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NATIONAL EDITORIAL
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JANUARY 19, 1945

The dim out is over for Oscar
and in the dark dawn of war time
mornings he stands over the capitol
illuminated for all the city to
see and honor as a symbol. It has
been years since men took axe and
gun and set forth on their own to
conquer a new world. It has been
some years since there was much
praise given the spirit of the men
who did that thing.

Underneath the dome lesser men
are hitching away at the pioneer
spirit by constantly giving more
authority to the state and leaving
less responsibility on the individual
citizen. The people, nowadays
like it that way. Taking axe and
gun is more difficult than taking
ballot and petition.

YOU HAVE THE PROTH FIRST
Two bills have so far received
most of the attention of the public
during the first week of the legis-
lature. Neither are important and
in this place it may be as well to
say that the bills that get the notice
so early in the session are ever
important. But while the meet-
ing of the legislature is fresh in the
people's minds there is a demand
for news about it that often
results in a distorted idea of
what may be done.

The senate bill to appoint a
legislative committee to investigate
and audit the purchase of two dis-
tilleries and a quantity of liquor
has already passed that house. It
may receive longer consideration
and different treatment from the
larger and lower house.

The governor may have request-
ed the audit to give assurance to
the citizens of the state that the
deal was upright. Only intimation
that it is not on the up-and-up
comes from Portland where there
is resentment against the commis-
sion for attempted enforcement
of the law. No one thinks an audit
would uncover anything. The move
is therefore political and is en-
gendered by those who for polit-
ical reasons would like to put
the governor in a hole.

The other proposal is for hiring
an outside firm to come to Oregon
and go over our tax system and
recommend changes. There seems
to be less support for it than for
the first. As a matter of fact it is
doubted if any of the favorably
known firms would be able
to come if hired.

There are those who feel that
the people would instantly reject
a tax proposal made by an out-
side firm. Others contend that a
firm with a reputation would carry
more weight about its recommend-
ations than would a group of local
men.
Both of these proposals, however,
are early manifestations of the
division that has to come in all
legislative bodies. Neither are
really important.
Matters that will be of conse-
quence will come later. As usual
they will be taxes, education,
the building program, appropriations,
perhaps adjustment in the
industrial accident code, merit
system, increase in the employ-
ment compensation fund.

LIBERATING THE BARBERS
The Oregon supreme court,
through a recent decision, said
that barbers in this state need not
conform to the regulations laid
down in the 1943 price fixing bill.
The legislature, the court said,
did not have the right to delegate
police authority to close shops of
those who did not conform to the
regulations of the 76 percent of the
barbers who wanted higher prices.
The decision might have been
expected, but should be hailed as
a trend away from the all envelop-
ing government we have been
working toward for some years.
The barber bill assumed that

barber work should all be done at
specified prices, that all haircuts
were of equal value and that one
barber who charges 50 cents was
doing a wrong to another barber
who charged 75 cents.

We think the assumption poorly
founded. There is no more reason
why all haircuts should be worth
the same as there is that all meals
should be worth the same price.
If a long haired man wishes
to go to the fancy uptown shop
with polished mirrors in which to
admire himself and the latest
racing form at hand, he should
expect to pay accordingly. If the
down-and outer with a shiny two
dollars in his pocket wants to
get his locks trimmed in the dirt-
y hole in the wall shop on front
street for half the uptown shop's
price, that is OK too.

The erosion of the years on the
hirsute adornment to the one and
only head the writer possesses is
reason enough to cause the thought
that it is unfair to charge the
same for shearing sparse hair and
the luxuriant locks of the young
and hairy.

GOOD-BY FANNIE

So Fannie Perkins is going to
walk the plank. And willingly, it
is said by columnists who should
know. Thus will end an experiment
Remember when, back in far off
1932, the appointment of the wom-
an social experimenter Frances
Perkins was heralded as a great
step toward giving women an
equal place with men in major poli-
tics.

