

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

What has happened during the past year or so to the tearful editorials and articles which pondered the plight of our unemployed youth?

The answer is not far to seek. For youth, in the main, is no longer unemployed.

It would be hard to say exactly what proportion of our high school and college graduates are successful in landing jobs within the first few weeks after they leave school, but the proportion would be surprisingly close to 100 per cent. Those intellectuals who, during the depression, rather glorified in their softness and shrinking from the world because there were so many others who were unemployed, can find small comfort in the current industrial picture. People are working, and that's all there is to it. Gradually the old and healthy attitude, that chronic unemployment is a disgrace, is returning.

One could feel a tremendous amount of pity for the youngsters who were shoved out into the world three or four years ago, without a thought in their heads as to what they could do for a living. Many of them learned during those years what fear and loss of confidence can do to a man.

Those times have quietly slipped around the corner—the same corner, probably, which we had to turn in order to view prosperity. Now we aren't worried about the skilled man who is out of a job, but about the unskilled man who is in one. And we are grateful for such a pleasant perplexity.

The stage is set again for the writing of success stories, and young fellows who have the right stuff in them are toiling ahead with bright goals far to the fore. Their names are known now only in crossroads stores and clannish neighborhoods, but some day the headlines will be theirs too.

Serious problems of finance, economics, labor and social conditions are as pressing as ever, but somehow they have been stripped of the deadly earnestness that clothed them during the mid-depression years. Politics is the same game now as then, but the pawns are better fed and are squawking less. Even preachers are doing less worrying; they have tapered off their sermons on economics, and are taking another whack at saving souls, which is a reliable sign of prosperity.

That is the way of American life. Charles Dawes tells us the next depression is a little more than two years away, and maybe he is right. Maybe, also, it will be a good thing, for only thus will we be made aware of the felicitous prosperity we are enjoying now.

KING FOR A DAY

Strawberry season is here. And though we may speak of the lowly prune and the lowly potato, the succulent red morsels of early summer, though they grow clinging near the earth, have never been known as the lowly strawberries. Rather would they be described as the fruit supreme.

But like the brilliant sunsets, the strawberry's life is not long. He will yield to the cherry and to the later berries that must be plucked from thorny vines. But like the sunset, he has brilliance and delicacy in his color, and who can challenge his possession of these same qualities in his matchless flavor?

PORTLAND STAGES A SHOW

Eyes and steering wheels were turned toward Portland last week, for Portland put on a show. And who

can say to what extent that city owes its fame, its population and its prosperity to the rose festival?

Roses bloom in equal beauty and profusion in other coast cities, but we know Portland as the "City of Roses." And those who saw the festival parade Friday observed that, with entries from cities far and wide, the occasion is really embodying Oregon and the northwest.

COURTESY FROM THE CAB

Service station attendants have been credited with putting courtesy in salesmanship. Now isn't it true that truck drivers are serving as an example in the same way for the motorist? We are not sure that many auto drivers have profited by the example as yet, but the truck drivers are carrying on.

These gentlemen of the mammoth carriages are pictured in cartoon and comic strip as towering uncouth bruisers with whom it is dangerous to argue. But follow them at night and they will flash their tail lights as a signal of an open road ahead. You will see them stopped by the van of a fellow-driver helping him put a new tire in place. You will see them waiting at tunnels for a clear road before proceeding with their cargo. See them at their stopping places, happy and carefree for a moment, munching sandwiches and gurgling coffee before proceeding down the dark road into the night.

Yes, the man at the wheel of the moving mountain is of a gentle lot. Contrast him with the hardened face glaring out of the windshield of a sporty high-powered sedan, accompanied by the nervous blare of an auto horn when something slightly delays his mile-a-minute schedule.

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, Fri-

days, 8 P.M.

Cascade Locks City Council—Second Monday of each month, 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.

Dam site 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.

Forest Service Float Wins Mention

The U. S. forest service float in Friday's grand floral parade which appeared in section 5, public utilities and transportation division was made entirely from material gathered in the Mount Hood national forest by CCC workers. The float represented the Civilian Conservation corps and on the float instead of beautiful young girls rode three CCC boys: Bob Wilson from Sunset camp, Co. 4774, Vancouver, Wash.; Ray Williams, Cascade Locks camp, Co. 4765 and Otis Potter, Zig Zag camp, No. 928.

