

SHERMAN COUNTY JOURNAL

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CORFEW

The ruling by Jim Byrnes that closes night clubs at midnight may be as necessary as he states. Most citizens will agree that night clubs serve no very valuable purpose in any event and, in wartime especially, might as well be closed permanently as far as aiding the war is concerned.

Reason for the extra night life in America can be directly traced to war time nerves. People worry about the war, their sons, their economic condition and seek release from such worry by going out to make whoop-pee that, while not a lasting surcease from worry, gives some temporary relief to war torn nerves.

Probably Mr. Byrnes will be disappointed in his attempt to reform American for all things that do not succeed in this country, reform by law is in first place. More success would be obtained by showing the loss that comes from night life.

LOTTERY AMENDMENT

The proposed constitutional amendment, now in the house of representatives at Salem, has many proponents from those who have no connection with gambling and who have found enforcement of the law to be lax, if not impossible.

It is apparent to everyone that this form of gambling is not going to be stopped by present methods. Therefore, inasmuch as the state is in need of revenue and is going to be in greater need, why not provide for a tax on these machines that will bring in some funds to the state and relieve taxpayers who may need the relief.

Control of liquor is being done better in Oregon since the enactment of the Knox act than at any time before. The state made in excess of \$8,000,000 from this source in the last biennium. It pays for the state's pension load. The state now does something of a gambling business through the dog and horse races although the income from that source is not so great.

As has been pointed out before nearly all taxes are put on the thrifty and the virtuous. We tax the income of the steady worker because the unsteady one has no income to tax. We tax the man of property, the saver, the careful. This proposed amendment would provide a means of taxing the imprudent, the shiftless, the man who spends his money carelessly and who eventually becomes a ward of the state. From a social point of view it is justifiably done.

Argument against it is that by making gambling a source of revenue there is a tendency to condone it. That has not happened noticeably about liquor and with careful administration would not happen about gambling, but it is a valid argument against the amendment—and the only one.

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GOVERNMENT DESIRES DATA YOU MAY HAVE

In order to perfect its plans for carrying out final campaigns against the Germans and Japanese, the government is trying to get as much information as possible about the enemy countries or territory now held by them. For this purpose, they want to contact anyone who has lived in or in these countries or visited them since 1930. Pictures in the form of snapshots or postcards are especially desired.

Anyone who has information or pictures of this kind, can do a service to the country by contacting the U. S. Army at P. O. Box 951, Portland, Oregon.

Labor Shortage

During last summer's labor shortage an Eastern grocer inserted the following advertisement in the local paper:

"Wanted: Two boys the size of men to do the work of a pair of horses."

Kelly's Column

Continued from Page One

a situation which merges on the record, according to a statement made on the floor of the house.

Among incidents mentioned was an offer by the navy department to sell to the public 1,900 liferafts at 50 cents apiece. The offer was called to the attention of the maritime commission, which stepped in with an offer to take over the rafts and sell them for \$50 each. This was done and the money was turned over to the treasury. One dealer bought at auction for \$31 a government searchlight and almost immediately re-sold it to another government agency for \$235.

Obviously, all these minor transactions could not wait on congressional approval, but it is the opinion of house members that some more businesslike arrangement should be made for the disposal of surplus property than the hit-and-miss practice now being followed. Otherwise loss from the sale of many thousands of small items may reach an impressive figure.

In carrying out its program for support of parity prices on specified agricultural products Commodity Credit Corp. now has invested \$2,000,000,000 and has asked for authorization to use another \$2,000,000,000 in the coming fiscal year. To maintain parity prices the corporation buys wool and a long list of farm and dairy products at stipulated price and re-sells at market values, the difference, if any, representing the subsidy paid producers. It is anticipated that by the end of the coming crop year Commodity Credit Corp. will own or control through loans 11,500,000 bales of cotton and 4,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Sudden termination of the war in Europe would inevitably mean a considerable loss which would have to be made up by direct appropriation from the treasury. So far, this loss has amounted to about \$200,000,000 spread over a considerable number of years, but the ultimate figure cannot be even guessed at with any degree of accuracy.

