

# THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

Published every Friday in the interests of the Bonneville Dam Area.

JOHN H. TRAVIS .....Publisher  
HUGH A. SCOTT .....Editor

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### OUR PROGRAM

1. Develop a fire protection system.
2. Create a water district and develop lands between Craigmont hotel and Herman creek.
3. Install street lights.
4. Lay down sidewalks—even though they are wooden sidewalks.
5. Urge the federal government to purchase the toll bridge and make it a free bridge.
6. Launch a campaign to make the lake back of the dam the most popular resort on the West Coast.

### A REAL ROSE FESTIVAL

The song is an old song, but must be sung frequently, else it will be forgotten.

The song tells of the timeless warfare between things of the spirit and things material. The song says, in effect, that money will not buy everything; implying strongly, indeed, that money will not buy anything that can be expressed in terms of human happiness and human worth.

The truth of the song was demonstrated again when citizens of Portland staged their annual Rose Festival, done as usual in the grand manner with a full three-day program, lavish floats, a formal ball; and when nine little girls of this city had a festival of their own.

Portlanders spent thousands on their show; our girls, nothing. The Portland parade was watched by throngs who jammed the streets for hours; our parade, by a handful of laughing neighbors. The Portland festival was ruled by a stately young lady chosen from among scores of aspirants from all the city high schools; our festival, by a simply-dressed young miss of six years.

Yet who is there who will rise to say that the grander festival brought more of happiness into the world? Or was it indeed a grander festival? What makes a festival if it is not abandonment to joy, a quick laugh, unbought merriment, a momentary dedication to the Goddess of Holiday?

In these things did our own people equal and surpass the hard-won gaiety of the metropolis. In these things is Cascade Locks the proudest city on the coast.

True to the spirit of the festival, we bow before Queen Lenore and her gracious court.

### OUR PROGRESS EDITION

Not only in its own behalf is the Dam Chronicle proud of the progress edition which it put on sale this week. It is true a lot of continued effort on the part of the entire staff—editorial, sales and mechanical—went into that 24-page issue.

But much of our pride is in the vitality and progressiveness of the entire area which made the edition possible. Enough time has elapsed

since publication of the last progress number to make a real taking-stock valuable, and truly the advances during the past year have been no less remarkable than those during the year preceding the last issue.

Things happen around Bonneville. Mistakes are made, sure thing; nature too steps in once in a while and gums the works. But that bunch of army men and that hard-headed construction crew keep the shovels going, the forms rising up, the concrete masses pillaring from bedrock toward heaven. And every day there is something new to say about the fight to tame Old Man River.

One thing you will notice in looking through the paper is the fact that the dam is going to serve a large area. Cities as widely separated as Vancouver, Wash., and The Dalles rightly claim direct benefits from the project. Many small communities are ideally located to take advantage of what the dam can offer, and in most respects there is little to choose between them. All stand to profit. Bickering and scolding are out of reason, because the good of one will in large degree be the good of another.

So we present our special edition to the public, with no other prayer than that it be given respectful attention. We think that you will like it, and that you will agree it is worth the dime you pay if you are not a regular Chronicle subscriber.

We also hope you will cooperate with us in publicizing the dam by purchasing a few extra copies and mailing them to friends you think will be interested in the work going on here.

### BRAND NEW

Bonneville's new railroad station looks as though it had just been purchased at the counter of a high class department store. It is attractive, in excellent taste if a trifle dazzling, but still substantial.

It is a refreshing departure from the ordinary run of railroad stations. Natty as a new roadster in its white and blue, with plenty of glass and light, it invites where its older contemporaries repel.

We didn't want to get started on an involved criticism. We merely felt you'd be interested in coming down and looking the station over, because it's as appealing inside as out. Something brand new in an established line of goods.

