

## THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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### FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

News items or ads may be left at the Cascade Drug Company in Cascade Locks, or at the Roosevelt Inn in Bonneville.

Tuesday night I am at the Roosevelt Inn in Bonneville, and Wednesday in Cascade Locks. Other times call us collect at Hood River 3761. Jack Travis.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Three months.....	\$0.40
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## MEN OF THE WOODS

We would sing the praises of the Forest Service.

Here is one case where the often exaggerated idea that government jobs are "snaps" certainly does not hold true. We would not want to change places with the forest rangers in this season of the year particularly.

The Mid-Columbia region is fortunate in possessing at its three major stations, Forest Service executives, who not only thoroughly understand the ways of the woods and the duties of their offices, but are human beings of the finest sort—gentlemen of the first order.

Mid-way down the gorge is a forester who stands in high esteem by those who know him. Roy Weeman, District Ranger at the Columbia Gorge Ranger Station, a modest fellow, is one of these men who is always on the job and whose job comes first. His station near Herman Creek, has become quite a show place for tourists along the highway, but Weeman would rather point with pride to the greenery on the mountain sides of his districts—a monument to his constant vigil.

Senior Forest Ranger Albert Weisendanger of Eagle Creek is one man whom Uncle Sam has surely put in his proper location. For with the public, whether educationally entertaining a crowd of hundreds as he did at the Legion Climb program and at various engagements during the winter months, or pre-determining their needs and conveniences at the Eagle Creek grounds, Ranger Al is at his best. In his management of the Northwest's most popular picnic grounds, he has built up a spot which America has discovered to be "the last word" in rustic recreation sites. Much of the credit for Eagle Creek's popularity should go to him.

Efficient in handling his phase of the Forest Service work, is Senior District Ranger Stanley Walters of Parkdale. His is a great responsibility—guarding the beautiful trees of the Mt. Hood National Forest from the demon that has laid low so many great stands of the timber of the west. Walters' area is not an easy one—extending to the region east of the mountain where rainfall is light, where humidity is low and where small sparks could easily burst into roaring flames.

The men of the forests, their assistants and the patient boys at the look-out towers are deserving fellows, and most of all they deserve the full cooperation of those who travel through the timbered regions. If the public will abide by posted notices, if smokers will desist from their puffings while traveling, and if campers will use caution when they build fires, the Rangers will take care of the forests.

## LET'S TALK OF THE WEATHER

Regardless of charges of cynical persons who belittle those who like to talk about the temperature and climate, we would support those genial folks who pass the pleasant interrogation, "Is it hot enough for you?"

People who talk about the weather are oft accused of assininity by folks who pride themselves on belonging to a plane of the intelligensia. Now we may have had difficulty in making a reply which is anything but a glorification of the obvious when we responded to the inquiry last week about the excessive heat being to our liking. But nevertheless the friendly greeting, "Is it hot enough for you?" carried with it a gesture of friendship almost as warm as the 100-plus temperature. It is a more informal and more personal salute than a cold "How do you do" greeting which when we analyze it is far more meaningless than the average remark about the weather.

So let's talk about the weather. It is always a harmless topic. It is always a subject in common to us and our fellow men. Weather conversation can go into statistics, reminiscences, predictions, and observations. It is something which closely touches everyone. It is one of the few topics which strangers can discuss on a common plane.

So whether we remark about the weather as a casual greeting, as an introductory exchange of observations for strangers, or as a resort in awkward situations where something has to be said and no other topic comes to mind, we would say more power to the person who talks about the weather.

## CONCERNED WITH THE WORKER

A conference whose theme was the welfare of the workers was held last week at the Columbia Gorge Hotel, when personnel and safety directors of two great Northwest companies assembled to discuss mutual problems.

The two companies, Crown Zellerbach Corporation and Rayonier, Inc., employ in each of their plants a person whose title is safety and personnel director. This director looks after the general welfare of the worker, not only in his safety on the job, but also advises him as to financial problems which have grown complicated in a day of workmen's compensation, social security, savings and investments and life insurance.

It is assumed that companies taking such interest in the employees see returns far more than commensurate with the cost of administering, in increased production and improved products. We wonder if here is the keynote for a solution to the present-day modern problem of industrial unrest. It seems that Crown-Zellerbach and Rayonier, Inc., are pointing the way.

