

THE BONNEVILLE DAM CHRONICLE

HOOD RIVER, OREGON

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JOHN H. TRAVIS.....Editor

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FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

News items or ads may be left at the Cascade Drug Company in Cascade Locks, or at the Roosevelt Inn in Bonneville.

Wednesday afternoon I am in Cascade Locks and Wednesday night I may be reached at the Roosevelt Inn in Bonneville. Othertimes call us collect at Hood River 3761. —Jack Travis.

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OUR AFTERTHOUGHTS

In the procession of time, the 1937 Christmas has made a retiring bow and disappeared from the stage of our sight. And now naturally we reflect of what the season has brought us, and what there is to our advantage amidst the tinsel and the cheap gaudiness with which men are inclined to decorate what is supposed to be the year's most joyful occasion.

The dominant notes of the original Christmas were peace and good will. Of these two spiritual commodities this old earth of ours has never produced an excess. And so the Christmas symbols, if their meaning is not lost, are worthy of preservation. The Christmas candle, making ruddy the front window pane of our homes, is a beautiful symbol of the season. Let its light shine on. Kindred in its emphasis is the Christmas Tree, with all its glow—a surpassing delight to the children of the home. Our gifts? There is no call to abridge the established custom now of exchanging gifts, with the provision that "the gift without the giver is bare."

Dickens caught a view of the wide horizon of the Christmas idea, and his classic lives from year to year, reflecting our higher moods—Tiny Tim's "everyone" shows how wide is the vista of life and echoes the call of an enlarged attitude. It is well that there is one season of the year which tends to mellow the Scrooge within us.

In our imperfect world with its seeming clashes of interest and consequent strife, the Christmas proclamation of peace is a reminder that should not be lost. Strife helps no one. Bitterness is a boomerang. The devil within us is the only one with which we should heartily contend. And to be at peace with ourselves and with our fellow men will smooth out more of the wrinkles of life than we can readily imagine.

YOU CAN'T PASS THE BUCK

Few of us have any realization of the amazing progress that has taken place in making our modern automobiles mechanically safe. Inventors and engineers have literally shot the works, all the way from modern improvements in brakes and bodies, to relatively elimination of projections on instrument boards.

Similar progress has taken place highway design. Non-skid surfaces have been applied, curves made into straight-aways, hills flattened, and turns banked with slide-rule accuracy. And what are the results of all this expenditure of time, money and ingenuity? A soaring accident record, and a death toll that approaches the 400,000 mark annually.

The motorist can't pass the buck. Individual carelessness, individual incompetence, individual ignorance—these are the prime causes of accidents. The most withering commentary that can be made on our driving habits is the fact that the great bulk of fatal accidents occur on good modern roads, under favorable weather conditions, and involve cars in excellent mechanical condition. The proportion of accidents that are honestly caused by mechanical failure of vehicles or bad road conditions, is microscopic.

ECONOMIC HIGHLIGHTS

As Dorothy Thompson wrote a few weeks ago, "The capacity of this country to weather another depression, before the serious social, economic and political effects of the last one have worn off, is one great big question mark." It is this "question mark" which is perhaps the most unsettling factor in the current situation. Industrial production has widely declined. Securities are combing the price depths. Business' sentiment is even worse than the business production figures—principally because of doubt as to the future, and fear of what the coming months may bring. In other words, the statistics are bad—but the imponderables, such as investor psychology, are a great deal worse. It is this tremendously important factor which makes the post-September drop something different than just another recession in a long pull recovery movement. And it is this which is responsible for the amazing variety of present-day forecasts as to the trend of coming events. One school, including government officials and other New Deal partisans, tends to minimize the recession so far as possible, and to make it seem less severe than it actually is. Another school, which includes those who are exceedingly opposed to all of the acts and objectives of the Administration, tries to make the picture even darker than it is. To try to strike the happy medium, between the apostles of sweetness and light on the one hand, and the bearers of the blackest tidings on the other, is the tough job that confronts any analyst today.

First, some facts. The country has not yet felt the full brunt of the drop, though more and more of the impact is becoming visible daily. The employment situation will be grave this winter. During October, about 100,000 workers were laid off. During November, the number reached 400,000, according to the best estimates obtainable at the time this is written. During January, it seems inevitable that a still larger number of workers will be divorced from payrolls, and forced to look for non-existent jobs; to subsist for a time on savings, which in the great majority of instances are pitifully small, and finally to seek relief or charity. The Christmas buying period, with its acceleration in retail trade, kept the unemployment rolls from growing on a big scale last month in all probability, but the full effects will be felt this month.

