

THE DAM CHRONICLE

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

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WASHINGTON

Great men are seldom appreciated by their own generation. They are leaders of men and being leaders they necessarily travel ahead of their contemporaries.

In his own day, Washington was maligned and hated by those who could not appreciate his character. This week we do honor to the great citizen who did so much to safeguard our liberties and our welfare. May we be worthy sons and daughters of the Father of Our Country.—The Rev. L. G. Weaver, pastor, Cascade Locks community church.

THE NEW HIGHWAY

The Columbia river highway is acclaimed as one of the world's most beautiful highways. Undoubtedly it is a marvelous piece of scenic engineering, transporting the traveler to every advantageous viewpoint along the Oregon shore.

Last week Old Man Winter forcibly called the attention of the world to the need for a new highway. From Portland to The Dalles, the road was sheathed in ice. An observer counted 34 snow slides up to 20 feet deep across the road between Multnomah and Horsetail falls, a distance of a mile or so. Traffic was completely stopped for a day and a night and slowed considerably all week, causing untold loss to bus and truck lines, to salesmen and to the gorge's residents. Each winter this is repeated.

The state highway department and the federal bureau of public roads has considered a plan for a water level grade from Troutdale to Bonneville, following the railroad line. This route would be practically straight, free of the tortuous windings of the present highway. It would be much better, even, than Washington's Evergreen highway on the north bank, which was kept open last week.

The Columbia river highway has served 20 years. For the past 10 years it has carried an amazing amount of heavy traffic, for which it was not designed. It is time that a new road was constructed, leaving the old highway to return to its original function as a scenic boulevard. With federal and state agencies spending billions of dollars, there seems to be no reason why the proposed water level grade cannot be built. The voicing of demands by Columbia gorge residents and by bus and truck owners should be able to accomplish it.

THEY'RE HUNGRY, TOO

Mrs. John Karg of Dodson has called to our attention the fact that the wild east wind and the icy weather not only makes us uncomfortable, but makes life infinitely more miserable for the wild animals and birds that live in such abundance in the gorge.

Grass is covered by frozen snow, affording no forage for deer. Insects are either deep in hibernation, frozen stiff or departed for the alleged sunny southland, leaving birds to roost for themselves around garbage cans!

Mrs. Karg, among others, since the cold weather set in several weeks

ago, has been leaving bits of bread and scraps from her table in her back yard. She declares she has been more than repaid by watching the antics of the birds who flock down to the banquet.

Other householders who do likewise will soon find it a charity that costs nothing, causes no trouble, and yields genuine pleasure.

PREPAREDNESS

(By Col. William A. Ganoe, U. S. Army P. M. S. & T., Boston University.)

A young couple living in the country had a bright-eyed, beautiful, little daughter. So great was their love and pride, that they refused to give the child any discipline. By the side of their farmhouse was a dried-up well. Its wall, scarcely a foot high, was a source of danger for the little girl. The father promised himself to build a cover over the well, but kept putting off the day. Both parents forbade the child to go near it. One afternoon she was missing. After a long search she was found at the bottom of the well, dead. We don't need to describe the anguish of the parents. The father wrung his hands, crying, "Oh, if I only had built that cover." The mother kept sobbing, "Too late, too late."

The United States has not once, but over and over again, failed to build the cover, and failed to exact life-saving discipline from its manhood. The result has been even worse than for the parents. Over a million lives have been needlessly squandered in our numerous wars. After each one, bereaved people exclaim, "Oh, if we only had!" And then our country proceeds to practice the same neglect with future generations. It is certain that the farmer and his wife didn't procrastinate or discount obedience with their next child, but the United States—well, let's hear the story.

It can only be sketched, for really it is far more calamitous than anyone can picture in a few minutes. But let's go back to the Revolution. The colonies were rich and competent in a business way—except in the business of warding off an enemy. Yet they didn't hesitate to declare independence and plunge into force. From then on it was one grand effort on the part of George Washington to try to make an army. Even at the end, he didn't really have one. He spent more time, as his letters reveal, in pleading with the Continental Congress for some sort of efficiency than he did in prosecuting the war. For he had little at any time to prosecute it with. The limppness of General Howe, the disaffection in England, and the help of the French let us bungle through to freedom. But the war through eight frightful years had dragged along—each day adding more sufferings and deaths. Through the lack of appreciation of training and business sense, we killed and wounded over three hundred thousand men. Most of these lives could have been saved and the war ended in record time, had the Colonies responded to the Father of our Country. But they didn't. All we saw after the war, was that we had come through. How we had come through, how we could have come through without that unconscionable loss, gave little concern. And the miraculous success that war formed a precedent that has ever since put thousands of our best men under five feet of earth.

