

SHERMAN COUNTY JOURNAL
Published Every Friday at
Moro, Oregon
Giles L. French Editor
Member
OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Payable in Advance
ONE YEAR \$2.00
MARCH 9, 1945

to see. Before the war, the telephone industry including thousands of independent farmer lines, was the wonder of all nations, as it gave this country the greatest telephone service in the world. Wartime manpower and material shortages slowed up expansion of telephone service. Using this unavoidable delay in construction as an excuse for spending taxpayers' money to build telephone lines, is not logical, for government projects which use materials and manpower during the present emergency, would be as damaging to the war effort as would private construction. Once the emergency is over, the private industry can go ahead with a program already planned for rapid expansion, which does not require tax funds. Of all the uncalled-for devices to tap the federal treasury, a Rural Telephone Administration would seem to take the prize.



A BELL for ADANO by John Hersey

WNU Service.

Major Joppolo was having lunch with Captain Purvis at the Albergo dei Pescatori. Joppolo and Purvis had almost nothing in common, but they were beginning to like each other pretty well. It was probably just that they were both officers and Americans, and no matter whether they would have been worlds apart back in the States, here they were blood brothers, and they could talk over their reactions and laugh together and understand each other. Brother Purvis still wanted to get Brother Joppolo drunk, but even that issue, which began bitterly, was now becoming a joke and a promise of some fun.

The Albergo dei Pescatori had the best food in Adano, and the Major and the Captain ate there regularly now. The food was nothing to write home about, but it was better than C. Rations. Lunch and dinner were exactly alike and never varied: pasta with tomato sauce, a little fried eggplant and cheese, an omelet, bread, fruit and red wine. The place owned just nine regular customers. Besides the Major and the Captain, there were the owner, his wife, and his son, two women, and their two men, who were never the same at any two successive meals. At each meal Major Joppolo used to say as he sat down, "I'll have to run them out of town one of these days," but soon the remark became just a habit, like saying a blessing, and there was little chance of its fulfillment.

At each meal there were also some idlers in the place, but they just came in to listen to the noon and six-thirty broadcasts from Rome.

On the day that Mayor Nasta came down from the hills, Major Joppolo and Captain Purvis had just finished their pasta and were talking about the stuffy Navy fellow, Livingston, when they heard an unusual noise out in the street. There were shouts of anger, and whistles.

The Rome broadcast was on at the moment, and some rather outrageous things were being said, so Major Joppolo guessed: "That's the mob down at one of the Doppo Lavoro clubs jeering the radio. I heard they did that a couple days ago. This is the first time I ever actually heard them."

Captain Purvis said: "Why aren't these bums jeering here? What do they think they are, anyhow? Tell them to jeer, pal."

But the noise outside grew, and seemed to be coming up the street. And soon several of the idlers who had been listening to the radio in the restaurant ran out. As the noise grew still louder the two women picked up handfuls of fruit and ran out, pursued by their guests. Then the owner of the place and his wife and son ran out with their mouths full of pasta and eggplant.

Finally Major Joppolo said: "Let's go see what it is." So he and Captain Purvis ran out too, with their napkins in their hands.

This is what they saw:

Up the center of the street a forlorn looking man walked. He was very short, and rather heavy-set. His clothes were dirty and torn. His shoes were covered with dust. His face was very sad, and he walked slowly, hanging his head. There was only one proud touch to his whole figure, and that was a pair of pince-nez spectacles balanced on his big nose.

Behind the man, keeping a safe distance as if there still might be some dynamite in him, a large crowd walked, shouting and whistling in derision. The derision was ten times louder than it would otherwise have been because this was the first time the people of Adano had ever been able to express their feelings toward this man. Even behind their own closed doors they had held their tongues about Mayor Nasta in the past, because he seemed to have ears in every house, and his eyes peered in every window, and his punishments were sadistic.

But now they shouted what they thought: "Fascist Pig," they shouted. This was what they shouted most.