## THEIR NEIGHBOR'S PAPER

The much-quoted Weston Leader had the following to say last week: "The Leader this week is below par, and we fear that a lotta good folks who borrow their little old hometown sheet while paying for dailies will figure it isn't worth what it doesn't cost them."

A German paper predicts that wood will soon be used as food. We often think of it in that light now in cutting into some cantaloupe.

Another man we feel sorry for is the one whose wife thinks he can hang paper or paint the kitchen as well as the fellow who gets paid for it.

The best reducing exercise is in moving the head from left to right when asked to have another one.

The most surprising thing about Mussolini is that such a powerful man could be raised on spaghetti.

## THE COUNTY'S CRUSHER

(Editorial)

Much interest was manifest throughout the county last week following our announcement that the County Commissioners had purchased a \$10,719 rock crusher. The Commissioners declared we had misquoted facts and called on us to correct them. The Sun is glad to correct any mistakes that it recognizes, but we have not been able to ascertain wherein we have made any gross misstatements.

We recounted that the purchase of the machine had never been discussed at any meeting of the county court. Minutes of the county court fail to mention a record of the proposed transaction. That is through the May meeting. The June and July meetings have not been written up. The clerk states that no mention is made in the minutes for the latter sessions.

The matter of a rock crusher was discussed at meetings of the budget committee and \$4000.00 was allocated for 1937 and the same for 1938.

In the county records is a statement made out on county forms by the Feenaughty Machinery Co., dated May 14th, when apparently it was expected the statement would be sent through. At the bottom it is sworn before a notary public that the equipment was delivered and this date, July 5th. Attached to this bill is the following note:

"Feenaughty Machinery Co., Portland, Oregon, Gentlemen: We hereby acknowledge indebtedness to you for one Pioneer Portable crushing plant in the sum of \$10,200, plus freight \$519.00, less allowance for Symons crusher and screen \$1,750, making balance due you of \$8,969.00 on which balance we hereby pay you \$4,000, by county warrant and enter into an agreement to pay one-half of the balance on March 1, 1938, the other one half of the balance on March 1, 1940, plus 6% interest from the date of delivery, namely May 14, 1938. Very truly yours, J. D. Smullin, R. W. Perry."

Both of the above-described papers were presented to County Judge Ed Steele one week ago last Friday at his shop after the court had adjourned for the day. Steele states that this was the first intimation that a deal was in the making. Steele stated that he was not in favor of that manner of handling county business and refused to sign. With this refusal the commissioners attached the following note and sent the bill to the county clerk for payment:

"To W. L. Vannet, County Clerk. "We hereby direct you to draw a warrant in favor of the Feenaughty Machinery Co., in the sum of \$4,000.00, the same to apply on stone crusher purchased from them by

Hood River County. Signed, J. D. Smullin; R. W. Perry."

The Sun will have to retract its statement concerning the trade-in value of the machinery left in Portland for two years and then traded in on this deal. We were informed that the county look a loss on this but the commissioners maintain that the county received \$50 more than they paid for it.

There seemed to be some discussion concerning our "maybe" after the capacity of the new machine which is now located at the Dee site after being moved from the Smullin place last Thursday. We injected the "maybe" since it will probably do this amount easily in some rock but in some rock in Hood River it will not.

What we object to is the fact that a crusher had been bought, was in the county, and the taxpayers didn't know about it. It seems that an expenditure of this magnitude should be common knowledge. Also, we protest the fact that there was no mention in the County Court minutes of the purchase of a rock crusher.

We believe the commissioners should make all such transactions at specified meetings. Taxpayers are interested in knowing of such public negotiations and the press of the county is glad to make such announcements.

Whether or not a crusher should have been purchased is a different story. Those who opposed it on the grounds of economy should have protested at the time the budget was drawn up.

But we say, commissioners, tell us more about what you are doing.

## Silo Silas Sez . . .

Looking over political history, there doesn't seem to be as many political bolts as in the old days, just a few more loose nuts.

Any sort of rattle will quiet a girl baby, but when she grows up she wants it to be in an auto.

When a man denounces, in a loud defiant manner, that he has no apologies to make, the chances are that he ought to have.

Our sympathy goes out to the man who has to strain himself to live up to his wife's expectations.

They claim the next war will be fought by insects. Didn't cooties have a lot to do with the last one?

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