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BACK TO MANILA

Slightly under three years after the Americans were forced to leave Manila they marched back in again to expel the Japs from their last held large city taken from us. If we had been told at that time we would expend so many thousands of lives and so many billions of dollars and nearly three years to accomplish that purpose we would have been appalled.

It will still take many months to do the entire job of licking the Japs for they still control the Dutch East Indies, the best part of China and the southern peninsula crowned by Singapore.

Our capture of Luzon and the superiority of our navy and our air forces have about cut the Japanese off from their southern possessions. The oil of the Indies, the rubber from Malayan peninsula, the food of these possessions can be brought to Japan only at great risk. That is to our distinct advantage.

The Japs are so used to doing without that starving them to death, either physically or economically will take a long time. Within a short time it should be possible to move some of our bombers to Luzon and begin bombing the main islands of Japan easier than we have been able to do heretofore. Our navy's headquarters are now closer than ever before to Japan.

That actual occupation of Manila must indicate to the Japs that they are on the losing side and are in the process of being crushed. MacArthur has really come back. "I shall return" has been shown to be no idle boast as is often indulged in by army commanders.

There will be months of fighting to expel the enemy from the mountains of the Philippines but the natives can be depended upon to help when we equip them for the job. We were years taking the entire island of Luzon after we had taken the main points from the Spaniards. The Moro fought for years. Now they are expected to fight for us as valiently as they did against us 40 years and more ago.

WALLACE

It has been said often the past week or so that the administration is trying to retain Henry Wallace in office in order that he may be more easily available for nomination for the presidency in 1948. We think the case has not been proven.

Firstly, there seems to be no indication that the present holder of the office of president has any intent to retire. He has never given assurance that he is anxious to build up a follower to succeed him at any time. Until there is definite statement, nay, actual abandonment of the office in favor of Henry, the contention that Henry is the chosen one must be taken with a grain of salt.

Secondly, it cannot be shown that the presidential OK would be either an advantage or a mandate by 1948. In any event, putting the crown of succession on the Wallace that might do Henry as much harm as good.

In fact it appears to be a reasonable conclusion that the president felt that Henry had been most retiring and kind after he was pushed so unceremoniously from his soft berth last June. Henry was really nice about it all. With naught but the brief period of heart break he mounted his horse and rode throughout the land bearing the news of the president's indisposability. He aided in bringing the CIO-PAC into line, spoke feelingly to the negroes and did all that he might to re-elect Roosevelt.

That FDR feels that he owes Henry an appointment is but natural for FDR stays by his friends—even after some of those friends fall to stand behind the nation—to the bitter end. The president said the appointment was made for reasons of political friendship. In fact

that was the reason given for the appointment. Little, if anything, was said about the qualifications of Henry.

Perhaps FDR will be as well pleased that Henry is defeated as not. He has done his politically bounden duty toward his follower and given him the nod for his secretaryship. Now if the senate, where he has sat four years, turns him down the burden is on the heads of the senators, who come from the people, not on the head of Roosevelt. Henry has been paid, whether he is confirmed or not. It may be that it will be more difficult to mollify the CIO-PAC by making appointments that bounce, but Henry has little room for complaint.

SIZE OF HIGH SCHOOLS

There is a bill in the house that was introduced by the house education committee—that places a limit on the size of high schools in Oregon. The bill has so far not received consideration, but no doubt the committee will get around to it before long.

As the bill came to the committee it would have restricted the number of pupils in high school to 25, but the committee cut this down to 15 before the bill was introduced. Provision is made that if conditions warrant the superintendent of public instruction can permit small schools to continue.

Comment on the bill has been generally favorable. Governor Sprague, who himself sponsored several educational bills when in office, wrote in favor of the bill in his Oregon Statesman. Others have criticized the bill because it sets the figure too low and have recommended that the limit below which a high school should go should be 40 or even 50. The argument is that the smaller schools are not doing much of a job of giving educational advantages to the pupils.

