

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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

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Application for entry as Second Class matter at Hood River, Oregon, is pending.

Editorial Office
Cascade Locks, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Three months	\$0.50
Six months	\$1.00
One year	\$2.00

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

Official publication for the Bonneville chapter of the Izaak Walton league.

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.

TOURIST FRIENDS

We've been hearing a lot of talk lately about the number of California and eastern license plates along the highway, so we thought we might as well go ahead and make an actual tally for the convenience of our readers. No charge for this service, folks.

Out of a total of 142 cars passing along the Columbia River highway during an hour or so Monday, Oregon plates were tacked on exactly 69—two under one-half. Seventy-three cars had licenses from other states.

California and Washington were way out in front of the "foreign" procession with 29 and 24, respectively. But look at the following representation: Three each for Illinois, Alberta and Idaho; two from Missouri; one each for Nevada, Kansas, Hawaii, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska and Kentucky. The total is 19 cars from states east of the Pacific slope. In the course of 10 hours more than 200 of them go shooting past points along the highway—probably even more on days of heavy travel.

It is significant that visitors from the east have said they hate the thought of going home, where fields are parched, livestock starving, lawns drying up. Some Californians even have cast envious glances toward our green slopes and well-groomed communities.

The moral? It's simple. Some of those eastern folks will make mighty good neighbors and we won't have to do much talking to interest them in settling here. But let's be helpful when they want information or service, and make them feel that they've already got friends in Oregon.

VETERAN STEAMBOATMEN
(Picnic at Bonneville June 28th, 1936)

Gray haired,
And many now
Whose shoulders once were held erect
Are slightly stooped.
Gallant soldiers all
As were they then;
Proud—
But justly so,
These men in blue and white.
Today we saw them
Happy again to be meeting
Friends of old—
Pausing for a moment
In farewell
To those now gone.
Loyalty and comradeship
Until the last.

—Aino Ferrington

THE NEW JORDAN

A rather peculiar spectacle greeted the eyes of readers of the Morning Oregonian when they removed the papers from their boxes Monday morning.

The spectacle consisted of three front page pictures of the baptism ceremonies of the congregation of the Mount Scott tabernacle, held on the banks of the Willamette.

To this unpracticed observer, the Oregonian seemed to be poking fun, however gently, at the devout folks who "gathered at the river." This is not like the Old Lady in the Tower. She has long been noted for tolerance and respect for the sensitivities of her readers.

Have you forgotten, Old Lady, that religion is still a jealous passion in many hearts? That you would do well not to try conclusions with that passion?

We may be mistaken about the intent and purport of the pictures and story following. We hope we are. But the many comments we heard were unanimously unfavorable. Therefore we trust the Old Lady in the Tower will accept our mild comment with good grace and exercise a sounder judgment in times hence.

Two little children of Cook's addition recently furnished an object lesson for parents and youngsters of the entire area.

Without stopping to think what damage they might do, they filled a bucket with waste paper, placed it under the corner of a frame building and set fire to the paper. Idle play—yet if a grown-up hadn't come past at that moment and put it out, another minor disaster would have been written into history. And death may easily result from such ignorant acts.

There is a further point—Ignorance has a twin, called Carelessness. For every child who will strike a match and set it to paper, unmindful of the consequences, there is an adult who will toss a still burning cigarette into the underbrush, or leave a campfire to burn itself out amid leaves and roots.

That is why loss from fire runs into hundreds of millions annually in the United States. That is why thousands of square miles of forest are turned to charcoal, whole herds of game animals wiped out, priceless watershed ruined and heavy timber investment destroyed. That is why homes be-

come ashes, and factories turn to cinders.

And don't forget—this careless person isn't the other guy. It's you. If you can remember that you are the man, or woman, or youngster, who's apt to play the fool at any minute, perhaps some day the kindly hand of wisdom will restrain you from causing disaster.

"IT'S THE SCENERY"

Not desiring to get hysterically emotional or poetic or anything of that sort, do you ever get up early enough to see the sun rise over the mountain in Cascade Locks? And the moon—that's something in the way of a beautiful sight itself. With sun rises, sun sets, moon rises and moon sets, and the finest set of mountain scenery in the whole west hanging above Cascade Locks, the new citizen of the town no longer wonders why the staid and old time residents have refused to leave Cascade Locks.

We of this enlightened age have nothing on the untutored Indian of past ages who readily discerned all the beauties of nature that here abound, and has handed down from generation to generation legends of the beauties of this wonderland as his savage mind pictured them—and his picturization has a far more poetical turn of mind than anything the white man can write or place on canvas.