Loss of employment has not occurred evenly in all industries. Trade, distribution and finance today employ more workers than in 1929.

Construction, however, has made up only one-fifth of its losses since 1929, on the basis of figures which do not take fully into account the current recession. The transportation industries are far under their pre-depression employment levels. The public utilities have recovered only about one-third of their depression employment losses.

Figures for the manufacturing industries are too uncertain to be quoted—the employment total of even a week or two ago is likely to be extremely high as against the employment total of even a week or two hence, as it is manufacturing which first feels a drop in consumption, and is able to first trim its sails to meet the storm.

It is in the industries mentioned, with the possible exceptions of transportation and the utilities, employment will continue to drop until the recession is ended. Some forecasters are pessimistic enough to foresee a rise in unemployment to the worst depression level, when it touched 12,000,000. One thing seems certain—it will be impossible for the Federal government to stay out of the relief field on a big scale, and to continue the retrenchment policy begun in the early fall. The effects would be too severe. The feeling is growing in industrial quarters, that, much as a balanced budget is needed, the time for relief economy must be put off.

Now, some theories. How long will the recession last? A few economists fear that it cannot be checked, and will result in another long major depression, perhaps culminating in an actual panic. The bulk of the experts think that the down-turn can be checked early this winter, and turned into an up-turn in late January or early February, if Congress will take certain remedial steps in the direction of tax reform, and a more friendly attitude toward industry. This was also the opinion of the nation's leading bankers in replying to a

recent questionnaire—they forecast that the slump would run on four months, but not develop into another depression.

The great Roger Babson, who achieved fame when he predicted the crash of 1929, speaking recently of business affairs in the Northwest, observed that business recoveries were not constant, but rather were punctuated by peaks and depressions along the line. He maintains that the present downward trend is but one of the minor dips in the upward curve.

Proposals to turn the tide are now brewing, with Congress meeting in its regular session. Congress can't do it all—but it is generally believed that tangible legislative action, especially in the tax field, would provide the necessary steam to get the industrial engines turning again.

This is the time of year when the man who made a resolution to take a cold bath every morning postpones the practice till April.

Land Transactions

Following is a list of transfers of real property in Hood River County from Dec. 22 to Dec. 29, as published by the Hood River Abstract & Investment Co.:

Sarah J. Layman to W. A. Giese, warranty deed, conveys S½ of Eastern 66.18 feet of S½SW¼ of Sec. 6, T. 1, one mile south of Parkdale.

Lenore Adams and Banks Mortimer to Clifford E. and Mary Hardwick, warranty deed, conveys 1.53 acres in Lot 2, Adams Paradise Acreage, excepting right-of-way for pipe line. West Sherman avenue.

J. P. Hounsell to Dorothy Ann Hounsell, deed, conveys an undivided one-half interest in NW¼ NW¼, Sec. 2, T. 1, upper valley.

Richard N., George P. W. and Hattie L. Jensen, Ida M. Weissand, Carl F. Weissand, Meta and Theodore Peterson, to Alfred Edgar Jensen, deed, conveys NW¼NW¼, Sec. 13, T. 1, about four miles northeast of Parkdale.

John H. Sheldrake, sheriff, to

Silo Silas Sez--



A pacifist is a man who does not care to do any fighting himself, but will gladly contribute his wife's relatives on the altar of his country.

Middle-age is that period in a man's life when he learns that no matter in which direction a tax is hurled it's sure to hit him.

A scientist says it's the lower part of your face and not your eyes that give away your thoughts. Yes, especially when you open the lower part of your face.

They say over 300 tons of sugar are wasted every year in the bottom of teacups. That ought to cause a stir.

An inventor has assembled ten common garden tools in one and that ought to make it possible to lose them all under one pile of leaves.

It very often happens in this world that the optimist has to borrow the pessimist's umbrella.

The fellow who wrote about the "silent watches of the night" never had to listen to a dollar one ticking on the dresser.

It has been my observation that the average man can do a full day's work by noon if he is going to get the afternoon off.

Meetings

American Legion, Bonneville Post, No. 88, second Tuesday of each month at the Civic Auditorium, Bonneville.