## Warrendale

Oscar Woods with James F. Dow and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Glen Getchel Sunday, taking dinner with them.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Borch from Banks, Or., were here Sunday to call on Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hill entertained the O. H. Hills at dinner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Herrington made a fishing trip to Rainy lake Thursday and almost caught the limit, but didn't stay quite long enough. Friday they went up to Mount Hood and fished some on the way back. They are being visited by their grandson, Jerry Stenberg, up from Hollywood for the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kimsey visited in Portland Saturday and at Mount Hood Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Keene and daughter, Caroline, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Beck.

Boots, a year-old toy terrier belonging to the T. V. Becks, was run over and killed by a handcar on the railroad track just north of Warrendale Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thompson and family were fishing in Rainy lake Sunday. Mr. Thompson and his sons were fishing near Hood River Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kendler, Mr. and Mrs. George Houtz and Mrs. Houtz' sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Whorlow visited the Rose Festival Friday and saw the Canadian Mounted

### THE ORGANIST AT TWILIGHT

*We listened to the organ play at twilight.  
Strains of songs  
That were so dear to dad and mother:  
Slow and lilting little tunes,  
So full of rest.  
Then wandering along the keys  
The organist  
Had caught our mood.  
The modern trend for jazz.  
His fingers moved more quickly,  
And his body started swaying  
In the clutch  
Of Old Man Rhythm.  
Forth from out the organ  
Now came music.  
Full of gayety and carelessness.  
Intoxicating us  
With every carefree note.  
Some future day  
Will see our own dear children  
Listening  
To an organ played at twilight,  
Listening to the melodies  
That to their dad and mother  
Were so dear.*

—Aino Ferrington.

### Names of Streets in Brussels

The names of the streets in Brussels speak of everyday life and everyday things. There are Fish street, Poultry street, Butter street and the Street of Lost Bread. Another of Brussels' streets, that of the Six Young Men, tells of tragedy—of six youths who were out playing jokes one night and by accident smeared the face of an agent of the country's foreign ruler with tar. They were caught and hanged, and later the street in which they lived was named the Street of the Six Young Men in their memory.

### Early Transatlantic Travel

Early transatlantic fares did not include food at all but simply transportation and water. In those times passengers had to bring their own supplies, usually consisting of crackers, ham and similar nonperishables. In 1790, a 270-ton ship carrying 40 transatlantic passengers, only two kettles, each containing three gallons, comprised the total cooking equipment for passengers.

Or he might try fishing in East lake, provided there are any fish left by that time.

police in the stadium.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Stevens and Mrs. Emma Johnson also saw the Rose Festival parade Friday.

L. E. Stevens, J. Holland and Chet Cook were fishing in Rainy lake Sunday, returning with a fair catch.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Cook and daughter, Mary, drove in to Portland for the Rose Festival parade Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Carter returned Sunday after a two weeks' stay with relatives and friends in Port Townsend, Wash., where Mr. Carter's mother lives, and Seattle. Their son, Richard, will stay with his grandmother until school begins.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Whorlow are being visited by Mr. Whorlow's father and sister.

Mrs. Conrad Doyle and Millicent are visiting a daughter of Mrs. Doyle in Yreka, Calif. The Doyles have moved out of their Warrendale cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Doyle are visiting in Hood River.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Smith visited Mrs. Smith's parents in Aberdeen, Wash., last Thursday and Friday. They spent the week end at her parents' place on Hood's canal. The Smiths were in The Dalles Tuesday and Wednesday last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Houtz, Mrs. Houtz' sister, Nellie, and her young man friend, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kendler went to Mount Hood early Sunday, saw the ski carnival,

## Bonneville

Lieutenant C. D. Bonesteel, who replaced Captain Colby M. Myers as executive officer June 10, is, among other things, a genuine Oxford product. He spent three years there after having attended Stanford university.

Chick Johnson, genial public relations expert, says next Sunday will be the last for his popcorn wagon in its present location just west of Post 3. Ever since the regulation forbidding cars parking on the roadway where the wagon is located Chick's business has been in the doldrums, so he plans to move up on the highway.

