Sherman County Journal

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Giles L. French Editor

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INSIDE GERMANY

Germany was a crowded country by American standards even in peacetime. Hundreds of people lived in each square mile. Now, although millions of young and space loving German boys, have been killed they have sent back millions of conquered peoples to do the

Then the crippled are back to encumber the well, the prisoners of war must recive consideration, the work slaves of other lands crowd the factory towns. And to further compress this mass of struggling hating humanity, the Russians are pushing the Germans located in Poland since 1939, the lordly, warmakers from East Prussia, the coal mines of Silesia away from their homes and across the Oder into Berlin.

These people are homeless and generally without possessions except a few junks. Nothing else could be transported. They are sick at heart and body and bear exciting tales of Russian might, which must bring unrest among the Germans, however stout of heart they may have been, after the loss of all conquered territory.

The able men of the nation are away on the fighting front, the young and most vigorous are gone and the elders have been called. The strength that normally reassures the fearful of any peoples is gone and naught but the excited voice of Goebels remains for comfort.

In the meantime the Russians rush on, planes come over all parts of the land each day and each night, whatever news comes from the fighting fronts tells of new defeats, new retreats, the English push on in Holland and the Americans, armed with many weapons, are coming in from the Rhine.

The Germans have proven themselves a stout people, able to stand reverses and fight on. But they have brought ruin to themselves and probably, like other nations that have suffered positive defeat they will never again bother the peace of the world. It is the duty of their victors to make that hope certain.

COUNTY MANAGER

The county manager plan that was dropped into the house hopper earlier this week is sufficiently broad to permit its adoption by any county in the state.

It gives authority over the administration of all laws pertaining to counties to a board of commissioners. They are the actual power and they are elected directly by the people, as is proper in the democratic process.

They hire a county manager to whom they may delegate certain authority. He hires whatever assistants he needs to administer the affairs of the county. The board may divide the functions into departments if so desired. In some counties that would be desirable, in some not.

A group of citizens can get the plan before the people by writing a sort of charter which must contain the number of commissioners, their pay, and may contain provisions for other authority to conform with the needs of the county.

When such a plan is adopted it is presumed that other functions of county government will be given to the adopting county, such as control over fence laws, etc., which cannot be delegated until there is actual, definite place to delegate them.

It is practically certain that the bill will pass, or that some sort of county manager plan will be adopted. The people voted to have one. Whether the final bill will greatly resemble this one or not can be told after adjournment.

Study the past if you would divine the future. —Confucius

SCHOOL BILLS

There are several school bills in the legislature and of these the ones having to do with taxation for school purposes are most importantand approximately are receiving the greatest amount of attention.

The purpose of most of these bills is to raise more money for schools of the state or at least to make more money available to them. The teacher's bills, so sailed because the OSTA was the motivating force behind them, are all designed to increase school moneys sent to the schools from the state treasury. They contain no element of reform of the outrageously inefficient school system of financing. Nor do they contain any word about better educational opportunities for the children, a dereliction that teachers should not permit.

It now seems probable that the taxation and revenue committee's bill to equalize school taxes through each county will pass. The lawyers have been working on it and have finally decided that its constitutionality can be defended.

Although the bill is long its provisions are simple. A rural school board is set up with the sole duty to levy the school tax which shall be equal on all taxable property in the county.

Maps of the school districts in many of the counties are available and they show a districting that cannot be defended from any standpoint. Taxes vary from nothing to 60 mills within some counties. It has been said that the only thing that is standard in our school system is the children. Everything else varies within the narrow limits of each small district; taxes, millage, school facilities.

This condition hardly comports with the constitutional provision for a school system that will give equal opportunity to all children.

In addition to this bill it seems likely that the legislature will enact some legislation to give more funds to the schools. The departure of teachers for war and for industries paying war time wages has caused the price of teaching to go up and teachers who once taught for $100 per month now get $200.

However the schools are not the only employers who must increase pay to employes, and probably school costs have not risen by a greater percentage than have costs in industry and agriculture.

The cost of farm labor is much higher. There is inflation in everything and it is probable that prices will never go back to their prewar levels.

