

Sherman County Journal Published Every Friday at Moro, Oregon

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GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE

A wave of discussion about the quality of Governor Snell's message to the legislature was engendered by an editorial that appeared in a Salem afternoon paper that was distributed to members shortly after the speech ended.

A part of the membership of senate and house were inclined to agree, but probably not the major ity.

The governor weakened his message by indecisive statements and by "working both sides of the street" in arguments. He praised the record the last two years in taxation, saying the per capita debt was down, that the state had become better in line with neighboring states, and then wound up his talk on taxes by recommending an interim committee to work with an outside group to study the entire tax problem.

His proposal about auditing the liquor commissions' books also met with general disapproval. No one thinks there is any need for such an audit. Objection to the commission's action is because of the size of the commission said to have been paid, to the man who made the deal for the purchase of the eastern distillery, not because of the condition of the books.

On the other hand the governor was more specific than was expected of him. He asked for things definitely and often more concisely than usual. What the legislature will do about this second Snell message is not known, but few seemed convinced that matters suggested were any more desirable because enunciated by the chief executive.

HABIT

This is a new year. Custom requires that that portion of the people who feel that their conduct has been less than perfect make some resolutions, to that effect. Perhaps this is too inclusive. Probably no one considers himself, or herself, perfect. The neighbors wouldn't like it if one did permit such self laudation to show.

Nevertheless it is the less self satisfied who make the resolutions. The custom seems to be falling in to disuse as evidenced by the fewer number of grim faced persons who hunt their old stamping grounds with the martyr look on their unhappy faces. We have generally come to the realization that our habits are controlling in such matters.

Habits are always interesting. Actually none are good, all are bad. But they simplify life remarkably. If possible it would be better to decide each problem on its merits, without prior prejudice instead of doing something because of a habit pattern formed years before.

Habit patterns oft times wear out in less than a lifetime and leave one's conduct out of tune with that of associates. The process of growing old—outside of its physical manifestations—is the process of one's habits becoming outgrown. To remain young in spirit one must keep his habits modern.

The elders often resist changes in habit patterns and become elders indeed. That is the result of the habit of not changing habits. In politics it is called conservatism, socially it is referred to as old-fashioned and is respected or not, depending mainly on the age of

the person doing the judging. Now at the beginning of another year custom says it is a good time to bring our habits up to-date, revise our thinking about ourselves. But so many of us can't change our habits, because our habits won't let us.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Jan. 12, 1906 The post office department has served notice on the railroad that in the future all mail trains on branch roads which are also late will cause a fine to be imposed by the government.

Ed Smith took a band of 20 head of horses to Tillamook last week, driving to The Dalles via Rohr Villa, thence by boat to Portland, thence via North Yamhill.

A number of Moro ladies met at Mrs Hadley's Tuesday, and organized an Afternoon Tea Club, to meet at homes of members weekly. Once a month the gentlemen are to be invited for an evening out.

Robert Urquhart has just added three fresh cows to the Moro City dairy. We have long hoped to see milk served in metropolitan style in this city.

From the Observer Jan. 14, 1916 John DeMoss and E. A. Cushman have each added a phone to their farm conveniences this week, using the Moro central.

Tuesday night was the coldest of this winter season; it was reported 7 below at Shaniko, 6 below at Grass Valley and 1 below at Moro.

An interesting debate was held between the sophomore and freshman classes on the question: "Resolved, That in the story of Ivanhoe, Scott makes Rebecca more attractive than Rowena." The affirmative side won.

Taken suddenly ill Monday while a guest at the home Alf Dillingar, in The Dalles, O. C. Eakin, aged 60, a Sherman county pioneer farmer, died at seven o'clock that night.

From the Observer, Jan 15, 1926 A new arrival is reported at the VanGilder home in Wasco, Monday January 11th.

A small son arrived at the home of Mr and Mrs Frank Haynes Friday noon. Frank is having a sign made to put at his place of business which will read "Haynes & Son Garage."