Bethlehem Chapter No. 78, O.E.S. Meets Every Second and Fourth Thursdays in each Month. Visiting Members Invited—More, Oregon

Rose Amidon, W. M. Ruth Spurling, Secretary

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116 Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome.

Clara Houston, N.G. Florence Johnston, Secy

Parvets 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



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

CHAPTER III: The Major sent for Father Penovochio, 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: Gargano, chief of the Carabinieri, showed his way to the front of the bakery line. Carmelina, wife of the lazy Fatia, 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: General Marvin, chief of American forces in that section, was delayed at the outskirts of Adano by a cart driven by Errante Gaetano. The General ordered the cart thrown off the road and the mule shot. He then ordered Major Joppolo to keep all carts out of town.

CHAPTER VII

Erba, like the town, had run dry. He turned to his friends. One of them said: "Erba, the proclamation, the matter of being clean."

Erba said: "Oh yes, the proclamation. In one proclamation, Mister Major, I forget the number of the proclamation, there are so many, does the number matter, Mister Major?"

"No, Erba. I am sorry, there are too many proclamations." And the Major turned to Erba's friends, who were a little more intelligent and would understand. "That is the fault of the authorities. I did not wish to post so many proclamations. That is not my fault. I am sorry. The number does not matter, Erba."

Erba said: "The number does not matter. The proclamation says it is necessary to be clean. It says the people must be clean with water, and even the streets must be clean. Our streets, which have been the same since the time of—who was it the time of, Afronti?"

Afronti roared: "Since the time of Pietro, of Aragona and of Roberto King of Naples."

Erba said: "The streets have been the same. Now the proclamation speaks of being clean with water. There is much sameness which has accumulated on the streets since the time of those men of whom Afronti speaks. This being clean takes much water. My cart is on the other side of the bridge, Mister Major."

Major Joppolo said: "The cleanliness is very important, Erba. Let us make Adano the cleanest town in the whole province of Vicinamare."

Erba caught the challenge. His eye brightened. "We will do this thing, even if the sameness has piled up since the time of Jesus, Mister Major." Then his eye went dull again. "But my cart is on the other side of the bridge. You have said it may not pass."

The Major said: "Let the next one speak. You. Your name." And he pointed at the third man with his pen.

Erba said: "Thank you, Mister Major."

The third man jumped up. He was quite fat but comparatively handsome. His hair was plastered down with something off the axle of his cart, and his black coat was the newest looking of the four. "Basilio Giovanni, Mister Major," he said.

"You wish?"

Basilio spoke gravely and slowly. "Mister Major," he said, "the worst of all the things about the carts is the food. You can see, Mister Major—and he ran his hands down over the size of his belly—"that I am a man who can speak of food with understanding. This matter of the carts does not hurt me. I am like a man with money in the bank. I have something to draw on in hard times. But there are others in Adano who are not so lucky. Galileo Bartolomeo is so thin that you can count the several teeth of his mouth even when his lips are closed. The nine children of Raffaels who is the wife of Mafetto have big bellies, but their bellies are big only with the gas of hunger. Shall I name others who are very thin?"

The Major said: "No, go on." Basilio said: "I am the one to



Their bellies are big ones with the gas of hunger.

tell you about the food and the carts. You have not seen my cart, have you, Mister Major?"

"I may have. I have seen many of them."

Basilio said: "I think you would remember my cart. You know how all the carts have pictures painted on the panels of the sides? Scenes of the Saints, scenes of the history of Adano, scenes of the fine accidents we have had in the province of Vicinamare."

The Major said: "I tell you it is not necessary to describe these carts. I have seen many of them. I am getting sick of the carts."

The Major said: "This is a waste of time." But Basilio could see, and the other two could see, that the Major was nearly persuaded by this time-wasting talk.

Basilio pressed on: "How can I drive my cart now, even in the country? How can I put my fat horse, whose name is General Eisenhower in honor of our deliverer, between the shafts, and put my fat self on the seat, and drive around with my pictures of fat and thin people—when the people of Adano are starving, Mister Major? This fills me with shame, even though I cannot bring the cart into town."

And then, with great craft, Basilio said: "There is nothing in all the proclamations, even though it takes you a week to read them, which says that the Americans came to Adano in order to make people die of hunger. And there is nothing in all the proclamations which refers to such things as the dead mule of Errante Gaetano. Why then do we have this thing of the carts?"

