

SHERMAN COUNTY JOURNAL

Published Every Friday at More, Oregon

Giles H. French, Editor

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ONE YEAR \$2.00

FEBRUARY 16, 1945

LINCOLN

This week this nation observed the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Speeches were made in cities and towns, large and small. In fact the desire for meetings in honor of Lincoln seems to be growing.

Reason why this may be true was given by Ernest Haycock, Oregon auditor, who spoke before the joint assembly at Salem Monday. Mr. Haycock spoke without oratory but gave evidence of much thought in the preparation of his talk.

We usually distort the reputations of our national heroes, he said, and he gave the example of Washington as proof. But Lincoln he held to be the best exponent of our democracy, the man who believed in the people and who talked their language, whose every thought was expressed in the words of his pioneer parents. He was a simple, honest man whose desire for public service outweighed all his other characteristics.

The thought comes appropriately at this time when we have gotten away from democracy in many regards. Haycock noted the swell of one man governments all over the world and decried the tendency, but warned that such things would continue probably under different names than fascism, communism, totalitarianism but still containing the same central idea which is that the people are made to follow the leaders who achieve the power and that the people have no ability to control themselves in government.

Such ideas break down the very fundamentals of the kind of government such as Americans were taught to believe was especially theirs. It must be admitted that a government of, and by the people is sometimes often, in fact, inoperative. We must wait until the will of the people can be expressed by the majority. Sometimes we are in a bad way before that happens.

But we are generally good sports about it. When the decision is finally made we abide by it—and that is a great help to democracy. We have no dissident elements that take up arms against the majority, no minority groups that refuse to go along with the majority. We don't think that is quite right. It is the victor who bears up the goal posts, not the vanquished.

And though this is a trifle belated, it is pertinent, as it is always pertinent to recall that we have made the greatest strides of any people on earth toward self government.

England must live in Europe. It appears certain that this nation has made pledges to continue in European politics and Americas have been pretty well persuaded that that is the better course, although basic emotions are against it. Perhaps after a few trials of such doings those emotions will again come to the fore and we will again vote against taking part. That depends on the basis on which we have entered European politics. We do not know the details nor even the broad plan of such cooperation and it is necessary that we do know before our decision is final. No president can pledge us in our nation.

BUDGET LAW

Action on the legislative procedure necessary to pass a new budget law will probably begin next week in Salem on a bill introduced by Speaker Eugene Marsh. This new bill has largely been written by the finance officers of the counties and cities of the state although final decision on some of the matters included was not made by them.

At present everyone connected with budgeting realizes that the present bill is unworkable and that no one can follow its provisions. Officers of counties and cities must break the law or be broke at least half the time and the provisions of the law are not clear on other provisions.

The new law not only clarifies the language as to budgeting but gives a simple form to be followed by tax levying bodies. In this regard the bill follows the election law which shows a section of sample ballot so no one need go astray.

These may be peculiar times to begin making a new budget law for right now everyone pays his taxes with the greatest of ease. They are no more worry than any other incidental item of expense. Local taxes are so small a part of the total tax bill that they are inconsequential.

But legislatures must look ahead farther than right now for they do their work for the future, future of at least two years, and probably for much farther. It is expected that within a comparatively few years taxes will not be so easily paid and then taxpayers will be glad that there is a clear, distinct law that sets out the method of levying taxes. The more careful will be pleased more quickly than that.

There is always some laxness in the method by which taxing bodies extract money from the property owners, but there will be less after this bill is passed, that is, if it successfully runs the gauntlet and emerges from the long journey through two committees, two houses of the legislature and the governor's office.

Sherman county has been more fortunate than most in that its budget has normally been sufficiently detailed to give the necessary information to the taxpayer. In addition to that, general information about county government is made available. But there have arguments about the meaning of the law and this can well be stopped by the passage of HB 335.



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 decided to replace their bell, which the Germans had taken. The bell, he found, was the very symbol of their life.

CHAPTER III: The Major sent for Father Penovaccio, 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.

CHAPTER V: Gergano, chief of the Carabinieri, shoved his way to the front of the bakery line. Carmelina, wife of the lazy Fatta, objected, and the Chief marched her off to the Major. After explaining the trouble to the Major, the Chief was told that all were equal and must take their turn in all lines. Carmelina was turned loose.

CHAPTER VI

The cart groaned. The right wheel crumbled around the axle. The whole weight of the thing rolled slowly over into the ditch, and the shafts twisted and upset the mule, and the mule, which had always feared ditches on the right, screamed to find itself falling into what it had feared.

Errante hit the earth hard. He woke up, but what with his dazedness, his drunkenness, his surprise and his natural stupidity, he was unable to do anything except roar wordlessly.