An extra crew of about ten men were working on the telephone lines between Moro and southern Sherman county points Wednesday. Main street in Moro, also the route of the Sherman highway through town, is being given a top dressing of crushed rock this week.

BOND SALE RECORD HIGH

Addition of \$4,842 to the Sherman county total of E bonds was made from allocations from the Army and Navy at the completion of the drive. This brought the total of E bond sales to \$225,100 for this county. No change was made in totals of other series and the final total for the county was \$341,300 according to final figures received this week.

The overall quota was \$150,000 and the percentage of quota was 227.5 which gives the county a rating of third in the state.

In E bond sales the percentage is 226 as the quota was \$100,000 in per capita sale of E bonds the county established a state high.

Latest OPA estimates on population indicate per capita sale of E bonds of \$132.35. Average for the last four drives has been \$106.39.

A boy of 19 and a girl of 17, both from Lewiston, Idaho, were picked up by Sheriff Wilson this week as runaways. Parents came for them and returned them to their homes. They were accompanied by a boy of 16 who was permitted to go on to Bend.

New officers of the Odd-Fellows and Rebekah lodges will be installed at a joint meeting here Saturday night. Clara Houston will become noble grand of the Rebekahs and Roy Kesinger of the Odd-Fellows.

It is reported that Charles Freeman, who was auditor for the State Industrial Accident Commission for several years in this area, and well known to most of the employers of the county, died in the Veteran's hospital in Portland recently after suffering a heart attack while working in Tillamook. Born: To Mr and Mrs Eugene H. Amidon of Goldendale a son, January 3rd, in The Dalles hospital.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from Page One) to hold prices down to a sound basis is to continue operating the government plants. Under the surplus property disposal law the nitrogen-fixing plants are among others reserved for special consideration by congress, so that any action the board may take will be subject to review on the floors of congress, and must receive the approval of the farm bloc. Actually, what congress will be called upon to decide is whether these government plants shall be sold or closed down, or whether they shall continue in competition with private industry.

There is possibility of some relief in the textile situation through the use of French mills, but there will be no immediate increase in domestic supply because of manpower shortage. The army has already placed orders in France for 2,500,000 uniforms and it is hoped that French mills may produce cotton ducking for tents and cargo covering for the army. If this out put can be brought up to 5,000,000 yards a month the strain on American mills will be eased and there is a possibility that this will permit them to increase production for domestic use. However, these expectations are only tentative.

The editor of the Ontario Observer has this editorial comment to make about the cigarette situation: SORRY—NO CIGARETTES

When your merchant says the above phrase, he would like to take time to explain all the reasons that he cannot procure cigarettes to supply his customers, but the reasons are many and involved and the merchant's time is limited. We herewith respectfully submit a few of the reasons that there are no cigarettes:

1. The CCC—The Commodity Credit Corporation restricts tobacco production to a fixed quota for each farm and periodically withdraws tobacco from the market to sustain a "floor" price. Plans to withdraw four hundred million pounds from the 1945 crop.

2. The WFA—The War Food Administration allocates what is left of the crop to the various tobacco processors and manufacturers.

3. The WPB—The War Production Board restricts the amount of machinery the processors and manufacturers can buy.

4. The WMC—The Manpower Commission has placed employment "ceiling" on all cigarette factories.

5. The WLB—The War Labor Board restricts the a bill we Board fixes the wages of tobacco processors in relation to all competing industries in all controlled labor areas.

6. The FEA—The Foreign Economic Administration is using tobacco for "lend-lease." Shipped 23 million pounds in the first nine months of this year—exclusive of shipments to our armed forces.

7. The OPA—The Office of Price Administration fixes the price of the cigarette, cigar, and pipe tobacco all the way from the manufacturer to the smoker.

When other products are as well "controlled" as cigarettes we predict that there won't be any of them either.

Enumerators who are going to take the 1945 Census of Agriculture will be trained for this work by R. L. Ackerman, Supervisor for District 3, and E. M. Igl, Assistant Supervisor. Ackerman and Igl will hold the first classes in Lake and Klamath counties and work north until they have trained men and women in all ten counties. They will be in Moro January 25, 26 and 27.

