

**Heppner Gazette Times**

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O. G. CRAWFORD, Editor

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**Shall We Have Milk?**

Heppner and other districts of Morrow county served by the Alfalfa Lawn dairy are threatened with a milk famine. This is not due to a shortage of milk, as one might suppose, but is being forced by action of the Office of Price Administration in refusing the dairy to charge a price sufficient to cover operating expenses. For some weeks past the price of milk has been 14 cents per quart. OPA has advised the operators that the price will have to conform to that established by the bureau, 12 cents per quart. The dairy says it cannot continue at that price unless the OPA puts the price of hay and other feeds down to the level upon which the 12-cent rate was based.

It is difficult to understand the workings of the OPA. Perhaps some bright chap had it figured out where dairymen could pay from four dollars to ten dollars a ton more for hay and a like sum for other feeds and continue to deliver milk. Yes, perhaps some white-collared dude in a big swivel chair can figure it out but it's dollars to doughnuts he hasn't even milked a cow, to say nothing of processing and bottling the milk and then delivering it.

Why should the OPA grant a boost in feed prices and not give the dairymen consideration at the same time? Why, if a community depending upon a single dairy is willing to pay the additional price in order to maintain the supply of milk, should that community not be allowed to handle this matter in its own way? Is it more important that the OPA ruling be carried out or that the people have milk? We would like to know some of the reasons for these rulings (and no doubt we will be told).

Milk is an essential food. The OPA must realize that fact. It costs money to produce and deliver milk. Dairymen are just as patriotic as any other class of producers, but if there is anything in the category of patriotism that requires him to deliver milk to his customers at a loss then a lot of us don't know the present definition of patriotism.

It is to be hoped that the OPA will study the local angle and permit the dairy to continue to operate.

**More Fatal Than War**

War is a horrible thing and we shudder when we think of the casualties in killed and wounded. It seems like an unnecessary sacrifice of human life and it is quite certain that if it were left up to this country of ours peace would reign for many generations. But we are at war and many more fine young lives will be spent in bringing peace to the world.

Bad as war is, it does not take a toll of life comparable to that accredited to the automobile.

Despite a drop in car registration, lowering of speed limit to 35 miles per hour, and all the words of caution relative to careful driving, the traffic casualty list goes right on. Motor vehicle travel in Oregon for the first nine months of 1943 dropped 15 percent in comparison with travel for the same period a year ago, yet the traffic death rate remained about the same. The traffic death rate for the first three quarters of this year was 8.7 persons killed for every one hundred million miles of travel, exceeding the same period in 1942 by five tenths of one percent. It is true that most of the fatalities occurred in the war industries centers, that being where the greatest traffic congestion occurs. Violations of wartime speed, in many

cases prompted by overindulgence in spirits fermenti, have been responsible for many deaths. High speed and slow speed do not readily synchronize on the highway as it is difficult for the slow driver to get out of the way of a fast moving vehicle that may be straddling the stripe or careening madly from one side of the road to the other.

Whatever the causes, the fact remains that the total of fatal accidents remains about the same. Words of caution, of warning, or slowing down speed limits appear to be of no avail. There certainly will have to be a tightening of traffic regulations after the war if we are not to see an increase in highway accidents. Under the present scarcity of police personnel it is not practical to start a general cleanup of traffic violators, but the present force is on the alert and doing what can be done to regulate traffic.

**Whose War Is This?**

(Oregon Grange Bulletin)

Listen, brother, this is MY war!

I'm not only fighting it, but I'm paying for it with blood and sweat and tears, not to mention a considerable amount of cold hard cash.

I have a big stake in this war. All of my tomorrows and the tomorrows of my wife and the tomorrows of my youngster depend on how well I do this job today.

This war is the biggest job I ever tackled. It's a knock-down drag-out affair—for keeps—and I have my work cut out for me if I'm going to be still on my feet when they drag Hitler and Hirohito out of the ring by their heels.

And, I don't need anybody to hold my coat either.

And why am I telling you all this? Just for the simple reason that I'm getting fed up with you trying to trip me up every time I get set to land a punch that will really hurt. And I don't like your habit of rifling my pockets while I'm in there tossing everything I have at those two buzzards.

I know you think you're clever, but you're not as clever as you think you are and I'm not as dumb as you think I am.

Take that little stink you raised over the butter I've been shipping to Joe Stalin and his boys, claiming the Russians used it to grease their boots. So what? Listen, brother, if butter on boots makes them fight that well, I'll do without butter on bread for the rest of my natural life, if need be.

And that would-be nasty story you're now spreading about the British removing American labels from American goods and marking them British before shipping them to our other allies. If the British want to be that petty, let them do it, but the label on the crate doesn't affect the shooting qualities of the guns it contains. The big thing is to get those guns where they'll do the most good and you don't win scraps of this kind with labels on boxes.

And there are those other scurrilous tales now being told by you five politicians who recently returned from being dined and wined from war front to war front. Brothers, you're not fooling me. Your stories may make headlines but they don't make sense. Frankly, the word of one boy in a fox hole goes further with me than all the yarns you can fabricate—and the boy in the foxhole doesn't seem to be in agreement with you.

And you and your ilk have been giving me plenty of trouble on the home front, too. Don't tell me that you are giving me your full support. I'm not blind. You're not even content with trying to carry on "business as usual"—you want to make it "better than usual." You've been so busy penny grabbing since this war of mine started, you don't know whether I'm winning or losing. Either way, brother, you lose. If I should lose this scrap, your pennies and a lot of other things which you take pride in won't be worth two whoops. And brother if I win—and I'm going to—you're going to have to talk pretty fast to square yourself for some of the things you've tried to do to me while I was busy elsewhere. Put that down in your book so you won't forget it when the time comes.

Who am I to talk to you like this?

Listen, Mister, if you really want to know, I'm the boy in the foxhole; I'm the father of that nurse that stayed on Bataan; I'm the mother who got that wire, "I regret to inform you . . ."; I'm

that tired old man milking cows at four in the morning and nine at night; I'm that white man working in a coal mine until I look like a nigger; I'm the nigger you won't let join your fancy union; I'm the welder who is wrecking his eyes and his lungs in the hold of a ship—in fact, I'm almost anybody you might name, but you won't name me because you don't know me.

But just in case you're interested, I'm that dumb guy who still believes in the brotherhood of man and that Christ was right and that right will prevail and that evil can and will be banished from the earth.

And because I believe these things, I believe you better start putting your house in order because this is MY war and I'M going to win it in spite of you.

**EDMONDSON-TASH NUPTIALS PERFORMED SUNDAY**

In the presence of immediate relatives and a few friends, Mrs. Della Nichols Edmondson became the bride of Durward Tash in a ceremony performed by Rev. Bennie Howe at 2 o'clock p. m. Sunday in the home of the bride. Attendants were Merlyn Kirk and Jack Edmondson.

A sumptuous dinner followed, the list of guests besides the wedding party including Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tash, parents of the groom, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack McClard, his sister and brother-in-law, all of Hermiston, and Mrs. Merle Kirk and Mrs. Bennie Howe.

Mr. and Mrs. Tash will make their home in Heppner where he is employed as butter maker at the Morrow County Creamery.

In 1943, under its ninth president, Dr. A. L. Strand, O. S. C became the first college in the west to start the Army Specialized Training program.

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*It isn't unpatriotic*

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