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GERMAN DEFEAT

As the Russians prepare for another long advance into eastern Germany and as the Americans and English push from the west the conclusion must be that Germany is all through. Not just in this war but for all time. History teaches that and history is not often wrong.

The aggressor nations of the world have all ended the same way, by taking on too many competitors and getting decisively licked. Persia that had been a great power never recovered after Alexander overran that country with his Macedonian minions. Greece, although a nation of great fighters and thinkers, did not remain powerful after the Roman hordes captured its cities and carried off the works of art.

Carthage, once the competitor of Rome, spent its manhood in several Punic wars and when the Romans took the country the nation faded into nothing. Rome, itself, or Italy, failed to rally from the blows of the Goths and Ostrogoths and other tribes whose leaders knocked on the gates of Rome. The France of modern days has neither the power nor the prestige of the France of pre-Napoleon days.

Getting licked by an enemy seems to do something for a warlike race that they do not recover from. It is a happy thought, too. If the Germans recover it will be exceptional and surprising.

Defeat apparently has the same effect on a nation as taking the horns off on a mean bull. The last time we, mildly threatened Germany and caused her to prepare a better home defense and a bettr home morale (engendered by fear). This time Germany is defeated although a few more months may be required to make definite and certain that final ending.

No German city of any size is intact, no German ship plies the waters of the seas, no able bodied German is at home, no German railroad operates, few public utilities can serve the people. It is a blasted country, filled with a bitter population who hate everyone including their own leaders.

Perhaps some way can be found to utilize the undoubted abilities of the race to further science, music, the arts, mechanization of the world. To lose that would be a serious blow to international progress.

JOHNNIE COME LATELY

Certainly the Allies must be on the verge of wining this war. Those Turks have flitted around for years, always in the danger zone, always about to do something, afraid of Russia and afraid of Germany. They have little to fight with and not much to fight for except a place at the peace table where they will be able to listen. It is not expected that Joe or Winnie will consider their views very carefully.

From one point of view the Turks have done well. Their manpower is still intact and their country has not been over run with enemy soldiers. It is just as good a country as it ever was, which isn't bragging.

No other country in Europe except Switzerland has been able to keep out of the war. Sweden has been officially out but its economy has been disrupted by loss of the big German market, the nearness to ruined Norway and some bombings. Its shipping has been sunk as well.

Turkey has hesitated on the brink time after time, has stopped some of her shipments of crome to Germany in exchange for Allied food supplies. No better assurance could be given of Allied victory shortly than this declaration of war by Turkey.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear bought experiences.

—George Washington

TAX STUDY GROUP

Passage of the resolution giving the state a tax study commission is indicated at Salem. It is nothing new; there is usually one such resolution in each legislature. The move came out of Governor Snell's message when, after praising Oregon's tax system, he asked that a committee be formed to study ways and means of bettering it.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce and other groups active in trying to obtain new industries for the state are really behind the move. They want some detailed figures that will show a prospective industry that Oregon's tax system is not so ruinous to successful business as most critics of Oregon have stated.

Incidentally the boys who have been howling about the terrible things that are in Oregon's tax system have done the state much more harm than has the tax system itself.

There is a long list of things the commission is asked to do—charged to do in fact—and it will never finish them satisfactorily. But let that pass, a long list of duties never hurt any man or commission.

Indications are that if the group makes a study of property taxes it will find that Oregon gives more exemptions than most states. We are very generous about adding things to the exempt statute, not only from property taxes, be it known, but every year there is a list of bills asking for exemptions from income and excise taxes.

It has gone on long enough now that when the facts become known there will be a big bust and considerable reform in the tax structure. If the tax study commission did nothing else, the study of tax exemptions would justify its formation.

GOOD RECORD

Sherman is one of seven counties in the state that did not have a fatal traffic accident during 1944. Also, it is the only county that has not had one for two years. The other counties without traffic fatalities the past year were Baker, Gilliam, Harney, Morrow, Wallowa and Wheeler.

Only four people were injured in traffic accidents in this county in 1944, according to the secretary of state's office and sixthe year before.

Kelly's Column

Continued from Page One

is white, colored, belongs to a certain religion or race. The allegation, always easily made, is left for decision to a board which is bound by no rules of evidence and from which there is scarcely any appeal.