Bethlehem Chapter No. 78, O.E.S. Meets Every Second and Fourth Thursdays in each Month. Visiting Members Invited—Moro, Oregon Alice Oraduff, W. M. Marie Hoskinson, Secretary

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116 Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome. Alice McKee, N.G. Florence Johnston, Sec.

Lureka Lodge No. 121 A.F. & A.M. Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us. R. V. Brisbane, W. M. R. V. Leckhart, secretary

Moro Lodge No. 113, I.O.O.F. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in I.O.O.F. hall. Transient and visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Ernest Houston, N. G. Percy Thompson, Secretary

CHURCHES

WASCO METHODIST CHURCH Sunday School at 10:00 A. M. Preaching at Grass Valley 3 p. m. "A New Year's Sermon" F. L. Cannell, pastor.

Moro Community Presbyterian Church Eible School 10 a. m. Morning Worship at 11 a. m. Sermon "Jesus Came Preaching" C. E. at 7:30 p. m. James D. Moberg, pastor.

Christian Science Society Sunday morning services at 11 a. m. Subject "Sacrament" Wednesday night service at 8 includes testimonials of healing. The reading room in the rear of the building is open. All authorized Christian Science literature can be bought or borrowed.

Grass Valley Theatre

Advertisement for Grass Valley Theatre showing a woman in a dress and the text "SHINE ON HARVEST MOON".

STAMPS BUY BONDS On the Pay Day Stamp Buy Bonds in Labor!

Friday - Saturday - Sunday 12 13 14 Adm. Adults .35 Chldn. 19

GRASS VALLEY THEATRE WILL SHOW EACH WEEK, FRIDAY, SATURDAY & SUNDAY WITH FIRST RUN PICTURES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The undersigned having been appointed by the Court County of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County, the Executrix of the Estate of Carl Victor Anderson, deceased, and having qualified, notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them, verified as required by law, within six months after the first publication of this notice to said Executrix, c-o Mrs. Hildred Zell, Wasco, Oregon.

Dorothy Miller Executrix of the Estate of Carl Victor Anderson, deceased. Dated December 29, 1944 8-12

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

All persons having claims against the estate of O. P. King, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, with the proper vouchers and duly verified, to the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting administratrix of the Estate of O. P. King, deceased, at the office of T. Lester Johnson, attorney at law, in Moro Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: December 15, 1944.

Frances King Administratrix Date of first publication Dec. 15, 1944.

Date of last publication Jan. 12, 1945

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County his Final Account and Report as the Administrator of the Estate of Nora Smith, deceased, and that Wednesday, the 7th day of February 1945, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M., of said day, at the courtroom of said court, in the courthouse in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, have been fixed by the Court as the time and place for hearing of objections to said Final Account and Report and for the settlement of said Estate.

Arthur J. Smith Administrator T. Lester Johnson Attorney at law, Wasco Oregon 1st publication Jan. 5, 1945 Last publication Jan. 26, 1945

Buy more War Bonds now for Future security, too!



A Bell for Adano

By John Hersey

FOREWORD

Major Victor Joppolo, U. S. A., was a good man. You will see that. It is the whole reason why I want you to know his story.

He was the AMGOT officer of a small Italian town called Adano. He was more or less the American mayor after our invasion.

AMGOT, as you know, stood for Allied Military Government Occupied Territory. The authorities decided, shortly after the happenings of this story, that the word AMGOT had an ugly Germanic sound, and they heard that the two syllables of the word, when taken separately, were Turkish words untranslatable in translation. So they decided to call it A.M.G. and forget about the Occupied Territory.

That was later, though. When I knew him, Major Joppolo was AMGOT officer of Adano, and he was good.

There were probably not any really stupid ones (and still are, even though the Turkish embarrassment has been taken care of). You see, the theories about administering occupied territories all turned out to be just theories, and in fact the thing which determined whether we Americans would be successful in that toughest of all jobs was nothing more or less than the quality of the men who did the administering.