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—Thursday, cabin 8, Enquist addition. Everyone welcome.

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

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.

Rebekaahs—Cascadia lodge, Cascade Locks, first and third Wednesdays of each month, Odd Fellows hall, 8 P.M.

Cascade Locks P. T. A.: Meets in the evening of the second Wednesday of the month.

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

Port Commission—Second Thursday of each month at City Hall, Cascade Locks.

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

I. O. O. F. Cascade Lodge — Every Monday night, Cascade Locks. Troop 390, B. S. A. Grade school gym every Friday, Cascade Locks.

Echoes of the Valley...

(Being Contributions of Hood River Poets)

HOUSE WARMING

There is virtue and comfort and absence of toil
In the furnaces feeding on sawdust and oil,
There's the new air conditioning—fine, so they say,
And the heat circulators are here for a stay.

'Tis a pleasure to dwell where devices supreme
Furnish heat for the rooms with hot water and steam.
It's a symbol of progress—our pride it arouses
To witness how science is heating our houses.

The fire on the hearth in the days obsolete
Was the limited means for both cooking and heat;
But a fireplace today often stays dark and cool
For a man must be wealthy to keep one in fuel.

With the old air-tight heater I never will part;
The warmth that it sheds has gone straight to my heart.
It may not be modern—'tis homely to view,
But the way it sheds heat passes anything new.

So when winter's cold blasts shake the door and the shutter,
I sit in my room without ever a mutter,
And list to the crackle, as soothing as wine,
In the little wood heater—cost \$2.49. —Uncle Jeb

PRESERVERANCE

Through all of these years,
'Mid joy and 'mid tears,
We battle thru' losses and gain;
We almost give up—
So bitter the cup—
As the goal we have sought to obtain.

Sometimes it's so near
Our hearts leap with cheer;
We tackle the job with new zeal.
Like a thief it is gone,
And we wonder what's wrong,
Then give up and seek a new field.

If only we'd stay,
And conquer each day;
And daily let that be our goal;
Then happy we'd be,
On land and on sea.
If we lived as our fathers of old. —G. W. Ledford

EPHEMERAL?

The heaving sea waves roll and break
In their constant shoreward route,
To spread a lacy network
That instantly fades out.

The fair bloom in the garden,
Exquisite in array,
Lives its short day and then
Drops to its death away.

The life of man on earth is fleet;
It passes as a shade;
It hardly comes its strength to meet
'Till it begins to fade.

But flowers bloom the season through;
Tho' foam's ever at the sea;
And life flows on beyond earth's bounds
To immortality.

—J. Kelly Buck

A PEST

I try so hard, to no avail—
He always tells a taller tale!

Embellish as I can, and do,
He makes a bigger one seem true.

My little stories only serve
To stimulate his wit and nerve.

Some day I mean to tell a lie
That even he can never tie.

He never will survive the test,
But why consider such a pest.

—Will Helm

FOR A RAINY DAY

I like rain and some damp stuff,
But I think I know when I've had enough.

I would like to see the sun again,
But it looks like it would always rain.

Things like moisture, this I know—
Drowning them won't make them grow.

I know that rain keeps grasses green,
But can't the sun shine in between?

I cannot work, I cannot play
If clouds just drip and drip this way.

I think I'll seek another clime
If it keeps raining ALL the time. —Will Helm

THAT LUXURIOUS LIFE

If we had everything we wanted,
And everything worth while;
What a wonderful world to live in—
We could greet it always with smile.
The joys that it would bring us each and every day,
Are beyond all words I can really say.

To pave the road smooth all your life,
To leave out all bumps, and have no more strife,
To give you the comforts in the hour of need,
To be brave and strong, wherever misfortune may lead.

But money does not always do its part—
It has brought much grief, even a broken heart.

And to many of our dear ones it has brought death and sorrow.

Then there was no returning, nor a tomorrow.

The castles that have been built, glittering with gold,
Have revealed many sad stories, and many untold.

Life does not always fulfill all its good wishes;
That means the poor, as well as the rich.

So the things that count in life after all
Are those whom you can serve at a minute's call;
And spreading joy and happiness to everyone

Is worth more than anything else under this sun.

Those who ask so little for everything they do
Are well repaid when their time comes, too.

And those whom you aid and up-lifting hand you extend,
Leaves you no regrets, not even to the very end.

—Mrs. Anna Mae Calandra