The argument is especially pertinent when it is considered that there may be much more vocational education available after the war. We have learned that our young men did not have training on some very important things. In fact, there is talk of making training in mechanics, radar, engineering and allied subjects available to boys in high school. The courses would be elementary, of course.

If the government does make such training available it would do so in the schools large enough to cooperate with it as it now does with the Smith-Hughes courses which teach agriculture in schools large enough to provide instruction. Elementary training for nurses and first aid practitioners may be given for girls in the post-war era.

As long as education, grade or high, means only the simple three R's, the small school is as good as any; even better perhaps. As long as no equipment is needed the fewer pupils per teacher the better. It is in the teaching of modern things that require more equipment and bigger schools are needed.

What may happen to the bill is problematical. Nothing has been done so far. It may be amended to the first figure or dropped entirely. If it is felt that education is to remain a matter of readin', ritin', and rithmetic there is no need for change; if it is thought that we need to learn new things, the bill will become law.

When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.—Proverbs 29:2

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it.—Shakespeare

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 Spurling, Secretary

Lapine Rebekah Lodge No. 416 Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome. Clara Houston, N.G. Florence Johnston, S.

Kureka 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. C. A. Ruggles, W. M. W. D. Wallan, 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



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 Borsh, an MP, was to be in charge of security. The Major set out immediately to improve the friendship of the citizens, and to improve their living conditions.

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

CHAPTER III: The Major sent for Father Pescevecchio, the town's leading priest. He explained to the priest what he hoped to accomplish for the people of Adano, and secured the promise of the priest to call attention, at mass, to the posted civil instructions. Major Joppolo called in Mercurio Salvatore, the town crier, and instructed him to announce the new regulations.

CHAPTER IV: The Major, during the rush of his work, forgot he had promised the priest that he would attend mass. The late ringing of the bell reminded him, and he ran off to the services. After services, the town crier told those waiting in the bakery line that the Major had told him he might listen to the Radio Roma if desired.

Zapulla the baker, black with the wood coke of his oven, came out to the front of the shop and roared: "Zapulla the baker has been up since four in the morning. If Zapulla the baker makes remarks, he is liable to go back to bed and let the bread burn up."

"Do you remember," said Margherita the fat Craxi's formidable wife, "do you remember how the Mayor, Nasta used to hold office hours from noon until one, each day, the hour when we were all busy with our children? And how we had to apply in writing to see him? And how we had to wait ten days? And how he would treat us when we did see him? Now it is different. You can walk in any time all day." She paused. "He stands up when you enter," she said impressively.

"What that so?" said Laura Sofia, who was not the wife of anyone and at her age was not likely to be ever. "I think I shall go and see him."

"On what pretext?" jibed Maria Carolina, wife of the noisy cartman Afronti. "To make eyes at him?"

"Oh," said Laura Sofia, "I have my complaints, just like the rest of you—even if I haven't litters of children grunting like pigs on my floor."

Carmelina, wife of the lazy Fatta, said: "My children are hungry. It would be nice if they could get their bread on time."

From the depths of his shop Zapulla the baker shouted: "The children of certain people may stay hungry if certain people do not hold their tongues!"

Mercurio Salvatore, crier of the town of Adano, was near the end of the line, but even though he toned his voice down to his conversational whisper, the whole line could hear him when he said: "I wish to tell you something. I asked him if I could listen to my radio."

"He said: 'Why not, crier?'" "I asked him what station I would be permitted to listen to. I asked: 'Should it be the Radio of Algiers, or should it be the Radio of London which is called BBC?'"

"He said: 'Reception here is best for Radio Roma. Why don't you listen to the one you can hear the best?'"

"I said: 'Can you mean it? Radio Roma is an American. It has nothing but stories from the Americans.'"

"And he said to me: 'I love the truth and I love you to love it too. You listen to Radio Roma. You will hear that it is three fourths lies. I want you to judge for yourself and to want the truth. Then perhaps you will want to listen to the other broadcasts which you cannot hear quite so clearly.'"

Margherita, the formidable wife of Craxi, said: "Have you listened, crier?"

