

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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

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Official publication for American Legion post No. 88, Bonneville, Oregon.

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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.

AL MEYERS

Even as the horse and buggy gradually sank into oblivion, so the old-timers are slipping away from the vicinity of Cascade Locks, whether called by death or plucked away by circumstance.

Now the boys are asking what will become of Al Meyers after the new water system goes in, and his services are no longer required as collector and office boy for the Al Meyers water company.

Since the turn of the century this genial, knowable soul has been wandering about within a stone's toss of the locks district, and the first of the month won't seem like the first of the month when the old boy doesn't turn up to collect sundry water rents.

In digging through the records an old, old story on Al cropped up—a story that took place in the days when horses were hoeses and buggies were not run by gasoline.

Al (it seems) had taken his one-horse hack and gone fishing out to Lake Matheny, near the site of the present emergency landing field. Some of the boys, in an ingenious mood, switched one of the rear wheels of the contraption with its forward mate, leaving the two high wheels at opposite corners.

Al didn't notice the scurvy deed until he was almost home, when it was too late to repair the damage. For one of the nuts on the axle box had tightened until the box could no longer turn on the axle, and the box cut out almost the entire woody interior of the hub. This circumstance lent a peculiar rolling motion to the hack's progress, much as years at sea will set a sailor to waddling.

Al may have forgotten this incident, but the chances are he hasn't for he recalls the location of nearly every stick and

shanty in these parts for the past thirty-five years.

Well, he's going—but we hope he'll bust in on us every so often and spill a few stories, even if he is no longer drawn back to the locks by the monetary magnet.

The art of practicing humility is nearly a lost art today. But occasionally often unexpectedly, one sees a sudden open act of true humbleness that shames the "gimmie" boys of the present generation.

A working man was talking in a meditative vein.

"Some people got lotsa money," he said. "Some people get two, maybe three cars every year. Me, I haven't even got a wheel-barrow to push around."

"That's not their fault—that's my fault."

He went on to explain that he had refused to go to school past the third grade, although his father had begged him to continue his education. Now he regrets his lack of learning. He does not lack intelligence, but he lacks the tools to put it to use.

How many like him would admit their error? How many folks in his position blame themselves for their shortcomings?

Not many. The cry of his class today is "Down with the bankers! Down with Wall Street! Down with all the institutions of capitalism!"

They forget history. They forget that many capitalists, no better equipped mentally, physically or financially than they at life's start, yet had the courage and the will to make themselves independent and influential.

So we salute the man of low estate, who may have been robbed of success by fate, who will take another notch in his belt and come up smiling—and fighting.

IT'S DOWN AGAIN

Human beings never seem to be satisfied unless they are crabbing about something, no matter what it may be.

For the past six weeks, high water in the Columbia has provided an ideal outlet for their spleen.

"No, there ain't nothin' doin'—won't be until the high water goes down." Usually there follows a number of unprintable remarks tending to prove that the river is something less than licious innuendo toward its ancient innuendo toward its ancestry.

Well, that's one excuse which won't stand the light of day any longer. The water is down now. Men are going back to work. The east cribs are beginning to peek up over the cool green crest which has kept them submerged so long.

So the river has proved that it can be trusted after all—that however high it may rise, it will surely fall again. Let's give it a rising vote of thanks for obeying the laws of nature. And let's quit hollering.

That the ancient Hindus had an extremely comprehensive understanding of time is proved by the fact that their astronomers had a word that indicated a period of ten billion years. The longest space of time expressible by a single word in English is a thousand years—

Odd Shots by H. A. S.

Mamie Glotz is the Dam Chronicle's nominee for the week's dumbest dora. She expressed great surprise when told whom the Democratic convention had nominated for president.

She is closely pressed for honors by the fellow who had been walking around the chery closely scrutinizing the fish. Finally he remarked to the superintendent, "Say, Mr. Anderson, is there such a thing salmon?"

For those of you who didn't laugh at the last crack, the Bonneville plant is a commercial salmon hatchery.

And there's always the guy who thinks the Bridge of the Gods is a book by Ely Culbertson.

Speaking of dumb plays, a fellow phoned the Oregonian once and asked when the Mexican War was fought.

"Oh, 1845 or so," replied the bright young man.

"Well, tell me," pursued the seeker after light, "was that before or after the War of 1812?"

Mankind is always pulling bonehead stunts like that. We know of a hard-boiled army sergeant who got so flustered when some bigwig passed him at inspection that instead of saluting snappily he executed the deep-knee-bend four times and muttered "Yessir."

And another fellow, a good friend of ours, got up to make a talk once, but all he could think of to say was "Beep beep!" We snook out the back way after the program.

His exploit is equalled, it not surpassed, by the antics of a Japanese in a rowboat during a storm on Puget Sound. This fellow and three companions, paddling about on that usually placid pond, got caught in a squall and headed for shore. Our hero waited as long as he could, but when the boat was about 100 feet from shore he plunged overboard. He couldn't swim a stroke, and drowned.

