

# THE DAM CHRONICLE

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

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## OUR PROGRAM

1. Incorporate the town.
2. Create a water district.
3. Create a fire district.
4. Re-organize a chamber of commerce.
5. Install street lights.
6. Lay down side walks.

## BASEBALL

The weather is growing warmer; so is interest in baseball. The season is at hand when plans for a team should be formulated. Cascade Locks is being urged to join the Mid-Columbia league. Desirability of becoming a member of the league is a matter that will command attention, but it cannot be settled until grounds are found for a park. A meeting of those interested in baseball should be called at once and steps taken to develop a team, locate a playing field and discuss the merits of league membership.

## WEST IS FORGOTTEN

"East is East and West is West, And n'er the twain shall meet." Kipling was singing of the Orient and the Occident when he penned the verse, but he might well have been singing of east and west in the United States.

East is East—where millions are dependent upon industries which must sell their products in foreign lands. The west, largely agricultural, sells its produce of farm and orchard in the middle-west and the Atlantic seaboard. The west is entitled to the aid and sympathy of the east, but seldom enjoys it.

Oregon and Washington—warm customers of manufacturers in the east, are being traded down without compassion by the national administration at Washington and eastern industrial barons to the advantage of Europeans, who come seeking reciprocal treaties.

The lumber industry and the pulp and paper industry have been strangled so long that the Pacific Northwest has become accustomed to it, but the people are not so indifferent to their future that they are unaware of harmful results which will follow fast upon the government's action in throwing the bars down to Italian cherry importations and to importation of bulbs from Holland.

Oregonians should organize themselves and demand a continuation of protection which has been accorded bulb growers and cherry growers in recent years. They should go further and demand protection of the paper and pulp industry.

President Roosevelt, more than any other president in recent years, understands the west. In many ways he has exhibited inter-

est and sympathy for its people. Why he should be led into the position of favoring Europeans to the disadvantage of Americans is not clear.

Civilization cannot go back—civilization must not stand still. We have undertaken new methods. It is our task to perfect, to improve, to alter when necessary, but in all cases to go forward.—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"If I do not keep step with my companion it is because I hear a different drummer. Let a man step to the music he hears, however measured or however far away."—Thoreau.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

Tomorrow the American people will pay homage to the memory of George Washington. In schools throughout the United States youngsters will be given time from studies to observe the birthday of a Virginia boy who grew up to become the father of his Country. Tales repeated to the pupils by the teachers will vary in style and form and text. In Puritanical circles the happy habit of painting a halo about George Washington's head will be continued with gusto. Millions of people today think of Washington as a severe, unbending old fellow, who possessed no human frailties and who went about scattering gloom with a lavish hand. It is unfortunate for youngsters and unfair to the man that Preacher Weems and others of his ilk perpetuated this picture.

Numerous biographies have been written of General Washington in recent years, but they have not overcome harm done by early biographers. School text books continue to set the first president off as a god, who never knew the joy of living.

Personal habits of the General should have no place in studies of his character. Instead school children should be taught to profit from his qualities of character which set him above all other men of his time. Courage, tenacity of purpose, ability to appraise men enabled him to hold his army together for seven years. It matters not that he drank wine, danced all night with pretty women, loved a cock fight, swore, nor that he was the wealthiest man in the colonies. Through shrewd judgment he won America its independence, and that is the important thing.

## LITTLE KNOWN FACTS

R. Buckley, assistant manager of Tyrell's tavern, is a veteran jockey. Buckley, who was runner, up for top riding honors at last year's Multnomah county fair horse-racing meet, has ridden on every track in the union, Cuba, Mexico and Canada.

Officer Frank Caroon, of the government guard service, was overseas three years with the second Canadians. He was decorated and also wounded. Caroon has been in various law enforcement services including the Department of Justice, since 1924.

Louie Folsom, the jeweler, has worked in logging camps, an automobile assembling plant, on the railroad, on highway and bridge construction gangs and has been a salesman.

Four licensed aviators are working in and around the dam. The quartet are Ed Shields, truck driver for Orino, Bell and Malcom, who started one of the first aviation schools at Swan Island in

Portland; James Walawright, General-Shea plumber, who also once ran a Swan Island school and who is a transport pilot; Roy Frye, General Jackhammer man, who owns a plane at the Hood River airport; and Eddie Pittman, Standard Oil attendant at Bonneville, who took up aviation at the University of Washington and flies whenever possible.

