

**THE DAM CHRONICLE**

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

Mark A. Shields, . . . Editor  
John H. Travis, Business Manager

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

**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

**LOOKING FORWARD**

Some fine morning two or three years hence Oregon will awaken with a smile to learn that the Bonneville dam has been finished and that the waters of the river back of the masonry has been transformed into a beautiful lake.

Portland business men foresee completion of the dam and are leaving no stone unturned to obtain industries which will use the power that will be generated by the giant turbines.

Within the Bonneville Dam area are abundant sites for industrial plants, close to the source of power. Within the territory are numerous raw materials necessary to the manufacture of essential products. The district will enjoy low power rates at tidewater.

The numerous advantages are known, but no one is interested, it seems, for all seem content to believe that the countryside will return to normal complacency when the job at the dam is done and the last workman has disappeared down the highway.

The Chronicle believes a pulp and paper industry will rise on the river bank back of the dam where the lake will provide a natural log pond, for the mountains are full of white fir that newsprint, used by the newspapers, is manufactured. And white fir is no longer obtainable in large stands close to transportation.

**NEED FOR A SIDEWALK**

The congested condition of the highway through the Bonneville Dam area remains a constant menace to safety of pedestrians, who have no other choice than to battle fleeting motorists for the privilege of using the road.

Early in December the state highway commission will meet in Portland. This meeting offers a splendid opportunity for a delegation to call attention to conditions which exist in the territory and ask for relief.

The state stands to profit from the expenditure of \$32,000,000 by the federal government at Bonneville, and it is profiting immeasurably from the extra taxes collected through the gasoline tax as a result of the extra traffic. In view of the advantages accruing to Oregon there appears no reason why the state highway commission should not assume the expense of building a footpath along the highway, from Eagle creek to Warrendale.

**THE SALES TAX AGAIN**

From Salem comes word that the sales tax is to be urged upon a tax weary state again at the forthcoming session of the legislature. This time it is to be played up as a tax on luxuries. And the sponsor—don't laugh—is none other than John J. Beckman, chairman of the Multnomah county democratic central committee.

The people of Oregon have killed the sales tax so often that one marvels at the courage of its proponents. They are brutes for punishment.

Mr. Beckman, in the state capital, tells the newspaper boys that the luxury sales tax would raise \$3,000,000 for relief of the unemployed. Sounds good, and might have taken hold three years ago, but too many people are employed to be interested.

Tom Marshall once remarked that what America needed was a five cent cigar. That need has been

admirably filled, but no legislative group has yet given America what it desires: A real income tax and inheritance tax that will have the result of leveling large fortunes.

In Louisiana Huey Long commands almost the unanimous support of members of his legislature because he has public support in his drive upon wealth. Accumulation of wealth is no crime within itself, but the public has come to believe that the tax burden should rest upon those best able to bear it. The people of Oregon have expressed themselves repeatedly, and like the people of Louisiana, they will not accept or tolerate a sales tax until after they have been given an income tax and an inheritance tax with teeth in them.

**TABLOID TRUTHS**

Many a man has he said to propose, but lacks the rocks to marry.

It's had to let your wife find a letter you were supposed to have mailed, but it's a lot worse to let her find a letter you are supposed to have burned.

Many a sport roadster has been wrecked by a fellow trying to make a twist when he should have been making a turn.

When a woman says she won't be a minute she is usually right.

Many a fellow who thinks he sees the love light burning in his girl's eyes discovers that it's only her 'stop' light.

Now the boys are looking for the fellow who wanted to bet his summer wages that the government would never permit beer to be served on the reservation at the dam. At last reports he was too inebriated to talk.

**A SMILE OR TWO**

"May I try n that dress in your window?"

"No, Madam, I am very sorry, but you will have to retire to the women's dressing room."

"Eat your spinach, dear. Don't you know it puts firm, white teeth in your mouth?"

"Then feed it to grandpa."

"I don't see Charlie half as much as I used to."

"You should have married him when you had a chance."

"I did."

"Blinks is terrible worried about his wife."

"What's come over her?"

"A lot of new dresses he didn't buy for her."

"I got a problem all wrong today and stayed after class so the prof could help me."

"Did you find your mistake?"

"Yes, my mistake was staying after class."

"Wally's eyes make it dangerous for a girl to go driving with him. He always sees spots."

"Black spots?"

"No, secluded spots."

"I want something for a headache."

"But this is a department store, not a drug store."

"I know it; I want a present for my wife."

"I am an instructor at the high school and I would like to buy a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium."

"How large is your gymnasium?"

Maid—"A package just came for you, ma'am. It looks like a bracelet."

Dancer—"Don't be silly. It's my new stage costume."

"Have you had any experience with infernal machines?" asked the police captain of the rookie cop.

"Oh, yes; I bought a second-hand car."

"I understand Florence got her fur coat at a sacrifice."

"Yes, she had to sacrifice her principles to make the director give it to her."