The duty of the legislature is to see that it arranges so that every school gets full value for its dollar. This means that some reorganization must be made to achieve greater efficiency in school management. All educators are in favor of this reorganization. Since Governor Sprague's bills in the 1939 sesion asking school district reorganization, and actual consolidation, the matter has been before the legislature. It is time some of them were passed. Everyone agrees except the few who maintain the narrow view of education. The state department, the grange, superintendents, administratons, tax paying groups all are for some change in the present district system.

Mallerys in Newspaper Office

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mallery arrived last week from Salem and will be at the Sherman County Journal office for a few weeks while Mr. and Mrs. Giles French are in Salem for the legislative session. The Mallerys are experienced newspaper people having published papers in Douglas county Tillamook and Klamath Falls. They are living at the Moro hotel.

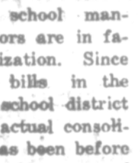
Bethlehem Chapter, No. 78, O.E.S.

Meets Every Second and Fourth Thursdays in each Month. Visiting Members Invited.—Moro, Oregon

Rose Amidon, W. M.

Ruth Sporling, Secretary

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116



Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome.

Clara Houston, N.G.

Florence Johnston. Sec.

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Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us.

C. A. Ruggles, W. M.

W. D. Wallan, Secretary

Moro Lodge No. 112, 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

A BELL for ADANO

by John Hersey

WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I: The American troops arrived at Adano, a seaport in Italy, with Major Victor Joppolo, the Amgot officer in charge. Sergeant Leonard Borth, an MP, was to be in charge of security. The Major set out immediately to win the friendship of the citizens, and to improve their living conditions.

CHAPTER II: The first duties of Major Joppolo, after posting the civil instructions, was to find out what the citizens needed the most. He soon determined to replace their bell, which the Germans had taken. The bell, he found, was the very symbol of their life.

...en the priest had left, Giuseppe said in his brand of English: "Yo doing okay, a boss. All you got to do now is fix a food."

"Yes," said Major Joppolo, "food.

Major Joppolo looked down at his desk and saw Craxi's telegram. He undid the safety pin and unfolded the paper and read:

"To Franklin D. Roosevelt, Capitol Building, Washington, D. C. Fremente di gioia per la liberta da noi to tempo attesa che i vostri valorosi soldati anno dato alla citta d'Adano stop vi prego accettare i sentimenti sinceri della mia gratitudine e riconoscenza. Antifascista Giovanni La Concetta fu Craxi."

"Giuseppe," the Major said, "let's see how good you are as an interpreter. Now, this is for President Roosevelt. You must make it as eloquent as you can. What does it say?"

"To Franklin D. Roosevelt and so forth," said Giuseppe. "Crazy with joy because of a liberty so long time awaited which your brave a soldier have a give to a town of Adano. What's a stop?"

"That's just the end of a sentence, Giuseppe."

"End a sentence. I beg a you accept a sincere sentiments of my gratitude and a recognition. Signed a this Craxi. You going to deliver it, a boss?"

"Sure," the Major said, "the President will be glad to hear."

Mercurio Salvatore, crier of the town of Adano, took a little time to show up, because he had to get into his uniform. His face was happy when he did arrive, because he had thought that his crying days were over. Having been a voice of Fascism for seventeen years, he thought that the newcomers would not want his loud shouts. He had taken his uniform off and hidden it in the house of Carmelina the wife of Fatta. He had then awkwardly paraded himself in civilian clothes and the people, having seen him in uniform for seventeen years, laughed at him.

"Where is the crier?" they asked each other in his presence.

"He has disappeared into the clothes of Fatta which do not fit him," they shouted, and laughed.

Therefore Mercurio Salvatore was happy and grateful when he presented himself to Major Joppolo. "I am glad to be able to serve you and I kiss your hand," he said in his husky voice. Indoors he had learned to speak in a kind of whisper, because he knew the strength of his throat.

Mercurio Salvatore stood before Major Joppolo in tawdry splendor. He wore a uniform of the eighteenth century, and looked as if he had been wearing it ever since that time. The tights had once been blue, but now they were a light and spotted gray. The turn-back coat had once been lined with red silk, but the silk had long since fallen apart, and Carmelina the wife of Fatta had replaced it with sacking from the sulphur refinery which she had dyed purple with grape juice, but the purple had washed out in the first few rains, so that now Mercurio Salvatore was a walking advertisement of Cacopardo Sulphur.

