

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON
Phone 3761, Hood River

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SIT TIGHT

Within the past two weeks crews have started an intensive survey of the location of the transmission lines down the north bank from the dam to Camas. The locks and the powerhouse are practically complete with the exception of installing operating equipment. The big problems in the construction of the spillway dam have been met and conquered.

In other words the construction of the dam proper is on its way out. This winter will be profitable to those who have lasted out two very slim summers. Within a month plenty of men will be at work once again on the spillway dam. By the last of May the larger units of the dam will have been completed. For another year the cleanup work will be underway. During that year the river between Vancouver and Bonneville having been dredged, the water-level highway will be built. During this period the entire physiography and businesses from the Bonneville school through Bonny Villa will be changed. New homes for resident employees will be built on the reservation.

With the coming of next May the business in the area will drop. We venture to say that the following year business will be dull. Business will be far from dead but it will not be as good as it will be this winter. The type of people will be changing. The majority of the present population is interested in the dam and the dam alone. With its completion they will go to another project. With their going will start the coming of the permanent resident who sensing the possibilities of the area is willing to work at small tasks until the break comes.

What and when will the break be? Who knows but the odds are in our favor? When we speak of odds we are thinking of the salient points in the favor of our district. Roughly, they are unlimited supply of cheap power, water transportation for any size vessel, railroad transportation, ideal climate, plenty of pure water, and a nearness to a section of the United States that is ready for the greatest increase in population that has ever been experienced by any one section.

Sit tight, neighbor, and watch-empire come to your door.

EYES TO SEE

How many of the toilers who are turning Bonneville dam into a reality see nothing but steel and concrete, machinery and cableways during those long, tough shifts?

How many of them need to be reminded that they work daily on the very doorstep of the grandest scenery Nature has ever produced?

Every hour automobiles bearing

INDIFFERENCE

Spanish Peasants Shoulder Arms and Fire on One Another!
Women in Toronto Vie to be the Champion Mother!
Japanese Are Trying to Take China's Rights Away!
(Who cares, so long as we've our rods and fish will bite today?)

Coughlin at Convention Calls Our President a Liar!
Miles and Miles of Timber Down at Klamath Falls on Fire!
Huskies Win Olympic Race and Finish Going Away!
(Who cares, so long as we've our rods and fish will bite today?)

Sharkey Fit as Fiddle for his Fight with Joe Tonight!
Scientist Wins Plaudits for his Sodium Vapor Light!
Pitcher Saves his Ball Game with a Sparkling One-hand Play!
(We care, because it's Thursday and we have to work today!)

license plates from distant states and countries pass along the highway. Their drivers have spent hundreds, in some cases thousands of dollars to see the West—to see Oregon—to see Columbia gorge. Yet here it is with us every day, the mountains just as awesome, the river just as mighty, the distance-softened colors just as beautiful as if we had poured out our own savings to see them.

A prophet is without honor in his own country, and scenery glimpsed too frequently loses its power of impressing. But grotesque peaks and the sweep of waters are no less miraculous because our eyes have grown too lustreless to see them—their beauty remains, and only the beauty in our own minds is diminished.

There will be many to whom a cliff is a cliff, a river but a river, and a tree, a tree. But there will be others, overalled, sweating, tough-fisted, who can still raise their eyes and catch their breath when the sun turns distant sandstone into gold, and sprinkles diamonds across the crest of the waves.

AN OPPORTUNITY

Only on rare occasions do residents of this area have an opportunity to hear first-class musical programs right in their own front yard, but such an occasion falls next Thursday when the Mississippians, a quartette of colored singers, presents its concert in the Bonneville auditorium.

These four, who have broadcast over N.B.C.'s coast hook-up from San Francisco, are genuine products of the old south, traveling in the interests of the Piney Woods school of their home state. Their program will include spiritual numbers as well as popular southern selections.

Their appearance merits the strongest support we can give them. Bonneville auditorium should be packed when these versatile singers take the stage Thursday evening.

IT'S A SYSTEM!

There was much "gee-whizzing" and catching of breath Friday night when a select group of bough-dodgers, among them many captains of Cascade Locks industry, finally came in view of the new reservoir on the hill.

Many of them doubtless had small idea of the magnitude of a 225,000-gallon concrete basin. They were not prepared to find a floor big enough for a basketball game, walls ten feet high, and a roof like a warehouse cover. They were not prepared for pipes almost big enough to crawl into, and gushing torrents of water that made a couple of them scamper for high ground.

But they came and saw, and they went away praising. And leaving politics aside, the Dam Chronicle wants to chip in and say that work on the water system has been soundly and thoroughly done, providing

this city with a splendid plant that will be an unexcelled inducement to industry and private individuals to locate here when the dam is completed.

For the sake of the record, among those present at the inspection Friday were Oscar Hyde, proprietor of the Men's Shop; H. E. Pointer of Pointer's Grill and service station; Councilman Carl Epping of Epping's Red & White grocery store; G. E. Manchester, mayor of the city and operator of The Dalles Freight line in Cascade Locks; Bill Clark, councilman and employee of The Dalles Freight line; Claude Chapman of Chapman's Food store; F. Harrop of the Cascade market; Fred Kolt of Andrews' market; George Thomas of Morgan's garage, Henry Munkers of the Safeway grocery store, and Ted Houser of the Lakeside inn.

