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Salem, Oregon, Saturday, May 13, 1950

BY H. T. WEBSTER

How to Torture Your Husband



EVERY TIME THEY PASS A MAN WEARING HIS HAT AT A SLANT

THE FIRESIDE PULPIT

Dad, Tomorrow's the Day to Show You Appreciate Mother

BY REV. GEORGE H. SWIFT

Rector, St. Paul's Episcopal Church

When we celebrate Mother's Day, we may be thinking only of the aged mothers with gray hair and folded hands; with eyes filled with love and a face lined with years of sacrificial care.

It will do us good to think of them tomorrow, and say a prayer of thankfulness to God for the affection and love they have bestowed upon us.

But I am thinking now of the younger mothers, the mothers with little children and the mothers with teen-age youngsters.

Young mothers whose love and affection for their children leads them to make great sacrifices are all too often unappreciated by the family. The responsibility for the welfare of a little family is a tremendous one.

The young mother starts, without experience, to look after the health, education, and character of those who are to wield the power in the world of the next generation. Besides being a labor of love, it means downright drudgery, too. It means performing many unpleasant tasks. It means giving up many social affairs. It means settling many knotty problems. It means delivering some form of discipline which hurts the mother more than it does the child. It means hours, sometimes weeks, of anxiety, while Bill or Susie lies in bed in pain or fever.

The thoughtless father comes home, expecting dinner to be ready, the house to be in per-



Rev. George H. Swift

fect order, and the children to be clean and tidy. He blurts out some impatient or unkind remark which almost breaks the spirit of the "little woman," who has been harassed by countless problems throughout the day.

Tomorrow, the father of every little family should do more than reminisce about his own mother's love and care for him (which he may or may not have appreciated when such words of appreciation would have meant so much to her) but also show some real appreciation, real affection and love for the mother of his little family who so desperately needs it to carry on.

It is a difficult task under any circumstance to bring up the little ones. It is heartbreaking, without understanding, co-operation, and affection of the father.

So tomorrow, dad, rather than leave home for the day with a golf bag on your arm, and a reminder to your wife that no one could cook like your saintly mother did, tell her in no lukewarm terms what a priceless mother your children have.

Take her to church. It will make the day for her, and your own mother will, if she knows it, thank God that, at last, you are really getting to know how to appreciate a mother.

(By special request, this is a duplicate of last year's Mother's Day Fireside Pulpit.)

Water Was on Their Minds

East Grand Forks, Minn., May 13 (AP)—More than half of the residents here have been driven from their homes by the Red River flood or are living on second floors. Many of them used rowboats as ferries to get to the polls for special election yesterday. They voted on a proposal to issue \$165,000 bonds to improve the city's water system, built in 1908. The bonds won, 262 to 10.

Why Lad's Mother Is Best

St. Petersburg, Fla., May 13 (AP)—A young lad won a contest today on why he thinks he has the best mother in the world with these remarks: "She stays on speaking terms with God and spanking terms with me." Author of those words is Lloyd Williams, 12-year-old newspaper carrier boy. He won a dress for his mother, Mrs. L. Eugene Williams, dinner for the whole family and a treat to the movie.

KRISS-KROSS

Columnist Kowitz Writes Open Letter to His Mother

By CHRIS KOWITZ, Jr.

Dear Mom: There are a lot of things I want to thank you for today. First of all, I want to thank you for marrying Dad... for if you hadn't, I would not have the greatest parents on earth. Next, I want to thank you for bringing me into this world...

for if you hadn't, well, I just wouldn't be here. I want to thank you for giving me my brothers and sister... for if you hadn't, one of the greatest blessings of my life would be absent. I want to thank you for a million and two little things... for the times you tucked me into bed when I was a baby... for not sending me to bed without my supper the times you caught me skipping.

