

THE DAM CHRONICLE

Published every Friday in the interest of the Bonneville Dam Area by the Bonneville Dam Publishing company.

Mark A. Shields, Editor
John H. Travis, Business Manager

Editorial and Business Office in Bonneville, Oregon. Mechanical Department in Cascade Locks.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Carrier	
One month	20 cents
Three months	50 cents
By Mail	
Three months	\$0.50
Six months	\$1.00
One year	\$2.00

ROOSEVELT BIRTHDAY BALL

The public is preparing to observe President Roosevelt's birthday again this year in a manner that will raise money with which to combat and conquer infantile paralysis.

Oregon and Washington will assist in raising funds. It would seem sensible that the moneys contributed by the people of the Pacific northwest be used in developing, or at least seeking to develop, some of its numerous hot springs with a view to creating a hospital where infantile paralysis patients can receive treatment near at home.

An analysis of waters can be made at a reasonable cost. Money derived from the birthday ball can be put to no better use, and it would have the practical result of enabling people of small means to find health, for it is too often impossible for patients of the west coast to reach the hot springs in Georgia.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

Doctor Townsend, of Long Beach, California, who wants to give every person over the age of 60 a monthly old age pension of \$200 a month, insists that he is going to present congress with a petition containing 10,000,000 names.

The good doctor may make good his boast, but he can hardly be expected to sell his idea to the national government, due to the very simple fact that economists say the plan is utterly impractical.

Old age pensions demand more attention than any other public problem of the day. The masses are insisting upon a pension for the aged people of America, and will not be denied. However, the pensions must be developed out of some practical plan which will not destroy credits or disrupt business.

The Eagles have borne the brunt of the fight for old age pensions. They have fought on year after year, and it is largely through their efforts that the American public has been awakened to the injustice of a social system which enables industry to leave the old people in want after men have been thrown out of work because of gray hair.

Oregon's forthcoming legislature must cooperate with the national government in solving the problem of the old age pensions. It must be sympathetic and willing to assist in doing that which is best for the community as a whole. The Townsend plan is dead; another must be found to replace it.

MOVE THE HATCHERY

The state owns a tract of land at Bonneville. For 70 years it was only a piece of land, suitable in modern times for a fish hatchery.

Building of the dam has increased the value of this property many fold. Containing something like forty acres it offers an excellent site for an industrial plant. Manufacturers are going to want the land.

Good business would dictate that the state dispose of its property and seek a site for the fish hatchery at Herman acreek, or some other nearby location, any number of which are available.

The state fish commission is not concerned with the development of the state, except as it relates to the spawning of salmon, and has no thought of moving. On the contrary it proposes to spend \$60,000 on improving the property.

To Bonneville have come hundreds of men, who enjoy jobs on the project. Many of them have built homes. When the dam is completed the men must seek work elsewhere, and abandon the houses which they have erected for their families.

An industry in Bonneville would create a payroll. It would provide work. It would set up a need for the houses which promise to become fuel for the flames unless some use can be found for them. An industry would enable workers to remain after the dam is finished. This demand will never be set up if the state insists on expending \$60,000 on this property, for there is not sufficient ground space for the fish hatchery and an industry.

ODE TO A TURKEY

Thanksgiving Day with fair or murky dawn;
With rain or sun or snow, whatever weather be;
The hen-yard wakes to find plump Tom-turkey gone—
Gone in the night to meet his destiny.

For custom has decreed, that he, upon this date—
A scene oft gazed upon by wall-eyed owl,
Between the darkness and the dawn—shall meet the fate
Grim jester holds in store for every fowl.

The morning finds him dressed and with dressing filled.
And in his proper place among the pots and kettles.
Anon, the table on, browned to a turn and parsley filled.
Ringed about with steaming dishes filled with vittles.

The dietists, who live by chart and firm restrictions,
Today ignore the fad with scarce an inner tussle.
To eat their share of turkey and a heap of fixings,
And give no thought to bulging 'tummy muscle.'

Long having dined with care, and fear of getting fatter,
They scent the fragrant air as one half starved,
And slyly substitute their puny plate for copious platter.
Nor scarce can wait until the luscious bird is carved.

Oh, fan-tail fowl! It matters not what you are named,
We do esteem you, which esteem will endure.
Thou art a medium of philanthropy and justly famed
As gift, this day, by rich to needy poor.

The Pilgrim Fathers, with your aid gave pious thanks,
Your presence brought smiles to their faces glum.
You helped to put the meat back on their skinny shanks;
Stayed them, else returned they whence they'd come.