But they also shouted: "The murderer always goes back to the scene of his crime!"

They also shouted: "Where is Mayor Nasta's whip now?" "Curiously the two women shouted, and there was a kind of pride in the way they shouted.

There was a priest in the crowd, and he shouted: "Blasphemer!"

There were some children in the crowd, and they ran along shouting: "Pig! Pig! Pig!"

The anger of the mob bordered on violence. When the unhappy Mayor got opposite the Albergo dei Pescatori one of the women raised her arm and threw a plum at him. It missed him and splashed in the street.

A boy of twelve threw a stone. Then several brickbats flew, and

the shouts of long repressed hatred became shrieks of revenge.

Captain Purvis looked at Major Joppolo and Major Joppolo said: "We've got to put a stop to this."

Captain Purvis was not a subtle American, but he was a brave one. He ran out in the street between Mayor Nasta and the crowd. He held up his hand and shouted: "Stop! Stop! you ignorant fools!"

The crowd kept coming. A stone flew past Captain Purvis toward Mayor Nasta.

Captain Purvis pulled his pistol out of his pocket. That was enough. The ones in front held back the others, and the mob halted in the street. Captain Purvis went back to the sidewalk.

Mayor Nasta, seeing that he was saved, ran over to his deliverers, and he stood in the gutter blubbering his thanks. "Americans! Oh, my friends. Thank you for saving me from these ungrateful people. I have served them for years and see how they behave. I am all alone, Americans. I have been in the hills all alone for days. No one would stay with me. All the others gave themselves up. I have thought everything over. I wish to help you if I can. . . . And he rattled on, his voice going higher and higher.

Someone in the mob shouted: "Mister Major, if you help that man you are not our friend."

Major Joppolo acted quickly to save the situation. He walked into the street and held up his hand for silence; he was careful to make it his left hand, so that it would not be mistaken for a Fascist salute.

"Go home, people. I will take care of this man as he deserves. He is under arrest."

And the Major said quickly to Captain Purvis in English: "Arrest him, Purvis, show this gang that you're arresting him."

This was the kind of thing Captain Purvis enjoyed, and as he clapped his hand heavily on Mayor Nasta's shoulder he shouted: "I wish I understood Etyalian. This is wonderful."

The crowd broke up slowly, mumbling its protests at being deprived of its revenge.

Purvis said: "Who is this little squirt, anyway? They sure hate him, don't they?"

Major Joppolo said: "He's the one who used to be Mayor."

"Oh, he is, is he? Well, according to what Borth says, they've got plenty of reason to hate him." And the Captain kicked Mayor Nasta in the seat of the pants simply because he didn't know the Italian for: "You're a little squirt."

Major Nasta whimpered in Italian: "What are you going to do with me? If you are going to kill me, please tell me first. Don't shoot me from behind."

What Major Joppolo did with Mayor Nasta was to take him up to his office. Everyone, even little Zito who had once worked for Mayor Nasta, even D'Arpa, the weasel-like vice mayor who had once worked with him, everyone made faces of disgust when they saw Mayor Nasta, and some made obscene remarks within his hearing.

When word passed around the Palazzo that Mayor Nasta was back, many people stuck their heads in the door at the end of the Major's office, which had once been the Mayor's office, to have a look at him in his disheveled condition, and to laugh at him to his face.

Major Joppolo said to Zito and Giuseppe: "I want to have a talk with Mayor Nasta alone. Go and tell the people in the other offices that I do not want to be disturbed, not even by a cracking open of that door. I do not even want to be disturbed by the brushing of ears on the keyhole."

"No, Mister Major," Zito said. "Yes, Mister Major," Giuseppe said.

Major Joppolo sat at the desk and said brusquely: "Sit down."

Mayor Nasta sat in one of the chairs in front of the desk. "Well, what is it that you wish?" Major Joppolo said.

Mayor Nasta brushed his hand along the wood of the desk pathetically, and he said: "It seems strange to be sitting on the wrong side of this desk."