Down Grants Pass way in southern Oregon they have a slogan, "It's the Climate." Up here in Cascade Locks we can truthfully say, "It's the Scenery"—with a good slice of climate to go with it for full measure.

RECEPTION AT CHURCH

Many Cascade Locks residents attended the wedding reception for Mr. and Mrs. James Rasmussen last Friday evening at the Cascade Locks church. The Rev. L. G. Weaver welcomed the former Miss Eady back from "the cold dark lonely world of single blessedness into the pleasant sea of matrimony," also assuring the groom that the married men are glad to have him in their fold for they need his fellowship and sympathy. Refreshments of cookies and punch were served after a short musical program. The church was decorated with flowers and streamers of white crepe paper.

TWO YEARS AGO
(July 13, 1936)

The General Shea Co. was this past week awarded the contract for the construction of the powerhouse. The George Waale Co. was awarded the contract for the construction of the 14 four-room houses to be built on Bradford Island.

Columbia Construction Co. expects to open bids Monday for the construction of their bunk houses which are expected to be the finest in the country.

Merrill is planning on building a roof over his dance floor.

With the fire of July 3 still the most important topic of conversation in Cascade Locks, talk of immediate rebuilding is prevalent with the adjustment of insurance policies and the grade for the new highway through town.

There is considerable talk of President Roosevelt speaking in Cascade Locks when he visits this area later this summer.

ONE YEAR AGO
(July 11, 1935)

The two rival factions for offices of the newly incorporate town of Cascade Locks nominated their respective tickets this week. Captain Charles Nelson and Captain Karl Rosenback are the aspirants for Mayor. William Keeler declined to run for the council with the statement that he was poison to a lot of people.

Examination was called for the office of Postmaster in Cascade Locks.

The Democrats are planning on forming a local organization.

August Peterson moved his house last Sunday off railroad property which has recently come under the ownership of J. B. Laber.

Churches

CASCADE LOCKS COMMUNITY CHURCH

Rev. L. G. Weaver
Sunday, July 12
Morning service, 11 A. M.
"Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me."
Evening service, 7:30 P. M.
League lessons from the upper room.

Sunday School—10 A. M.
Worship Service—11 A. M.
Evening Worship — 7:30 P. M.

Young Folks—7:30 P. M.
Missionary Society — First Thursday, each month, 2:00 P. M.

Ladies Aid Society — Third Thursday, each month, 2:00 P. M.

Choral Club — Tuesdays, 7:30 P. M. Meets at Mrs. C. A. Saunders' home.

BONNEVILLE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Rev. H. Aschenbrenner
Sunday School—10 A. M.
Worship Service — Sunday, 10 A. M.
Christian Endeavor — Sunday, 7:30 P. M.

Choir Practice — Fridays, 7 P. M., home of Mrs. Leo Miller on the reservation.

Services are held each Sunday in the government auditorium, Bonneville.

Odd Shots
by H. A. S.

At last we have discovered what happens to plagiarists when the law kicks them out of the literary field. They are put to work writing platforms.

The only difficulty they counted is in finding something to plagiarize. If it weren't Jefferson and Lincoln, they still be trying to hack the block off the first tee.

Still we mustn't be too hard on them. As in carpentry, so in politics—there's only about one way to build a platform. Flat, with nails sticking out the under side where they can't be seen.

One Portland woman ran for congress on a relatively simple platform—"A kiss for every voter." Or, to paraphrase a proverb, "Better osculate than never."

Women and Politics: that's a good subject for debate between two male teams. No one ever really understood either of them.

Then there was the politician who couldn't tell whether the Voice of the People was calling him to high office or telling him to shut up and sit down.

Definition of a voter: A man who can't see a Public Law with a magnifying glass, and who can call a play at first base from the last seat in the bleachers.

Go ahead ahead and look out the window, Flegel. May it isn't as far to the ground as it looks.

The longest drive ever made in golf, so far as is known, was approximately 80 miles. A ball soared from the tee into the cockpit of an airplane which continued to fly for an hour before landing.

Meetings

Izaak Walton League, Bonneville chapter — second Monday of each month, government auditorium, 8 p. m.

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

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

Cascade Yacht Club—model room of new administration building, Fridays, 8 p. m.

Cascade Locks City Council—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 Townsend Club—Fellows hall, Friday, 8 p. m.

Rebekahs, Cascadia lodge, Cascade Locks, first and third Wednesdays of each month, Odd Fellows hall, 8 p. m.

American Legion—Bonneville Rockdrillers' & Powdermen's union—Local 588, first and third of each month, second Wednesday of each month, West lounge, government auditorium.