

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON
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DAWGS

Those of you who limit your circle of friendships to your fellow human beings are overlooking opportunities for real and wonderful experiences in friendship.

Are there any dogs among your close acquaintances?

We are not trying to be ridiculous. We know a great many dogs in the Bonneville area, and some of them are worth knowing.

One of the most beautiful dogs we have ever seen is the female Irish setter owned by Mr. and Mrs. Coy C. Organ of Dodson. Her head is splendidly formed, with pronounced intelligence "bump," shapely nose, alert eyes; her hair is clean, fine, soft, healthy; she has golden tufts between her toes, and a silken brush for a tail. She is dignified but affable, and her owners say she is a keen huntress.

Bing is a tall, slightly gaunt German shepherd dog known to—but not known by—nearly everyone who passes along Cascade Locks' main street. He adopted the W. J. McGarrigle family when "Mac" befriended him after he had grown lean and footsore following his owners, who became separated from him somewhere along the highway. He seems to be aging and lazy, but if you watch him you will know he has never ceased the search for his master, because his dark, sad eyes inspect every person who crosses his view. He is much more of a gentleman than many of his human brethren.

There are dozens of other dogs equally worth knowing. There's the beautiful little red spaniel in Columbia City—sorry we don't know his or her name, or we'd introduce you. There's Tippy, the bulbous but shrewd little Chihuahua owned by the McShatkos of Dodson. There's King, the lovable collie-Newfoundland belonging to the C. R. Blacks in Bonneville—King will be a big dog some day, we opine.

Sun Beau is a husky, enthusiastic, vociferous young Belgian shepherd owned by the J. C. Kimseys of Warendale. We've seen a lot of him, but mostly through a screen door. The Hasketts have a bob-tailed shepherd dog who's sort of an interesting boy.

Jim Lash's white bulldog Sparky isn't as fierce as he looks. In fact, Tippy the Chihuahua can chew Sparky to pieces without fear of retaliation.

There's the famous hitch-hiking dog of Cascade Locks, who rides up and down the highway with anyone who will give him a lift. There's Rusty, the dog who calls at the butcher shop every day for his package of meat. There's G. E. Miller's little poodle who will carry anything his master hands him, but prefers a

ODE TO FREEDOM

*Curse not the dust on our highways:
Greet not the heat with a sneer—
At least you are free of the coppers who holler,
"Hey! You can't double-park here!"*

*Inveigh not against isolation:
Malign not the flies on your bread—
For you're free from the menace of bluecoats
When lights at the crossing are red.*

*This country life has many drawbacks,
But then—if you get the connection—
When you're in a hurry you don't have to worry
About what's at the next intersection.*

bundle of goodies for himself.

There's Timmy, Glenn Ferrington's wild-eyed beast, who practically kills visitors with friendliness. There's the tiny Boston bull pup in Eagle Creek, who was barely waddling the last time we saw him. There's Charley Rozga's adopted pup, who can do tricks. And Dibo, written up before in these pages, the husky-malamute-coyote terror, still only a few months old, who gives allegiance to Bobby Reed.

We really haven't started on the list. Doubtless there are many splendid dogs around here we've never even seen.

But you get the idea—don't kick the next dog you see with the idea that if you don't he'll bite you; make friends with him instead, and you'll have occasion later to enjoy many pleasant chats with him.

BALLYHOO BUSINESS

Two trivial scraps of conversation we overheard last week, when put together, will suggest material for a much longer editorial than this.

An ex-farmer from Colorado was talking.

"Got too hot and dry for us," he said, "so we moved out. We could have stayed on, but would have been on relief pretty quick. Do you happen to know where a fellow could find a job?"

Now speaks a gentleman in a local restaurant, some miles and hours away from the first.

"You know, if we'd get out and boost Oregon, like the fellows in southern California do, we'd have people swarming out here in no time. Yes sir—a little boosting's all we need."

Those two statements set the stage.

Unquestionably there are thousands of families in the Midwest in much the same position as the first man, living on unproductive farms, cursed with dust and drought, nearly ready to quit.

Unquestionably if this commonwealth were to spend money on advertisement and on inducements to settlers the influx of agriculturists from the east would be speeded up tremendously.

But do we want them, in the measure that southern California got them? Do we want Oregon to become overcrowded, to have more than her share of retired farmers, to become the birthplace of "isms" and fads and quakeries? For this will follow as surely as night follows day.

No one is more heartily in favor of a warm reception for drought-sick farmers than we. A dog-in-the-manger attitude is out of tune with the times and necessities.

But Oregon is not unknown in the east and midwest. Farmers who are thinking of moving are making inquiries by the dozens—by the hundreds—and our chambers of commerce are answering them quickly, eagerly. Results are measurable. The farm folk are coming to Oregon, one of the few remaining lands of promise.

This is quite another matter, however, from our sending emissaries

east to dragoon folk into coming to Oregon. We welcome refugees, but do we welcome whole populations? Do we want Iowa, Nebraska and the rest of them transplanted to the Oregon slope as they were transplanted to California?

It's a question which will have to be answered before long. Already the high-pressure boys are becoming active. It would not surprise us if many of the flesh-and-blood promoters from Los Angeles and vicinity, as well as their colleagues in principle, were to set up their ballyhoo wagons in these parts.

Let's look at all the angles before we climb aboard.