General Marvin was still roaring too. "Serve him right," he shouted. "Holding up traffic. Trying to stop the invasion."

A new fury rushed up the General's cheeks. "Middleton," he shouted, "shoot that mule."

Colonel Middleton's blood froze. He shouted back: "Do you think it's wise, sir?"

The General shouted: "What's that? What's that?"

Colonel Middleton knew it was hopeless but he shouted again: "I said, do you think it is wise, sir?"

Trying to reason with any man, and especially with this man at two hundred feet and the top of one's lungs was not rewarding work.

The General shouted: "Middleton, you trying to stop the invasion too? Do what I say."

So Colonel Middleton pulled out his Colt and fired three shots into the head of the screaming mule.

All this was accomplished before Errante Gergano was able to shape his roaring into words. He stood there in absolute amazement at the shooting.

of keeping the General waiting! "Yes, sir," Major Joppolo said. "Be right down."

There was nothing to do. He ran down the stairs. When Major Joppolo reached the armored car, the General was sitting with his left arm raised in front of him, glaring at his wrist watch.

Major Joppolo saluted. General Marvin roared: "One minute and twenty seconds. You've been keeping me waiting one minute and twenty seconds. Do you think I have all day to wait for you? Who are you, anyway?"

"Major Joppolo, sir, senior civil affairs officer, town of Adano, sir." General Marvin remembered the cart and was apparently too angry even to notice Major Joppolo's uniform. "Major, these Italian carts are holding up our whole invasion. Keep them out of this town. Don't you let another cart come across that bridge back there into this town. What the hell is this town, anyway?"

"Adano, sir, town of Adano." "Adano. Keep the carts out of this town, you hear me?" "Yes, sir, I'll take care of that right away."

The General shouted: "Right away? That's not soon enough for me."

"Sir, I'll go right up and tell the M.P.'s and tell them about it."

"That's not soon enough. I want action. No more carts. Adano's the name of this town, remember that, Middleton, Adano. No more carts at all, Major, do you understand? What are you standing there gawking about? Action. Let's get going, let's get out of here. Do you think I have all day?"

And before Major Joppolo could even salute, the armored car had roared away.

By the time he reached his desk again, Major Joppolo realized what the consequences of keeping the carts out of town would be. He knew very well how essential they were to the life of the place.

With a heavy heart he cranked his field telephone, asked for Rowboat Blue Forward, got the ear of Captain Purvis, head of the M.P.'s in Adano, and ordered him to keep all carts out of Adano, to stop them at the bridge on the east and at the sulphur refinery on the west.

Then he called for Zito, his usher, and asked him to assemble all the officials of the town in his office.

Gargano, the police chief, was already there. Of the others old Bellanca, the honest notary whom Major Joppolo had chosen to be his mayor, came in first. He had sad eyes, the eyes of a man who had suffered for his honesty through several years of corruption. He wore a black coat and black tie, as always. Behind Bellanca the others trooped in: D'Arpa, the vessel-like vice mayor; Tagliavia, the maresciallo of finance; the bull-voiced Mercurio Salvatore, crier; Major Joppolo's unctuous little municipal secretary, Pantelone; the pear-shaped Signora Carmelina Spinato, volunteer health officer; Rotondo, lieutenant of Carabinieri; and the man who was charged with keeping the streets clean, the cleanest man in town, Satta, in a white suit.

When they were all in, Major Joppolo stood at his desk and said: "I have promised to tell you every important thing which the American authorities decide to do in this town. I do not want this to be a town of mysteries. In a democracy one of the most important things is for everyone to know as much as possible about what is going on."

"The American authorities have decided that because of military necessities it will no longer be possible for mule carts to come into the streets of town."



General Marvin roared: "One minute and twenty seconds!"

He said: "I am not happy to have to announce this decision. It is because of military necessities. I am sorry. That is all."

The officials of Adano, a comic-looking collection, turned sadly to go. They did not protest. They had learned during the years of Fascism how to swallow their protests. But Major Joppolo could tell that they were not with him, that for the first time in nine days they were against him.

Before the first of them reached the door, Major Joppolo said: "I wish to tell you that I will do all that is in my power to have this unjust order revoked."

And when the comic-looking officials of the Major's office, they were still sad, they were for him.

The Major worried all day about the order and wondered what he could do about it. He slept very badly during the night, because of his worry.

Early in the morning, Zito, the little usher, came up to his desk and said: "Mister Major, there are three men to see you about the carts."

Because it worried him, the Major snapped back angrily at Zito: "What do they want about the carts?"