"Into every life a little rain should fall," whistled the weather man, eyeing the Bonneville Dam area, as he went away and left the faucet running.

**Intruder Knocked Out for 10 Hours**

Rochester, Minn.—When an armed prowler entered her bedroom, Anna Reich, twenty-two-year-old farm girl, swung on him with the butt end of a rifle and knocked him unconscious for ten hours. But before she disposed of the intruder she accidentally knocked out her brother, James, sixteen, who was struggling with the gunman for the latter's revolver.

**ACTRESS IN PLANE FLIGHT FROM LOVER**

**Ingeborg Grahn Turns Down Persistent Archduke.**

London.—A slim, golden-haired girl stepped hurriedly aboard an air liner at Croydon.

A few moments later she was being whisked away for Paris.

This lovely passenger, who had only booked her passage at the last minute, was Ingeborg Grahn, one of Europe's most famous and idolized comedy stars.

And in London a young archduke paced impatiently at the rendezvous she had promised to keep with him.

This was the last act of a drama which began almost a year ago. Then, at the theater, the young archduke caught his first glimpse of the slim beauty. He arranged a meeting and implored the actress to marry him.

Act 2 is a sadder vein. The lovely actress had her career to think of. She tried with all her might to persuade the young man to give her up, to forget all about her.

He only protested his affection the more earnestly.

Act 3. At last the grand duchess seeing how madly in love her son was, decided upon desperate measures to end his romance. She approached Fraulein Grahn and asked her if she would be willing to throw up her work and go abroad.

Act 4 opens in London. Fraulein Grahn is staying quietly in the Texan hotel. Word is brought to her which makes her pack hurriedly and leave for another hotel.

Then one night, while she is at dinner with friends at a famous restaurant, in walks the archduke. He goes straight up to her table and pleads with her.

Eventually, the Fraulein promises to meet the young archduke the following morning.

Next day he waited in vain at the rendezvous. Ingeborg Grahn was on her way to Paris. Her promise to the young man's mother remained unbroken.

**Tipsy Juror's Leniency Costs 10 Days in Jail**

Chicago.—Twelve good men and true, including John A. Morrison, retired from Criminal court to deliberate on the evidence against James H. McIlhenny, charged with a \$3,000 swindle. The foreman called for a vote. There were nine responses of "guilty" and two for acquittal.

"And you, Mr. Morrison?" inquired the foreman.

"Guilty as the devil, but give 'em a break," Morrison answered with a resounding hicough. For four hours after the others had agreed on a guilty verdict the tipsy Morrison held the jury in a deadlock. Cold towels and harsh words were of little avail.

The other jurors, weary and desperate, finally reported to Judge Cornelius J. Harrington their inability to agree on a verdict. Morrison leaned heavily on two of his mates and blinked at the bench.

"Give the guy a break," he muttered. Then he hicoughed.

Under questioning, eleven jurors told the court why they hadn't been able to reach a verdict.

"That's contempt of court," said Judge Harrington sternly.

"Guilty as the devil," responded Morrison.

"Ten days in jail," directed the judge, "and thank you, gentlemen."

Bring Us Your News Items

**DANCE**  
**FRIDAY NIGHT**  
November 23  
AUSPICES AMERICAN LEGION  
**CRAIGMONT HOTEL**  
Free Turkey Door Prize

**Buy Here and Save**

WE MAINTAIN PORTLAND PRICES

<b>LUNCH KITS</b> <b>\$1.39</b> With Vacuum Bottle	50c Ipana Tooth Paste . . . 30c	<b>FLASH-LIGHT</b> <b>59c Up</b> With Battery
	50c Pepsodent Tooth Paste . . . 43c	
<b>PLAYING CARDS</b> <b>29c</b> Linen Finish	25c Listerine Tooth Paste . . . 19c	<b>Guaranteed ALARM CLOCKS</b> <b>98c</b>
	25c Dr. West Tooth Paste, 2 for . . . 33c	
	60c Alka-Seltzer . . . 49c	
	\$1.00 Cod Liver Oil . . . 50c	
	50c Chamberlain's Cough Syrup . . . 39c	
	60c McKeessons Aspirin, 100's . . . 49c	
	Kotex . . . 18c	
	Kleenex . . . 25c	

**Ted Zeiner's HIGHWAY DRUG STORE**

**BRING US YOUR CARS**  
EXPERT MECHANICS  
NEW EQUIPMENT  
BATTERY CHARGING  
Electric and Acetylene Welding  
Any Type of Automotive Service  
Power Wrecker  
**SERVICE GARAGE**  
CECIL MALLORY GEORGE BLAIDSDELL

**TYRRELL'S TAVERN**  
'ARCHIE' COOK, Manager  
A friendly place in which to spend to spend the idle hours  
**RESTAURANT AND LUNCH COUNTER**  
SODA FOUNTAIN AND BAR  
FILLING STATION  
CARD TABLES  
Opposite the gate in Bonneville