

THE DAM CHRONICLE

Published every Friday in the interest of the Bonneville Dam Area by the Dam Publishing company.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Carrier
One month, by carrier anywhere in district . . . 20 cents
Three months . . . 50 cents
By Mail
Three months . . . 50 cents
Six months . . . \$1.00
One year . . . \$2.00

Editorial and Business Office in Bonneville, Oregon. Mechanical Department in Cascade Locks,

OCTOBER 12, 1934

WATER DISTRICTS.

No richer soil is found in Oregon than the soil between the toll bridge and Wyeth. Families want to live on small acreage and cultivate this soil, for they realize that from it they can find health, happiness and an abundance of food.

Absence of water on lands lying between the mountains and the river has caused the bulk of the land to remain idle for three quarters of a century. Building of the dam has stimulated interest in the land, has created a market for it. And this interest will bring about the development of the poultry and fruit industries, which will make Cascade Locks a thriving community after the dam is completed.

Cost of putting water on the land is prohibitive when undertaken by a single individual, but it becomes a comparatively simple task when undertaken by a group of property owners.

The Oregon state law permits of the creation of water districts. Money to defray cost of laying pipe lines is procured from taxation. The taxes are light and offer a practical method of carrying water to the land. From week to week The Chronicle will explain the law in an effort to familiarize the public with it. Other rural communities are taking advantage of the law to their benefit, and it can be utilized in the valley to the benefit of everyone.

A FIGHTING SPIRIT.

From the east comes reports that large users of electrical energy are beginning to interest themselves in the rates at which the federal government will dispose of Bonneville dam power.

With the passing of time these inquiries will become more and more numerous. Scouts will be sent out to investigate proposed sites for the location of industries, and some morning the community will awaken to learn that a nationally known manufacturer has selected a location for an industrial plant.

The plant may locate in Cascade Locks. Or it may go to some other town on the river. That is going to depend upon the people of Cascade Locks. The town has an abundance of land for industries, ample water, cheap power. It is ideally situated, with water, rail and highway transportation. And when the dam is completed it will possess hundreds of cottages and houses which can be rented to employes of an industrial plant.

Wishing for lightning to hit us is pleasant, but unless we run up the lightning rod there is danger that the prize may fall to another town.

The Chronicle feels that the

FALL MORNINGS

When morning frosts the meadows,
And the fur is on the stock;
When the cider's in the cellar,
And the kraut is in the crock,
And the lard is in the larder
From the hog in sections hanging,
And the breezes bring the echoes
Of back-yard doors a-banging;
When the snow upon the mountains
Come a-creeping down the valleys,
And ash cans full are cluttering
The wind swept morning alleys,
Where pussy cat is prowling,
Early morning breakfast seeking,
With an eye on bandit tomcat,
Hungry, 'round a corner sneaking,
When the rooster 'midst his harem
Reveille impulses check,
Snuggles deeper in the feathers
With a wing around his neck.
The early bird can have the worm
For all he seems to care,
When he sniffs the morning zephyrs
And the frost that crimps the air.
When the last late leaves are falling
On the roof, to clog the gutters,
And the sun comes dimly slanting
On the sleepers through the shutters.
And Paw crawls from the covers—
Which is far from his desires—
And mumbles in the kitchen,
As he makes the morning fires.
The rooster later follows
The last hen from the roost;
The cow is lowing by the barn,
Impatient to be juiced.
And Maw is getting breakfast,
And Paw is out of doors;
You can hear him out there whistling
As he does the morning chores.
The shades of night are dying
In the corners of the room;
The scent of bacon frying
In the air, is sweet perfume.
And Maw yells, "Hey! You lazy ones,
Get up and soak your head!
Must hunger and necessity
Remove you from that bed?"
When there's ice of early morning,
The horse trough thin upon,
And the stock is breathing smoky,
As the sun, dull, greets the dawn,
And it ain't no time for loafing
When the snow is on the mounts,
Old Winter's in the offing
And every moment counts.

—Noble F. Hyde.

Chamber of Commerce is the proper agency to take the lead in gathering and disseminating information on resources of the community.

But too many people have been busy with personal affairs to interest themselves in civic affairs. And the town, like Topsy, is being allowed to "jes' grow."

Once a week is not too often for the Chamber of Commerce to meet. Much is to be done. An hour a week is not too much time to demand from every resident of the community who has the progress and development of the district at heart. Growth of a town is determined by the spirit of the people. If the people are indifferent they must not feel surprised or hurt when another community obtains a coveted industry.

The Chronicle should like to see the weekly noonday luncheons resumed; should like to see every property owner and every business man close up shop and give his or her time for a couple of hours to the upbuilding of the district, and to seeking an industrial plant for Cascade Locks.

Tourist: "What's the charge for this battery?"

Foreign Mechanic: "One and a half volts, sir."

Tourist: "How much is that in American money?"

Mary, aren't you getting too big to play with boys?"

"No, mother, the bigger I get the better I like 'em."

The Key to Tax Reduction
. . . is Tax Education

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