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Salem, Oregon, Wednesday, October 26, 1949

BY BECK

Recollections



SIPS FOR SUPPER

Mystery Solved

BY DON UPJOHN

Ed Amo and wife sitting in the quiet of their home out on route 8 the other night solved the mystery of what sounded like a ghost plane which hovered over the airport in the dense fog of Sunday evening and zoomed away in the mist and oblivion. Ed says they figured out what happened was that some young chap in a burst of speed with too heavy an out-board motor for his boat on the Willamette alighted into the air on the heavy fog, did a turn over town and t h e airport, turned back and took to the river again. The fact that no plane has been reported missing, says Ed, gives credence to their theory. So let's let the matter rest that way.



Don Upjohn

Paradise Regained

Aurora—Springtime fruits and flowers have been harvested for the past six weeks in Aurora gardens. Fresh raspberries in the Robert Powell and Harvey Everhart patches, strawberries from the Miss Hilda Beiser and George Atkins places. A rhododendron is blooming in the same block, dogwood in bloom are numerous, to say nothing of violet and camellia buds showing color. In Canby nearby azaleas are blooming in the yard of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bailey and a purplish rhododendron is in bloom at the Toby Bell home.

Christmas Spirit

The Christmas spirit is getting

Strange Ways of the Orient

Bangkok (AP)—At the post office there are special boxes for posting mail—marked "Foreign," "Inland" and "Air Mail." Every few hours a postman comes with a huge bag. He empties each box and drops all the letters into the big bag.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Fierce Moscow-Tito Quarrel Seems Mounting to a Crisis

By DeWITT MacKENZIE  
(NY Foreign Affairs Analyst)

The fierce quarrel between Moscow and the politically rebellious Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia seems to be mounting to a crisis. Precisely how the Kremlin intends to apply the screws is still a matter of conjecture. However, Mosha Pijade, member of the Yugoslav politburo, appears to have summed the matter up in very moderate terms indeed when he told his people Sunday that "we are steadily sailing in danger."



DeWitt MacKenzie

Tito, obviously pleased with their success, declared to his men: "We are prepared to defend this country until the last breath, regardless of whence the attack comes. No one has the right, regardless of who he may be, to endanger a small people."

The middle of this month the Yugoslav government accused neighboring Romania of frequent violations of the Yugoslav border and airspace, and of attempts to "provoke armed incidents and unrest." Similar notes were sent about the same time to Russia, Bulgaria and Hungary.

Then on October 19 the Yugoslav official press reported that Russia had moved Red army troops into neighboring communist countries as part of a war-mongering campaign against Tito's government.

The official press further charged that satellite countries, with Soviet help, were strengthening their border guards and were building trenches all along their frontiers with Yugoslavia.

In the face of these developments, Tito thus far has maintained a rugged front. This is not without reason, for he is a soldier of wide experience and has been preparing for contingencies. He is credited by informed American officials with having sufficient military strength to handle any border fighting that might develop.

His army is said to total about 60,000 and it is comprised of some of the world's finest fighting men.

As far back as October 3 the Marshal told his army officers that Russia had been "forging its irons" against Yugoslavia. This was at the conclusion of Yugoslav army maneuvers and

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Some Big Tax-Fraud Cases Are Delayed or Sidetracked

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—President Truman's warning that there must be a tax increase recalls the fact that bureau of internal revenue experts estimate they could collect close to a billion dollars more annually without increasing taxes—if they had better income-tax enforcement.

Two years ago the 80th congress chopped off a huge army of income tax examiners, a group of hard-working, underpaid public servants who have the unpleasant but necessary job of checking on people's income taxes.



Drew Pearson

While part of this cut personnel has been reinstated, the tax examiners are still woefully understaffed and able to inspect only a fraction of the returns.

On top of this has developed another tax-payment deterrent—namely, delays and wire-pulling in the prosecution of tax frauds.

When the average taxpayer sees certain big shots getting away with spectacular tax violations, naturally he figures he is entitled to do the same.

