

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

Official paper of city of Cascade Locks, Oregon.

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JOHN H. TRAVIS.....Editor
HUGH A. SCOTT..Associate Editor

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THE BEGINNING—NOT THE END

In the columns of this week's Chronicle is listed news of departure of many friends and the leaving in the near future of others. It seems to many of the business people and property owners of the area that the world is coming to an end. To some it seems that the area will be deserted within a very short time.

This is nearly true. The construction boom of the Bonneville area is speedily drawing to a close. We all knew it was coming and should have been prepared for it. The world is not coming to an end, for, with the termination of the construction work of the dam, the real future of the area begins to show itself. This boom that we have just been through has been temporary but the one that is on the way probably will be much slower in coming but far more lasting and profitable in effect.

The dam area is in the most publicized industrial and transportation region in the world. The daily papers contain a constant stream of dispatches of legislation before the national congress as the plans of the army engineers are brought before the public eye. This is publicity that cannot be duplicated any place in the world in the line of power, transportation, natural resources, climate and abundant water supply.

The next year is going to be hard for many, but think of it as a transitional stage from the construction era to the production era.

THE OTHER SIDE

Probably as much newspaper and magazine space has been devoted to traffic accidents and the accident problem as to any other one of society's problems during the past year.

This newspaper itself has printed editorials on the subject, and will be the last to say the accident rate is not too high, or that every effort should not be bent toward reducing it.

Yet it seems we should not cuss ourselves too roundly. Assuming that each of the nation's 25 million automobiles averages 10,000 miles of travel per year, we find motorists traveling a total of 250 billion car-miles in that period, and probably twice as many passenger-miles.

About 38,000 traffic fatalities occur annually. Simple division shows that for every traffic death, someone has driven an automobile 6,600,000 miles. That's quite a sizeable mileage, considering the number of hazards to driving which present themselves every mile of the way.

The showing is also pretty fair when one considers that automobiles are driven by persons of all classes, ages, sexes and races.

Suggestions have often been put forward to limit issuance of licenses to persons who have passed rigid physical and mental examinations, to revoke licenses on the slightest laxity on the part of the holder, and to govern the speed of automobiles at the factory.

This newspaper feels that such suggestions are an affront to the motoring public, most of whom, reports to the contrary, are decent, courteous, and law-abiding.

An ordinary citizen does not "suddenly become a ferocious ogre, completely forgetting the decencies of civilized society," whenever he gets behind the wheel of an automobile, as so many writers have characterized him. He remains a human being, although it is taking him time to become accustomed to the traffic

usages of the automobile, which was thrust upon him a scant 35 years ago. We can imagine that primitive man suffered numerous accidents when he first experimented with riding the wild ponies of the grassland.

Considering the convenience and saving in time afforded by the automobile, the accident rate does not seem out of line.

The fight against accidents, of course, is a good fight, and this newspaper will do its part to further it. We simply resent being called fiends and slayers because we choose to drive an automobile instead of a horse and buggy.

There's always something wrong. But the time you are earning enough to show the girls a good time your wife won't let you.

places and the things that are therein? Nay, nay. The sweetest song cometh from the lips of him that lieth in the sun and lakketh occupation, for to him spring bringeth the hour of sweet fulfillment.

Sun bathing promises to be more popular that ever this season. Already the hardened connoisseurs are debating angle of slope, texture of grass, hours of sunshine, and so forth. There are lots of sides to the business which the beginner overlooks.

We've been thinking of getting out a booklet entitled "What the Well-Dressed Sun Bather Will Wear."

Manufacturers of swimming suits will be hard pressed this season to find any more spots where fabric may be dispensed with. The day may come when bathing suits, now a nec-

essary evil, will be an unnecessary evil.

It isn't hard to understand how a fellow can engrave the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. Merely a transference of thought from one pinhead to another.

There's also the strange case of the man — doubtless Scotch — who wrote 16,000 words on a penny postcard. We didn't know there were that many ways of saying "Wish you were here."

We once saw a Bible the size of a postage stamp. That would probably suggest something to Jim Farley.

The theme song of Hitler's gripe artists lately has been "the Latin from Manhattan."

When Hitler asked the state department for an apology on account

of what La Guardia said, Hull's proper answer would have been, "In this country, suh, the government has nothing to say about the utterances of its citizens." It is doubted whether Der Fuehrer would understand such an attitude.

Although the war debts are a dead issue, no politician can be found who will deliver the funeral address.

Spanish military leaders are beginning to learn how a football coach feels when he runs out of substitutes.

MIKE'S
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Meetings

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

Bonneville Parent-Teachers Association — First Wednesday every month, study club at 1:30, regular meeting at 2:30 in Bonneville grade school auditorium.

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—Second and fourth Mondays, city hall.

Cascade Locks Boy Scouts — High school, Tuesdays, 8 P.M.

Bonneville Boy Scouts—Grade school auditorium, Tuesdays, 7 P.M.

Cascade Locks Townsend Club—Odd 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.

Damsite post, Veterans of Foreign Wars — First and Third Mondays, meeting room of administration building, 8 P.M.

Cascade Locks P.T.A.—Second Friday of each month, 8 P.M., high school.

Izaak Walton league—Meets second Monday of every month in Bonneville auditorium. Directors meet fourth Monday.

EXAMS ANNOUNCED

A civil service examination for welder's helper, to fill vacancies in the second Portland engineer district at Bonneville, will be held soon, according to announcement from the United States Civil Service commission. Applications must be on file with the secretary, board of United States Civil Service examiners, United States engineers office, 664 Pittock block, Portland, not later than March 22, 1937.

Odd Shots

By H. A. S.

That time of year has arrived when golfers can discard their snowshoes and corled pellets. Throughout the length and breadth of the land are heard the chirping sparrows, the importuning of landlords and the rattle of trailers. A diaphanous fringe of green appears upon the hem of the skirt of Nature, and the fisherman oilth the reel and inspecteth the line for flaws. Yea, verily, sunburns and tourists are just around the corner.

The recurrence of spring is, to say the least, an annual event. Yet each time it occurs it has a newness about it which mocks familiarity. Like a gal with whom has been on speaking terms for a long time, but who turns up her nose when you ask her for a date.

Who shall sing the wonders of this season? He who wieldeth the pruning-hook that his branches may be heavy laden at harvest? He who soweth the seed upon the face of the earth? He who seeketh out strange

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