If Major Joppolo had been any other American officer, he would have laughed outright at Mercurio Salvatore.

He said: "Crier, I have a job for you. I must explain this to you: the Americans are different from the Fascists. They are different in many ways. For this reason there will be quite a few changes in Adano. I hope that they will be changes for the better."

Mercurio Salvatore said: "Yes, Mister Major," to show that he would remember every word of it.

The Major said: "In order to explain some of these changes, I am going to post at various prominent places around the town a number of proclamations, which will make everything clear. All I want you to do is to tell the people to read these proclamations. Impress on them that the penalties for not obeying the proclamations will be severe. That is all."

Mercurio Salvatore looked disappointed. "That is not much to shout," he said.

Major Joppolo said: "Shall I name a new crier?"

Mercurio Salvatore said quickly: "Oh no, Mister Major, I will make something beautiful of what you

...d."

...Joppolo said: "The proclamations will be posted before five this afternoon."

...rio Salvatore said: "Yes, Major," and left

...picked up his drum where he had left it outside the Major's office. Ordinarily he had made his first cry in the Piazza Progresso, right in front of the Palazzo, but this time he was self-conscious, and wanted to have a few tries before crying ...arshal of the Major. Therefore he went first to the park opposite the Cathedral

...ded his drum long and

...a deep breath. Blood and ...ed into his throat, and his ...ared. "Well, you laughed. ...can see that Mercurio Salvatore is still your crier. The American friends of Mercurio Salvatore. The Americans wish to be your friends, too. You have been expecting the Americans for some time, but did you expect the changes which would come after the Americans? Did you think they were ...changes things after ...ne? Did ...w that they ...ng to ...e practically ...except ...e crier? Well, ...r is here to tell you this." ...ercurio Salvatore filled his ...d bellowed: "Opposite me ...melina the wife of Fatta ...of her house. I also see the ...a leaning against the wall ...e's house. The crier wishes ... Carmelina for storage of ...form during the difficult time of the invasion. He wishes also to address a few words to her lazy ...ber. It is unfortunate, lazy Fatta, ... you never learned to read. ... bad that you were too slothful ...emorize the letters of the ... This afternoon you would ...d a chance to read of the ... which our friends the ...Americans intend to bring about here in Adano.

CHAPTER IV

"You could have read the proclamations which our friends will post, Fatta. You would not have had anything to lean against while reading because the proclamations will be posted on the walls upon which you depend. The hour of the reading, that is to say about five o'clock, would have been bad for you, because it is the hour when you are overcome with energy and are able to lift a bottle of wine to your lips.

"But the others will read, Fatta. They will learn that the Americans are our friends. They will learn of the changes. They will know what to do. They will avoid the punishments. For them, Adano will be a new town, and life will be different. For you, it will be the same. You will do wrong, and you will be punished. Adano will still be a place of fear.

"Look at the lazy Fatta, people! Do not be like him. Read the proclamations. Acquaint yourself with the new Adano! I have cried."

And Mercurio Salvatore moved the drum around behind him and marched off to the several other places convenient for shouting, and in his own way he told the people about the changes which were to come.

Father Pensovecchio could not remember when so many people had come to the Church of San Angelo.

It was a pleasure, certainly it was a pleasure, to have so many come to the Church of San Angelo.

But now Father Pensovecchio had a thought which made him very uneasy. What if the Mister Major should not come? Think of the shame. Think of how the other priests would laugh. Think how this vanity, this large crowd, would complain. Think of how his own faithful would flock on later Sundays to the other churches. Think of preaching to empty pews.

...was already five minutes past ... acolyte had al...

...or had not come.

The Mister Major, at that moment, was sitting in his office having a breakfast of fruit and discussing with Borth and with the usher Zito, who never went to church, the matter of the bell. Major Joppolo sat with his feet on the huge desk eating fruit. Borth sat on the end of the desk also eating, and the little Zito stood at attention in front of it, not eating but wishing he were.

Borth said: "As usual, Major, you're letting your heart run your head. Forget the bell and clean up the alleyway. This is too sentimental, this bell business."