Four U. S. forest rangers accompanied the float, riding on black horses and acting as a guard of honor. The rangers were as follows: Harold Engles, Zig Zag ranger station; F. E. Williamson jr., Rhododendron, Ore.; Roy Weeman, Columbia Gorge ranger station, Cascade Locks; and Albert Wiesendanger, Eagle Creek ranger station, Bonneville.

Government regulations prohibit the purchase of roses and other flowers so the float was made from salal, lupine, moss, scotch broom and yarrow.

The float was designed by the forest service office of engineering, James Frankland and Dean Wright, engineers.

The honorable mention ribbon was awarded the float.

Churches

BONNEVILLE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Civic Auditorium
E. J. Aschenbrenner, minister
Sunday, 10 A. M., Bible school in charge of Samuel Lancaster.
11 A. M., Morning worship. Theme, "The Modern Father and Religion." Father's Day will be observed throughout this service. Special music will be rendered, and the oldest and youngest fathers who are present with their child or children will be especially honored.
You are cordially invited.

CASCADE LOCKS CHURCH

Sunday, June 20
Rev. L. G. Weaver, minister
Morning service, 11 A. M. Sermon topic, "Going Back Home."
League service, 7 P. M. Next Sunday the Gideons will have charge of the service morning and evening.



(By Rudy Schroeder)

Much as I hate to report it, fishing is still bad—very bad—in this county. No good catches came to my attention over the week-end. The smaller streams are still showing an occasional fair catch, but water is still high and there is still a lot of snow in the hills.

The road to Lost lake now is open and fishing there should be drawing crowds soon. The lake has not been fished enough yet this year to know exactly how the catches will be, but they should be very satisfactory.

Lakes in the Bend region are coming in nicely. Good catches are being reported from both East and Paulina lakes, the most popular, where bait and spinner are most successful. Crescent lake is returning heavy catches in the old style, and should be a popular resort this season. The Bend chamber says next week-end should be excellent for fishermen if the weather clears and warms a little, as cold rains have made the fishing unsettled in the past few days. The Deschutes has so far failed

Odd Shots

By H. A. S.

Among other strange sights, did you ever see a Chinese actor waiting for his queue?

Teacher: Johnny, use the word "harmony" in a sentence.
Johnny: Harmony times have you ased me that before?

Old Sir Harry Lauder is on another world tour—only this time he's traveling in a private capacity. Therefore you won't see him billed, "Lauder—and funnier."

Ridicule very often springs from envy. Possibly that's why people make fun of the Scotch for their thrift.

"Whisky is my worst enemy," said the old toper, "and my greatest desire is to surround the enemy."

People in high position are extremely susceptible to assassination. One must still, however, regard assassination as a doubtful compliment.

To prove that we're not the only ones who rib the waitresses once in a while, we quote from the Penn State Froth:

Diner: Are you the waitress who took my order?

Waitress: Yes, sir.

Waterfront lots, spectacular movies and blind dates have one thing in common—they rarely live up to advance notices.

A speaker who is full of his subject can never empty himself by talking.

This week's simile: As big as the hands of a 16-year-old kid at his first bridge party.

Picnic time is here again. We sell choice western yellow-jackets to add exactly the right touch to the outdoor table.

"What would you say to a glass of beer?"

"I wouldn't say anything to it—I might scare it away."

Speaking of the Penn State Froth, we're reminded of other bizarre names which college humor publications have inflicted upon themselves: The Rammerjammer, Kitkat, Purple Parrott, Gargoyle, Wampus, Sun Dodger, etc. Characteristic of collegiate honesty, none of these names suggest that the magazines might contain humor.

The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be, but then again, she ain't what she's gonna be, either.

Hold 'er, Newt, she's a-headed fer the pea patch!

These "peace at any price" people usually don't have the price.

Well, it's been a pleasant year, folks. We'll see you when the robins nest again.

to live up to its name as a big-time fishing stream this year, but is bound to get better as the season rolls on and the water goes down, so the fish can get settled in the good holes.

THE LONG DISTANCE CALL



THE SWEET FLAVORED GUM