ONE OF OURS

The third person to achieve poetic eminence through the Dam Chronicle—Aino Ferrington, whose verse appears regularly in these pages—received recognition in last Sunday's edition of the Oregon Journal, her picture and a brief biography having appeared in the Poet's Corner, edited by Harold Hunt.

Mrs. Ferrington, whose husband Glenn is widely known as skipper of power boats for the United States engineers, deserves more than casual notice for her work. She brings to it a seriousness colored by no illusions, and a quiet humor that points truth where mere ponderousness would fall of its own weight.

She is a native daughter of the dam area, having been born on Bradford's island before the Columbia River highway had stolen the gorge's traffic from river boats. Her father, Eric Enquist, probably knows the region as well as any living man, and is still active in its affairs.

Mrs. Ferrington's first published poems appeared in the Dam Chronicle a year ago. Her verse has since been read over Columbia Broadcasting company's nation-wide hook-up, where it received very favorable notice.

One of her first pieces to appear in this paper, "Memories," is reprinted on this page.

Memories

I dip my pen
In memory's ink
And write of childhood days,
When, carefree,
I roamed among the hills,
Again
I dip my pen,
And adolescence,
With its strange awakening,
Brings a wonder,
And a sudden seriousness,
The pen runs dry,
And when again it's filled
It writes of life—
A bud that has so recently matured,
And finding life so much more fun
Than youth anticipated,
It now sits back and smiles
At all the worries
Had in younger days.
Now, as I write
I wonder what my memories will be
In future years,
But while I sit and dream
My pen runs dry.

Aino Ferrington,
Bonneville, Or.

In Other Days

TWO YEARS AGO
August 17, 1934

Word came from the U.S.E.D. office in Portland that the plans for the locks are to be changed and that deep sea locks are to be installed.

Bids for the relocation of the Union Pacific tracks will be opened this month, it was announced this week with the calling of bids on the job.

ONE YEAR AGO
August 15, 1935

Columbia was this week adding men to their payroll as the eight pumps in the cofferdam continued to bring the water on the inside to a very low level.

General-Shea made its last pour in the powerhouse this week.

Captain Charles Nelson was elected mayor of Cascade Locks over Captain Karl Rosenback by a majority of 32 votes.

J. B. Labor filed an answer this week to the suit brought by property owners of Cascade Locks.

Churches

BONNEVILLE COMMUNITY CHURCH

E. J. Aschenbrenner, Minister

Sunday school begins at 10 A. M. with Mr. Samuel Lancaster in charge. Bring your children and join with us. There will be a class for you.

Morning worship begins at 11 A. M. The theme of the sermon next Sunday will be, "When Man Meets God." It is our purpose to make the services interesting, inspiring, and worshipful. Spend one hour with God and his people on the Sabbath day.

CASCADE LOCKS CHURCH
Sunday, August 16

Morning service, 11 A. M.: "A Lost Sheep."

League lesson from the upper room.

The Sunday school and Ladies' Aid will hold their annual picnic at the government grounds Friday afternoon, August 14. Parents as well as children are invited. Cake and ice cream will be furnished. Guests are asked to bring sandwiches.

The Ladies' Aid will meet at the Craigmont inn Thursday, August 20.

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, 8:00 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, Cascadia lodge, Cascade Locks, first and third Wednesdays of each month., Odd Fellows hall, 8 p.m

The Sun for Prompt Printing.

Odd Shots by H. A. S.

Jim Hays, erudite representative of the Union Pacific railroad, gave clipping last week which revealed that passenger travel has increased so much in the past couple of years that a guy stumbles over seven legs and ten more kinds on his way to the diner. We hope that the percentage of squalling babies has appreciated measurably.

We remember one touring mother who tried to quiet her old youngster by feeding him cookies, chocolate creams, and nuts. Failing, she tried to smother him beneath the blankets. Ultimate success could have been gained by tossing it out the window, as was fortunately screened.

Noise from the new automobile parlor next door makes it hard us to think. Don't laugh.

Jack Travis gave a lift to a fellow last week between Cascade Locks and Bonneville. When the splinters came in view the lifter said "What's that?" "That's the dam," Jack replied truthfully. "What dam?"

Definition—Farmer: The fellow politician is always trying to do something for.

Politician: The fellow who the farmer.

Some people are always complaining that there is no new thing under the sun. In this part of the country we're satisfied with the sun.

European diplomats are fearful that the Spanish revolution will lead to a general conflict. They ought be darned thankful for the extra.

A Miami lass recently told me she was the first person she had ever seen across in her travels who spoke though Florida was one of the states. I told her I would be careful in the future.

New Oregon industry (for just): Wall-gnat raising.

Negroes win six first places in America in the Olympics. What we didn't have a dark outlook?

Bad weather at Berlin, they say. Those black clouds would be Owens and Mack Robinson breaking the tape.

Smile: As unruffled as a star's hair after a plane crash, hurricane, near-drowning and for-all fight.

We have yet to see the sign, "Waiting Station," on a dentist's door—then we've never seen "Guaranteed Painless" flaunted from the mouth of a filling station.

These dust storms of the west are all right in their place, we wish so many of them would settle in the Dam Chronicle office.

The Leftists claim most of their victories over Madrid recently. Worry, boys—the rebs will find southpaw slants soon enough.

TROMLEY FINED

Ronald Edgar Tromley of Portland arrested a week ago Thursday by State Officer Sheridan for driving with four persons in the seat of a coupe, was fined \$10 and costs and he appeared before Justice of Peace C. L. Rankin, having been found guilty of a misdemeanor.