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Seeing America . . .
 Clarksburg, West Virginia

Rainy, in drizzles and sudden showers; a miserable road all through the Appalachians which aren't much for mountains, but still sufficient to confound local road builders. They seem to feel it necessary to go straight up each hill and then straight down. There are no big hills for which the traveler may be thankful.

This is poor country, agriculturally speaking, that is, little level land and rather poor looking, gravelly soil. Some corn grows in the bottoms, enough, presumably for the stills. There is no visible evidence that the natives make moonshine although the very apparent paucity of other entertainment and the great addition that potable liquor would make to existence indicate the possibility.

There are some beautiful little valleys in eastern Kentucky with little lumber mills, small fields, some good homes and many little stores plastered invariably with advertisements of every food and drink sold in the state.

Up the Ohio, a workhorse of a river, carrying barges, dunnage now and then and soon to be the seat of two new power plants and an atomic plant of some kind. May make some difference in the huge fields of corn growing along the river bottom—and nearly all unharvested. Many of the roads here are concrete, perhaps because there isn't much else to build them out of. Gravel seems to be scarce although in some places there are rocks.

Cemeteries are bigger, and better filled.

Streets are often narrow and often several turns must be made to get through a town. The persistence of habits of mind, probably.

In Idaho, where there are comparatively few people the speed through towns is 20 miles and back here where there are lots of people some towns let cars go at 40 miles or more. That is the signed speed, the usual is more. Maybe where there are lots of people they're not worth so much.

If we were running a Chamber of Commerce in a tourist country we would get the waiters and waitresses, the service station boys and similar persons together and hold classes for them so they would know the population of the town and county, its industry, agricultural or other, its scenic advantages and some of the basic things about the area. It is actually pitiful the answers travelers get.

Along the Ohio there are coal loading places, coke plants and other vast establishments whose chimneys belch black smoke to give the whole area the smell of coal.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania
 Not exactly Lancaster, but nearer that place than any other sizeable town.

Up today from the smoky and miserable industrial areas onto high ridges of the mountains on a road that runs as often as possible along the ridge, giving a good view of both sides, fairly steep and wooded with the clumps of small trees common in the east where trees grow in the draws and untilled places.

There is coal all over this country; it crops out of the hills nearly everywhere. This is John Lewis country although the natives grin a tolerant grin when he is mentioned and say that he runs the union alright, but isn't so bad. He must be having his troubles since this population is going to oil instead of coal in their homes and miners, not very steadily employed, are strip mining. This means using a bulldozer to take the dirt off a known vein of coal and taking it out by truck. It is almost non-commercial mining. The miners do it themselves.

Coal trucks are common along the roads, big ones hauling an estimated five or six tons, new looking, and slow. No one seems to begrudge the miners all they can get, even though they seem to sense that coal is a dying industry, priced out of the market, ex-

cept for certain industries—and those subject to change also.

On up into Pennsylvania on good roads and as fast as the limit allows. Through Somerset, a town that has done its best to look like an English village and made a pretty good success with its high buildings, gabled roofs and general British air. And onto the turnpike, a private venture into highway transportation of which Pennsylvanians are very proud.

It is a good road, not so good as 52 and 31 in Indiana, although there are no side roads to bother. The maximum speed is 80 miles for passenger cars. There are seven tunnels, some of them well over a mile long. They just burrowed through the hills. Only two lanes in the tunnels and four on the outside.

Not many persons will or can drive at 80 miles an hour for very long. One may pass with a swirl of arrogance and be caught again in a few miles if a steady speed of 80 is kept up. On all these high speed roads some one takes the lead only to relinquish it again within a few miles, either tired of the pace or unable to keep it. It is a great way to get through a country without seeing much of it. There are no entrances or exits except at stated spots and there are gas and eating stations all along. It is quite an experience. The day was sunny and bright and warm; it was the day for that.

At Gettysburg there are the memorials of perhaps the greatest battle so far fought on American soil—and between our own men. An electrically lighted map, with appropriate scrips, on tape, shows the course of battle in the well kept museum and instructs the visitor in how it was fought and won. It is impressive.

Gettysburg was the first national cemetery and it covers acres on top of Cemetery ridge where the blue defended and the gray attacked. Thousands are buried there, mute evidence of the error of letting the irresponsible get in control of national emotions. For the north and the south could have settled their differences had it not been for the abolitionists of the north and the hot-heads of the south. Yet after the south had succeeded a war had to be fought to decide whether we were to be one nation or two.

Probably it was decided in the best way with victory for the industrial and more democratic north over the agrarian and aristocratic south, but we, in Sherman county, are leaning as much

as we can toward the latter.

Trenton, New Jersey

It rained five inches today; beginning early in the morning it kept it up all over southeastern Pennsylvania until four o'clock and it came down in sheets and buckets-full, the like as never seen in our parts except in short spurts. A wind shield wiper was a poor weapon against it and almost ineffective.

The Pennsylvania Dutch built fat houses; fat in that they are wide from the front to the back, heavy houses, often of native stone. They will be there until some atomic bomb explodes them, generations and generations will live in them, propagating their young and tilling their flat and fertile acres. They are as durable as the houses of Europe that were built for a thousand years, and have lasted it.