For reasons perhaps not in Mrs
Perkins control, she has not been
an undiluted success in the posi-
tion of labor secretary. All have
criticized her which may be an
indication of fairness.
Now it is said she is going to
leave. Who is suggested for her
place? Not another one of the
dimpled and demure sex. No, it is
masculine and mouthy Dan Tobin.
It is Spellman who has been med-
iator for the president. The labor
post is pretty rough for a woman
and the duties of the office have
fallen to men more and more dur-
ing the numerous administrations
of the incumbent.

Probably a new face will be
acceptable around the cabinet ta-
ble. But to accept the theory that
new faces are acceptable may be
establishing a precedent the peo-
ple may follow some day. That is
a danger.

Congressman, Senator, Supreme
Court Justice, Assistant President
Byrnes says that congress is not
at fault it is the congressmen. The
same thing might as truthfully be
said of the human race.

The American idea of efficiency:
delay writing a letter for three
days and then sent it airmail.

CHURCHES

WASCO METHODIST CHURCH
Morning Worship at 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School at 10:00 a.m.
Preaching Service at Grass Valley
Methodist church Sunday afternoon
at 3:00 o'clock.
F. L. Cannel, pastor.

Moro Community
Presbyterian Church
Bible School 10 a. m.
Morning Worship at 11 a. m.
Sermon "He Taught With Author-
ity" Matthew 7:29.
Prayer Meeting Wed. 8 p. m.
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 9
includes testimonials of healing.
The reading room in the rear
of the building is open. All au-
thorized Christian Science litera-
ture can be bought or borrowed.

In the development of its policy
for the continuous receipt of ap-
plications the Merit System Coun-
cil for the Public Welfare Com-
missions, Unemployment Compens-
ation Commission, State Board of
Health, and the Crippled Child-
ren's Division has announced a
new series of examinations for
February 10, 1945. Included in the
group will be Field Deputy, Senior
Field Deputy, and Collection
Attorney Statistician for all three
state agencies concerned; and Per-
sonnel Technician for the Merit
System Council office in Portland.

America's contributions to the
March of Dimes, January 14-31,
make possible the relentless fight
against infantile paralysis.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from Page One)
alterable opposition to further en-
dowing them with the privileges of
American citizenship. He insisted
that war emotions should not in-
fluence the congress into changing
an immigration policy that had
been carefully considered and wisely
chosen. It is expected that the
resolution will be reintroduced at
this session and its passage urged
as a war measure.

When announcement was made
a few days ago by OPA that the
rationing of shoes was to be fur-
ther restricted, that agency fol-
lowed the usual custom of not
informing the public of the reason
for its action. The simple fact is
that war production board had pre-
viously issued an order requiring
that all hides of military quality
should be held for the army, and
while the army will accept only the
best part of the hides, so little
leather is left for civilian use in
coming months that it became nec-
essary to reduce the number of
shoes which may be available to
individual holders of ration stamps.
If the necessitous reason back of
every OPA order were made pub-
lic doubt there would be less grum-
bling over the restrictions imposed
by war conditions.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

The undersigned having been
appointed by the Court of the
State of Oregon, for Sherman
County, the Executrix of the Es-
tate of Carl Victor Anderson, de-
ceased, 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 a-
gainst 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, de-
ceased, 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.

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 Ac-
count and Report as the Admin-
istrator of the Estate of Nora
Smith, deceased, and that Wed-
nesday, the 7th day of February
1945, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock
A. M., of said day, at the court-
house of said court, in the court-
house 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

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

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

Pureka 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. P. Brinkne W. M.
R. V. Lockhart, 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

GRASS VALLEY THEATRE

This Week
Friday - Saturday - Sunday
19 20 21

Warner Bros.
DUMPHREY DOGART
New belle neve before an adventure so sweeping
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE
By the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty"
This remarkable supporting cast: CLAUDE RAINS - MICHELLE MORGAN - PHILIP BURNI - STONEY GREENSTREET - HELMUT DANTINE - PETER LORNE - GEORGE TOBIAS - A Hal B. Wallis Production
Directed by Michael Curtiz
Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Jack Moffitt
From a Novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall - Music by Max Steiner

