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4— Salem, Oregon, Monday, January 16, 1950

BY H. T. WEBSTER  
The Timid Soul



MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

England's February Election To Determine Future of Empire

By DeWITT MacKENZIE  
(UP Foreign Affairs Analyst)

An atmosphere of nostalgic drama surrounds the marshalling of England's political forces for next month's general election. That election will render an epochal decision—a point which this column made several days ago and now repeats for emphasis. It will determine whether the country shall give approval to its five-year experiment in Socialism and continue along the road into new fields, or whether it shall return to the capitalistic system under all that.



DeWitt MacKenzie

As a leading actor in this great drama Winston Churchill, his head unbowed by his 75 years, is rushing back from his winter vacation in the sunny island of Madeira to guide his conservative forces in what may be his last major political battle. Here is one of the greatest figures in the long history of England—statesman, literary giant, orator—the man who led the nation through "Blood, toil, sweat and tears" to victory in the world conflict—an old war horse charging headlong into the fray once more.

It is fitting that Churchill should play this role. Here we have the bluest blood of the nobility—a die-hard Tory who symbolizes England at the peak of her imperial greatness.

To his elderly followers in particular, Churchill is a truly heroic figure who conjures up visions of the "good old days": The days when peace and contentment hovered over England's hedge-enclosed, green fields and sweet droll-house flower gardens—the days when imperial power was at its peak.

Churchill has charged the Socialists with throwing away that empire, and he would halt their nationalization program which to him is hateful and harmful. He would return to the days of private initiative.

That's not a new line for Churchill. I remember seeing him in action against Socialist ideas as far back as 1924 when the late Ramsay MacDonald headed Britain's first labor government. They mostly called them "laborites" in those days rather than "Socialists".

Churchill was more or less a lone-wolf in the Tory ranks, and he directed his paralyzing oratory over a wide field. One of his pet opponents was MacDonald, and I saw Churchill tongue-lash the prime minister until the latter literally slumped onto the middle of his spine in his seat, his face as red as a beet. In those days opponents didn't tangle with Winston in debate if they could help it.

So Churchill would reestablish the theories of private enterprise. He has promised to repeal the socialist steel nationalization bill, and not to permit state ownership to go any further.

Whether Churchill would be able to achieve all his heart's desire if elected is perhaps open to doubt. One of the immutable laws of life is that you can't turn back the clock. And time has made in England's way of life many changes which can't be turned back.

Neither Churchill nor anyone else could restore the empire to its greatness of the days when India was the brightest jewel in the imperial crown. And nothing can restore to England the

We are admonished by Epicurus: "Not to look mournfully into the past, for it comes not again; but wisely to improve the present, for it is thine; and to go forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart."

It is claimed by many that youth is the happiest time of life. I doubt that this is true for nature attempts to be quite fair in the distribution of her bounties and has not overlooked

Dimes, Quarters Pay Off for Him

Cambridge City, Ind., Jan. 16 (AP)—J. C. Smith was driving his first new car today, paid for with 20,000 dimes, some quarters and his beat-up old jalopy. Smith saved for the car 10 years. During all that time, he didn't spend a dime, and during the past year he spent no quarters.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Gamblers Evade Taxes by Aid Of 'Someone' in Washington

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—When Estes Kefauver, hard-hitting new senator from Tennessee, starts his important investigation of interstate gambling rackets, one of his first witnesses ought to be fearless Mayor Gordon Dunn of Fresno, Calif. Another should be Warren Olney, the energetic lawyer whom straight-shooting Governor Earl Warren placed in charge of the California crime commission.



Drew Pearson

A lot has been written about Gambling King Frankie Costello, his tailor-made clothes and his lunches at the Waldorf. But the real story of Costello is the way the national gambling network of which he is a part undermines clean government in the smaller cities of the USA.

Fresno, Calif., chiefly famous as the "raisin capital of the world," is a long way from New York, Chicago, or Costello's reported friends in Washington. However, there seems to be an invisible but definite link between them just the same.

Back in the days before Costello had been glamorized, one of his buddies was the late "Bugsie" Siegel, who later moved out to Hollywood and Las Vegas. However, there is good reason to believe that Costello and Bugsie continued as partners and that California was definitely part of the Costello empire. Not only was Costello money reported to be invested in the ornate Las Vegas gambling palace, "The Flamingo," but there are other important links between these far-flung dominions of the gambling world, even including the wire-pulling in Washington.

About the only way of catching the big gamblers in the past has been through income-tax violation. That was how Al Capone was finally sent to jail, and the treasury department in the past has been anxious to cooperate.

However, in San Mateo not long ago, Gambler Emelio Georgetti, otherwise known as "Gom-bo," was investigated by local T-men regarding \$400,000 worth of hidden income in the form of cashiers checks in the Bank of America.

A straight-shooting newcomer to politics, Dunn meant what he said, but apparently certain politicians who helped elect him didn't. For, shortly after he became mayor, pressure was started to make Fresno an "open city."