Mrs. Buttles, librarian at the Fresno county library in California, visited the Bonneville library last week and was favorably impressed, according to Chuck Jones, local librarian.

The U.S.E.D. boat Sandy is back in the water following extensive drydock work, but will not be operated until some adjustments have been made on the motors. The boat was given a complete hull paint job, new propellers and new rear shaftlog bushings.

H. H. Kirkland and E. R. Tonseth Union Pacific employees, are staying at the Roosevelt inn while the new stretch of track between Bonneville reservation and the highway is being tied in and made ready for use. A. P. Keppel of Portland, also a Union Pacific man, arrived Tuesday night for the same purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McVay and family lunched at Government Camp and returned to Warrendale via the Mount Hood loop highway.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Steiner and Miss Velma Stevenson of Helena, Mont., saw the police exhibition at the Pacific International Livestock exposition building in Portland Tuesday afternoon. Miss Stevenson arrived Monday and left Wednesday after a short visit with the Steiners.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Klein have returned from Seattle after spending a week there. The Kleins found six others, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Purdy of Seattle, waiting for them when they returned. The Purdys are driving two new Dodge sedans to Seattle from Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Armstrongs and daughter, Annamae, went to Portland Thursday, the parents returning Thursday night. Annamae stayed over until Sunday, seeing the Rose Festival and learning to ride a bicycle.

Mr. and Mrs. William LeTrace visited in Heppner Sunday.

## Odd Shots by H. A. S.

They say writing jokes is just a matter of putting old ideas into new dress. Something like designing gowns for Hollywood movie stars.

But it ain't so easy to find the old ideas to put into the dress—if you have a dress.

Every once in a while the bright boy will burst out with "I've got it! A brand new joke!" But careful investigation usually discloses the Hart, Schaffner and Marx tag under the collar.

No, jokes ain't what they used to be. Some of 'em ain't, anyhow.

This business of writing jokes is a cinch. If you write enough of 'em, the law of averages is all in your favor.

But then some people don't know what "enough" means.

Definition: Auto trailer: — the means by which family quarrels are moved from one part of the country to another.

Any preacher will tell you he seldom strikes a perfect match.

One in which, we add, both parties are lit up.

Max Schmeling is the only heavyweight to face the Brown Bomber who has expressed doubt of his ability to win. What's he trying to do? Scare Joe?

The Dun Dynamiter looks as vicious and efficient as he ever did. Do you prefer Sepia Sabateur?

Der Maxie has some pretty dandy nicknames himself. There's the Black Uhlan, for instance. To what we might add Nigrescent Nial, Hearse-colored Hun and Grape-crowned Cruncher.

ily have moved from the Roosevelt inn to the Cascade hotel in Cascade Locks.

The Bonneville post office reports receipt up to Tuesday night of 71 bonus envelopes containing bonds and checks for veterans. A majority of the registered envelopes had already been called for at that time.

### RIVER DROPPING FAST

Hope for early resumption of work on the north half of the Bonneville spillway dam was increased by rapid dropping of the river, whose flow diminished by 10,000 to 20,000 cubic feet per second daily from a peak of 520,000 second-feet a week and a half ago. While it is expected the flow will decrease much more slowly from now on, the river has already dropped about half the necessary distance before the cofferdam can be completed and work begun full blast. This will be done when the flow has reached 500,000 second-feet or less.

### A NEW RIG

Something new in the way of rigging around the country was demonstrated Tuesday when a unique rig passed along the Columbia river highway. Heading the procession were four complacent nags who were pulling a small trailer-horse. Towed behind the trailer was a Model T Ford coupe, apparently for use only in gadding about after dark. The team was hitched up for the night. The outfit was making about two miles an hour when last seen, headed east.

Goes to show you the advantage of having a simple name. Somebody want to try a pun on Roosevelt?