Major Joppolo said: "It may seem strange to sit on the wrong side of the bars of your municipal jail. What do you want?"

Mayor Nasta rearranged the pince-nez on his nose, but he did not look Major Joppolo in the eye as he said: "I just want a chance, Mister Major."

"You want a chance?" Major Joppolo spoke angrily. "To whom did you ever give a chance?"

"I have thought it over," Mayor Nasta said. "I have been all alone for days. It was awful at night. I have thought it over, Mister Major. I want to help if I can."

"How many years were you in office?" "Nine, Mister Major."

"After nine years in office, you have thought it all over, have you? After nine years of graft and stealing and keeping these people down, you've thought it over, you want to help, do you?"

"You have other Fascists in office here. I saw the face of D'Arpa a minute ago. I saw Tagliavia who was my Maresciallo of Finance. I saw Gargano of the Carabinieri. If you could use these, why not Nasta, the Mayor?"

"I have a new Mayor, and a better one."

This hurt. "Who's this Mayor?" "Bellanca the Notario, an honest man, much more honest than the former Mayor."

And the former Mayor said: "Yes, Bellanca is honest. But surely you have something for Nasta to do? I



Captain Purvis pulled his pistol out of his pocket.

would accept something less than Mayor Nasta rubbed the wood of the desk wistfully. "There is not much left of the old Nasta," he said. "I would accept something less than Mayor."

Major Joppolo's eyes grew angry. He stood up abruptly. "Oh, you would, would you? Yes, I have something for you to do. You are to report every morning to Sergeant Borth of the American Army. You will find him in the Fascio. That is all you have to do each day. But see that you do it, Nasta, or you will be put in jail."

"You mean that Nasta has become a common probationer?" "Oh, so Nasta is familiar with the practice of putting people on probation? That is very genteel of you, Nasta. I thought all your punishments were more ingenious than that."

"Please be generous with me," Nasta said. "Please give me some work to do."

"Generous? Nasta, what do you expect? For the crimes you have committed against the people of Adano, you deserve to be shot outright, without a trial. You certainly never would give a fair trial, unless it brought you some kind of profit. I am being more than generous. I am putting you on probation. See that you behave, you Fascist."

Major Nasta was obsequious now. "Yes, Mister Major," he said. "What did you say was the name of the American officer to whom I must report?"

"His name is Borth, and he is not an officer. He is a sergeant. You are not worth an officer, Nasta."

"Yes, Mister Major."

This is how it happened that Mayor Nasta reported once every morning to Sergeant Borth at the Fascio. Because four or five people followed the Mayor everywhere he went out of curiosity and hatred, there was a small audience on hand the next morning when he reported to Sergeant Borth for the first time. The audience enjoyed what it saw and heard, for this kind of situation

was meant for Sergeant Borth, who thought the whole war was a joke. The startled Nasta stepped into one of the M.P. offices, rearranged his pince-nez, and said: "Where will I find the Sergeant Borth?"

"I am Borth."

"Oh," roared Sergeant Borth. He stood up, rubbing his hands. "So you are the Mayor. I understand that you have come to Adano to repent your sins. Is that right, noble Mayor?"

"I was told that I was to report here each morning. I was to report, not be humiliated, Sergeant." "You will call me Mister Sergeant."

Mayor Nasta snorted, from his long habit of snorting.

Borth said sharply: "Listen, Nasta, I know more about you than you know about yourself. You be careful how you behave here. Now, answer my questions civilly. Is it correct that you came to Adano to repent your sins?"

Mayor Nasta was white with anger, but he said: "I suppose you might say so."

"Thank you," Borth said with exaggerated politeness. "In that case you will repent one sin each morning when you report to Sergeant Borth. Would you like to choose your own sins, or would you like Sergeant Borth to choose them for you?"

Mayor Nasta couldn't keep himself from snorting.

"I see," said Borth, with his over-politeness, "you would like Borth to choose. Very well, let's see. This morning we will discuss the sin of your disgraceful running away from your post in the face of the American invasion. What is this sin called, Mayor Nasta?"