One gambler walked into Dunn's office, laid \$35,000 on the mayor's desk, and announced that that was the price he would pay for opening only one bookmaking establishment. Dunn kicked him out of the office.

This type of pressure was not difficult to resist. More difficult were the approaches from men who had helped elect him. One of these was Bob Franklin, now under federal indictment on another matter, and one of Dunn's campaign managers. Franklin had also helped handle the campaign of California Attorney General Fred Howser in that part of the state and has been close to Howser.

Meanwhile Joe Cannon, sometimes called the Mickey Cohen of Fresno, proposed that Fresno's chief of police be removed—always the first step when the gamblers and racketeers want to take over—and be replaced by a lieutenant, in whose office Gambler Cannon had been a frequent visitor.

Chinchillas and Slush  
It was also proposed to set up a political slush fund for the election of "The Right People" in 1950, the fund to be collected from gamblers and houses of prostitution, and the pay-offs to be made through an old lady outside Fresno who operated a chinchilla farm.

A neat system was arranged whereby a gambler, making a pay-off to the slush fund, would buy a chinchilla, then pay for its board and upkeep. Chinchillas, of course, are frail animals, and can die at a moment's notice. A county official was actually designated to handle the books, as well as the books of Gambler Joe Cannon.

The deal fell through, however, when the old lady got suspicious, and when Mayor Dunn put his foot down on opening up Fresno.

Bob Franklin, Dunn's campaign manager, also reported that he had arranged to set up a branch narcotics office in Fresno, directly under Franklin's control, which would knock off all narcotics racketeers who were not paying off, but give protection to their own racketeers.

Terrific pressure on Mayor Dunn continued, with certain merchants claiming that Dunn's "closed city" policy hurt business. On the other hand, Chet Carey, secretary of Fresno's A. F. of L. central labor council, backed the mayor to the limit.

Mayor Dunn is still standing pat, even though some of his political enemies are talking about a recall petition to remove him from office. He says that he may be a newcomer to politics, but he knows the difference between clean and dirty government.

All of which illustrates how the nation-wide gambling ring operates in a medium-sized city in California.

BY CLARE BARNES, JR.

White Collar Zoo



"Say, boss, will you run through that again for me?"

Toby, Tomcat, Gets Attention Of Judge—After Telling Him off

By HARMAN W. NICHOLS

Washington, Jan. 16 (AP)—Toby, last name Reedy, probably is the only tomcat in history which ever got a personal letter from a federal judge.

Toby, whose master is George E. Reedy, Sr., a radio commentator, got mad as a tabby when the papers carried a story about a decision handed down by Judge Marvin Jones of the U.S. court of claims.

The case concerned Mr. and Mrs. C. C. M. Pedersen, who worked for the state department and wanted to return home from Turkey in 1945. They got as far as Cairo and were stopped because Mrs. P. insisted on carting along two dogs and a cat.

Judge Jones finally awarded the couple a pittance in per diem payment on account of the delay, but in his opinion he favored the dogs over the cat, mentioning things like "it was a dog that licked the wounds of Lazarus in his rags; Rin Tin Tin was a movie star." Only one line about a cat, viz:

"The cat also has been a favorite pet with many people." That singed Toby's whiskers. He sat down and wrote himself a letter to Judge Jones.

Toby, one of the biggest cats you ever saw, is a tiger-Persian. When he isn't eating the left-over beef from the tables of the National Press club, he costs George \$3.77 a week for cat-nips, not including the nips of 20-year-old Napoleon brandy Toby prefers to milk.

Anyhow, the big puss took the judge's opinion apart, point by point. Discrimination against cats. Scales of justice tipped to "an alarming degree" in favor of dogs. Character witnesses for dogs and none for cats. Dogs to watch the house! They're sissies! Ever hear of a back-tracking watch cat?

Toby poured it on, claiming to speak for the 21 million cats in America. "Cats that might even

That's all very fine, but it's made a mighty important cat of Toby.

At the slightest provocation he'll bush his tail and turn up his snout at anything less than a federal judge.

I don't believe it, but George Reedy says that in order to get in to see Toby now you have to present the butler with your card.

Deaf to Bandits' Demands  
Chicago, Jan. 16 (AP)—Phillip Sisto, 45, thought fast when two bandits accosted him in an alley.

As they demanded his money, Sisto pretended he was deaf and couldn't understand their demands. The robbers, one waving a gun, began shouting and attracted passersby who called police.

Before officers arrived, however, the bandits had given up in disgust and fled.

Capital Journal

WANT-AD WONDERS

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In 1900 a young tourist, stranded in Paris, pawned his camera to pay for a Situations Wanted Ad. The ad brought him a job selling stereopticons door-to-door. That year he earned \$5,000, ranking among France's highest paid salesmen. The tourist was the now famous radio news analyst, H.V. Kaltenborn. Little need, big want—Classified fills both.

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