Senator Taft declares it is the intention of the promoters to have the compulsory feature enacted in every state, and this would force every employer to select his employes in proportion to the percentage of races or religions in his district, as this would be his best defense against harassing suits. A Catholic institution, for example, would be compelled to employ protestants, and the Methodist Book Concern, publishers, would have to employ Catholics and Jews. White waiters and porters could bring suit against the Pullman Co. for not giving them jobs which for generations have been held by colored men. The bill even includes national origin and ancestry. Senator Taft has offered a bill of his own (S. 459) to create a commission of five persons as an aid in eliminating discrimination in employment because of race, creed or color.

Read the ads in the Journal.

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.
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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

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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.

A thrill of curiosity ran through the crowd as the Major and Giuseppe went off. What had previously been the Italian Port Captain's office was now the office of the American Naval Lieutenant in charge of harbor facilities at Adano. This was Lieutenant Livingston, who had gone into the Navy's V-7 program early in the war, and had entered on his application blank as one of his main qualifications to be an officer and a gentleman: "Have had experience with small boats." This experience, as a matter of fact, consisted of rowing on the crew at Kent School and at Yale. At Yale, Crofts Livingston was known as a fellow who would do anything for you if he liked you, but he was rather choosy in his friends.

Lieutenant Livingston had not yet decided to like Major Joppolo. The Major had not gone to either Kent or Yale. There was a rumor around that he had once been some kind of clerk in the New York City government under Walker and O'Brien. Lieutenant Livingston was inclined to the opinion that it was too bad the Army had sent such a meatball to be administrator of a town like Adano. And besides, when the Major saw a Navy officer wearing two bars, which anyone ought to know stood for Lieutenant Senior Grade, Major Joppolo would address him as Captain.

"Hello, Captain," the Major said when he walked into Lieutenant Livingston's office. "can I use your phone?"

"Good morning," the Lieutenant said, "what are you doing down here?" The tone of the Lieutenant's Kent-Yale voice indicated that he thought the Army ought to stay on Army ground, and let the Navy stay on Navy shore.

"Can I use your phone?" the Major said. The Major was a single-minded man.

"Sure, help yourself."

The Major called Rowboat Blue Forward.

While he was waiting, he said to the Lieutenant: "I'm trying to get these fishermen organized, got to get rid of a mob first."

The Lieutenant did not look particularly pleased with this summary of the Major's activities.

"Hello, this the M.P.'s? Purvis? Listen, I want you to come down here. I got a mob to break up. Bring your Colt along. I think if you fire six into the air, that's all we'll need to send 'em home. . . . We're down at the port, over by the breakwater on the western side. Okay, hurry down."

The Major thanked Lieutenant Livingston for the use of the phone.

Lieutenant Livingston said: "Uh, Major, seems to me this fishing racket is more or less a Navy deal, isn't it?"

The Major said: "Yeah, I'll be back to see you. I'm in a hurry now. Thanks for the phone, Captain. See you later."

As the Major and Giuseppe passed the crowd on the way back to the Tina, Giuseppe said to the crowd: "As a friend, I advise you to go home."

People in the crowd, delighted with the mystery of the Major's hurried visit to the Port Captain's office, mocked Giuseppe. "Poor Ribaudo Giuseppe," they said, "speaking two languages has weakened his head."

"All right," Giuseppe said, "I have advised you as a friend."

At the Tina, Tomasino was sullen again. "I see you gave your hired crowd their instructions," he said. "Go ahead, take me, what have I to lose?"

Major Joppolo said: "They will all go home soon, Tomasino. I have given instructions for them to be sent home. Now, about the fishing. Do you think you could get together crews for five or six boats?"

Tomasino said: "Who is to be the protector of these crews? What criminal?"

"Protector?"

"To whom do the fishermen have to pay tribute this time?"

"Don't mock me, fisherman. What are you talking about?"

"Hah," said Tomasino, a man who could be amused with the most gruesomely sad face. "Hah, does the man of authority pretend he doesn't understand the system of protection?"

Major Joppolo spoke harshly: "What are you talking about, fisherman?"

Tomasino was shaken. "Protection," he said. "Before you came we had to pay protection money to Enea, the Supervisor of the Fisheries, an evil man. In return he 'protected' us. Hah, Fiorentino said one time that he did not feel the need of protection, and the next week his boat, the pretty Matina, burned up as it lay at its mooring."

The Major said: "There will be no such thing under the Americans, Tomasino. That's the kind of thing we want to eliminate."

Tomasino said: "You are lying to me. There is a trick."

At this moment Captain Purvis swung into the port area in his jeep. He jumped out and ran into the delighted crowd, shouting as he ran: "Scram, you. Get out of here."