I. E. Burks, concrete technician at the dam, was brought north from Panama Canal by the federal government to supervise concrete work. He spent three years in Panama. He is not enthusiastic about the tropics.

Joe Bucher, owner of the Hollywood dairy, was born in Switzerland, and likes all Swiss, loves the mountains.

## TRYOUT

(By Natalie Gardner)

When a gal sets her cap for a brand new beau  
She cares not a fig as to whether or no  
He is rotund and robust or streamlined and thin—  
His name may be Broski, Smythe, or O'Flynn.  
His nose may be Roman or Grecian or pug—  
He may drink from a dipper, a stein or a jug.  
And if, at a cozy dinner for two,  
He frugally orders mulligan stew,  
She'll eat it with gusto and loudly declare  
That mulligan stew is her favorite fare!  
These trifles a gal considers as nil.  
What she really desires is to test her skill.  
She needs must practice to keep her hand in,  
So she'll practice on Broski, or Smythe, or O'Flynn.

## A SMILE OR TWO

Voice (on phone): "Is the doctor in?"

Maid: "No, sir; and I don't know how long he'll be. He's been called out on an eternity case."

Newbride: "When you found you couldn't accept the invitation to our wedding, why didn't you send your regrets?"

Rival: "Oh! I thought you'd have enough of your own pretty soon."

A: "Would you advise a young man to go into any business where he saw a good opening?"

B: "Yes, if he were sure the opening wouldn't get him into a hole."

Jack: "No beautiful girl, what do you think the most interesting thing in the world?"

Jim: "When next to a beautiful girl I'm not thinking about statistics."

Doris was in love, and was anxious to hear the news.

"So you've seen daddy, darling? Did he behave like a lamb?" she asked Billy.

"Absolutely! Every time I spoke he said, 'Bah!' declared her sweetheart grimly.

Woman: "I want some advice about my husband, sir. He left me about twenty-five years ago and I ain't seen him since."

Judge: "Well?"

Woman: "What about me, aving a separation?"

## THIS AND THAT

Italian troops are flowing into Ethiopia. Having ferreted out everything else, Mussolini is now looking for the nigger in the woodpile.

The Townsend Plan has its disadvantages. Many a woman who has never confessed to her fortieth birthday, will experience difficulty making the government believe she is sixty-five and eligible to a pension.

## Nickel Plate Railroad

### Given Name by Newspaper

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis railroad was nicknamed the Nickel Plate as the result of an editorial printed in a Norwalk (Ohio) newspaper, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the early '80s when the right of way was being acquired for this railroad, the projectors desired to have it pass through Norwalk, which route would have given a more direct line from Vermilion to Bellevue.

The people of Norwalk were anxious to have the new road and set about to secure the amount of money required of them by the company. The Norwalk Chronicle, then owned and edited by Finney R. Loomis, sponsored all the work in Norwalk, and its efforts to land the road for the town almost met with success.

But just when the amount of money asked for had been practically subscribed and things appeared rosy, the officials of the company tacked on an additional sum, more than the people could meet. No amount of persuasion could change the attitude of the officials and the road was built to pass Norwalk six miles to the north.

Editor Loomis wrote a scathing editorial, the last paragraph of which told the people of Norwalk not to mind, that the N. Y. C. & St. L. railroad was only a "nickel-plated affair anyway." The company's officials laughingly adopted that name and called the new project "the Nickel Plate Road," and the name has stuck.

In a letter to the editor they thanked him for unwittingly supplying a sobriquet for the railroad and as a remembrance issued their first life pass to Finney R. Loomis, editor of the Norwalk Chronicle.

## Black Girl's "Dilly Bag"

### Exhibited at Melbourne

A curious exhibit has found its way into the Melbourne (Australia) museum. It is the "dilly bag" of a black girl of the East Alligator river, in the northern territory. It is the equivalent of the white woman's vanity bag.

The bag looks something like a closely woven onion bag, only it is made of grass stalks instead of string, and around it are displayed and labeled the contents just as they were found and as carried about by the average woman of the Kakadu tribe.

Like any other woman, she has her powder and her paint—white pipeclay and red ochre for painting the body. She has even some locks of hair, black and woolly, and probably her own.