No chicken breed or quacking duck nor gangling stork;
No sculptured mormon gull, or bird whatever name,
Can match your crest of crossed knives, spoon and fork,
Nor take your place, high in the feathered hall of fame.

The eagle, grim of brow, who high the heavens soar;
The keen eyed hawk, the buzzard huge, the goomed raven;
The pounce prowed pelican who skims the ocean shore;
No nich in history holds, as time for you has given.

The vengeance which this hapless bird can take;
On which its gobbling ghost must gaze with grim delight—
A nation with a midnight belly ache—
So, if you've eaten much, beware! tonight.

—Noble F. Hyde

Bring Us Your News Items

Stolen Cow Back to Farmer in Cana

Red Cloud, Neb.—M. R. Rhetus, farmer, will have meat this winter where he figured to have milk and cream. One of Rhetus' cows was stolen. A few days later the sheriff returned the cow—in cans. Frank Lemke admitted stealing, butchering and canning the cow.

SEVERE ON COMMON THIEF IN OLD DAYS

Whipping, Cut Off Ears, Pillory in One Sentence.

Sanbury, Pa.—Old records at the Northumberland county courthouse attest to the severity of sentences imposed by the courts during the republic's infancy.

The case of Joe Disberry versus organized society indicates severe sentences were then, as now, not infallible in curbing crime.

Joe was the terror of the county, albeit he had a well-defined sense of humor. He wasn't particular about what he stole but his favorite theft was food, cooked by himself in houses while the occupants were gone.

Finally the patience of authorities was exhausted. This sentence was imposed in December, 1784: "That the said Joseph Disberry receive 39 lashes between the hours of eight and nine o'clock tomorrow; to stand in the pillory one hour; to have his ears cut off and nailed to the post; to return the property stolen, or the value thereof; remain in prison three months; pay a fine, etc."

Col. Henry Antes, sheriff, saw that the provisions of the sentence were executed.

Court records show that he was convicted four years later of robbing three houses, and sentenced to the penitentiary at Philadelphia.

A few years later he returned to Sanbury, still sticky fingered.

While robbing a mill in Union county he fell through a hatchway and suffered fatal injuries.

Rumanian Is Judge by Day and Thief at Night

Bucharest.—A strange case of double personality reminiscent of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was brought before the Brasia police court which had the unpleasant task of sending one of its own judges who was accused of burglary to a mental hospital.

During the day George Grigorescu was a capable and promising young magistrate. At night, however, he turned burglar whose pluck and cat-like agility astounded the police and rendered his capture difficult.

After a sensational pursuit on house roofs, Grigorescu slipped and was caught. Owing to his abnormal behavior he was examined by a commission of brain specialists, who were of opinion that the judge is not responsible for his actions due to the fact that he suffers from double personality mania.

He did not sell the stolen objects but hoarded them in the basement of his house, which had the aspect of a pawnshop.

'Human Adding Machine' to Be Freed From Prison

Pittsburgh.—The man "who once raced an adding machine and won" will be freed on parole from the Western penitentiary soon.

Eugene H. Kuhn, the "human adding machine," was sentenced 30 to 40 years in 1919 for killing his estranged wife's parents. Recently Gov. Gifford Pinchot granted clemency and Kuhn will soon be freed.

His mathematical ability has repeatedly amazed officials at the penitentiary. He can add two columns of figures simultaneously and can divide, multiply and subtract large sums entirely "in his head."

He can easily do the work of three clerks. Penitentiary officials said he has never taken any educational courses in mathematics.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wilkins of Hood River plan to spend Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Reuterskiold.

DANCE FRIDAY NIGHT December 7th

AUSPICES AMERICAN LEGION

CRAIGMONT HOTEL

TABLES CHAIRS BUREAUS
MATTRESSES MIRRORS DISHES
POP CORN POPPERS STOVES LAMPS
KITCHEN UTINSLS IRONING BOARDS
SPRINGS OIL CLOTH LIGHT GLOBES

D. C. FRANCIS

Hardware and Furniture
Cascade Locks

A FULL COURSE TURKEY DINNER

Thanksgiving Day

50c

Dew Drop Inn

CASCADE LOCKS

BRING US YOUR CARS

EXPERT MECHANICS
NEW EQUIPMENT
BATTERY CHARGING
Electric and Acetylene Welding
Any Type of Automotive Service
Power Wrecker

SERVICE GARAGE

CECIL MALLORY GEORGE BLAIDSDELL

ENJOY OUR 35-CENT MERCHANT'S LUNCH

A Man-sized Meal at the
Working Man's Price

TYRRELL'S
TAVERN

'ARCHIE' COOK, Manager

Opposite the gate in Bonneville