

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

Published every Friday in the interests of the Bonneville Dam area by the Sun Publishing Company, Inc.

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ANOTHER STEP

This week will be found on another page the announcement of the addition of Wallace Buchanan to the Chronicle firm and the incorporating of the company under the name of the Sun Publishing Company.

With the joining of Buchanan we feel that we now have as fine a personnel as we could ever hope for. Buchanan has taken charge of the mechanical end of the business. With the experience gained in some of the finest shops and newspapers in the northwest previous to and during the time he was in college he was able to step directly from college into director of school printing in The Dalles high school and in charge of the \$20,000 plant.

For quite a number of years he has been looking around for a likely newspaper and commercial printing property. The future of the Bonneville Dam Chronicle appealed to him. He is now a member of the firm.

During the past week new equipment has been added, more is on its way, and the shop has been entirely rearranged. The next time you are in Hood River drop in and meet Mr. Buchanan and inspect the new plant.

WANTED—ONE GOOD SWIMMING BEACH

The Hood River county swim campaign committee represented by the head instructor, Prince Koberg, will be in the dam area the first of this coming week to seek a new swimming beach on which to conduct free swimming lessons. The beach last year was not altogether satisfactory.

The committee is ready to proceed with its end of the deal if the area will do theirs—that is of locating a beach. The beach should be in the vicinity of Cascade Locks.

Last year 85 children benefited from this wonderful work and this year it is hoped to double that number with the addition of the children from Bonneville. It is understood that members of the school board there are making arrangements at the present time for a bus for transportation when the dates of the campaign are announced.

So, let's find a swimming beach.

MAY WE SUGGEST

Portland may have a \$6,000,000 sewage problem but it is small fry in comparison to the situation in Cascade Locks.

From three different parts of town small streams gather sewage and refuse. Two of them are kept underground until reaching a point directly in front of the honorable city hall. Here the fumes rise up a dangerous manhole and shout (and on hot days we mean shout) to the council to do something. The council is busier with weightier matters and the little stream with the strong breath is al-

lowed to wander across Fifth street and show itself for the general public to judge just how rotten it is. It takes its time moving through that lot in back of the Odd Fellows hall and Silver Perras' block, for so much rubbish has been thrown into it that it is difficult to make its reeking way to the Columbia to hide its shame, for it was a very nice stream when it started.

It is conveyed across the main street by a culvert and immediately on reaching the other side it shouts again. You would too if you were locked up in that condition in a 301 foot pipe.

Perhaps we are wrong but we think something should be done to bring this little lady back to her station in life.

LEST WE FORGET

History will be unfolded before us Sunday when scores of our old timers—old only in name—gather again on the government grounds to relive in narrative the days of whooping Indians and snorting river boats.

We are apt to forget that automobiles have not always whizzed the length of the gorge in a short span of hours; that hotels, service stations, drug stores and restaurants have not always lined paved highways; that grocery and laundry trucks have not always driven to our back doors to keep us well supplied and looking decent.

Those old timers had a battle to fight, and they fought it well. They fought Indians with rifles, and the land they fought with axes and teams and plows and shovels. They fought the river with ancient vessels to which we would not entrust our lives. They fought the wilderness with trails and rutted roads, and with railroad lines blasted through rock and strung on stilts across hungry ravines.

And they won. That is another point we are apt to forget. We smile at their complacency, and wonder whence comes the sunlight in which they seem eternally to be basking. They bask in the sunlight of conquest. They have already won their seats at the table in Valhalla, and we who smile at them have yet to win ours.

So we should listen with respect and interest when they gather Sunday to spin their yarns, for they will be telling us how the land was tamed, and how it is that we have schools and houses where once were tepees and council fires.

WHEN ACCIDENTS HAPPEN

The accident which befell Seaman Robinson of the U.S.S. Relief, who tumbled 70 feet to serious injury above Tanner creek falls Saturday, impresses a number of lessons in trailcraft which cannot be mentioned too often.

One is the utter foolhardiness of venturing upon a hike or climb in which the slightest danger is involved without a traveling companion. If Robinson had been alone, the chances are very fair he would have died and possibly lain several days without being discovered, as his fall occurred off the regularly traveled trail.

Another is that one should be equipped with rope and experience before monkeying around on cliffs. It is impossible to say how much the fault was Robinson's, and how much is chargeable to pure accident, which will take toll of the best mountaineers, but it is a safe guess the climber was not too well fitted for the descent he attempted.

A third lesson is that where help is available, seek it immediately, especially where several hands are required for rescue. Time spent in hiking for help is usually time saved. One-man rescues are occasionally spectacular, but frequently result in failure or additional disaster.

Lastly, know at all times where you are and how to get back where you came from. Some persons said Brethauer, Robinson's companion,

started for help early but had a hard time finding his way to the highway. Whether or not this is true, someone's life may depend one day on your making a speedy trip for help, and you may well be called criminal if you lose your way.

And that's all for today.

POSTMASTERS

President Roosevelt's decree concerning postmasters is a step in the right direction.

The chief executive, however, was wearing three-and-a-half league boots, not seven, when he took the step. His order provided that all postmasterships which become open to new applicants must be awarded on the basis of competitive examination.

