

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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DIALOGUE

Two schools of thought are hotly arguing this point:

If and when the new super four-lane watergrade highway is completed down the south bank of the Columbia, with its center curb, sodium-vapor lamps, parkways and what-not, will Hood River become a more thriving business center or will it become another "forgotten town"?

Let us assume that Mr. Black and Mr. White are doing the arguing, with Black maintaining that the super-highway will be bad for business here and White taking the opposite view.

"I've seen it happen time and again," says Black. "When you put a good wide road through a small town, that town may as well be rubbed off the map so far as motorists are concerned. They may stop there occasionally for gasoline or a bite to eat, but they'll drive on through to spend the night or do their shopping."

"You're right to an extent," says White. "But look beyond the immediate needs of the small town and its residents."

"Highways can do more for towns than bring travelers and shoppers to it. Highways can serve also as commercial arteries, and feed payload traffic into a region where the benefits will gradually be distributed to the farthest corners."

"The Portland area even now is losing highway trade to California and Seattle because of the narrowness, crookedness and steep grades which make the Columbia River highway such a wretched truck road. The Columbia gorge is the natural and logical outlet for eastern Oregon and Washington and southern Idaho, but the traffic at present is moving elsewhere over straight, level roads."

"That may be so," replies Black, not easily beaten, "but where does that get Hood River?"

"We'll gain directly," White maintains. "For one thing, for every person who drives to Portland or The Dalles to buy because the new highway will make it quick and easy, there'll be a dozen Portlanders driving up the gorge on pleasure or business who now stay home, or come only as far as Multnomah falls or Bonneville."

"Tourist travel will also be greatly quickened, especially if we have a broad modern highway with publicizable features, such as night lighting or a parked center."

"But our present highway is much more attractive to the tourist than the new one will be," complains Black. "Besides, it's a historic route."

"I believe you're wrong on the scenery part," White remarks. "State highway engineers are making liberal provision for view turnouts along the new road, and tourists will be able to get sweeping views of the Oregon side which they're denied now, because they're traveling through the woods most of the time. And don't forget—the old road will still be there for those who want to travel it, which I think will be darned few."

"But I still don't like the idea of Hood River's becoming a hole in the road," Black says. "That's what's going to happen."

"Don't worry about Hood River," White replies. "Our valley folks aren't going to skip into Portland every Saturday night simply because they've got 60 miles of straight highway to drive on. The highway will simply be a challenge to local men to keep their wares at home through

preference rather than through necessity."

"You're barking up the wrong tree if you think the highway will slow things down here. Instead it will speed things up, force new methods and practices, and will mean more money in everybody's pockets."

"We're better off with the present highway than without any, aren't we? We'll be in even better shape with the new one."

"I still don't like the idea of the new highway," beefs Black. "You may be right, but I hate to see things all shifted around."

PORTS AND REPORTS

"There's no such word as 'wait'—it's been taken out of the dictionary!" We've quoted C. D. Nickelsen verbatim here, from his remarks concerning efforts of our port commission to get prompt and favorable action from the government on channel and turning-basin work at Hood River.

Nickelsen is right. When a group knows what it wants and has decided upon a course of action, there is nothing to be gained by delaying, by "waiting to see what the other fellow will do."

The port commission last week wired Senator McNary asking him to check up on Colonel Robins' report which promised port dredging work by the engineers here, to make sure it received its allotment from the board of army engineers in Washington.

McNary wired a reply stating the report is now before the board, and asked if the local commission wants to know what the attitude of the board on the proposition is. So the local commission wired back and said, in effect, "Sure."

McNary declared in his first wire that the allotment will go through in all probability if it bears the O. K. of the division office in Portland (as it does.)

It appears from the above exchange that everything is due to go through as scheduled. But had the port commission dallied—had they "waited to see what the engineers will do"—the story might have been different. Small projects have been pigeonholed in times past simply because everybody seemed to have lost interest in them.

So our compliments go to those who are against waiting, for they have little to lose and worlds to gain by going after what they want tooth, toenail and typewriter.

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.

Damside 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.

Churches

BONNEVILLE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Civic Auditorium

E. J. Aschenbrenner, minister
Sunday, 10 A. M., Sunday school in charge of Samuel Lancaster.

11 A. M. Morning worship. Theme: "If Wishes Were Fulfilled." Mr. Clyde Hubbard will sing the solo entitled, "The Prodigal."