Lancaster and York counties in Pennsylvania have long been among America's top farming counties, level and productive of all kinds of crops. Kentucky panders to the puritan's sins: drinking, smoking, gambling. Pennsylvania grows grains and hay for the sober although with a commercial instinct that does not over look corn and rye for whiskey and some tobacco.

There is always a discipline of some sort. One administers it for himself and becomes a farmer or business man (his own boss) or has it administered for him (and works for some one). It is apparent here where there are both independent persons and factory workers.

The southeastern part of Pennsylvania is among the best of the nation in agricultural production and in fine farms. Whether the Quakers started them or the Pennsylvania Dutch (Germans) cannot be told. The towns show evidence of the Quaker origin with the high, narrow buildings of England, narrow streets that Benjamin Franklin must have trod and windows he must have peered into. The farms, and the farm buildings, are Dutch, with huge barns of stone and wood. The acres are still well kept as if in reverence for the sturdy dutchmen who ordained that they remain that way.

There are Amish here, who go about their business with little regard for the comments about them. They drive their square topped buggies to town, bringing produce to market, do their banking with no attention to the stares at their luxuriant whiskers and broad brimmed black hats. Everyone speaks well of their in-

dustry although unable to understand their austerity or adherence to principle—whether mistaken or not.

George Washington crossed the Delaware a short piece above here and moved down the river to attack the British at Trenton, defeating them in a battle now within the town and marked by a tall shaft. It sustained emotionally his suffering followers who spent the winter across the river at Valley Forge and kept alive the spirit of revolution—which needs constant stimulation if it is to succeed.

Washington, D. C.

New Jersey is one of the poorer states so far as agriculture is concerned; the part that drains into the Delaware, and the northern part grows some good truck crops but the part that drains toward the ocean is rocky and of limited usefulness.

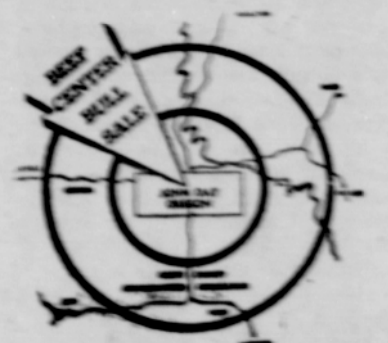
It does have the finest road so far seen in the New Jersey Turnpike which is newer than Pennsylvania's and smoother because less patched. Speeds are the same, 60MPH. It wasn't built for New Jersey but for traffic between New York and Washington which needed it.

Across the wide Delaware bay and into the state of that name, a pretty little state, a little over twice the size of Sherman county, under 2000 square miles with a little more than a quarter of a million people.

Sunbeam Waffle Baker, \$28.95, Burney's, Grass Valley

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WANT ADS



70 - BULLS - 70

All bulls sifted for three days, graded by the best graders we can find, and the degree of fat will be indicated by competent judges.
 NOVEMBER 15th

STRAYED to my place one black and white pig. Phone Moro 971, Ernie Woods. 2p

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From where I sit ... by Joe Marsh



Sheriff's "Push" Pulls a Vote

Was talking with our newly elected Sheriff Williams the other day. He told me about a fellow who stopped by his place late one night just before election.

"Heard a knock at the door," he said. "Fellow I never saw before. Told me his car went dead down the road and would I give him a shove. My boy, Flip, and I went out to his car with him. We're all set to push when he steps on the starter and the motor turns over.

"Well, Flip and I just stood there when the fellow leans out the window and says, 'Just wanted to make sure you're the right man to vote for.'

From where I sit, the fellow who's quick to lend a hand makes any community a better one. But you don't have to run for office to prove you're a good neighbor. One way I know is just to have a little regard for the other fellow. Whether your neighbor likes beer or buttermilk, don't try to push him to your choice. Just give him your "vote of confidence."

Joe Marsh

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Turkey and Dressing - or - Baked Ham
 Served from 12:00 till 8 p. m.
 SOUP and SALAD
 CHOICE OF VEGETABLES
 MASHED POTATOES and GRAVY
 CRANBERRIES and SWEET POTATOES
 HOT DINNER ROLLS

\$1.75
 MINCEMEAT or PUMPKIN PIE

What are you going to do this winter during the long evenings?

You can't look at television, nor even listen to all the radio programs and eating, smoking and drinking wear out in time.

This is a good time to subscribe to some magazines and prepare for some good winter reading.

The Sherman County Journal will be glad to take your subscription to any magazine. You can read the westerns and learn all about cowboys or what the western writers think about cowboys. If you prefer you can study the popular psychology magazines and find out why your neighbors act as they do (or yourself, for that matter).

There's true story magazines for thrillers, proverbially greater than fiction, and self-help to make you feel happy and also story magazines of any kind from those with clever little plots to those with lots of plot and few words.

There's magazines about eating, about traveling, about farming, about hunting and fishing, about home making and picture making.

You can learn about anything right in your easiest chair and enjoy yourself doing it. You can learn a dozen different versions of what is going on in the world.

It's pretty cozy in a good chair with something good to read when the snow is piling up against the window, the stock is fed and the beans are boiling in the pot.

Sherman County Journal

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