We can sincerely applaud this move, but we wish he had gone the whole hog and applied the competitive principle to all postmasterships. As it stands, his gesture is actually less grandiose than it appears at first sight, since he places the burden of breaking away from the civil service principle on the incoming president.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

What happened to the Cascade Locks Fire Department on the sawdust fire last Wednesday afternoon? Were they waiting for the fire to come to the station rather than the truck going to the fire?

One hour and forty minutes after the siren sounded the proud Cascade Locks fire truck came careening out of the local station. The battery had been dead.

When the fire truck was first talked of M. L. Morgan made a very liberal offer to house and keep the fire truck in tip top shape ready for a moment's notice.

It appeared to some as though Morgan was trying to commercialize the volunteer fire department so it was decided to erect a fire station and rent the city a section of it. A mighty fine idea.

While the station was being built the truck sat out in the rain and sun. A fire alarm was sounded, the battery was dead and difficulty was encountered in starting. Luckily it was not an important blaze.

The station was completed and the truck moved in. The lumber had been purchased from Ira Owen, Mr. Laber's local lumberman. The city was to pay rent for the use of the building to the fire department who in turn were to pay Mr. Laber for the lumber. Apparently Owen or Laber lost faith in the stability of the fire department and arranged with one of their councilmen friends to have the city take over the lumber bill. At the present time the city is tied to a bill of lumber that it had no intention of assuming.

Recently after one of the council meetings a group of the council was looking over the fire truck. They tried for half an hour to start it and were not successful. The battery was dead. One would think with all of the trouble that it could be re-

"COME AGAIN TOMORROW"

Eagerly
With pail in hand
They trudged along this morning.
Hoping
That today would bring fulfillment
Of their greatest wish—
Employment.
Fortune smiled on some,
But many more
Retraced their footsteps homeward
Sad today.
But dawn will see them eager once again,
For they still hold
A thread of hope—
Come back again tomorrow.

—Aino Ferrington.

In Other Days

TWO YEARS AGO

(August 3, 1934)

Huge crowds are on hand to greet the president of the United States when he visits the dam area.

Work is to be started within the next two or three weeks, according to the state highway commission, on the spending of \$50,000 on the relocating and widening of the street through Cascade Locks. (Notice in one year ago column).

ONE YEAR AGO

(August 1, 1935)

Cascade Locks is still torn up from the slowness of the contractors who are putting the new highway through town. Dust is over everything.

The highway commission Friday set up a \$255,000 fund for the highway from Eagle creek to Tanner creek.

OBS began blasting on the viewpoint cut where the new U.P. main line will go.

The first meeting of the Townsend club was held in Cascade Locks last Friday with Frank Hall, postmaster, as president.

GIDEONS AT DAM

Two hundred fifty-six members of the Gideon Bible society arrived at Bonneville aboard the chartered steamer Cascade Monday afternoon for an inspection tour of the dam project. The Gideons, who were convening in Portland, saw movies at the auditorium and were taken through the works.

Meetings

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

Bridal Veil Lodge, No. 117, A.F. and A.M.—School house, Latourelle falls, second Saturday in each month. Visiting Masons welcome.

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

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

Cascade Locks Boy Scouts—high school, Tuesdays, 8:30 p. m.

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

Cascade Locks Townsend Club—Fellows hall, first and third Fridays, 8 p. m.

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

Odd Shots by H. A. S.

To date the only machinery stalled in the lower reaches of the power house is a nice pair of marine engines.

Well, the Dam Chronicle arranged the shelves and tables in the shop this week. Anyone who has missed any coins, tie clips, bottle openers or hairpins lately please apply at the Chronicle office.

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert—
And then she gave the wrong address,
The dirty little flirt!
—Author Unknown.

Did I tell you about the ladies man in the world? Somebody asked him who the five greatest women of all time were, and he replied, "Dionne quintz!"

Famous last words: Oh, Mr. Smith they tell me you're a bill collector. I collect stamps.

Wife: A female person authorized by law to remove the small change from your pockets.

Husband: A mechanism for knocking the ashes from the end of a cigar onto the parlor rug.

Sid Phillips has promised to admit free to his theater all persons who present a pair of crow's feet at the box office. Keep a sharp eye on you chickens, folks.

Betting odds were 10 to 1 that Landon would accept the Republican nomination for president at Topeka last week. Long odds, to be sure—but look what happened to Joe Louis.

A Los Angeles tourist was just complaining to us about our lack of consideration. She had just been run into by an Oregon motorist. Well, that's no worse than being sold subdivision lot before you've made your hotel reservation.

Glad to hear that a few people are still capable of being shocked, even if it takes an earthquake to do it.

The doings in Spain lately bring up an interesting question regarding the use of words. What are you going to call the folks who fight against the counter-revolutionists?

They say most Spaniards would rather fight than eat. After looking at pictures of several Spanish market places, we understand how that might be true.

Beautiful swimmer is kicked out of the Olympic squad for too much boozing. These athletes ought to learn not to infringe on the privileges of the spectators.

No, Junior, there aren't any more cookies in the pantry.

One rock chimney in the Alps called Mummery crack, can be descended only by the climber's driving his fists between the rock walls wedging them into the angle, and drawing himself up.

Churches

CASCADE CHURCH
Sunday, August 2

Rev. L. G. Weaver, Pastor
Morning Service: "Five Characteristics of the Kingdom of Christ."
Evening Service: League lesson from the upper room.