"That is something they wish to tell you, Mister Major," Zito said. "It is something they did not tell me."

"Well, show them in."

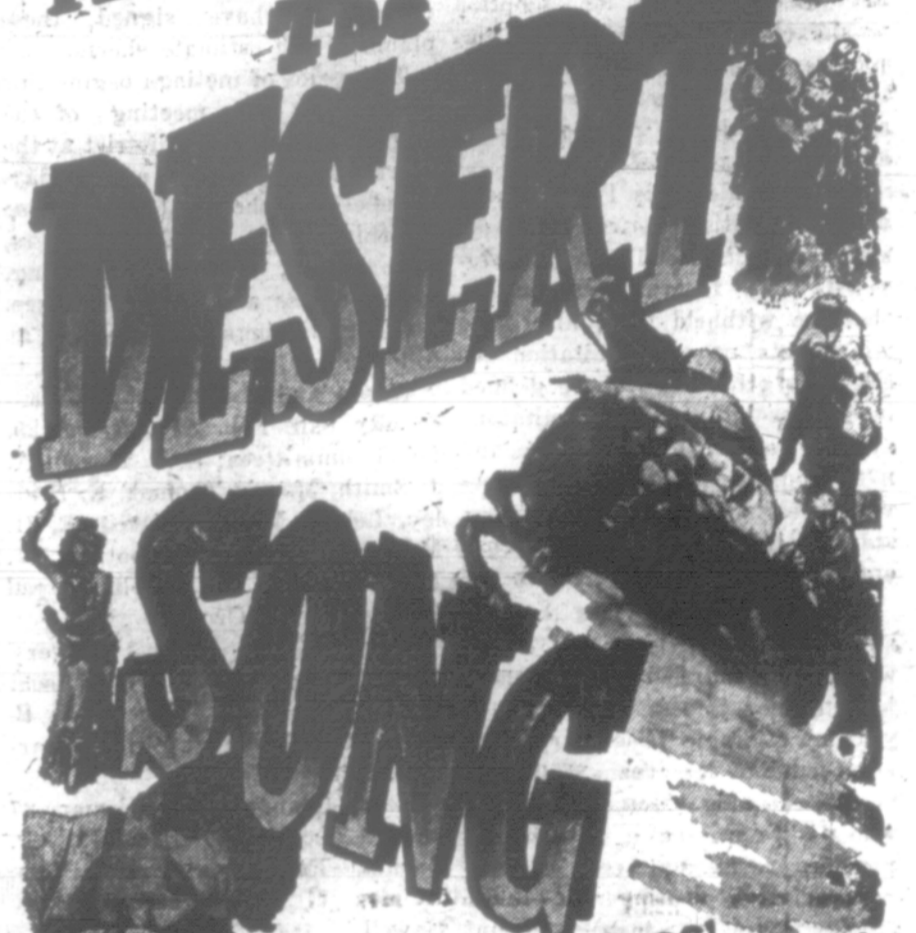
The three Italians were evidently poor but respected men. There was a kind of democracy in their coming to see the Major; they were the chosen delegates of all the craftsmen, to argue this thing out.

They all had old, clean coats on, and they all clutched cloth caps in their hands. Zito brought three chairs forward, and they sat to

A Scot holding an important job in London was always being twitted by an English friend about his nationality. By a curious chance the Scot, cautiously, "You see, I left the top hat on holiday. "Hallo" chaffed the Englishman in my place."—Tit-Bits.

GRASS VALLEY Theatre This Week Friday - Saturday - Sunday Feb. 16 - 17 - 18

ALL ITS THOUSAND THRILLS IN BLAZING TECHNICOLOR!



WARNER BROS. Smashing Story of the Guerrillas of the Desert in Action! DENNIS MORGAN IRENE MANNING

Next week-- Tues.-Wed.-Thur. Feb. 20-21-22 Fri. - Sat. - Sun. Feb. 23-24-25

Advertisement for 'The Adventures of Mark Twain' and 'Blonde Trouble' featuring Fredric March, Alexis Smith, and other stars.

Advertisement for Corby's Canadian Whisky, featuring a bottle illustration and the text 'NOW THAT YOU CAN PICK AND CHOOSE'.

- Regular Gance, Grass Valley, Saturday, Feb. 17, adv. Bethlehem Chapter No. 78, O.E.S. Meets Every Second and Fourth Thursdays 8:00 p.m. Rose Amidon, W. M. Ruth Sporting, Secretary. Lapsine Rebekah Lodge No. 116 Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome. Clara Houston, N.G. Florence Johnston, S.G. Parcks Lodge No. 121 A.P.E. & 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. More 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.