I want to thank you for all the shirts you have ironed for me... for all the socks you have darned... for all the dinners you have warmed over just because I came home late. I want to thank you for the tears you shed the day I left for the service... for the hundreds of letters you wrote to me while I was away... and for the thousands of prayers that I know you said for me.

There are a lot of other things I owe you thanks for, Mom... but words weren't made to say them... so please believe me when I say "thanks for everything."

Your loving son, Chris.

I want to thank you for getting me ready for school all those mornings... for always having lunch ready at noon... for not sending me to bed without my supper the times you caught me skipping. I want to thank you for all

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Exiled Farmers Meet to Plot Internal Revolts Against Reds

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—A priest with sad eyes stood on a stage in the National Press building and intoned: "Lord, help thy wandering children to defend and finally redeem our lost freedom."

Before him stood a conglomeration of men from many distant countries—all exiles. Their faces were vaguely familiar, like photographs in an old newspaper. For these were the delegates to the international peasant union congress and included such leaders as Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, who once made headlines as prime minister of Poland; Imre Kovacs, secretary general of the once powerful Hungarian peasant party; and G. M. Dimitrov, a stormy politician of Bulgaria.

After World War I when this writer spent two years in the Balkans, these peasant leaders were considered socialists and radicals by the then rulers of Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. Later, they came to head the governments of their countries as left-of-center parties somewhat similar to the British labor government of today.

But when Moscow took over, the first thing the Russian commissars did was to line the key members of the peasant party up against the wall and shoot them. Moscow recognized the agrarians, like British socialism, to be the greatest threat to successful communism.

So, this week in Washington, about 100 of the exiles who managed to escape are staging the international peasant union congress, trying to form the skeleton of a "green internationale" which someday may overthrow communism in eastern Europe.

They report that in Hungary less than 1 per cent of the farmers have joined the communist collectives; that a new Buchenwald torture camp is located on an island in the Danube; that the independent peasant of the Balkans is the chief enemy of communism.

Chief hope of these peasant leaders is to get U.S. backing for internal revolts. Note—American hero of these exiled leaders is Mark Ethridge, publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, who, while studying these Balkan countries for the state department, was one of the first to see the importance of encouraging peasant independence.

DUCK-LOVING JURIST It didn't get into the papers, but a U.S. district judge, William C. Coleman of Baltimore, served virtual notice on a group of duck-hunters recently that they were free to violate federal game laws as far as he was concerned.

Judge Coleman, who has taken an oath to uphold the laws of the United States, announced that he had more than 30 defendants before his court charged with baiting duck-blinds and that he had agreed with the U.S. attorney's office that they should not be prosecuted.

"We have a miniature of what we had in prohibition—an unenforceable law," Judge Coleman told Dr. Clarence Cottam, assistant chief of the U.S. fish and wildlife service. "I frankly approve of not prosecuting violators of anti-baiting regulations."

"Ninety-five per cent of the hunting in Maryland is done over baiting," Judge Coleman continued. Then turning directly to Dr. Cottam, he asked: "And what are you going to do about it?"

The meeting before which he spoke was a gathering of sportsmen and wildlife authorities gathered at Annapolis from Maine to Maryland. New England game experts were shocked at the judge's vituperative statements. They were also surprised at the attitude of eastern shore hunters who wanted to keep the duck season open most of the winter.

Judge Coleman was their most vigorous spokesman. He not only wanted the waterfowl season lengthened, but the daily bag increased, and shooting permitted at sundown. Judge Coleman wanted this unrestricted hunting, regardless of Dr. Cottam's explanation that the supply of ducks was not unlimited, that ducks were settling down for feeding at sundown and were mating in January—a period when the judge advocated hunting.

After the stormy session, Dr. Cottam remarked: "This is the ninth meeting of sportsmen I have had in various parts of the country. All of them have realized that if we have unlimited shooting there soon won't be any ducks left. But this meeting is the most selfish I ever attended."

