

THE DAM CHRONICLE

Published Every Friday at Cascade Locks, Oregon

CUMMINS & SHIELDS, Publishers
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

| | |
|-----------------------|------|
| Three Months, by mail | .50 |
| Six Months, by mail | 1.00 |
| One Year, by mail | 2.00 |

The Chronicle serves Eastern Multnomah county and Western Hood River county. It is distributed to all camps housing employes on the Bonneville Dam.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1934

FIRE PROTECTION AREA.

The problem of fire protection continues to abide with Cascade Locks. Many have been called to solve the problem but none have answered. However, from the state fire marshal's office at Salem comes what appears to be a solution. And the solution is equally applicable to the condition which exists throughout the Bonneville dam area.

Under provisions of Chapter 379, general laws of Oregon, 1929, rural communities and towns that are unincorporated may organize fire protection districts. The law permits the people of a rural community to vote a tax of two mills and to borrow money with which to purchase equipment, install water mains and maintain a fire department.

There is pressing need of fire protection in all of the communities which have grown up in the district since the government commenced work on the dam. For the benefit of all who may be interested, The Chronicle will publish the principal features of the state law governing the creation of fire protection districts. It will appear in the next issue.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

On October 3, 1933, the first man to find employment on Bonneville dam arrived at the reservation. In the 12 months which have elapsed since the project was set in motion work has been provided for several thousand men, and it is today furnishing work for 2200 men.

In the year the population has climbed from a few hundred to almost 4000 people; hundreds of homes have been built; new business centers have grown up; impetus has been given to the development of the Mid-Columbia district.

Another year will bring other changes. No one knows what the future holds but there is every reason to assume that the population will continue to grow, and that the district will become better and better known throughout the state.

The task of building the dam was entrusted to the army engineers have moved swiftly. One contract after another has followed fast on the heels of another. The preliminary work has been completed. The public, observing the progress that has been made, has come to have a new respect for the army. The Indians and some of the old timers are prone to declare that the engineers cannot conquer the river, but a year of fast work on the part of trained engineers is proof of the fact that the army reaches its objective, that the river will be tamed and the dam completed on the date fixed and that the dam will be an actuality within three years.

MAN KILLED FOR DECEIVING SPOUSE

Father in Law Takes Law Into Own Hands.

Parts.—"The unwritten law" is the defense evoked by a wealthy Belgian merchant who tracked and killed his son-in-law here, after a long and relentless hunt.

The son-in-law was Albert Van de Vorst, who in 1922, when twenty-one, married Jeanne Lussolr, seventeen. Soon after, however, he returned to the women whom he had found amusing before his marriage.

When his wife complained, he arranged with his twin brother to replace him. They resembled each other so nearly that at first the young wife did not realize the deception. When she discovered it she left her husband and went with her twin children to her parents to live.

One of the twins died and De Vorst blamed the father-in-law and his wife's mother. This proved the final straw, and the young woman began suit for divorce. Legal decisions were in her favor and she was given custody of the surviving child.

De Vorst asked her to come back to him, she refused, he shot her, fled, was arrested, and condemned to 20 years' penal servitude. Pressure exerted by his family caused him to be let out after seven years.

At his trial in Antwerp, De Vorst escaped three times from attempts of his father-in-law, Jules Lussolr, to kill him. Always armed with two guns and a dagger, Lussolr waited. When De Vorst was let out of prison he fled to France. Lussolr followed him, learning that he had become engaged to a wealthy widow, Mme. Ehrmann.

Lussolr waited, learning that the couple, who were to be married in June, were away. When they came back, Lussolr was waiting.

He shot De Vorst four times, killing him immediately.

Tar Has Girl in Seven Ports; Proposes to All

London.—The naval town of Plymouth is chucking and a sailor of the U. S. S. Wyoming who lives up to the old maritime tradition of "a girl in every port" is undoubtedly feeling sheepish as a result of the discovery of seven postcards in the letter box of a local shop, which is next door to the post office.

They were addressed to seven different girls, two in New York, one in San Francisco, one in Los Angeles, one in Hawaii, still another in Newfoundland, and finally, one in Mexico City.

To all the girls the sailor said he was looking forward to marrying them. To at least three he wrote, "I never think of any other girl but you."