Next Week
Friday - Saturday - Sunday
26 27 28

WARNER BROS. present with pride
It's Your own Army in the Army's own show!
This is the Army
with color singing and technicalities
STAMPS BUY BONDS On Sale in Lobby

All New Equipment
DOORS OPEN AT 7:15 P. M.
SHOW STARTS AT 7:30 P. M.
MATINEE SUNDAYS AT 2 P. M. ADMISSION
Adults 33c, Tax 7c, Total 40c
Children 17c, Tax 3c, Total 20c

CHAPTER II

Major Joppolo said: "Do not bow. There is no need to grovel here. I am only a Major. Borth here is a Sergeant. Are you a man?"
Little Zito was getting very mixed up. "No sir," he said cautiously. Then he saw by the Major's expression that he should have said yes, and he did.

The Major said: "You may greet me by shaking my hand. You will greet Sergeant Borth in the same way."
Borth said, and his expression showed that he was teasing the Italian: "First I will find out if he's a dangerous Fascist."

Little Zito did not know whether to laugh or cry. He was frightened but he was also flattered by these men. He said: "I will never lie to you, Mister Major. I am anti-Fascist. Mister Sergeant. I will be usher here."

Major Joppolo said: "Be here at seven o'clock each morning."
"Seven o'clock," said Zito.

A brief burst of machine gun and rifle fire echoed from distant streets. Zito cringed.

Borth said: "You are perhaps a man but you are also frightened."
Major Joppolo said: "Has it been bad here?"

Zito started jabbering about the bombardments and the air raids. "We are very hungry," he said when he had cooled down a little. "For three days we have not had bread. All the important ones ran away and left me here to guard the Palazzo. The stink of dead is very bad, especially in the Piazza San Angelo. Some people are sick because the drivers of the water carts have not had the courage to get water for several days, because of the planes along the roads. We do not believe in victory. And our bell is gone."

Major Joppolo said: "Your bell?"
Zito said: "Our bell which was seven hundred years old. Mussolini took it. It rang with a good tone each quarter hour. Mussolini took it to make rifle barrels or something. The town was very angry. Everyone begged the Monsignor, who is the uncle of the Mayor, to offer some church bells instead. But the Monsignor is uncle of the Mayor, he is not the sort to desecrate churches, he says. It meant we lost our bell. And only two weeks before you came. Why did you not come sooner?"

"Where was this bell?"
"Right here," Zito pointed over his head. "The whole building tingled when it rang."

Major Joppolo said to Borth: "I saw the framework for the bell up on the tower, did you?" Then he added to Zito: "That is your reason for wanting us to have come sooner, is it?"

Zito was careful. "Partly," he said.
Now Major Joppolo said in English more or less to himself: "It's a nice picture. I wonder how old it is, maybe it's by somebody famous."

The Major went to the desk, pulled out the high-backed chair and sat in it, carefully putting his feet on the scrollwork footstool.

Borth said: "How does it feel, Duce?"
The Major said: "There is so much to do, I hardly know where to begin."

Borth said: "I know what I must do. I've got to find the offices of the Fascist Party, to see if I can find more records. May I take the Mister Usheer and look for the Fascio?"

"Go ahead, Borth," the Major said.
When the two had left, Major Joppolo opened his brief case and took out some papers. He put them in a neat pile on the desk in front of him and began to read:

"INSTRUCTIONS TO CIVIL AFFAIRS OFFICERS. First day: Enter the city with the first column. Cooperate with C.I.C. in placing guards and seizing records. Place all food warehouses; enemy food dumps, wholesale food concerns, and other major food stocks under guard. Secure an estimate from local food distributors of the number of days of food supplies which are on hand or available. Make a report through channels on food situation in your area. See that the following establishments are placed under guard or protection: foundries, machine shops, electrical works, chemical plants, flour mills, breweries, cement plants, refrigeration plants, ice plants, warehouses, olive oil refineries, sulphur refineries, tunny oil mills, soap manufacturing plants, and any other important establishments. Locate and make available to port authorities all known local pilots. . . ."