That is why I think it is important for you to know about Major Joppolo. He was a good man, though weak in certain attractive, human ways, and what he did and what he was not able to do in Adano represented in miniature what America can and cannot do in Europe. Since he happened to be a good man, his works represented the best of the possibilities.

America is the international country. Major Joppolo was an Italian-American going to work in Italy. Our army has Yugoslav and Frenchmen and Austrians and Czechs and Norwegians in it, and everywhere our army goes in Europe, a man can turn to the private beside him and say: "Hey, Mac, what's this furrier saying? How much does he want for that bunch of grapes?" And Mac will be able to translate.

CHAPTER I

Invasion had come to the town of Adano. An American corporal ran tautly along the dirty Via Favenni and at the corner he threw himself down. He made certain arrangements with his light machine gun and then turned and beckoned to his friends to come forward.

In the Via Calabria, in another part of town, a party of three crept forward like cats. An explosion, possibly of a mortar shell, at some distance to the north but apparently inside the town, caused them to fall flat with a splash of dust. They waited on their bellies to see what would happen.

An entire platoon ducked from grave to grave in the Capucin Cemetery high on the hill overlooking town. The entire platoon was scared. They were out of touch with their unit. They did not know the situation. They were near their objective, which was the rocky crest not far off, but they wanted to find out what was going on in the town before they moved on.

All through the town of Adano, Americans were like this. They were not getting much resistance, but it was their first day of invasion, and they were tight in their muscles.

But at one of the sulphur loading jetties at the port a Major with a brief case under his arm stepped from the sliding gangway of LCI No. 9488, and he seemed to be wholly calm.

"Borth," he said to the sergeant who followed him onto the jetty, "this is like coming home, how often I have dreamed this. And he bent over and touched the palm of his hand to the jetty, then dusted his palm off on his woolen pants.

This man was Major Victor Joppolo, who had been named senior civil affairs officer of the town of Adano, representing AMGOT. He was a man of medium height, with the dark skin of his parents, who were Italians from near Florence. He had a mustache. His face was round and his cheeks seemed cheerful but his eyes were intense and serious. He was about thirty-five.

The sergeant with him was Leonard Borth, an M.P., who was to be in charge of matters of security in Adano. He was to help weed out the bad apples and make use of the good ones. Borth had volunteered to be the first to go into the town with the Major. Borth had no fear, he cared about nothing. He was of Hungarian parentage and he had lived many places in Budapest.

There he had taken pre-medical studies in Rome, where he had been a correspondent for Pester Lloyd, in Vienna, where he had worked in a travel agency, in Marseille, where he had been secretary to a rich exporter, in Boston, where he had been a reporter for the Herald, and in San Francisco, where he sold radios. Still he was less than thirty. He was an American citizen and an enlisted man by choice. To him the whole war was a cynical joke, and he considered his job in the war to make people take themselves less seriously.

When the Major touched Italian soil, Borth said: "You are too sentimental."

The Major said: "Maybe, but you will be the same when you get to Hungary."

"Never, not me."

The Major looked toward the town and said: "Do you think it's safe now?"

Borth said: "Why not?"

"Then—how do we go?"

Borth unfolded a map case deliberately. He put a freckled finger on the celluloid cover and said: "Here, by the Via Barrino as far as the Via of October Twenty-eight, and the Piazza is at the top of the Via of October Twenty-eight."

"October Twenty-eight," the Major said, "what is that, October Twenty-eight?"

"That's the date of Mussolini's march on Rome, in 1922," Borth said. "It is the day when Mussolini thinks he began to be a big shot, and in fact the thing which determined whether we Americans would be successful in that toughest of all jobs was nothing more or less than the quality of the men who did the administering."

They started walking. The Major said: "I have lost all count, so what is today?"

"July tenth."

"We will call it the Via of July Ten."

"So you're renaming the streets already. Next you'll be raising monuments. Major Joppolo, first to an unknown soldier, then to yourself. I don't trust you men who are so sentimental."

The Major walked across the Piazza up to the big black door of the Palazzo, put his brief case down, took a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and wrote on a panel of the door: "Victor Joppolo, Major, U.S.A., AMGOT, Town of Adano."

