

**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.
Tuesday night I am at the Roosevelt Inn in Bonneville, and Wednesday in Cascade Locks. Other times call us collect at Hood River 3761.
Jack Travis.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Three months.....	\$0.40
Six months.....	\$0.75
One year.....	\$1.50

YELLOW !! *x?!Z\$!

We have never been so persnickity about the color of our license plates that we wanted them to match the color of the car, but when the announcement was forthcoming that Oregon's 1939 license plates would be yellow—well, it just didn't set right.

Yellow is a beautiful color when seen in buttercups of early spring. It is a comely shade for milady's summer frock. It makes a delightful background for the tint of red and pink on an apple or peach. Yellow is an admirable color for painting "no parking" strips along curbs. Circus promoters recognize it as of great advertising value when mixed with red on posters announcing the greatest show on earth. We wouldn't want to see a lemon or a plate of butter any other color.

But yellow doesn't usually have a complimentary connection. A man who is "yellow" lacks fortitude. A yellow dog is an object of ridicule. A yellow house is not usually attractive unless the color is toned down to become a cream. When we think of yellow, we think of the yellow peril, yellow fever, a yellow-jacket, or a yellow, sallow complexion.

Yet the state is to make the 1939 license plates yellow—aping California's 1938 color scheme. There are many different shades of yellow, and whether the background for the state's black numbers will be canary, lemon, cream, amber, straw, brass, or just plain yellow, we protest.

For years our black and white or blue and white license plates have been a symbol of taste, contrasted with Washington's sickly green shade on her tin plates and California's uncomely orange or yellow coloring.

Now Oregon has turned yellow.

INSURANCE 'N INSURANCE!

The pertinent remarks of Reporter Alva Johnson in the Saturday Evening Post recently, in his article "Jimmy's got it" set the tongues awagging.

Some Oregon writer could, with little trouble, write an article entitled "Stanley's got it." 'Tis a peculiar world, this "democratic" world of ours.

BONNEVILLE DAM IS LIKE A TRUCK WITHOUT A HIGHWAY

Bonneville Administrator J. D. Ross has power to sell—now. He has an approved rate schedule and the authority to sign contracts with customers, on the ground, without further reference to Washington. He has a number of live prospects, potential wholesale consumers in both public and private fields—

enough, he believes, to take more power than his first two generators will produce.

But the rub is that Ross has no transmission lines except the little line to Cascade Locks now nearing completion.

As a result, Ross is not engaging in any widespread program of advertising or exploiting Bonneville power. It could only promote demands that would prove embarrassing because they could not be fulfilled.

So Ross is doing the next best thing—carefully canvassing customers who plan to come and get their own power at the power house bus bar, and going after transmission-line money with everything he has. And it appears that he is going to get this money in big chunks, not only from congress but PWA and possibly from WPA.

For the moment, however, Bonneville Dam is like a sleek, new, powerful truck—without a highway. —Oregon Journal.

There is no attribute to the public spirit of a small city more noteworthy than a brass band. Snappy uniforms and glistening brass instruments makes any band a sight pleasant to the eye as well as an ensemble which delights the ear. Music from community bands is always delightful; never mournful. Usually marches, waltzes or trios have that swing and rhythm which makes the bystander keep time with his toe and inspire the man walking on the street two blocks away to measure his stride with the music.

Why is it a man will take it as a compliment if you say he is level-headed, but he will want to cut your throat from ear to ear if you say he is flat-headed.

The biggest optimist is the man who thinks that after mother and daughter have learned to drive the family car he can have it any time he wants it.

The only objection some fellows have to these modern electric carpet sweepers is that they can't get a straw out of it to clean their pipe.

Women are now wearing dresses of a material they call "banana cloth." That should make something nice to slip on when you're in a hurry.

No matter how disreputable a man looks, he never appears quite so horrible as just before he fixes himself up before breakfast.

There is nothing a man likes more than having a woman make over him, and nothing he likes less than having her make him over.

When you hear a man bragging that he never changes his mind you don't have to wonder what kind of a mind he has.

Isn't it disgusting how your neighbors brag about themselves when they could just as easily be bragging about you?

Another thing the city man can't understand is how a farmer gets grass to grow without sprinkling it.

Just because a girl has a ringing laugh is no reason to suppose that she is the belle of the village.

If you really want to know all about your next-door neighbor's past life, just get him to run for office.

You usually can tell a failure in life by the amount of advice he gives others on how to succeed.

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