THE DAM CHRONICLE

Published every Thursday in the interests of the Bonneville dam area.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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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.

SLOW TO LEARN

Weyerhauser — kidnapers are being tracked down by swift, unrelenting department of justice operatives. The chase brings out two strong facts, to the shame of the American people:

1. Crime can be punished in the United States when the federal government sets out to end racketeering and bootlegging and kidnapping.

2. William Mahan, alleged to have been a member of the kidnap gang, and Harmon M. Waley, alleged to have confessed his part in the kidnaping, have been in crime practically all of their adult lives, and have been paroled out of reformatories and penitentiaries.

A sympathetic and indifferent public feels sorry for the poor boys—and often dishonest and incompetent public officials releases criminals lon before the expiration of a sentence.

European countries may be harsh, but they experience less difficulty than United States with the criminal class. The American people have had the lesson brought home to them repeatedly that major crimes are committed by trained criminals. In Europe the youthful criminal is put away for a long time and does not find opportunity to continue his lessons in crime.

Kidnaping does not exist, except in United States and China. Through our failure to put criminals away and keep them locked up we place ourselves on a plane with the Chinese, against whom we too often delight in poking fun.

RIVER FREIGHT RATES

With the dredging of a seven-foot channel up the Columbia the district tributary to the river should enjoy new low freight rates which may well be the envy of the rest of the western country.

Whether the people in the territory take advantage of their opportunity is, it would appear, largely a matter of education.

Every town on the river is interested in development of a river trade, for it will bring them a trade which cannot be enjoyed by less fortunate neighbors. But this trade will not come of its own violition. The public must be sold.

For a long period of years the impression has existed that an open river is intended primarily as an aid to wheat growers. This, in brief, sums up why the public has not taken a deeper interest in development of the Columbia.

The merchant, the small farmer, the laborer, the professional man—everyone must have a share in making the river a great trade route between the Inland Empire and Portland. And those who are to share the burden of building up the river trade must have a selfish reason for desiring to bring river boats. If they are not going to enjoy lower freight rates on all classes of commodities there can be no legitimate excuse for the government expending $400,000 on the channel.

The type of boats employed on the river may have a bearing on freight rates. However, we doubt this, for it has been demonstrated that a tug boat can drag a heavily loaded barge upstream against the current. If this can be done successfully, month in and month out, rates can be driven down, to the advantage of all.

Publicly-owned terminals are a necessity to the upbuilding of a river. Facilities for the swift, economical transfer of grain, goods and livestock from trucks to the boats and from boats to trucks must be provided. If this is not done rates will not drop, and if rates do not drop there can be no reason for small business man or the small farmer to use the river.

Studies should be made of freight rates, terminals and volume of commodities available. The work should be carried on in common by all towns on the river, and the finding should be made public property.

ROSE FESTIVAL FLOAT

A united people can move a mountain. And the mountains know it, but laugh, for it is hard for people to cooperate to a common end.

Last week the residents of the Bnneville dam area cooperated. They did not move a mountain. Instead they moved in on the Rose Festival and took third prize in a large field with their beautifully decorated float.

Few small communities in Oregon dare go to the expense and effort of competing in the festival. The dam area tried it a year ago, came away with flying colors, returned to the attack this year.

Greatest credit for the wide attention attracted to the floats from he district must go to Hal Babbitt, of the Bonny Villa Tavern. He designed and decorated the entries. And therein lies the secret of the district's ability to win over larger and wealthier towns. An artist of genuine ability, Hal Babbitt has been able to do for the people of his community that which other communities cannot buy, except at a heavy price—and few have the money.

Throughout the district this year there was lively interest in the choice of a queen and her court. The public response to the appeal for help in raising funds was immediate and whole hearted and everyone cooperated to provide money. It has been a splendid thing for the community, too, because it has enabled the people to test their strength. They have learned that by acting togeher they can move mountains.

The big boys who squawked loudest over NRA and spent spare time building monopolies under its protecting wings are now in a flutter over enforcement of the Sherman Anti-trust law. Some one, it seems, is always taking the joy out of life.

Midnight raiders are operating the forbidden fish wheels on the Washington side of the river. Sportsmen on the Oregon side did not object until poachers raided their territory with gill nets. This, of course, explains why champ anglers have failed to bring in a 40-pound salmon for the American Legion prize.

CAPTIVE RIVER

NOBLE F. HYDE

Roll, Columbia! Through the ages roll,
Undisturbed, unhindered in your strength.
Along the ancient pathway you control;
Immutable the laws, which rule your length.

Spawnned by the snows of loffty northern peaks,
Strengthened as you move among the hills;
Taking tribute from ten thousand creeks,
Countless waterfall, and ravined rills.

Born in dim antiquity, e'er restless man
Of scheming brain and cunning hand was known;
Freedom has been yours since first you ran
Upon the Royal road you wholly own.

Lng in the mind of man a puny thought
Stirred and grew, and now awakened dream,
Born to reality, will soon have wrought
A structure to divert you, Mighty Stream.

Daring, where intrusion you've denied,
Where swift your waters roll a busy throng.
Humanity has challenged your vast tide,
Opposing you with brain and muscle strong.

Thrust, River, then your crushing mass,
When, in your ancient road, a moment checked;
Give, River, of your strength the while you pass
The barrier which mighgty men erect.

Roll, River, yet awhile by canyon wall,
Westward to the sea, unhindered roll.
Men build to hold your restless strength in thrall
A moment, while they take from you a toll.

A SMILE OR TWO

From one of our esteemed exchanges, we present herewith the following:

"This is a striking likeness of

I. M. Pastepot, prominent eastern Oregon editor, who recently ran the following editorial: 'The business man in this town who is in the habit of hugging his young girl clerk had better quit, or we will publish his name.' The next day 37 business men called at the office, paid 37 subscriptions a year in advance, left 37 columns of advertising to run indefinitely, told the editor not to pay any attention to fool stories."

Both circulation and advertising departments of The Chronicle have approached the editorial department to suggest a purity campaign on the above lines. The office of The Chronicle will be open from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. to accommodate those wishing to protest the program.

"I'll be back at midnight to carry you off and tomorrow we'll be married. Do you think you can slip away without detectin?"

"Oh, certainly. Mother and father have both promised to help me."

"That new comedian certainly had 'em out in the aisles tonight."

"Really? What'd he say?"

"Fire!"

"Waiter, I'll have one big pork chop with French fried and I'll have the chop lean."

"Yes, madam, which way?"

"People take off their hats to my accordion playing."

"Oh, are you quite accomplished?"

"No, all I can play is The Star Spangled Banner."

"Why does cream cost more than milk?"

"Oh, because it's harder to get the cows to sit on the small bottles."

Kid—You've got a lot of pep for an old geezer. How do ya get that way?

Old Timer—I ain't decided yet. I'm dickering with two or three of them patent medicine concerns.

Mrs.—I won't have you abusing the servants. My maid has just given notice. She said you spoke insultingly over the 'phone.

Mr.—Oh, my dear, I'm sorry. I thought I was talking to you.

"Smithers is in the hospital because his two-hundred-pound wife walked out on him."

"What's he got to complain of, a broken heart?"

"Well, she might've looked where she was walking."

Everything comes to him who orders hash.

"Let's go to a new place to dine. You know, away from the hoi polloi."

"Swell, I'm sick and tired of eating that Chinese food."

"We're going to have a real time tonight. I've got three suits for the theatre."

"Why do we need three suits?"

"They're for your father, mother and kid brother."

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