Here and there among relics of meals are fresh-water mussel shells, a stone for pounding them open, part of a lily root used for food, an ornament of kangaroo teeth, a fragment of plaited split cane, a small lump of beeswax and a mass of wool from the cotton tree. The life of a native woman at Alligator river is told by her "dilly bag."

## Appeal to Honor

A terrible wreck occurred off the shores of Newfoundland. In the mad frenzy that followed the first shock of the collision, men forgot all else in their sense of self-preservation. An officer wearing the badge of the Legion of Honor was observed frantically pushing weaker ones aside to gain safety. A man stepped before him, pointing to the badge upon his breast. It was sufficient. The silent rebuke recalled him to himself. From that moment, self was lost sight of, and with undaunted heroism he sacrificed himself for the weak and helpless, and was seen at the last standing with folded arms on the deck of the doomed vessel in her last plunge to a watery grave, the badge of the Legion of Honor gleaming upon his breast.

## Obtaining Cream of Tartar

Tartar is a substance existing in the juice of grapes and deposited in wine casks together with suspended matter as a reddish crust or sediment. Cream of tartar is this substance purified—so called because of the crust of crystals which forms on the surface of the liquor in purification by recrystallization.

## WIDOW IN FIGHT FOR PORTION OF HUSBAND'S MILLION

### "Little Irish Queen," Penniless, Seeks Lumber King's Wealth.

New York.—Penniless now, Betty Murray, "the Little Irish Queen" of a decade ago is fighting—daughter of old Erin knows so well how to do—for her share in the estate of her dead husband, L. H. Hackley Smith, grandson and son of Charles H. Hackley, Michigan lumber king and multimillionaire founder of Muskegon, Mich.

Smith died recently in Juneau, Alaska, in a losing battle with the drug habit from which all his wealth at his command could not save him. His wife, Betty Murray, a startling success years ago as one of the Helasco girls, who was so hard to save him from the influence of narcotics, lives here in a cheap hotel, earning the bare necessities of life as a performer in a CWA show.

Seven years ago they were married. Between lies a story—entirely tragic.

## Papers Tell Tale

Betty's papers—on file in Juneau where Hack, as she called him, drug-wasted and fitfully violent started suit two years ago for divorce—tell the tale, part of it.

The rest was disclosed by attorney Joseph A. O'Brien, Betty's lawyer, before he left for Muskegon to look into the provisions of the Hackley will, which left one-quarter of his fortune to each of the Smith children, Hack and his two sisters.

Betty and the man who was to be her husband met on a spring evening in California, where she was playing on the stage with his Claire.

A few days later they were married and went to live with Mr. Smith, Hack's mother.

After a time they moved to Seattle, where Mrs. Smith had another home. One night Hack came to Betty, drunk, Betty thought, but later she found he was a drug addict.

Then followed months of outcast activity. Hack was kept busy chopping wood, hiking and shooting game on an island in Puget Sound. He gained in weight and appeared to be a new man.

They went on a cruise on a yacht with Mrs. Smith. Then she returned to Los Angeles and Hack disappeared. His brother-in-law found him—and found, too, that the drug habit had been too strong for him to resist.

Hack went back to his wife and together they rejoined Mrs. Smith in Los Angeles.

## Takes Drug Cure

Soon after, Hack went to a sanitarium for a narcotic cure. Betty stayed up nights nursing him, but the strain was too much. She had to have an operation. Then they went to Seattle—with Mater, Hack's brother-in-law.

When Hack, according to the affidavit, flew into a rage and a second time—struck her, Betty decided to come to New York, to visit her uncle, Rev. Charles MacMillan.

But she had no money and Hack demanded she sign a paper, saying she did not marry him for his money. There was another fight and then she signed the paper. She didn't read it. The next day she got a check for \$4,000 signed by Mater and railroad and Pullman tickets to New York. Hack promised to follow in three months.

That was in May, 1928. More than a year after their marriage. She never saw him again.

Betty, "the Little Irish Queen" of a decade ago, learned the paper she so innocently signed in Seattle was a property settlement, releasing all rights to any of Hack's fortune.

## Guatemala's Jungles

In Guatemala's jungle are grotesquely marked monoliths, ruins of magnificent cities and colossal temple-topped pyramids which bear witness to the existence of an Indian civilization centuries before the Christian era. In little mountain villages and in the city market places are throngs of Indians to remind one of the fact that Guatemala is still 60 per cent pure Indian.

"Keep your face always turned toward, the sunshine, and the shadows will fall behind you."