dam. Somebody shunted him off on Jim and, though Jim was hazy about Grand Coulee, he took the Collier's man under his wing and the two of them went to Jim's summer home on an island in the sound. The Collier's man was Walter Davenport, and between them the Grand Coulee article presently took shape. So, in course of time, as the Stroller tells, Jim joined the

staff of Collier's, and now rambles around the world, while the fellow on the Star, who was too busy that day to talk to Davenport, still is plugging away on the Star. The Stroller seems to think the joke is on this yet obscure journalist.

Well, yes and no. The Grand Coulee article, published two years ago, was so flagrantly inaccurate, so they say, that it still is recalled with resentment. It bore Davenport's byline, but the conclusions were Marshall's. And recently Collier's printed an article by Jim Marshall on Bonneville dam, entitled "The Dam of Doubt." For naive and casual misstatement, in a national publication, this effort has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. Presumably Jim Marshall visited Bonneville dam, but certainly he somewhere derived more misconceptions about the project, and put them to print, than would seem possible. He thinks, for example, that Celilo locks are so near the dam that they will be inundated in back water, and never again will be used by sea-going vessels. The facts are that Celilo locks are far above Bonneville, that they won't be drowned out, and that they were built for and used by river boats. His subject eluded Jim Marshall in a score of similar instances.

Nor is Jim any sounder on salmon. He predicts that the Columbia migrations, having scaled the dam, will die in still water. But the water will not be still, for the full flow of the river yet will pass the dam, and, for the matter of that, the upstream instinct does not depend wholly on stream rapidity. Salmon transferred to the pool above Ariel dam, on the Lewis river—a lake of fairly inactive water twenty miles long—were found in the tributaries at the head of the pool less than three days after their release above the obstruction. But, according to Jim Marshall, the salmon that finds itself in a retarded current—he, Mr. Marshall, evidently assumes there will be no current whatever—feebly waggles its caudal appendage and gives up the ghost.

To return to the man on the Star, who was too busy that day to talk to the man from Collier's and who thus, it may be imagined by permissible stretching, lost his chance to represent the weekly at home and abroad—well, how does he feel about it? The sensible way of looking at it is to suppose that the man on the Star, still plugging away, would rather be plugging away on the Star than

have written of Bonneville in the manner Jim Marshall wrote. Maybe he's thanking Providence, all things considered, he was too busy to talk to Walter Davenport.—The Oregonian.

THE NEW BONNEVILLE BILL

When the house rivers and harbors committee reported, Thursday, a fusionist Bonneville bill, it took the step for which appeal has been repeated on this page.

When the committee proposed that the army engineers operate the physical Bonneville property, turning the electric current for sale over at the switchboard to an administrator, it showed appreciation merely of good organization.

When the committee further proposed that rates for Bonneville power be subject to review by the federal power commission, it only recognized a general authority possessed by this federal agency.

So, when Chairman Joseph Mansfield of the house rivers and harbors committee, said, "It is a good bill," he spoke the views of many who have studied the subject but who would like to withhold unqualified indorsement until they have seen the text of the bill itself.

Moreover, when Representative Nan Honeyman was regretful because the bill does not give the administrator full operating authority

over the Bonneville plant, she undoubtedly voiced the fear of "divided authority" that has influenced many others. But that fear need not exist. No agency in all this country is better equipped or better qualified to operate Bonneville dam, including its shiplock, fishways and power plant, than the army engineers. What would be anomalous would be to let the army engineers dictate how much electric current they would turn over to the administrator. It should be definitely provided that installation of electric generators at the dam will be made on requisition of the administrator, he, in turn, acting in prudent but progressive advance of demand. It should be definitely provided that the administrator shall initiate rate schedules to be approved by the federal power commission if, in accordance with the cost of producing and delivering the power, BUT NOT BASED UPON THE RATES PRESCRIBED AT SOME OTHER POWER PLANT.

Almost at the moment the Bonneville bill was going into the house hopper, Oregon's Governor Martin declaimed against "postage stamp" rates. He suggested, instead, zones in which the rates will be at a minimum considering generating and transmission costs. It should be entirely possible to set up zones of minimum rates that will encourage industry and serve fairly farms, cit-

LOUDLY PROCLAIM

*Give me bombs and giant crackers on the gay and noisy day,
When we think of independence in a big exploding way.
Keep your flags, parades and speeches for the tame ones who can't "hack it."
On the Fourth, in rain or sunshine, I want fireworks, I want racket.
On that day I try attempting, with much noise around my house,
To assert some independence toward my dictatorial spouse.*

—Uncle Jeb

ies, power districts and homes. In these zones it should be possible to serve Bonneville current cheaper than this or any other area has ever been served.—Oregon Journal.

Aunt Eliza Again

I have been thinking today, Mr. Editor, of this injunction we often hear of "keeping busy." Many look upon it as a cardinal virtue, and I suppose that we may call it so. But I venture the assertion that the virtue may be overdone. That I may forestall any charge of heresy in the matter, let us consider the subject a bit.

A farmer may be so busy cultivating his fields that he finds no time to cultivate himself. And I may ask which is of the greater importance? The merchant may be so busy sacking up commodities, handing out change, and keeping up with the market, that he does it at a self-sacrifice not worth the game.

The little busy bee has been industriously recommended to human kind as an example of industry, but the life of the bee worker is surprisingly short. He hits a pace that burns him up. The bee hive has often been cited as a wonderful exhibit of co-operation. But let us see, is there not a large per cent of the bees in the hive that do not co-op at all in the labor? But you say the idle ones get what's coming to them. That's true, but both workers and drones, in my contention, get what's coming to them.

We have also been frequently advised to go to the ant as a shining example of industry. But most of us have seen a colony of ants in what looked like a hysteria of movement, rushing this way and that to no apparent purpose—busy, yes, but as far as we could see, only wearing out ant shoe leather.

So, Mr. Editor, I do not see but what we may place a question mark after all this bee-ant advice. Does the lowly animal life comparison fit in with that of the race, we call the lords of creation? Far be it from your correspondent to decry industry. But people can get too busy. The great qualities of temperance, of poise, or reasonableness enter largely into the ideal human life.

There is, of course, the high quality of sacrifice in life, where a man gives himself unalterably and wholeheartedly for a great cause. But the cause is worth the sacrifice. Life's high values are bought at just such a price. But when we give ourselves completely to the small things of life, we are simply "frying ourselves in our own fat."

AUNT ELIZA.

Silo Silas Sez--



Wonder if it would be proper to say that these new sit-down strikes are among the "stern" realities of life?

Free speech isn't enough for some orators. What they need is a way to make other people listen.

America may have more crime than all the other countries, but she didn't raise all the criminals.

Lives of picnickers remind us,
We should camp in shady wood,
And departing, leave behind us
Bottles, cans, and scraps of food.

A statesman is a fellow who is willing to do everything possible for the dear public if it will help his political cause.

Physicians say the insane are happier than the sane. Maybe that's because they don't have to worry over doctor bills.

A man sometimes marries so he will have someone to tell his troubles to, and he certainly has plenty to talk about then.

A CHAIN ON THE DOOR!