And the list went on and on. When he had read three pages, Major Joppolo looked at his wrist watch. It was eleven thirty. Almost half of this first day was gone. He took the sheets of instructions up from the desk and tore them in half, and tore the halves in quarters, and crumpled up the quarters and threw them into a cane wastebasket under the desk.

Then he sat and stared out the nearest French door into the empty street for a long time. He looked tired and defeated.

He stirred and reached into his brief case again and took out a small black loose leaf notebook. The pages were filled with notes on his Amgot school lectures: notes on civilian supply, on public safety, on public health, on finance, on agriculture, industry, utilities, transportation, and all the businesses of an

Invading authority. But he passed all these pages by, and turned to the page marked: Notes to Joppolo from Joppolo.

And he read: "Don't make yourself cheap. Always be accessible to the public. Don't play favorites. Speak Italian whenever possible. Don't lose your temper. When plans fall down, improvise. . . ."

That was the one he wanted. When plans fall down, improvise. Plans for this first day were in the wastebasket. They were absurd. Enough was set forth in those plans to keep a regiment busy for a week. He took up his brief case again, reached in and pulled out a pile of proclamations. He took them over to the table by the door, set the left-over maps and photos aside, and arranged the proclamations in order on the table. While he was on his way back to his desk, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," he said in Italian.
The door opened. A man came in whose appearance was vaguely familiar to Major Joppolo. The Major realized later that he had seen, not this man, but several who looked just like him, in bad American movies. He was the type of the second-rate Italian gangster, the small fellow in the gang who always stood behind the boss and who always took the rap. He had the bald head, the

weak mouth. He had a scar across his cheek. His eye was furtive and he had the appearance of being willing but in need of instructions.

He said in English: "You pull up a flag. War's a finish here in Adano, huh?"
The Major said: "Yes, who are you?"

The Italian said: "I'm from a Cleveland, Ohio. I been here a three year. You got a work for me?"

Major Joppolo said: "What's your name?"
The Italian said: "Ribaldo Giuseppe. In a Cleveland, call a me Joe."

Major Joppolo said: "What can you do?"
Ribaldo said: "I'm a good American. I'm a hate these Fascist. I could do a good job for you."

Major Joppolo said: "If you're such a good American, why did you leave the States?"
Ribaldo said: "I'm a kick out. 'Why?'"

"I'm a no passport."
"Have you plenty friends in a Cleveland and a Buffalo?"
"What did you do in the States?"
"Oh, I work a here, work a there."

Major Joppolo was pleased with Ribaldo for not trying to lie about his illegal entry and repatriation. He said: "Okay, I'll hire you. You will be my interpreter."

"You don't a speak Italian?"
"Yes, but there'll be other Americans here who don't, and I may need you for other things, too. Do you know these people well, do you know who's for us Americans and who's against us?"

"Sure, a boss, I help a you plenty."

"All right, what did you say your name was?"
"Ribaldo Giuseppe, just a Joe for you."

"No, we're in Italy, I'll call you Giuseppe here. Just two things now, Giuseppe. You've got to be honest with me; if you're not, you'll be in bad trouble. The other is, don't expect me to do you any favors I wouldn't do for anyone else, see?"

"Oh sure, a boss. You don't a worry."

"Now tell me, what does this town need the most?"
"I could a go for a movie house, a boss."

"No, Giuseppe, I mean right now."

"Food, a boss. Food is a bad now in Adano. Three days a lot a people no eat a nothing."

"Why is that, because of a shortage of flour?"

"No, everyone been a shorted Baker don't a work, nobody sell a pasta, water don't a come in a carts. That's all, a boss."

"How many bakers are there in town?"

But before Giuseppe could answer this question, there were two simultaneous knocks on the door, one strong, and one weak.

