

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

Phone 3761, Hood River

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

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Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Hood River, Oregon, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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 paper of city of Cascade Locks.

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

RECAPITULATIONS

It never rains but they pour.

This slogan might fittingly be tacked onto the boys who do the mixing and dumping for Columbia Construction company, because during the month of October they set an all-time high for concrete pouring on the main spillway dam with 109,000 cubic yards of concrete placed, only 800 of which was on the Oregon side.

Good weather was responsible in some measure for the record. Experience on the Oregon half of the dam was also partly responsible. But due for most of the credit are the bosses and men themselves who took a personal pride in running up the yardage to this stupendous total, nearly 40,000 yards ahead of the heaviest month last year.

From now on the monthly total may be expected to slack off, as most of the mass pours have been completed and the weather is getting sloppier. Even so, work is sailing ahead much faster than it did last year, much faster than anyone expected it would this year.

In extending congratulations we mustn't stop with the concrete men alone. Highline operators, carpenters, steel men, truckers, engineers—everybody who contributed to this grand record deserves a pat on the back hard enough to make him cough.

So here it is, boys—wham!

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, Tuesdays, 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.

Veterans of Foreign Wars—First and third Mondays each month, at French's tavern, 8 P.M.

Some of the most valuable of collectors' items have been discovered in piles of discarded junk. Recently an early file of Godey's Ladies' Book covering a period of several years was found in a stack of magazines waiting for the garbage man.

INFLUENCE!

Whate'er the clime, whate'er the race, American genius sets the pace. In the streets of London, what do we hear? The Democrats hope to win this year. In distant Cairo, in Asia far, we find 'em smoking the White Owl cigar. From the Cape of Good Hope to Point Defiance, they picked the Yanks to beat the Giants; and now that football's come around, the Sikhs take Yale to clean up Brown. They chew our tobacco, drink our booze; they wear our hats and scuff our shoes; they sleep in our blankets, drive our cars, and imitate our movie stars; they burn our oil, put holes in our socks, and follow the movement of our stocks. They saw with our saws, cut wood with our axes; but dammit, they never pay our taxes!

Churches

BONNEVILLE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Bonneville, Oregon

Edward J. Aschenbrenner, Minister
Sunday, November 8

10:00 A. M. Sunday school with Samuel Lancaster in charge. There is a class for every one.

11:00 A. M. Morning worship. This will be an Armistice Day observance and the subject of the sermon will be, "Creative Patriotism." The Bonneville Post of the American Legion has been invited as special guests of honor. The entire service will be suited to the occasion. Mr. E. L. Clark will sing, "Taps" at the close of the program. You are cordially invited.

7:00 P. M. Christian Endeavor service for the young people.

Friday evening at 7:00 o'clock, choir rehearsal.

This church is non-sectarian. If you favor Christ and the spreading of His truth in the world, you can work with us. Here is common ground for all Christian people to stand on unitedly. We do not emphasize the differences between Christians, we emphasize the resemblances.

All services are held at the civic auditorium.

CASCADE LOCKS CHURCH

Sunday, November 8

Rev. L. G. Weaver, pastor
Morning Service, 11 A.M.
Evening Service, 8 P.M.
Epworth league meeting Sunday evening.

Telephone service, both national and international, is growing more popular in Russia. At present, the Soviet Union has telephone communication with 17 foreign countries, and during 1935, international calls averaged 453 a day, a gain of 14 per cent over the previous year. The majority of the calls are to France, Germany, Great Britain, Poland, and Latvia.

The Tilden-Hayes election of 1876 was so close that it was decided by a margin of one electoral vote after the house of representatives had appointed an investigating committee which, in turn, had named special boards of inquiry in each of three states where returns were disputed. The election was not finally decided until after the turn of the year.

Falcons are among the swiftest of birds, some species being capable of speeds up to 125 miles per hour. The teal is also fast on the wing.

Uncle Jeb Sez--

Dear Editor:

I was asked a few days ago when I was going to retire and take things easy. I said I would like some day

to be well enough provided for that I wouldn't have to work for a living, but as long as I can talk, and make contacts, and go places, I am not going to take things easy.

They say the difference between a can of pork and beans and a man 70 years old is the can of pork and beans is taken off the shelf.

What am I going to do when I am through plowing and cultivating and pruning and spraying and carting around empties and worrying about when my crop will be hauled out of the orchard? Well, there are so many things to be done, I don't know where to start telling you. You know, the finest thing in any community is the organizations that exist for service, not profit. You didn't know there were any? Well, I'm going to work in those organizations when I "retire."