Theft of Flower Brings Call for Bloodhounds

Hopkinsville, Ky.—When thieves raided the pantry of Maggie Rosch the matter was dismissed with a benign "I guess who ever did it was just hungry." When a series of raids resulted in a loss of several trinkets Maggie still maintained her calm. But the straw that broke the camel's back and aroused all of Maggie's wrath was the theft of a single bloom from one of her prized flowers.

She immediately made arrangements at a cost of \$25 to have bloodhounds set on the trail of the miscreant. When it appeared she might not be able to hire the dogs here she sought to have some brought from Tennessee.

Oklahoma Divorce Seekers Must Cool Heels 30 Days

Oklahoma City, Okla.—One of the first official acts of Claude Weaver, when he was appointed district judge here to fill a vacancy, was to ban quick divorces. Taking the bench here by appointment of Gov. W. H. Murray, Weaver announced he would hear no divorce case unless it had been on file 30 days "to give the parties cooling time so they will make up and go back together."

TEXAS RANGER IS MOST FEARED OF OUTLAW HUNTERS

Capt. Frank Hamer Rivals Deeds of Wyatt Earp, Famed Marshal.

Austin, Texas.—The fame of Wyatt Earp, known as the deadliest frontier marshal in the days of the old Southwest, is now threatened with eclipse by a modern rival. He is Capt. Frank Hamer of the Texas rangers.

Although he is known over the country chiefly because he "wiped out" Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, notorious outlaws, Captain Hamer is recognized in his home state as the greatest man hunter the rangers have ever had. He's been "in at the death" of 33 outlaws, and on his own pistol are 17 notches, not counting Mexicans.

In many ways, though not physically, Captain Hamer resembles the old frontier marshal, Wyatt Earp. Captain Hamer is a big man, standing 6 feet 4 inches in his boots and weighing over 200 pounds. Wyatt Earp was 8 inches shorter and 50 pounds lighter. But both have the same disposition.

Avoids Publicity.

Earp never fought unless he had to; neither does Captain Hamer. Both are renowned for their avoidance of publicity. Earp wore dark clothes and never adorned his person with the colored bandanas and fancy vests of the old West. Captain Hamer dresses like a Texas business man.

But both are noted for having their guns always ready for action.

Typical of the cool, quiet, thorough-going methods employed by Captain Hamer was his hunt of Clyde Barrow and his cigar smoking girl friend, Bonnie Parker. The search started when Barrow killed his tenth and eleventh victims, two highway troopers, near Grapevine, Texas. The orders were: "Don't come back until you have the pair, dead or alive."

With three other rangers, he started to run down every tip received about Barrow. They led him through Texas and Oklahoma, north as far as Canada, and then back to the Gulf of Mexico. All the time he was becoming more and more familiar with the pair's methods of operation. Finally he got word that they intended to rob the First National Bank of Arcadia, La.

He set his trap on the main highway a few miles outside the town.

End of Clyde Barrow.

The officers waited for six hours in the underbrush alongside the road. Finally a tan sedan was seen approaching from the north. It was Clyde and Bonnie. Captain Hamer gave them a chance to stop. He stood up, alone of his men, and signaled to the car. It put on speed and Bonnie was seen to reach toward the floor. Captain Hamer fired and his shots were echoed by a hail of bullets from his men.

Hundreds of bullets were sent into the sides of the car. It swerved from the road and crashed against an embankment a hundred feet away. The officers peeped into the car. Bonnie and Clyde were dead, their bodies riddled with bullets. Clyde was slumped over the wheel, Bonnie's head was between her knees.

But Captain Hamer wasn't proud over the shooting which ended the activities of two of the most desperate criminals ever seen in the Southwest. He drove to town and quietly returned to Texas.

"I hated to have to shoot a woman," he said. "It's all right when it's a fellow who's going to get you if you don't get him first. But a woman—"

But even more characteristic of the man, and similar to the custom of Wyatt Earp, who always returned to his marshal's duties immediately after he had tracked down and killed a badman, was his remark when his superiors asked what he was going to do upon his return from his Louisiana success.

"I've been up for 90 hours," he said apologetically, "and I'd like to take the rest of the afternoon off. But I'll be ready for work in the morning."

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