This is not the fault of the treasury tax examiners nor the prosecution officers of the justice department, most of whom are diligent public servants.

But when tax frauds are sent to U. S. district attorneys for criminal prosecution, interminable delays sometimes develop. Some district attorneys just do not want to prosecute.

Sometimes local politics are involved, and since U. S. district attorneys are appointed under a political spoils system on the recommendation of local senators and congressmen, they are sometimes more inclined to take orders from congressmen rather than from the justice department.

But whatever the reasons, here are some tax-fraud cases which have been delayed or sidetracked between the justice department and the district attorneys in the field. In some cases no politics may be involved; but in any case the effect on the rest of the tax-paying public is bad.

Just outside Washington, D. C., the T-men found that the sheriff of Prince Georges county, Md., Earl Sheriff, had collected about \$49,000 from gamblers during four years though he reported a total income of only \$8,400. But when the justice department sent this case to U. S. Attorney Bernard Flynn in Baltimore, he sent it back with advice that it was a difficult case to prosecute.

Again out in Kansas City, Kansas, the T-men caught an eminent doctor, Herbert Hessler, failing to report as income 1,000 fees received from patients during three years. The justice department sent the case to U. S. Attorney Lester Luther in Topeka for criminal prosecution, but Luther wrote back that he did not want to prosecute, because Dr. Hessler was too prominent in the community. The justice department instructed him to proceed anyway, however, and he is now doing so.

Another significant case, reported in this column as early as 1943, was that of Mrs. Eleanor Patenotre and her son over concealed profits made from the sale of the Philadelphia Inquirer, whereby the Patenotres paid a tax of only \$1,567 in 1930 when they should have paid around \$200,000.

Thanks to the diligence of one or two treasury agents and a series of exposes by this column, the Patenotres were finally indicted in August, 1948.

However, the significant fact is that the justice department had all its information available in 1945, and that Raymond Patenotre was in this country from 1945 on. Yet thanks to Patenotre's ability to hire one of the shrewdest tax attorneys in Washington, Ellsworth Alvord, no indictment was brought until 1948. Meanwhile, there were libel threats against this column.

Even after the indictment, however another year dragged by, with much legal haggling over a compromise. Finally it was arranged that Madame Patenotre would plead guilty and pay a \$2,000,000 cash settlement if she didn't have to go to jail.

Most folks, of course, can't afford top lawyers or such big cash settlements.

Another interesting tax-fraud case was that of Bill Lias, well-known Wheeling, W. Va., gambler who originally pleaded guilty to cheating the government out of nearly \$1,000,000. After he entered his guilty plea, however, a considerate judge allowed Lias to withdraw his plea and face a jury.

At the subsequent trial, U. S. Attorney Lee Spillers not only bungled the case, but was put in an extremely bad light when it was disclosed that he had once received a large political contribution from Lias. Incidentally, the justice department had wanted to try the case with a special prosecutor, but Spillers insisted on handling it himself.

In the end, Lias was acquitted, even though he once had pleaded guilty.

Latest tax fraud case which has come to the attention of this column is that of W. J. Hardy and F. McKenzie Davidson, the Arlington, Va., asphalt kings who were recommended for criminal prosecution by the justice department last July.

This decision to prosecute came only after one year's delay, and various discussions with attorneys which included one conference with Senator Byrd, plus talks with other Virginia politicians.

Four months have now passed since the justice department's recommendation for criminal prosecution reached U. S. Attorney George Humrickhouse at Richmond, and no prosecution has begun.

However, when this column recently raised a question as to the reasons for the delay, Senator Byrd issued the following statement: "Drew Pearson has by false statement attempted to involve me in a tax-fraud case. He is a master of the technique of smearing public men by lying innuendo."

After denying that he had intervened on behalf of Hardy and Davidson, Byrd continued: "Pearson has made other false charges against me and too frequently has made me a target of insidious innuendoes. But I do not intend to have him maliciously create in the public mind the impression that I am involved in a tax-fraud case. "If Pearson does not adequately correct these lies, insinuations and innuendoes, I intend to sue him for libel."