What are they? Churches, lodges, granges, social groups, service clubs, the P.-T. A., political clubs, the Red Cross, welfare agencies, Boy Scouts, literary societies, music organizations.

I know you're smiling at me. You will say they need young blood in those groups—not old fossils. Well, you've heard it said that a man is as old as he feels. But what I claim is that a man is as old as the thing he does. I may be called a "fossil," or "an old grandpa" or a "has been," but the reason most men of ripe years are not active in community life is they are working too hard for personal gain. Why? To pay off the debts they contracted when they sent their children to college. And after all, a man grown mellow with winters of struggle and summers of hard work has accumulated beneath his thinned or whitened hair insight, inspiration and judgment from which the community might readily profit.

UNCLE JEB.

Kitchen Philosophy

(By Sally Simeon)

Arona and Athroma went visiting tonight. When they knocked, the shrill bark of a terrier broke the silence.

"Lie down there. Shut up, I tell you, or I'll lock you in the kitchen" came the shriller voice of Samothy as she opened the door.

"Come in, if you can get in; I declare I never was so busy in my life, but oh my, come out to the kitchen and see what I've been doing."

So they picked their way around chairs loaded with papers and magazines and clothes and boxes—out to the pig pen called a kitchen.

"See all those lovely lima beans."

MIKE'S
FOR FIRST CLASS
Barbering
Cascade Locks

Did you ever see a prettier sight?" exclaimed Samothy holding up a jar. Her tall husband arose politely from the supper table, holding the daily paper in one hand, his eager eyes welcoming the neighbors, as he shook hands warmly.

And such a table. Heavens to Betsy! such a table—fruit jars full or empty and filled with white mold—dirty dishes stacked everywhere—cobs of corn that they had eaten several days ago—onion skins, tomatoes rotting, and such dirt—filthy dirt!

But somehow Arona felt you had to look over the dirt; Samothy and Legsy were cultured people—past masters on home, national, international affairs. Legsy held his paper up and said:

"See what our new president has said. Now that's what I call diplomacy!"

Arona and Athroma couldn't get away. They followed them to the gate solicitous of their comfort.

"I felt I'd have to have fresh air or I'd faint," said Athroma as they slowly breathed the chilly air.

Odd Shots by H. A. S.

Members of cleaners' unions would do well to strike while the iron is hot.

Well, the campaign is over, and the prognosticators can crawl back in their holes for another four years. One thing the election proved: Minorities, like the poor, we have always with us.

Candidates of both parties will spend the next week or so picking mud out of their eyes. Until they have done so they will be constitutionally unable to view with alarm.

As the New Dealer shouted when questioned closely, "Who said anything about moribund ant life?"

This maritime strike situation is such an in-and-out affair that we often wonder whether labor statisticians classify longshoremen among the unemployed.

It might be well merely to make the distinction between the unemployed and the unoccupied.

Fall is here with its colorful leaves, providing inspiration for a couple dozen new shades of face powder.

We see where a football player recently punted 102 yards, including

the roll. Give us a long, steep slide and we'll make his accomplishment look pretty puny.

A photographer is a man who takes people without opening his mouth.

A humming-bird nestling in the breast-feathers of a southern goose recently was shot by a hunter who was aiming at the goose. This will further impress upon us the dangers of hitchhiking.

Many an American who acquires European property takes his acquisition apart bit by bit and has it transported to this country for re-assembly. Maybe that's why the English are so concerned over the possibility of their king's marrying Mrs. Simpson.

News dispatches tell of a Spanish captain who jailed a poor prisoner for asking him for a piece of soap. We think the fellow was to be congratulated.

If you run a nail so far into your foot you can't extract it, try drawing mustard in warm water.

It's time for our semi-annual crack at swing music again. Sooner Sooper says swing music is what's left after the interference has been tuned out. The amateur listener will have difficulty in detecting when this feat has been accomplished.

Many a jazz-bander can make a trumpet sound like the quacking of a duck. We'd have more respect for a J.B. who could play Beethoven's fifth symphony with the duck.

You can't fool all the people all the time, but as Candidate Deane said, there's no harm in trying.

Good night, folks. We'll be on the air again next week with a little talk on college life entitled "It's a Small World—Especially if You're From Harvard."

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Julius & Thomas

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