The Major said to Zito in Italian: "Zito, exactly when was the bell taken away?"

Zito said promptly, without having to think it over: "June the fourteenth. It was the day when Mayor Nasta fined me three thousand lira for leaving my Atlas open at the page of North America. I used to read my Atlas in dull hours outside the door there, and that day I left it open at North America. Like everyone else, Mayor Nasta knew the Americans were coming here. It made him nervous. He thought I was mocking him. He fined me six months' pay."

The Major said: "June fourteenth, almost exactly a month."

Zito said: "It took them two days to take the bell down. They used six sets of block and tackle. Then it took another day to crate it. They started taking it down on the eleventh and finally carted it away on the fourteenth."

The Major said: "The fourteenth," but he was thinking. He was thinking so hard that he had forgotten all about going to church.

In the Church of San Angelo, meanwhile, Father Pensovecchio was growing frantic. Most of the heads in his crowd, his lovely crowd, kept turning toward the door instead of facing the silver crucifix which survived the fire of 1553.

In his office Major Joppolo said: "They took the bell away on the fourteenth of June. That is a month less two days. That is not so much time. Considering how things are done in our Army, perhaps not much has been done with the bell. Where was it sent, Zito?"

Zito said: "To the provincial government at the town of Vicinamare."

Major Joppolo said: "Perhaps it got no farther. Perhaps the bell is still sitting in its crate in Vicinamare."

Zito grew excited: "Do you think that is possible?" he asked.

The Major said: "It is possible. We must find out."

And he took a piece of foolscap from his brief case and began a letter:

"To: Lt. Col. R. N. Sartorius, C.A.O., Vicinamare, Prov. of Vicinamare.

"From: Major V. Joppolo, C.A.O., Adano, Prov. of Vicinamare.

"Re: Bell belonging to town of Adano.

"Undersigned would very much appreciate your initiating investigation of records of provincial government of Vicinamare to see if you can trace. . . ."

The service in the Church of San Angelo was taking a most unusual course. Having completed the supplication, Father Pensovecchio started reciting the Litany of Saint Joseph. It was the longest litany he could think of offhand, and he repeated the words without any sense of their meaning.

"Joseph, most valiant, Joseph, most obedient, Joseph, most faithful, mirror of patience, lover of poverty, model of workmen, ornament of the domestic life, guardian of virgins, safeguard of families. . . ."

Suddenly Father Pensovecchio broke off. He had had an idea. He beckoned again to the senior acolyte and whispered in his ear: "Have old Guzzo ring the bell."

Continued on Page Three

"MILEAGE RECORDS"

All operators of pa... with basic "A" rations ... "mileage rationing rec... eligible to apply for ... gasoline rations, the ... Price Administration p... out. Without this important record no motorist may be issued a "B" or "C" supplemental ratio... In the recent re-registration o... tion's 23,000,000 basic "A" ration holders, each registrant was issued one of the mileage record forms. The form replaces the old tire rationing record, on which was kept a list of issued gasoline rations. In cases where a motorist was not issued a mileage rationing record or had his lost or destroyed, he should immediately apply to his local board for a duplicate.

Grass Valley

THEATRE

This Week--

FRI., SAT. & SUN.

FEB. 2-3-4

Let's Go! 'cause here they come!

Aboard the Submarine 'Copperfin'—with a cargo of courage and TNT—they slug it out with the Japs!

with DANE CLARK · ROBERT HUTTON · WARNER ANDERSON

ALAN HALE · JOHN RIDGELY · WILLIAM PRINCE Directed by DELMER DAVES

Screen Play by Delmer Daves and Albert Maltz • from an Original Story by Steve Fisher • Music by Franz Waxman

Starting Next Week

This Show Will Be Open 6 Nights a Week

With 2 New First Run PICTURES

Tues. - Wed. - Thu.

FEB. 6-7-8

"Make Your Own Bet"

Doors Open 7:15; Show Starts 7:45

Adults 40c - Children 20c

Matinee Sundays 2:00 P. M.

DANCE

WASCO OPERA HOUSE

Saturday Evening February 3

Music By The Cascadians

Dancing 9:00 to 1:00