"I open 'em up, a boss?" Giuseppe was at least eager.
"Please, Giuseppe."

Giuseppe hurried down the long room and opened the door. Two men almost tumbled in. Both were well dressed, and had neckties on. One of them was quite old. The other was very fat and looked forty. They hurried down the room, and each seemed anxious not to let the other get ahead of him.

The old one said in English, with a careful British accent: "My name is Cacopardo, at your service, Major. I am eighty-two. I own most of the sulphurs in this place. Here Cacopardo is sulphur and sulphur is Cacopardo. I wish to give you advice whenever you need of it."

The fat one, who seemed annoyed with Cacopardo for speaking first, said in English: "Craxi, my name. I have a telegram."

Major Joppolo said: "What can I do for you gentlemen?"
Cacopardo said: "Advice."

Craxi said: "Telegram."
Cacopardo said: "The Americans coming to Italian countryside need some advice." The old man looked straight at Giuseppe the interpreter and added: "I wish to advise you to be careful, in Adano are many men who were illegal in America, some men too who were condemned to the electrical chair in Brooklyn of New York."

Major Joppolo, seeing Giuseppe's embarrassment, said: "Giuseppe, I want to speak to the priest of the town. Will you get him for me?"
Giuseppe said: "Which priest, a boss?"

Cacopardo said: "In Adano are thirteen churches, Major, and in some, like San Angelo and San Sebastiano, are two or three priests."

Major Joppolo said: "Which church is best?"
Cacopardo said: "In churches ought not to be good and bad, but San Angelo is best, because Father Pensovecchio is best of all."

Major Joppolo said to Giuseppe: "Get him for me, will you?"
"Yes, a boss," Giuseppe said, and left.

When he had left, Major Joppolo said to Cacopardo: "Is this Giuseppe fellow not to be trusted?"
Cacopardo bowed and said: "I mention only the electrical chair, I am not one to name the names."

Major Joppolo spoke sharply: "You said you came to advise me. I must know about this Giuseppe. Is he to be trusted or not?"

The old man bowed again and said: "Giuseppe is a harmless one."
The fat Craxi was growing very annoyed that Cacopardo was getting all the attention. He said: "I have a telegram. Please to deliver."

Major Joppolo said: "This isn't a telegraph office. There's a war going on. Do you think we have nothing better to do than deliver telegrams?"

Craxi was apologetic. "I am anti-Fascist. I have a telegram. You are the one who can deliver it." And he pulled out from his pocket a piece of ruled paper, folded four ways and pinned shut with a safety pin. He handed the paper to the Major, who put it down on his desk, to the disappointment of Craxi.

The Major said: "You say you've come to advise me. Then tell me, what does this town need the most right now?"

This time the fat Craxi got there first: "To eat," he said, "much to eat."

Cacopardo said: "It needs a bell more than anything."

Craxi said: "Foolishness, a bell. More than anything, to eat is necessary."

Cacopardo said: "The town needs its bell back. You can always eat."
Craxi, who had been rather slighted in the conversation anyhow, now became quite angry. "You can always eat, you Cacopardo," he said. "You have a million lira, you sulphur. You can eat, but not all the people here can eat." And he turned to the Major: "To eat here is most necessary, more necessary than any bell."

Craxi said in Italian: "People who are very hungry have a ringing in their ears. They have no need of bells."
Cacopardo said: "By this bell the people were warned of the invasion of Roberto King of Naples, and he was driven back."
Craxi said: "People with malaria also have a ringing in their ears."
Cacopardo said: "The bell warned the people when Admiral Targoff brought his French and his Turks to this place in 1853 and burned many homes and churches, and all that was left in the Church of Our Mother was the little silver crucifix which you will see now in the Church of San Angelo."
The Major said in Italian: "We have no time for this recital. I wish to know what things are pressing and must be taken care of at once."
Craxi said: "I have spoken. Food is the first thing."
Cacopardo said: "The bell must be taken care of at once. The bell did not warn us of this invasion, or we would have been in the streets with flowers to welcome you."