Animals can rise no higher in their desires than to seek to feel more comfortable. But man has the capacity

for desiring infinitely more than that. The human spirit can yearn for wisdom, beauty, and goodness. Do not live on the mere animal level. Seek the highest experience man can know. Worship God next Sunday with your friends.

CASCADE LOCKS CHURCH

Sunday, June 13

Rev. L. G. Weaver, pastor

Morning service, 11 A. M. Sermon,

"Wild Oats or Wheat?"

League service, 7 P. M.

Adult service, 8: 05 P. M.

The Ladies Aid will meet Thursday, June 17 at the home of Mrs. Maude Broliar, with Mrs. C. A. Broliar assisting.

ACCIDENT CONTROL LAX

Sixteen states reduced their traffic accident death totals as much as 10 per cent during 1936, but Oregon's casualty list increased eight per cent, Oregon State Motor association figures show.

Aunt Eliza Again

Now there is the woman's smile, Mr. Editor. Have you ever given it particular notice? They tell us that the men do not notice things as much as the women. However that may be, one cannot well question the fact that the women smile much oftener than the men. Of course the man will let out a heavy haw-haw at his recounted jokes, and he has a sort of salesmanship smile when he has something to put over on you; otherwise, men might be called "old frozen-face." He is so often just about as heavy as the wooden Indian.

But milady smiles, and the world is that much brighter. She smiles, and there is that kindling light in her eyes, and if you look quick, you will see there the flash of life, elusive life. Perhaps in no other place is it so evident. Milady smiles, and the whole world dimples around you like the heading wheat waving in the summer breeze.

The smile is one of life's big assets. I have yet to hear anyone complaining that we have too much of these same assets. It is our liabilities that take our frowns. But the budget of life is then more easily balanced when you add in the smiles. And they

Patronize Chronicle Advertisers

Odd Shots

By H. A. S.

Only the brave deserve the fair, 'tis said. Our sympathy is extended to the fair, who certainly have done nothing to deserve the brave.

Headline in paper: "Banker Talks." That should remove any doubt as to his capacity to do so.

The camera never lies. But to hear folks talk during a hot spell, their faith does not extend equally to the thermometer.

Don't know whether the Duke of Windsor can achieve his much-sought privacy or not. Once a gold-fish always a gold-fish, we say.

We are reminded of a pretty snappy pun once perpetrated by the Baltimore Sun. When accused of taking a crack at Townsendism, one of the paper's staff writers mirthfully retorted, "The Sun never sets on the Townsend plan."

Three of anything is universally accepted as a distress signal. How about the poor lady who gives birth to triplets?

Hood River county's school bond election passed by a vote of 404 to 129. The office Bourbon remarks that apparently the results were determined along strictly party lines.

Young folks of yesteryear were always depicted as gamboling on the green, while today's gamblers are impartial to the green and the red.

We are sorry to report that, concerning the chief vice of modern woman, knitting can be done about it.

Wallis Warfield has proved what some movie stars have known for a long time—that one good way to get publicity is to marry the Duke of Windsor.

Then there was the continental hostess who never got far in the social battle because she couldn't put up her dukes.

"Say, that was a tough mug you caught down at the bank hold-up," remarked the sergeant to a flatfoot. "Yeah, but you should have seen the one that got away."

Telling a woman to put up or shut up is sort of giving her Hobson's choice.

People are divided into two classes: The silent and the salesmen.

The struggle between Germany, Italy and Russia in the Spanish revolution reminds us of the seemingly annual conflict between a Californian and a Washingtonian for the Oregon state golf championship.

are found only in the savings accounts of the virtuous.

The smile may be counterfeited. But that only proclaims its worth. The G-men are not busy running down the counterfeiters of the buffalo nickel. Those gentry take to the higher-up coin. One may "smile and smile, and be a villain still," but that deceptive smile is hollow and only an imitation. Its false ring is soon discovered. The smile belongs only to the virtuous.

So, we are all going to help the situation by bringing out the smile to the front. We should all join up with that great jolly order of "The Smilers." And let's be particularly active in getting the men enrolled in it.
AUNT ELIZA.

Silo Silas Sez--



Some men are like gift cigars. You can never tell how bad they are until they are lit.

OO-OO-OOH!