The Major reached for the field telephone, cranked the handle and said: "Give me Rowboat Blue Forward."

While he waited for an answer, the Major said to Basilio gruffly: "Sit down."

"Hello. This Rowboat Blue Forward? Captain Purvis, please. Purvis Joppolo. Listen."

"No, now this is serious, Purvis. This thing about the carts. I've made up my mind. By one sentence General Marvin destroyed the work of nine days in this town. I know it may mean a court martial, but I've decided to countermand his order. What?"

"I know I'm taking a chance, but I've got to do it. We can't let these people starve."

"I have to do it, Purvis. This town is dying. No food can get into the town if the carts don't come. The town depends on the carts for water: there isn't any running water here, you know that. The people can't go out into the fields to work in the morning. Taking carts away from this town is like taking automobiles away from a country town in the States. You just can't do it all at once. People will die. I'm not here to kill people."

Captain Purvis evidently put up an argument.

Finally the Major said: "Purvis, I order you, on my authority, to start letting carts back into the town, beginning now. I take absolute and complete responsibility for countermanding General Marvin's order."

"Listen friend, if we never took chances around here, this place would go right on being a Fascism. All right, it's on my responsibility."

The three cartmen sat through the telephone conversation not comprehending. To judge by their faces they seemed to think that Major Joppolo was devising some punishment for them. They had the habit of fear, and they thought that this man of authority would of course be exactly like the men of authority they had known for so long.

Major Joppolo hung up. He turned to the three cartmen and said: "You may bring your carts into the town."

For a long moment they did not understand. Then they stood up and began shouting and waving their caps.

"We thank you, we thank you and we kiss your hand," they roared.

"Oh, Mister Major, there has never been a thing like this," the fat one named Basilio shouted, "that the

poor should come to the Palazzo di Citta, and that their request should be granted."

"Especially," shouted the loud one named Afronti, "especially without a wait of two to three weeks."

"It was not necessary to write you a letter," Basilio shouted.

"The police did not even examine us," roared Afronti.

The slow one named Erba finally got out a sentence. It was one of the few beautiful sentences he ever managed to say, and one of the longest. He said: "When the people come and take water from my cart to drink for their thirst, I shall say to them: Thank the Mister Major, my friends."

Major Joppolo said: "Get out of here. You are wasting my time and the time of all the people who are waiting outside that door." And he gestured impatiently at the men.

The cartmen went out, shouting and congratulating America.

The command post of the M.P.'s was housed in the Fascio, the one-story building which had been the headquarters of the Fascist Party. It was simply a string of rooms facing on the Via Dogana just off the Piazza. The walls of the rooms were covered with pictures of various Fascist heroisms. Each room had a couple of desks, a cabinet, three or four uncomfortable chairs, and that was all. The building made a very convenient headquarters for both the M.P.'s and especially for Sergeant Porth's security detail, because the filing cabinets contained complete records on practically everyone in town, both party members and anti-Fascists.

On the morning when Major Joppolo called about the carts, there were three men in the main office of the M.P.'s. Besides Captain Purvis, there were Technical Sergeant Frank Trapani, who kept Captain Purvis's records and was more or less his secretary, and Corporal Chuck Schultz, who was the M.P. on guard.

Captain Purvis put down the telephone and said: "That Joppolo, I think he's nuts."

Sergeant Trapani said: "What's he done now, sir?"

"Oh," the Captain said, "he's always talking about democracy like it was his mother. He ought to relax and have a little fun. But he's never been drunk in his life."

Corporal Schultz said: "He can have this Dago wine." He put his hands over his belly and made a face.

The Captain said: "Besides, he's going to get us all in trouble."

Sergeant Trapani said: "What's he done, sir?"

An Italian stuck his head in the door just out of curiosity.

"Get out of here, Trapani, tell that wop to get out of here and stay out." Captain Purvis did not speak a word of Italian, and it made him feel frustrated. Trapani told the curious one to move along.

"The carts," Captain Purvis said. "Joppolo has the nerve to tell General Marvin he knows where he can stick the carts, he wants them to come back into town."