"What do you mean, what is it called?"

"You are at a loss for words? Very well, Borth will answer his own question. It is called the sin of cowardice."

Mayor Nasta snorted.

"No matter what side you were on, no matter if you were on the side of the crooks, it was a sin to run away, was it not, Mayor?"

Mayor Nasta rearranged his pince-nez with a trembling hand.

"Answer my question: did you or did you not give rifles to the Carabinieri and grenades to the Finance Guards, make them a beautiful speech about fighting to the last man, and then run to the hills?"

Mayor Nasta said with a trembling voice: "You tell me, clever Sergeant."

Sergeant Borth shouted: "Answer me, probationer!"

Mayor Nasta said quietly: "I did, Sergeant."

"Mister Sergeant!" "I did, Mister Sergeant!" "Are you sorry for this disgraceful sin, Nasta?"

Mayor Nasta could hear the people snickering behind him.

He said meekly: "I am, Mister Sergeant."

Borth said: "All right, then, you may go."

The small audience who heard this first repentance told their friends about it, so that the next morning there was a larger crowd in front of Sergeant Borth's office when Mayor Nasta reported.

On the second morning, Sergeant Borth made Mayor Nasta repent for the sin of having had such a big house in this poor town, and for having hoarded money, which was hidden in a mattress in the house, and for being a grafter.

On the third morning, the Sergeant made him repent for being a Fascist, and for having been, as a

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SUNDAY SCHOOL WEEK SET FOR APRIL 9-15

The Laymen's National Committee of New York, founders and sponsors of National Bible Week, will institute National Sunday School Week, April 9 to 15, 1945. The sole purpose is to stimulate Sunday School attendance and support.

They believe in concerted action to popularize Sunday School attendance, to give the youth of the nation a stabilizing influence to counteract the irresponsible thinking that inevitably follows war. The fact that strength of character develops with a better understanding of the relative importance of the spiritual and the material, is evidenced by the experiences of the boys on the fighting fronts. The same stabilizing influence must be encouraged in our domestic life.—Industrial News

GRASS VALLEY THEATRE

This Week Fri. - Sat. - Sun. 9 - 10 - 11

M-G M's strange love drama! CHARLES BOYER, INGRID BERGMAN, JOSEPH COTTEN. Gaslight. DAME MAE WHITTY, ANGELA LANSBURY, BARBARA EVERETT.

Paramount News and Cartoon

NEXT WEEK Tues.-Wed.-Thur. 13 - 14 - 15

Three times the thrills and laughs and romance in Dr. Gillespie's newest and most exciting adventure! THREE MEN IN WHITE with LIONEL BARRYMORE, Van JOHNSON, Marilyn MAXWELL, KEVE LUKE, AVE GARDNER, ALMA KRUGER, 'RAGS' BAGLAND.

News of the Day and Cartoon

DOORS OPEN AT 7:15 P. M. SHOW STARTS AT 8:00 P. M. ADMISSION ADULTS 40c.; CHILDREN 20c. MATINEE SUNDAYS, 2:00 P. M.

YALTA This would be an excellent time for a discussion of the decisions made at Yalta and the things that that decision means to the people of America and the world. There is only one difficulty in starting that discussion. It is that no one knows what happened at Yalta.

Perhaps Winston Churchill will soon go before parliament and tell the world something about the dealings of the modern triumvirate, who, like the rulers of ancient Rome, met and decided the fate of the then known world. Caesar, Pompey and Crassus had troubles getting their decisions followed and that was in the days when the common man did not read and couldn't do much about it anyway.

Now days nearly everyone can read and listen to the radio and can talk with their neighbors and form independent opinions if they choose. It will probably be a harder job for a triumvirate of men to decide the fate of the world now than in Roman times.

Leaders, who aspire to continue to be leaders, must learn that no decision is made finally until it has been approved by the people and that even then it cannot be final for the people will change it when it suits their purpose to do so.