Juror Gets Help in Milking Point Pleasant, W. Va., May 13 (AP)—The judge recessed the trial and told the jurors they would have to remain together overnight. Up spoke Juror Clifford Carter: "If your honor please, my cows have to be milked." Judge Lewis H. Miller solved that one in a hurry. He sent the whole jury out to Carter's farm, where the cows got milked under the supervision of Sheriff F. H. Morrison, a deputy and two state troopers.



Drew Pearson

BY CARL ANDERSON

Henry



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Judge's Appeal in Court Not Unusual for Sala, 43

By HAL BOYLE

New York, (AP)—City Magistrate J. Roland Sala looked around his crowded courtroom. It was packed with complainants and defendants in 75 or so petty cases involving minor dents in the dignity of the big city's law.

Then Magistrate Sala, who usually hears appeals for justice, himself made an appeal for help. "Just a few blocks from this courtroom a young high school boy, an honor student, is dying. He is suffering from hemophilia, or uncontrolled bleeding."

"I'm tired of hearing about letters, and about policy meetings in which we take no part and about statements you issue that do not reflect our views," snapped the Nebraska congressman.

"It all adds up to poor leadership," he repeated. "Well, now, if you want to get tough—" bristled Martin. By this time both men were on their feet glaring at each other.

"That's exactly what I mean," shouted Miller. Before more nasty words could be spoken, Representative James Dolliver of Fort Dodge, Iowa, moved to adjourn the proceedings. (Copyright 1950)

Lighter Enflames Parents Oak Ridge, Tenn., May 13 (AP)—Three-year-old Craig Thompson knew better than to play with a cigarette lighter. But that closest-privacy and darkness! He quietly stepped in and shut the door. The flame showed up fine. So did the smoke from the clothes. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Thompson, Jr., suffered burns on their feet and when they stamped out flames of what they said had been \$90 worth of clothing. Craig was uninjured, unless it was by a hairbrush. The Thompsons didn't say.

Time Waits for Nothing Guam, May 13 (AP)—The typhoon which hit Guam a glancing blow Tuesday temporarily stopped most activity—but not all. Two babies were born.

FELLOW CITIZENS! (Editor's Note: No, this series of pictures of babies depicting familiar types of politicians and citizens does not contain actual baby pictures of Marion county political candidates. The pictures are in the new book, "Fellow Citizens.")

The incident wasn't at all unusual for Sala, who is a very unusual magistrate. Seven times he has made such emergency appeals in his courtroom, and in six of the seven cases his action saved someone near death. "Never have I failed to get volunteers," he said. "It is enough to restore anyone's faith in humanity."

"Often women as well as men offer the blood. Once a 63-year-old woman volunteered, but I had to turn her down." On every occasion he has accompanied the volunteer group to the blood bank, and made a deposit, too.

The magistrate, a 43-year-old former actor, amateur boxer, Shakespearean authority and art collector, is one of the city's leading blood donors. Over the years he has given 63 pints himself—five times the amount of blood in a man's body.

"It doesn't bother me in the least," said Sala, a powerfully built man who keeps in shape by working out with professional pugilists. Although donors aren't supposed to give blood more than once every seven weeks, he once gave a pint of blood every day for three days—at different banks. Donors he has brought in have contributed at least 250 pints since the end of the war. Sala also raised 96 pints of blood to send to wounded Israelites fighting in Palestine.

"It was all volunteered by Christians, too," he grinned.

New Twist To Cold War New York, May 12 (AP)—Here's a new twist to the cold war:

The Associated Fur Manufacturers of New York disclosed today it made a deal with Soviet Russia for the exchange of 12 live American mink for 12 live Russian sables. The animals were to be used for breeding purposes.

The trade was completed. But the New York furriers said they now have discovered the Russian sables were sterilized before shipment.



"Who me, boss? I never promised nothin' to nobody." (Photo by Josef A. Schneider. From "Fellow Citizens" by Francis L. Golden. Published by Frederick Muller, Inc.)