Nearly thirty years after our war of independence we jumped into the most humiliating disaster of our history—the second war with Great Britain. It's difficult, in reading its true account, to find anything we did right. We made all the mistakes of the Revolution—and one more. We couldn't find a competent commander, let alone anyone who could even compare with the training of Washington. Why? Because we had flouted training and discipline in the thirty-year interval. And when war struck us, it was too late. In a great frenzy, we called out over half a million men, grossly untrained and undisciplined. And for two years we

couldn't drive a maximum of 16,000 from our shores. We blundered and ran, and let the meager enemy burn our capital. We gave the world one of the prettiest exhibitions of shiftlessness and stupidity any civilized country has ever shown. During the war we had about 6000 casualties, numerous homes and towns burned, and hundreds of deaths from disease and exposure. And all this in a war which should have ended in a few weeks, with not more than a few hundred casualties. We had as usual neglected to put the cover on the well.

In the Mexican war we did somewhat better. Long before it started, the Indian uprisings had made it mandatory to produce soldiers instead of untrained sacrifices. The Military Academy also had begun to account for itself. Yet when war came, we wobbled about calling out green volunteers who were exposed to a foreign climate, and had to be made into soldiers in the face of the enemy. Although we had improved a little over 1812, we were still grandly generous in tossing away human life.

This war condition most people don't realize. It is not the horrible weapons which wreak death on our soldiers nearly so much as the crass ignorance of how to live between battles. Masses of civilians are suddenly plucked away from their homes and bundled into strange camps and encampments. Crowded with others under strange conditions of food, clothing and surroundings, they are fertile soil for disease. They are exposed to the elements and new infections. If they have not been taught beforehand how to ward off sickness, they are easy prey to every sort of social and physical pirate. If they have not had long training in habits or resistance, they will not take care of themselves, even if they know how. If they are without trained officers to insist on the care of the whole command, they are helpless, even if they know what to do. And if their doctors don't know field sanitation and hygiene, a specialty in itself, they are about through. It is because the young man in our wars hasn't known what to do instinctively, the officer hasn't known, and the doctor hasn't known, that frightful and needless fatalities have scourged our pitiable recruits. And why didn't they know? Because we didn't give them opportunity to know? Because we didn't give them opportunity to learn. Because we've repeatedly rushed into war before we've given them any sort of readiness to meet this calamity. To know how to live as a soldier, takes as much training as how to fight as a soldier. And either of these can't be had, without mortality, after war clamps down on us. So our apathy, our unwillingness to foresee this danger and give our manhood a chance, has presented us with all these million graves.

The most skeptical, if he be intellectually honest, must admit, in reading the facts of our history that training is a life-saving measure. Even the World War for us is another example. We say "even," because we had a draft and our Allies held the enemy off while we could train. Notwithstanding such aids, there were many who were hustled into the war, totally unfit to take care of themselves and others. As a consequence it is estimated that there are at least fifteen thousand American graves in France which need never have been there, had we paid proper attention to training in the decade before 1917. This heedlessness of self-protection, and the consequent disasters to our brave fellow-citizens stains our whole history.

Just now the United States is going along in nearly the same listless way she's dozed between our former wars. If conflict, foreign or civil, should catch us, it is unmistakable that we would have to pay prodigally in human life. Of course, for those who can look at the world—at ourselves, and say there won't be any more war, this preparation is use-

Reader's Views

(The Chronicle welcomes letters from its readers, if signed, whether or not they coincide with The Chronicle's editorial policy. The Chronicle can assume no responsibility for the views contained therein, nor are they to be construed as views of The Chronicle.)

Spokane, Wash., Feb. 14, 1936.

Editor, The Chronicle:

I wish to make known my views to taxpayers and the facts in regard to the waterworks. Probably not all of you know that we have the consent of the Government to connect on to their pipe line in case of fire, and then when the dam is finished, we will have all of the water for the city. That is the reason I took the stand I did. I do not wish to see the taxpayers burdened down with unnecessary expense when it is only a short time to wait.

