

EDITORIAL

Lumber Outlook Critical

Freezing of lumber as of today brings home to many of us the seriousness of the war situation with relation to certain critical materials. Under the latest War Production Board order one may buy up to 300 feet of lumber at one time if able to produce substantial evidence that that much material is needed. This practically eliminates local improvements for the time being, although it is the opinion of some who have studied the matter that the regulations may taper off after a few weeks and local dealers will be able to carry and sell a little more of certain grades.

Whatever the position of lumber in the next few weeks, the fact remains that we are faced with a crisis right now and every effort will have to be made to meet it with the least serious re-sell a little more of certain grades.

Two factors contribute to the present curtailment to civilian users. One is the unusually heavy demands of the government in providing shipping boxes and crating material for war supplies. The other is the drop in production, particularly in pine lumber. Dealers are finding it difficult to meet government demands and since war necessity can not wait for mills to catch up, the deficit must be made up at the expense of civilian users.

Mills are running to capacity, or to the limit of their ability under labor conditions. Not one man can be spared without injuring the output. Users of the forests or occasional visitors should exercise every precaution while in the mountains to see that fires are not the result of manmade causes. Natural causes are enough of a headache to foresters and mill operators without the added hazard of human carelessness. A fire breaking out in the timbered area of Morrow county would necessitate withdrawing logging crews to combat it. That is a direct contribution to the lumber shortage. Remember to put out every vestige of fire—break the match in two, put out the last spark of your campfire, and do not toss cigarette or cigar butts away, or pipe ashes either, but put them in the receptacle in your car or trample them completely out if not near the car. If you fail to do this you may expect to be called to help put out the fire.

Waste Paper Campaign Lagging

Waste paper has a highly important place in the war effort, yet it is receiving much less attention than it deserves. As a matter of fact, the lack of interest in the salvage campaign is becoming apparent in the growing shortage of packaging paper and without concerted effort we may soon find it impossible to obtain cartons and wrapping materials in sufficient quantities to meet ordinary needs.

Result of a recent survey sponsored by the conservation committee of the Waste Paper Consuming Industries show that Oregon is collecting and getting into the war effort less than half of the potential amount of waste paper available from homes. Since November 1, 1943 to June 25, 1944 Oregon is credited with the volunteer collection of 9737 tons of paper for a monthly average of 2.1 pounds per capita. Morrow county's monthly per

capita average is .7 pounds. Potential waste paper available from Oregon homes, according to the survey would be 5.28 pounds per capita per month. Since the start of the U. S. Victory campaign last November, the nation has fallen short of its monthly goal of 667,000 tons per month and Oregon's record is no better than the national average in this respect.

Lack of facilities for properly handling waste paper doubtless contributes to the deficiency in the supply. Added to this the lack of experience in saving paper and it is seen why we are lagging behind. The waste paper necessary to reach the 1944 goal is available and everyone must do his part in saving and transporting it to the places where it can be used. Otherwise not only civilian use will be further curtailed, but the transport of many critical supplies to our armed forces will be jeopardized.

Cause of Most Farm Accidents

Contrary to the common belief, hand tools such as axes and pitchforks are responsible for more accidents on Oregon farms than either machinery, vehicles or animals. Authority for this statement is W. A. Schoenfeld, dean and director of agriculture at Oregon State college, who, as state chairman of National Farm Safety week, July 23 to 29, calls attention to Oregon farm accident causes and calls for closer cooperation in their prevention. The heavy toll taken each year by avoidable accidents, the dean says, represent such an unwarranted physical sacrifice on the part of farm workers and such a financial loss that every one connected with agriculture is asked to join in this program of farm safety.

The annual report of the accident prevention division of the state industrial accident commission shows that hand tools ranked at the top of the list of causes of farm accidents for farmers operating under the workmen's compensation law. In second place were power or horse-driven vehicles, followed in order by ladders and steps, power-driven machinery, nails and slivers, animals, poisonous plants and insects, and falling, slipping, flying objects. Sprained backs accounted for the largest number of injuries of one specific type, while lacerated fingers were second and fractured ribs third.

Industry has demonstrated time and again that accidents can be drastically reduced by analysis of hazards and an educational campaign to teach people to take precautions, Schoenfeld points out. Reductions of as much as 50 percent in factory and traffic accidents have resulted from prevention programs, he stated, in pointing to a need for recognition that the farm accident rate has steadily increased to a point where agriculture today is one of the most hazardous of industries.

Woodrow Wilson said: "The history of Liberty is the history of limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it. When we resist, therefore, the concentration of power, we are resisting the processes of death, because concentration of power is what always precedes the destruction of human liberties."

Morrow County Soldier Pays Two Visits to Vatican City in Rome; Kisses Papal Ring

The letter following was recently received from Lawrence P. Doherty by his mother, Mrs. B. P. Doherty. Lawrence, now in the Engineer Topographic company of the service, was formerly engaged in soil conservation work, being stationed at one time here in Heppner. Having been sent overseas shortly after entering the service in 1942, he participated in the first big landing of Allied forces in North Africa, so has had no opportunity for a furlough that would be "too unbelievably good to even think about." His letters have been a constant source of interesting descriptions and narrations to members of his family, the latest of which follows:

June 25, 1944

You will no doubt be interested in hearing that I have visited Rome, have been all through St. Peter's, and have the thrill of attending audiences to the Pope in the Vatican.