HELP THE MUTTS!

'Twas dogs last week, and 'twill be dogs again this week, although from an entirely different standpoint.

A special deputy who has been commissioned by the Hood River county dog control board appeared at council meeting in Cascade Locks Monday night and reported that he had been invited by Marshal Colin Merrill to complete licensing of dogs in this city. To date the deputy has an excellent record, having obtained licenses or reports on half again as many dogs as were registered with the county last year.

Inasmuch as the city receives 80 per cent of all licenses collected by its own officers, and no part of licenses collected by county men, the council instructed the police committee to request Merrill to complete the dog-tagging.

Here's where the citizen's part in the operations appears.

Marshal Merrill has his hands full with other things than dog-chasing. You can make his work easier and give your dog more certain protection if you pay the first time you are called on, or better, hunt up the marshal and pay it.

The danger of dog-poisoning is a real danger, especially when so many licenseless and ownerless dogs are parading the streets. Only a couple of weeks ago a dog, licensed and owned by a small boy, ate poisoned food and died. Strangely, the good dogs, belonging to loving and careful masters, seem to be the ones that get the strychnine every time.

So help avoid a poisoning epidemic by buying a tag for your dog now, permitting the marshal to dispose of homeless and unwanted dogs immediately.

One of the working principles of Charles Anderson Dana, noted editor, was to have "a smile on every page." This among other policies made his New York Sun one of the most widely-read dailies of its day.

In Other Days

TWO YEARS AGO

August 24, 1934

Wallace Almack this past week started the operation of a local bus line from Cascade Locks to the dam. National Commissary was this week awarded the contract for feeding the employees of the Columbia Construction Co.

Standard Oil company reopened their wholesale plant down by the railroad station in Cascade Locks after having it closed eight years.

The Union Pacific announced this week the closing of their station after having it open for only the last three months. Lack of business was the reason given.

ONE YEAR AGO

August 22, 1935

OBS completed the major work on the big cut just east of Eagle Creek and are mopping up this week. From here their activities will be directed to the new railroad grade between viewpoint and the tunnel.

Progress in the unwatering of the cofferdam was held up this week when a leak in the northwest corner developed. All of the equipment has been removed from the hole and the engineers are planning to drive an extra sheet of piling on the outside of the present one.

Modern engineers still marvel at feats of the ancient Egyptians who, building the pyramids, lifted hundreds of blocks weighing up to 50 tons apiece into place.

Yellowstone national park, containing 2,142,720 acres, is more than twice as large as Glacier, the next largest national park.

The real name of Cary Grant, movie star, is Archie Leach, and he's the grandson of a famous English actor, Percival Leach.

Churches

CASCADE LOCKS CHURCH

Sunday, August 23

Rev. L. G. Weaver, Pastor

Morning Service 11 A.M.

Epworth League meets at the church in the evening. The public will be cordially welcomed.

BONNEVILLE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday, August 23

Rev. E. J. Aschenbrenner, Minister

Morning Service: 11 A.M.

Residents of Bonneville area warmly invited to attend this service.

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

Odd Shots by H. A. S.

No humor column these days would be complete without some reference to the drought, Ha, ha.

Famous last words: "Yeah, I made my living winning amateur contests."

Then there was the printer who couldn't go to sleep on the job his press, because he wasn't the type.

Also the boy who always smoked quarter cigars—his boss smokes the other three-quarters.

For Sale: One saxophone, cheap. Owner forced to move quick.

Mosquito bites aren't much fun. You can't scratch 'em without wishing you hadn't, and you can't fall asleep without wishing you hadn't.

Another candidate for the Hall of Fame cropped up this week. A woman—of course—wanted to know why all the electricity in the Columbia river didn't kill off the salmon.

We told her that the salmon's life were in danger only when they were grounded.

Everything will be hot-ter-ter in Harlem way so long as Jesse Owens doesn't sign up to fight Max Baucus.

Three Miami motorists, recently passing through, liked Cascade Locks so well they stopped and took a cabin for a few days. Well, maybe we won't go to Florida next winter after all!

Editors are wise to head the letters-from-the-people column this week. "We cannot undertake to print all communications." Otherwise about all you'd see would be, "Dear Sir, Please remit."

Persons who scanned the cofferdam pit for signs of the whirley crane thought maybe it had already been hauled to safety. No—like many another honest politician, it was merely buried in mud.

If the Spanish government claim to many more smashing victories, we'll begin to think the rebels have some chance.

H. E. Pointer. It is reported, among the first to leave the reservoir when the water was turned on for demonstration purposes Friday night. Not that he minded a little ducking, but he didn't like the idea of his clogging up some of the council's new two-inch pipe.

University of Washington's oared shell finally walked off with the Olympic title, after years of trying to make the grade. Well, California'll get the credit in the end, even if the Golden Staters have to lure the oarsmen onto a movie lot to do it.

Use of "dope" by artists to stimulate their efforts is by no means confined to bygone days. Many musicians in leading orchestras of this country use dope in one form or another to maintain the spirit of crazy hilarity that seems necessary to their jobs.

Underground electrical disturbances have been so strong at times that telephone conversations have been carried on from points hundreds of miles apart simply by grounding the transmitter and receiver at each end.