With only a little money we could have a good water works, and avoid the bonded indebtedness.

Now, a word in regard to the water rate that they are about to pass on in order to get the water works that is in the making. It will fall very heavy on the users, and then there is no doubt but the first year there will have to be a special tax raised to make the first payment and raise enough interest besides other money to build pipe lines for other people and then give away one of our best springs and many other possessions.

Yours very truly,

S. G. Clodfelter.

Churches

BONNEVILLE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Rev. Stanley Trefren

Sunday school—10 a. m.

Worship service—Sunday, 10 a. m.

Christian Endeavor—Sunday, 7:30 p. m.

Choir Practice—Fridays, 7 p. m., home of Mrs. Leo Miller on the reservation.

Services are held each Sunday in the government auditorium, Bonneville.

CASCADE LOCKS COMMUNITY CHURCH

Rev. L. G. Weaver

Sunday school—10 a. m.

Worship service—11 a. m.

Evening Worship—7:30 p. m.

Young folks—6:30 p. m.

Able invited only married people to the wedding. He figured the wedding presents would be clear profit.

TALKS ON SLIDE JOB

"Problems Relating to the Control of Ruckel Slide," will be the subject of a discussion by C. I. Grimm and Sam Murray, of the U. S. engineers, before the Portland section of the American Society of Civil Engineers Friday at 8 p. m. in the University club, Portland.

TRAIN SCHEDULE CHANGED

Half hour earlier departure of Eastbound train No. 14, the Pacific Limited is announced by Mrs. E. J. Collins, local agent of the Union Pacific, effective February 21. The train will leave Bonneville at 9:30 a. m. instead of 10 a. m., with corresponding time changes east.

less. But for those who see conditions as they are, for those who see war as not impossible, does it not behoove us to give our boys a little chance, if the horrible hour comes? Why is not every mother who buys overshoes for her children, is not interested, vitally interested, in seeing that her son is properly equipped against war?

SEEN and HEARD
ON
MAIN STREET

A traveling man, who missed his bus found himself with two hours to spend in Brushville. He approached an ancient porter.

Salesman—"Got a picture show here?"

Porter: "No."

Salesman: "A pool room or library?"

Porter: "No."

Salesman: "Well, how on earth do you amuse yourselves?"

Porter: "We go down to the grocery store in the evenings. They have a new bacon slicer."

A girl may wear a bathing suit and not swim; she may wear a golf outfit and not play golf; she may wear a tennis suit and not play tennis, but, says Dad Gumm, when she puts on a wedding dress she usually means business.

Lena Genster didn't want to be the kind of a girl people look up to; she wanted to be the kind that no turned around to look at.

Oscar Hassenpfeffer has written Lena seven letters, but received no answer; and has determined to test off the correspondence if he doesn't hear from her pretty soon.

Definition

CONSULTING PHYSICIAN: the who is called in at the last moment to share the blame.

She had, however, very steady hands and fingernails, and she kept them constantly in evidence by tapping with a string of beads, a rosary, some like object.—San Jose (Calif.) paper.

A tourist was enjoying the waters of California as pointed out by a native.

"What a beautiful grapefruit!" he said, as they passed through a grove of citrus trees.

"Oh, those lemons are a bit small, owing to a comparatively bad season," explained the Californian.

"And what are those enormous blossoms?" asked the tourist.

"Just a patch of dandelions," said the Californian.

Presently they reached the Sacramento river.

"Ah," said the tourist, grasping the idea, "somebody's radiator must be leaking."

About Kissing

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it he's a brute; if he doesn't try but would get away with it if he tried he's a coward; but if he doesn't try and wouldn't have gotten away with it if he tried he's wise.

Judge Carlson: "Were you sober at the time the accident occurred?"

Prisoner: "As sober as a judge, your Honor."

Judge Carlson: "Six months."

What kind of a world would this be today, if nobody had invented the dotted line?

Many a guy who dashes out a back door as though to catch a train does so because the man coming in the front door has just missed one.

The day of miracles is not past. Last Saturday Mike Wood and Jim Stone were walking down Main street when a beautiful woman passed. Wood turned to Stone, and Stone turned to Wood, then both turned to rubber.