Andrew Jackson once did a wise and tactful thing. He attended a dinner party and was getting along famously when he came across a dead mouse in a dish of jam that was passed to him.

Did he call the hostess' attention to the fact? Not Andrew. He ate the mouse.

Human beings are capable of really smart plays on occasion. We are reminded of something that happened in a classroom on the last day of school, when the year's work was over.

"The meeting will come to order," said the professor in light mood.

"Move we adjourn," piped up a brilliant scholar.

The professor, a pretty good sport, dismissed the class amid a chorus of ayes.

Bonny Villa

Hugh Williams was married to Miss Mary Lawrence Heckbert in Portland Friday. The couple will make their home in Bonny Villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Nels Kroner bought a new Conservador refrigerator in Portland Saturday.

The Glenn Ferringtons also have a new refrigerator, a beautiful Norge Rollator.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Braund and children were fishing up 12-mile creek near Duful Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Erick Enquist, parents of Rolf Enquist and Mrs. Glenn Ferrington, came up from Springdale for the Steamboatmen's picnic Sunday.

Mrs. S. R. Miller is working near Hood River, picking cherries. Her mother-in-law visited her and her husband here last Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Bo Allen, J. A. Miller and Stanley Fargher caught 19 trout at Lost Lake Saturday.

Bob Allen recently bought a new Oldsmobile, expecting delivery of it some time this week.

Mrs. Shuler was in Bonny Villa Monday looking after a house she owns which was recently vacated.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest White returned Friday night from Pendleton. Mr. White will take over the management at Bonneville of the White Truck company interests.

Russell Kelly left last week-end for a two weeks' vacation in San Francisco.

Jim Tanner made a pleasure trip to Portland Saturday. Last week, he and Erick Enquist cleaned out a spring on the hill back of Bonny Villa, from which they plan to bring water by gravity to the main tank, guaranteeing the settlement against a shortage of water such as it had last summer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. McManama and children Albert and Kathleen, from Ohio, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Black.

C. R. Shinn, whose blood will tell, was busy this week putting a Kelly-green trim on his window frames.

E. L. Tucker returned from Portland Saturday evening following a week's stay there.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sutter moved into cabin 11 at 40-mile this week from their Portland home. Mr. Sutter has been employed on the dam for some time.

Miss Audry Parks of Portland spent the week with Miss Dixie Goodrich, and will return to her home this week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Condon moved into a cabin at Bonneville Friday. Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Mochlenpah also moved in this week. Mr. Mochlenpah is employed by the Columbia Construction company.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Nelson saw the Portland Beavers beat the Los Angeles nine at Vaughn street, 10-3, Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Olmsted were Sunday visitors in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Patterson plan a trip to the beach Friday, to return Monday or Tuesday. Mrs. Patterson spent the past week in Portland with

her mother, who is returning from an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose and son, Walter, returned last week-end from Tacoma on a week-end trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Allen travel to Lost Lake this week-end, where they have a cabin. We predict Mr. Allen will spend some of his time fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne of Reedsport are visiting and Mrs. George Linton. They will remain about five days before leaving for home where they will make their home.

Miss Nora Freet and Lily Freet will accompany Perry McVey, formerly Merrill, on a trip to Hood this week-end.

E. Johnson and his son are fishing up Eagle creek today.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. visited Mr. Withrow's Eugene Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl McSpence, spent the week-end at Parkdale with friends. McGinnis says she has a better time since she moved to Oregon. The party had a picnic at the Blue Bucket along the river bank.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. turned last Wednesday from a 10-months' stay in middle west, spent at Kansas City. The D. previously lived at the post settlement.

Tom L. Jones has bought acres of ground at 164th avenue and 16th street in Portland, and has a well and put in a house on the plot. He planned to build a house the last of this week, and will move in there about August. He will commute from Bonneville. Mr. Jones' family spent three days the week-end at the beaches.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud and Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Moore are driving

Additional Bonny
Locals on Page 1

Meetings

Izaak Walton League, Bonneville chapter — second meeting, month, government building, 8 p.m.

Cascade Locks Chamber of Commerce—Merrill's dining room, Thursdays, noon.

Bonneville Women's Club—second and fourth days each month, government auditorium, 2 p.m.

Cascade Yacht Club—meeting of new administration, Fridays, 8 p.m.

Cascade Locks City Council chambers, Mondays, 8:00 p.m.

Cascade Locks Boy Scouts—school, Thursdays, 8:00 p.m.

Bonneville Boy Scouts—school auditorium, Wednesdays, 7 p.m.

Cascade Locks Townsends Fellowship hall, Friday, 8 p.m.

Rebekahs, Cascade lodge, Cascade Locks, first and third days of each month, Townsends hall, 8 p.m.

American Legion—Bonneville Rockdrillers' & Powdermen's Association—Local 588, first and third days of each month, West lounge, government building, 8 p.m.