What happened at Yalta may be important in its effect on the coming peace settlement if the three big shots can restrict that conference to those who are unable to protest against the deal—whatever it is. It might be perfect and the lordly three might have the touchstone to perpetual peaceful settlement of all the problems that have beset the world or will beset the world hereafter. It is possible that the short and ugly Stalin, the cheery Churchill and the self-loving Roosevelt have lit upon a means of making us all well and happy and so contented that we will get along as if the millennium had arrived. We hope so. We doubt so.

It would seem that if their proposed settlement is so perfect there should be no reason why it should be withheld from the people of the world who have foolishly awaited the meeting and its results for months. But apparently it is too good to tell.

A TOUGH JOB WELL DONE Tales of wasted manpower and loafing on the job in essential war industries, while at the same time farm producers are asked to raise bigger crops with less men and less machinery, are irritating to farmers. They are wasting neither materials nor manpower and they never heard of the word "loafing." Their objective is to get every tillable acre planted and harvested.

The nation is lucky that slow-downs, strikes, jurisdictional and wage disputes have not reached agriculture. If they had, this country would be well on the way to starving. When the war is over, farmers will have the satisfaction of having done a tough job well.

A PRIZE WINNER A bill introduced in the last session of Congress to provide for a Rural Telephone Administration, with some hundred million dollars to disburse in various ways, has been reintroduced as Senate Bill 73 in the present Congress. While the bill provides for loaning or expending public money for private or public telephone service in rural areas, its real objective appears to be to open the way for government agencies to get into the telephone business.

Just why public funds should be spent for this purpose, other than to increase the field of government competition with business, is hard

PRODUCTION CREDIT ASS'N GROWING IN OREGON

Oregon farmers and stockmen now own almost 43% of the total outstanding capital stock of the eight production credit associations in this state. E. E. Henry, president of the Production Credit corporation of Spokane reports.

Starting from scratch 11 years ago, members of Oregon's eight farmer-operated and farmer-controlled credit organizations have built their capital stock investment up to \$735,040 and have set their goal at 100% stock ownership. Last year they increased their ownership \$78,435 over 1943.

Serving all agricultural districts of the state, the associations maintain headquarters offices at Baker, Redmond, Klamath Falls, Medford, The Dalles, Portland, Pendleton and Salem.

The Army Service Forces shipped 2,600,000 passengers, largely troops, overseas in the last year. Army nurses are entitled to all benefits afforded by the "GI Bill of Rights."

Prisoners of war, working on private contract jobs, earned approximately \$4,000,000 for the U. S. treasury during October.

Kelly's Column

Continued from Page One

this census is to be taken every five years, and war food administration urged its need at this time to afford a basis for estimating the scope of the effort required to assure adequate food supplies during the war. Several senators contended that statistics already gathered by the department of agriculture furnished the desired data, but WFA said department figures are largely estimates and do not give a clear picture of the farming situation. Taking of the census is giving employment to 27,000 persons, mostly discharged veterans and women, together with men who have been cleared by the employment service as unfit for military service or work in war industries.

Speaking of his bill to provide match-money to states in setting up a program of physical training, Representative Meiss of Pennsylvania called attention to the fact that navy rejections for physical defects had been 54.9 percent and army 50.1 percent, and declared that had even half of these rejectees been qualified for service there would have been no need to induct a single married man in this war. He estimated that those between the ages of 18 and 27 who were adjudged incapable of military service now exceed 5,000,000 men.

Bethlehem Chapter No. 78, O.E.R. Meets Every Second and Fourth Thursdays in each Month. Visiting Members Invited.—Moro, Oregon. Rose Amidon, W. M. Ruth Spurling, Secretary.

Lipline Rebekah Lodge No. 116 Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome. Clara Houston, N.G. Florence Johnston, Secretary.

Pureika 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, L.O.O.F. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in L.O.O.F. hall. Transient and visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Ernest Houston N. G. A. R. Kessinger, Secretary.