Mercurio Salvatore said: "I have listened. I could detect only one lie yesterday, but it was a big one. Radio Roma said that Italian forces in the city of Vicinamare threw back three vicious Allied attacks. We all knew that Vicinamare was in the hands of the Americans late on the first day of the disembarkation."

Carmelina the wife of the lazy Fatta said: "It will be late on the fifth day before we get bread from this baker Zapulla."

Zapulla was impolite to Carmelina because of what she said. He came forward and threw a piece of wood-coke at her head and roared: "Silence!"

The wood-coke missed Carmelina's head, but hit the stomach of the formidable Margherita. She advanced, shaking her large fists. Zapulla went back to his ovens, as if he had not noticed where his wood-coke went.

Five things are requisite to a good officer—ability, clean hands, despatch, patience, and impartiality.—Penn

CHAPTER V

At this angry moment, Gargano, Chief of the Carabinieri, came up to the line. This man was called by the people The Man With Two Hands, because of his continuous and dramatic gesturing. He was, he seemed to think, an actor, and he could not say two words without gesturing with both hands. He possessed and exercised all the essentially Italian gestures: the two forefingers laid side by side, the circle of thumb and forefinger, the hands up in stop position, the salute to the forehead with palm forward, the fingertips of the two hands placed tip to tip, the fingers linked, the hands flat and downward as if patting said: the hands up heel to heel and pulled toward the chest, the attitude of prayer, the pointing forefinger of accusation, the V as if for victory or smoking cigarettes, the forefinger on the chin, the rolling of the hands. All he used them all.

When he approached the line, everyone thought that he was coming to restore order. There was a question in some people's minds whether he still had authority, but they did not feel that this was a good time to flout the question. It would be better to see first whether he made any arrests.

He did not make any arrests. He merely went up to Carmelina, wife of the lazy Fatta, and squeezed between her and the door of Zapulla's shop, and stood there. The people could see that he was merely taking his place at the head of the line to wait for bread.

Carmelina, who was annoyed by having had wood-coke thrown at her, said, truculently: "Mister Gargano, you were Chief of the Carabinieri under the old regime, and that entitled you to stand at the head of the line. I am not sure that you are still Chief of the Carabinieri."

Gargano said: "I am the Chief," and he made a kind of Fascist salute with both hands.

Carmelina said: "I doubt it. Where is the proof?"

Gargano said: "See my uniform," and he ran his two forefingers from his shoulders to his knees.

Carmelina said: "That is no proof. The Americans do not care how we dress. I could dress as a rabbit and the Americans would not arrest me."

Gargano said: "Woman, stop your shouting, or I will arrest you," and he gripped his own left wrist with his own right hand, signifying arrest.

Carmelina said: "Where is your authority?"

Margherita the formidable wife of Craxi said: "I believe that this man is still Chief, since the Mister Major is keeping many Fascist scoundrels in office until they prove themselves bad. But I do not believe that under American law he has the right to go to the head of the line. That is where I think you are right, Carmelina."

Gargano said: "I have always come to the head of the line. I shall continue to do so," and he ran his forefinger along the length of the line until he came to the head, where he stood, then he pointed the finger at the ground.

Maria Carolina, the wife of the noisy cartman Afronti, who had once been arrested by Gargano, shouted: "You have no right, Two-Hands. The Americans would not permit it." This was the first time Gargano had ever been called Two-Hands to his face. He did not understand the reference.

Gargano stepped out of the line. "Who questions my right?" he roared, and he pounded one clenched fist on the other clenched fist.

Carmelina, wife of the lazy Fatta, standing right beside him, startled him by whispering in his ear: "I question it, Two-Hands."

Up to this time Zapulla the baker, standing in the front of his shop, had been torn between the two authorities, the old and the new. But he was so annoyed with Carmelina for having prodded him that he now said: "Arrest her, Mister Chief, if you have any courage."

Up to this time Gargano the Chief, somewhat unsure of his ground, had been leaning back a way of retreating from the mob. But now his manhood as well as his authority, was made manifest as he moved toward Carmelina and said: "Woman, you are under arrest."