Sergeant Trapani said: "It wasn't a very wise order in the first place. I think maybe the Major's right."

"Right?" Captain Purvis put his palm against his cheek in a gesture of amazement. "Why, man, General Marvin'll shoot him and us too. What do you think this man's army would be like if everybody just did what he wanted and went around countermanding orders every day? We got little enough discipline in our army anyhow without going around countermanding orders especially

from generals." Captain Purvis had been commissioned just eight months. He was very military.

"Yes, sir," Sergeant Trapani said. He knew what to say when his Captain started lecturing on discipline.

"Well, I got my orders," the Captain said. "I got to go out and take the guards off the road by the bridge and the sulphur works. But listen, I'm not going to burn for this wop, Joppolo. He's all right, but he's just too serious. I'd sure like to see him high just once."

Corporal Schultz said: "Last night, oh, I'll never drink that stuff again."

"Listen," the Captain said. "I don't want to get in trouble and you don't either. We got to carry out this order and let the carts back in, but if General Marvin should drive back through this town, we'd all get hung for it. Just to cover ourselves, we'll make out a report saying just what happened, that General Marvin ordered us to keep the carts out, that Major Joppolo countermanded the order. You make it out, Trapani, and send it to G-one of the division."

"Yes, sir," Captain Purvis left. Sergeant Trapani said to Schultz: "That's a fine note, General Marvin's liable never to come back here, and if he did he'd probably never notice the carts. But once you get the thing on paper, it's just a sure way to ruin the Major. And he's so right about these carts anyway."

Corporal Schultz said: "Don't bother me, I got a headache of my own this morning."

Sergeant Trapani rolled a slip of purple paper, off a Fascist pad, into his typewriter. He wrote: "For Lieutenant Colonel W. W. Norris, G-1, 49th Division."

"From Captain N. Purvis, 123rd M. P. Company, Adano."

"Subject: Mule Carts, town of Adano."

"1. On July 19, orders were received from General Marvin, 49th Division, to keep all mule carts out of the town of Adano. Guards were posted at bridge over Rosso River and at Cacopardo Sulphur Refinery. Order carried out."

"2. On July 20, guards were removed on order of Major Victor Joppolo, Civil Affairs Officer, town of Adano, because carts were essential to town and town was in bad shape without same."

Sergeant Trapani read over what he had written.

Then he said: "Schultz, listen to this, do you think this'll get the Major in trouble?" And he read the report out loud. "I thought that part about the town needing the carts might make it okay for the Major."

"What's this Major to you?" Schultz said. "If he can't have any fun, what's he to you?"

Sergeant Trapani said: "Oh, nothing. I just hate to see a guy get in trouble when he's trying to do right."

Schultz said: "Well, then, why don't you let the order get lost in Captain Purvis's papers? Don't bother me, I feel awful."

Sergeant Trapani looked hard at Corporal Schultz. Then he stood up and went over to Captain Purvis's desk and put the purple slip in the middle of a disorderly pile of papers which Captain Purvis touched only in adding to it.

"Good idea," Trapani said. "You're Eytellian." Schultz said, "what do these Eytellians put in their booze?"

Early the next week, Giuseppe the interpreter came to Major Joppolo in some embarrassment.

"I'm a sorry boss," he said. "About what?" the Major said. Continued on Page Three

8-POINT DAIRY PROGRAM RECOMMENDED FOR OREGON

A well balanced dairy program with regard to feed supplies, labor available, and the longtime future of the dairy enterprise is the objective of the national eight-point dairy program now advocated throughout the United States, says Harold Ewalt, assistant dairy extension specialist at OSC.

As in previous years, the eight points are aimed toward bringing about maximum production for wartime demand, while recognizing the need for a good balance looking toward postwar conditions. The eight points included in the program follows:

1. Grow an abundance of high quality roughage.
2. Balance your herd with your feed supply.
3. Keep production records on each cow in your herd.
4. Practice disease-control methods.
5. Produce milk and cream of the highest quality.
6. Adopt labor saving methods.
7. Take care of your land.
8. Develop a sound breeding program.

It may be possible to convert coal into hosiery, perfume and attractive dresses, but it seems better to be content now with converting the limited coal supply into heat. —Indianapolis News

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