He pulled out his automatic and fired six shots into the air.

The crowd broke instantly. "The Germans, the Germans," one shouted.

"The Fascists have come back," someone else shouted.

"It's all over," a woman screamed.

"I've been wounded," a man moaned. Of course he had not been. All of Captain Purvis's shots went into the air.

Within twenty seconds the entire crowd had disappeared into the streets of Adano, and there was nothing left at the head of the Molo di Ponente except the smoke from Captain Purvis's Colt. The Captain got into his jeep and drove off.

Tomasino was alarmed by the shots. "You have come to shoot me," he shouted, springing to his feet. "I knew there was a trick. You want to kill me."

But Major Joppolo calmed him. "That was just to get rid of the crowd. I don't want anything except to send you out fishing, Tomasino."

Tomasino said: "There is a trick," but he sat down again.

The Major said: "Tomasino, we will need about half a dozen boats. Can you help arrange this?"

"To whom will the tribute be paid? How much will it be?"

"You won't have to pay any tribute to the Americans, Tomasino."

"No protection. No tribute. I do not believe it. And how much tax must we pay on the gross weight of our catch?"

"There will not be any tax on your catch, Tomasino. You will only have to pay the regular taxes. It is true that your profit will be limited to fifteen per cent of what you take in. The rest you must spend in wages to your fishermen and upkeep on your boats."

"No protection, no tribute, no special tax. You are making fun of me, American."

"Why should I make fun of you, fisherman? It is my job to run this town. I consider it my job to keep the people of this town alive. They haven't enough to eat. I want fish for them. I want you to go fishing. Why should I make fun of you?"

Tomasino stood up. "American," he said, "I begin to think you are different from the others."

The Major ignored this concession and said: "Tomasino, I want you to be the head of the fishermen of Adano. There will no longer be a criminal like — what was his name?"

"Enea."

"There will no longer be an Enea over the fishermen. I want a fisherman to be in charge of the fishermen."

Tomasino's sad face almost broke into a smile. "There would be justice in that, and we fishermen aren't very well acquainted with justice." Then the morose man thought a moment. "No," he said, "I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I would be a man of authority. I would be the thing I have hated all my life. The other fishermen would laugh at me for becoming the thing I had always hated most."

"But Tomasino, you've just admitted that I was different from other men of authority. You could be different too. It is possible to make your authority seem to spring from the very people over whom you have authority. And after a while, Tomasino, it actually does spring from them, and you are only the instrument of their will. That is the thing that the Americans want to teach you who have lived under men who imagined that they themselves were authority."

Tomasino thought a long time and then said: "It is too good. There is a trick."

"Yes, as a matter of fact there is a trick, fisherman. The trick is that some men are not good enough for this thing, and that makes it fall down. Right here in this invasion we have a general who is not good enough, General Marvin. He imagines that he is something that ought to be worshiped. Also we have one who may not be good enough, I'm not sure yet, much closer to us than the General. I mean the Captain of the Navy who runs this port. He is a young man and very fond of authority. And Tomasino, we have to get permission from him before you and the others can go out fishing."

"Who is this young man of authority?" Tomasino said with a sullen face. "I will bash his head in with my gaffing hook." And the fisherman's face looked as if he meant it.

"Let's go and talk with him."

And so the Major and Tomasino went to see Lieutenant Livingston in the Port Captain's office. The Lieutenant was feeling very grumpy after the brush-off Major Joppolo had given him because he was in a hurry. Lieutenant Livingston was in no mood to grant requests to an Army man and a meatball.

Major Joppolo, being single-minded, not to say absent-minded, was not in the least conscious of Lieutenant Livingston's mood.

"Hi, Captain," he said blithely when he and Tomasino walked in. "Back again."

"So I see," said Lieutenant Livingston without pleasure.

"This is Tomasino, the head of the fishermen here." Tomasino, hearing his name, gave the Lieutenant a Fascist salute.

Lieutenant Livingston said: "Would the old fisherman mind taking a seat out there in the hall? I have a rule that no Italians are to come in this office."

Major Joppolo said: "Tomasino wouldn't mind, but I would. What kind of way is that to run an office in an Italian town?" Tomasino, hearing his name, gave the Lieutenant another Fascist salute.

Quite coolly Lieutenant Livingston said: "I don't know how you run your offices in the Army, Captain, but in the Navy we have something we call security. We can't afford to be careless."