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Recall the Gunnysack Look? Is It on the Way Back?

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Lady, say it isn't so. Please, say it isn't so, lady.

Say it isn't true—this report that female fashions are going back to the 1920's for inspiration.

No, no, no! Not that! Anything else—not that. What have we done to deserve such eyeball punishment?

And it isn't even ourselves we're so worried about. It's you, lady. Why should you do it to yourself again?

Don't trade the "new look" for the "gunnysack look." I'll admit there was a lot of foolish male yammering against the "new look" a couple of seasons back just because it was novel. Every man was surprised to see it turn out better than he had feared.

But going back to the 1920's again is another thing. We can't hope for anything but the worst—because we went through that madness before.

Go back to the fig leaf of Eve or the bustle of Victoria's day. Wear anything ever tried in the long forlorn history of woman's struggle for style—anything but what you clothed yourself in during the mad, bad, 1920's.

They call that the period of "The Lost Generation" and blame it on the disillusionment of the first World War. But it wasn't the men who were lost; it was the women. It was the time when girls would be boys. No wonder the boys refused to grow up and act like men.

Remember? If you don't, get out the family album and take a look. I know some families that keep their album on a high shelf for fear the children will turn to the pages pasted in during the 1920's—and be frightened into fits.

Remember now? Remember how the girls drove men out of their last refuge—the barber-shop—to get those close-cropped boyish bobs? Remember the short, shapeless dresses, the hats that fitted like a shield? It was the fond ambition of every fashionable lass then to look like a soda straw, but natural feminine architecture too often decreed that the result should resemble a gunnysack full of sugar on stilts—or piano legs.

Never have lovely ladies looked so awful, not even since they took up slacks. No wonder men slept in bathtubs wet with homemade gin or plunged on the stock market. They had been made desperate by the sight of what the women they loved had done to their ruinous beauty.

And now this fabric nightmare is on the way back. A girl who should know tells me: "The new vogue is no waistline, no bustline, no hips, no nothing—boyish."

Don't do it, lady. Please! For if you do, the men will have to dress like the 1920's, too. Recall a thing called "the cake-eater"? He was the drugstore cowboy of that vanished era.

Would you like to have to go out on dates again escorted by something like that, lady? No? Well, save us from your 1920's look—and we'll keep the cake-eater under glass. It's a fair bargain.

Tommy's Beloved Calico Dog To Be Buried With Him

Pittsburgh, Oct. 26 (AP)—Tommy Arth's beloved calico dog will stay with him—even in death. The toy dog will be buried Wednesday with the three-year-old leukemia victim. Tommy died Sunday night, the calico dog clutched in his withered arms.

The little boy had won the hearts of many sympathizers while in Children's hospital when he pleaded for the dog. His parents hesitated to bring the toy to the hospital because of its battered condition.

Marion County Recollections—When John Minto Was Sheriff

By OSWALD WEST

One of the outstanding early day sheriffs of Marion county was John Minto. He stood out in the crowd, tall, straight as an arrow and well proportioned. He was a sight for sore eyes. He was always well dressed—knew how to wear clothes and used the best of judgment in their selection.

On a certain occasion, he held a warrant for the arrest of gambler Finley, who saw him coming and beat it for Polk County on foot via the Willamette River bridge.

It developed into a foot race between the sheriff and Finley, but the latter had much the best of the start, a couple of hundred yards, and was due to cross the Polk County line in advance of the Sheriff of Marion County.

While this celebrated foot race was in progress, Frank Starr and I, driving a team of cayuses to a buckboard, were on North Commercial street headed south. We reached the street, leading to the bridge, at the same time as Sheriff Minto who, badly winded, stopped us, and pointed to Finley, then well up on the bridge, and on his way to Polk County.

"See that . . . ? Well, catch him." As he headed for the bridge, the sheriff jumped into the back of the buckboard and, with hands on our shoulders, urged us on.

We were driving with caution, for it was unlawful to show speed when crossing the bridge, but we were moving too slow for the sheriff. So, he grabbed