Carmelina shouted: "Keep your two active hands off me, Gargano." Zapulla said: "Will you let this woman shriek down your courage?"

Gargano clapped his hands on Carmelina. She screamed. All up and down the line women shouted: "Out with the Fascist Chief of Carabinieri. Out with Two-Hands. Out with men who push themselves to the head of a line ahead of women who have been waiting three hours."

Gargano dragged Carmelina off screaming and kicking, and the anti-Gargano, anti-Fascist screams in the line grew louder and louder. Even Mercurio Salvatore, although as crier he was more or less an official and should have remained neutral or even taken the side of Gargano, raised his huge voice in a careful shout: "Down with injustice!"

When Gargano pulled Carmelina into Major Joppolo's office, she was still screaming. But the Major jumped to his feet and said sharply: "Silence, shrew," and she fell quiet at once.

"What is this all about?" the Major asked.

Gargano said: "This woman questioned my authority," and he pointed at her with both forefingers.

Carmelina said: "There is more to it than that."

Major Joppolo said: "Your authority to do what, Gargano?"

Carmelina shouted: "To push his way to the head of the line in front of Zapulla's bread shop."

Gargano said: "It is a privilege the officials of the town have always enjoyed."

Major Joppolo said: "Is that so?"

Gargano said: "I charge this woman with disturbing the peace and questioning authority." Gargano was shrewd in saying this, for he saw that things were going against him, and now he had put the matter on an official rather than a personal basis. The Major would have to decide the case officially.

The Major decided with a speed which dazzled Gargano. He decided that the woman was right but that he could not say so, because if he did the Chief would never regain his authority, and the Major wanted to keep him in office. Therefore he said: "I sentence this woman to one day in jail, suspended sentence. Let her go, Gargano, and gather all the officials of Adano for me at once."

When Carmelina got outside, she ran straight back to the bread shop. The bread was not ready yet, and the people gave her back her place at the head of the line and shouted to her: "What happened, Carmelina? What did they do to you?"

Carmelina told what had happened and she said: "Did you ever hear of such a light sentence in Adano? I believe in my heart that the Mister Major thought I was right. And what was the meaning of assembling the officials? I believe that he was for me."

In the Major's office, the officials gradually assembled. Some were held-over Fascists, some were new appointments to take the place of Fascists who had fled to the hills. In whispers, and with ample gestures, Gargano described to them the humiliation he had suffered, until Major Joppolo said: "Silence, please."

The officials drew up in a circle around the Major's desk. The Major stood up.

"I want you to be my friends," he said. "As my friends, I will consider it my duty to tell you everything I think, for we do not want Adano to be a town of mysteries and a place of suspicion."

"Adano has been a Fascist town. That is natural, because the country was Fascist, therefore the town was also. But now that the Americans have come, we are going to run the town as a democracy."

"Perhaps you do not know what a democracy is. I will tell you. Democracy is this: democracy is that the men of the government are no longer the masters of the people. They are the servants of the people. What makes a man-master of another man? It is that he pays him for his work. Who now

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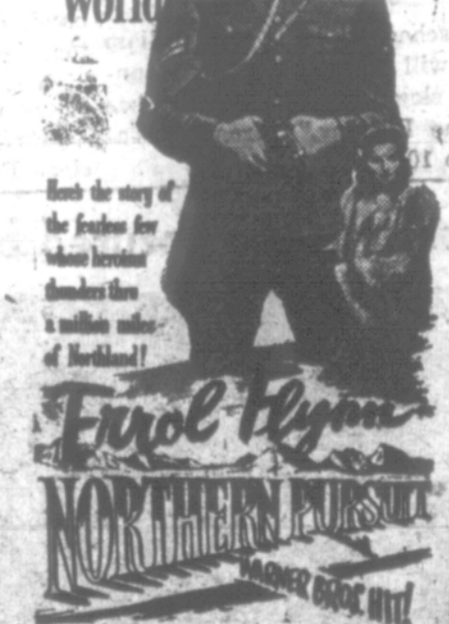
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