Then both men went inside and up some marble stairs, looking all around them as they climbed. They took a turn and went through a door marked Podesta. The office on the other side of that door took Victor Joppolo's breath away.

In the first place, it was so very big. It must have been seventy feet long and thirty feet wide. The ceiling was high, and the floor was marble.

"Say," said Major Joppolo, "this is okay."

"Looks like that office of Mussolini's," Borth said. "Come to think of it, you look quite a lot like Mussolini, sir, except the mustache. Will it be okay with you to be a Mussolini?"

"Cut the kidding," the Major said. "Let's look around."

They went out through the white door at the end of the room and walked through several offices, all of which were crowded with desks and files and bookcases. The files had not been emptied or even disturbed. "Good," said Borth, "lists of names, every one registered and all their records. It'll be easy for us here."

The Major said: "What a difference between my office and these others. It is shameful."

All Borth said was: "Your office?"

When the two went back into the big office there was an Italian there. He had evidently been hiding in the building. He was a small man, with a shiny linen office coat on, with his collar buttoned but no tie.

The small Italian gave the Fascist salute and with an eager face said in Italian: "Welcome to the Americans! Live Roosevelt! How glad I am that you have arrived. For many years I have hated the Fascists."

The Major said in Italian: "Who are you?"

The little man said: "Zito Giuseppe. I have been well known as anti-Fascist."

Major Joppolo said: "What do you do?"

Zito said: "I greet the Americans."

Borth said in an Italian which was heavily accented: "Idiot, what was your job before the disembarkation?"

Zito said: "Zito Giovanni, usher in the Palazzo di Citta, native of Adano."

Major Joppolo said: "You were the usher here?"

"Every day from eight to eight."

"Why did you work for the Fascists if you hated them?"

"I have hated them many years, I am well known as anti-Fascist, I have lived under a great suspicion."

The Major said: "Usher, I love the truth, you will find that out. If you lie to me, you will be in very serious trouble. Do not lie to me. If you were a Fascist, you were a Fascist. There is no need to lie."

Zito said: "One had to eat, one had to earn a living. I have six children."

Major Joppolo said: "So you were a Fascist. Now you will have to learn to live in a democracy. You will be my usher."

The little Zito was delighted.

The Major said: "Do not salute me that way."

Zito bowed and said: "The fascist salute, ne sir."



"I don't trust you men who are so sentimental."

sentimental and have too damn much conscience."

"Cut the kidding," the Major said. There was an echo in the way he said it, as if he were a boy having been called wop by others in school. In spite of the gold maple leaf of rank on the collar, there was an echo.

At the corner of the third alley running off the Via of October Twenty-eight, the two men came on a dead Italian woman. She had been dressed in black. Her right leg was blown off and the files for some reason preferred the dark sticky pool of blood and dust to her stumps.

"Awful," the Major said, for although the blood was not yet dry, nevertheless there was already a beginning of a sweet but vomitous odor. "It's a hell of a note," he said, "that we had to do that to our friends."

"Friends," said Borth, "that's a laugh."

"It wasn't them, not the ones like her," the Major said. "They weren't our enemies. My mother's mother must have been like her. It wasn't the poor ones like her, it was the bunch up there where we're going, those crooks in the City Hall."

"Be careful," Borth said, and his face showed that he was teasing the Major again. "You're going to have your office in the City Hall. Be careful you don't get to be a crook too."

"Lay off," the Major said.

Borth said: "I don't trust your conscience, sir, I'm appointing myself assistant conscience."

"Lay off," the Major said, and there was that echo.

Borth said: "Maybe it was a crook's house, how can you tell? Better forget the house and concern yourself with that." He pointed into an alley at some straw and melon seeds and old chicken guts and files.

And Borth added: "No question of guilty or not guilty there, Major. Just something to get clean. You've got some business in that alley, not in that house there."

"I know my business, I know what I want to do. I know what it's like to be poor, Borth."

Borth was silent. He found the seriousness of this Major Joppolo something hard to penetrate.