Major Joppolo was indignant. "I'll vouch for Tomasino." Tomasino sa-

"Scram, you—"

luted. He hated authority, but he knew it when he saw it.

Lieutenant Livingston said testily: "Major, after all, this is my office."

The Major said: "Well, it's Tomasino's town." Tomasino saluted.

The Lieutenant said: "What do you want, Major?"

Major Joppolo said: "I want the Navy's permission to send out six fishing boats to get fish for Adano."

Lieutenant Livingston said: "Impossible."

Major Joppolo said: "What's impossible about it?"

The Lieutenant said: "We'd have to get permission from ComNavIt and he'd have to refer it to ComNavNaw, and they're both Admirals. Not a chance."

Major Joppolo said: "What's all that gibberish mean?"

The Lieutenant said: "Commander Navy Italy and Commander Navy North African Waters. Is that gibberish, Major?"

The Major said: "Why do you have to go running to the Admirals? Don't they give you any responsibility at all?"

Lieutenant Livingston spoke very patiently. "You wouldn't understand," he said. "This is a Navy problem."

"Listen, Captain, we're in this war together. What's itching you?"

"How do you know this man isn't in the Italian Navy? How do you know he isn't being paid by the German Navy? How do you know he just wants to fish?"

Major Joppolo was too outraged to laugh. "Tomasino?" he said. "Have you ever talked with Tomasino?" Tomasino saluted.

The Lieutenant said: "Can he speak English?"

Major Joppolo had had enough. He said: "Listen, Captain, this town is hungry. It needs fish. If it doesn't get something to supplement its diet, people are going to die here of starvation. Are you going to let these men go out fishing, or aren't you?"

Lieutenant Livingston was surprised by the Major's vehemence. "They might hit loose mines and be blown up," he said defensively.

"I don't care. This is a war. Some people've got to get killed so others can live. Are you going to let these men go out fishing, or aren't you?"

Lieutenant Livingston said uncertainly: "I don't think I ought to."

Major Joppolo said: "Captain, unless you give permission for these men to go out, I'm going to send a separate letter naming each person who dies of hunger in this town to your commanding officer, and in each letter I'm going to say it's your fault."

"Maybe we could work something out," the Lieutenant said.

"You know we could," Major Joppolo said. "By day after tomorrow I want you to have six charts ready showing exactly where these boats can go and not run into our mine fields. They don't have to show where the mines are, all they need show is an area where the boats can go. I'll see that these men stick to that area. Have it ready day after tomorrow."

And before he could catch himself, Lieutenant Livingston of Kent and Yale had said to Major Joppolo of the Bowery and Tammany Hall: "Yes, sir."

Major Joppolo left with Tomasino before the Lieutenant could catch his wits.

Outside, Tomasino said: "I hate him. What did he say?"

"A lot of foolishness, except for one thing," the Major said. "If you go out fishing, Tomasino, you may get hurt. Your boat might hit an American mine."

"What do I care?" said Tomasino. "I am going fishing. Mister Major, if you could know how unhappy the fishermen of Adano have been. All we want in the world is to go fishing. We will go even if we have to pay graft to the men of authority. Now you say we don't have to do that. Thank you, Mister Major."

"No," the Major said, and he decided to try something. "No, Tomasino, I thank you for taking charge of the fishermen, and I kiss your hand."

Tomasino looked at this man of authority, and he said: "You are different." And the old fisherman turned and ran out on the mole to the Tina, and he shouted as he ran, as if telling his boat: "We are going fishing! We are going fishing! We are going fishing!"

The telephone rang.

"Hello," Major Joppolo said. "Joppolo, Amgot."

"Joppolo, this is Sarterius, up at Vicinamare."

"Oh, hello, Colonel."

"About that bell."

"Yeah, any luck?"

"I'll say. I found the records on it in about fifteen minutes. By the

Continued on Page Three

MEXICAN LABOR IN 1945 UNCERTAIN; LOCAL AID VITAL

Oregon has been given a conditional promise of 5000 Mexican farm laborers for the coming season, compared with 5200 used last year, reports Ralph Beck, in charge of the farm labor service of the OSC Extension service.

All farmers expecting to need such outside labor are asked to file their requests with their county agents just as soon as their needs are known. Farm labor offices are now operating in all counties where early labor needs are pressing, and will be opened in others as rapidly as the season requires.

"Developments reveal the fact that the success of the production and harvesting program in Oregon this year will depend largely on the work of men, women and youth in the state," said Beck.

The Army Nurse Corps needs 10,000 enlistments immediately.

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