We were not long, after the first troops entering Rome, just how long is something I can't tell.

To the south almost every town was a heap of rubble. The civilians were dirty and half starved, and they stared at us disconsolately as we rolled by. Wrecked war machines were everywhere and too often we had to endure the smell of the unburied dead left behind by the Germans.

Rome was a refreshing surprise. I was to find that though neither side had agreed to make it an open city, the beautiful metropolis was untouched except for some railway yards. The Allies had not bombed it and the Germans did not blow it up when leaving. All the other cities in the path of the war had suffered such a fate.

Rome amazed me. The people were of the elite, and in fact were better dressed than the folks in the cities back home. Most of the men wore well-fitted, well-pressed modern suits, with clean starched shirts, and ties. Women wore dresses of good quality and the dresses were clean and well-cared for. Their faces and hair showed evidence of care and expert hairdressing.

Rome, you see, is a city of relatively wealthy people. Prices are high enough that the poor in the rest of Italy cannot live there unless they have a good job. There are few poor people in Rome. The people, with their wealth and political connections, had goods and luxuries that the poor people elsewhere probably thought didn't exist any more. There were many luxury shops, and we saw some expensive cars rolling around burning gas that the Italian armies apparently didn't have.

The people had everything but food, and if the campaign had lasted much longer the city would have been badly starved. It was really a spectacle to see well-dressed people actually scuffle for the leftovers of an American mess line.

St. Ignatius church, Jesuit mother church in Rome, has a domed roof, finished in 1685. An artist spent five years mathematically planning and painting a perspective view of great columns depicting "The Entrance of St. Ignatius in Paradise." The perspective is so real that visitors gasp when told the ceiling is a dome. It is world famous for this reason.

St. Peter's of course, is the spectacle of all. It is the largest church in the world and its dome towers over Rome. Several cathedrals have been erected over the spot, which is the tomb of St. Peter. The present one reflects the genius of the great Michelangelo, who excelled as an artist, and architect and an engineer. It was begun shortly after Columbus discovered America and required a century to build. Nothing is gaudy inside the church, yet every piece is selected, fitted and polished to perfection. The Popes are buried throughout the church and the tomb fronts represent the efforts of the best sculptors of the day.

I was lucky enough to get into the Vatican City twice. The Vatican is the palace of the Pope and is separate from St. Peter's Cathedral.

The famous Swiss guards with their colorful costumes and long spears guard the entrance and hallways of the palace. At 11 o'clock the guards let a portion of the crowd at the gate inside and led through many long halls to the audience room. At the end of the room a red carpeted platform and red throne stood. We waited for some minutes while the Pope spoke to French soldiers in another room. The guards made a path for him through the crowd and he mounted the platform. He greeted the soldiers in English, gave them his papal blessing and asked all to pray with him for the peace. As he started to move out of the room the soldiers crowded around him to kiss the papal ring. The jam was so bad that fellows behind pushing up shoved the nearest ones right against him. He was very gracious and democratic and asked and answered questions in English to all that were near, and he held out his hand permitting those close enough to kiss the papal ring. I was fortunate to be close and kissed the ring. He asked "Where are you from?" "Oregon." "How do you like Rome?" "It's beautiful!" I told him. Then I told him I wished to pass on the regards of a Columbia university priest who had asked me to do just that if I ever had a chance. The Pope said "Yes, yes!" He would answer and acknowledge many remarks by nodding his head and saying "Yes, yes."

He spent several minutes doing this. This was probably the most amazing audience he had ever given, as in peace time audiences are hard to get. In this room were American, British and French soldiers with the dust and sweat of the roads upon them. There were many dressed in dirty fatigues with heavy cartridge belts and canteens hung over their hips. Religion made no difference, probably half of them were Protestants. One soldier, meaning no disrespect, strode up on the platform and sat down on the throne and beamed at all his pals below. He was an American and the civilians here gasp at the friendly lack of awe that most Americans show toward European great people.

Two days later, I had a chance to go to another audience. This was a very formal affair and was given in another much larger audience room. This room was very long and comparatively narrow. A center aisle opened the way to a red throne chair at the very end of the room. Bannisters prevented the crowd from surging into the aisle. This time the Pope appeared on a dais, or chair, mounted on a platform, and carried by his Swiss guards. The procession proceeded slowly up the aisle while the Pope solemnly gave his blessing first on one side and then on the other. Everyone kneeled as he extended his hand over them regardless of religion and uniform (all Allied uniforms were in the crowd).

When he reached his throne he gave short speeches and prayers in English and French, blessed the crowd again and dismissed it. As it was carried slowly down the aisle he put his hands out and touched the fingers of the soldiers who crowded the rails. All visitors were presented with roses when they left, as tokens of the visit.

Well, Mamma, this letter is getting quite long. I'll write more later as there is plenty to write about. Maybe you can pass this letter on to the folks as I may not be able to write as complete a one to each.

LAWRENCE.

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