

Oregon Now Depends Entirely on Salem

Oregon's hope to find a way to save an extension of the
capitol zone rests now with Salem.

The perplexing problem of trying to find a substitute lot
for Robert Coates, the Portland builder who has legal right
to build an apartment house in the heart of the capitol
zone, becomes more acute each day. Since Salem is the
city affected and the one associated with the scene of the
problem, Salem has been asked by the rest of the state to
find a way to put through an extension of the two-block
wide capitol zone north past Center street. And that
means, in part, finding another location for the seven-story
apartment proposed by Coates.

Since interested groups in the state have found it
necessary to call for on-the-spot leadership to save the zone
extension, immediate full acceptance of that call is imper-
ative.

To date, Mayor Elstrom has kept in constant touch
with Coates on the search for another apartment location.
"High" prices for suggested lots have hindered the search.
Since the mayor has left the city at the moment, the Salem
contact with Coates must go on.

It would seem logical that four Salem area groups would
join in active leadership of the search for a solution to the
shift of the apartment out of the proposed zone to another
location. Working together would be the governor's office,
city administration, Chamber of Commerce, and the cham-
ber's long-range planning commission.

There must be a solution to the problem which is aggra-
vated by regulations of the Federal Housing Administra-
tion. But leadership of the hunt for that solution must be
handled by Salem itself. In assuming such a leadership,
the city would be acting as the city immediately affected
and as one of the cities of the state seeking to build the
finest group of state buildings in the country. That group
of buildings can reach impressive stature only in a two-
block wide extension north from the capitol. If another
suitable lot for the proposed apartment house can be found,
then the obstacle the apartment house would form to com-
pletion of the zone extension, would be eliminated. And
in money, that obstacle would amount to more than \$300-
000, the price the state would probably have to spend to
condemn the lot—and building if completed.

There must be a suitable lot, at not too high a price,
that exists in Salem on which the proposed Coates apart-
ment house can be built.

Setting a Deficit Spending Trend

That the deficit spending in the red policy of the United
States government is influencing the people to follow similar
budget making is shown in the federal reserve board's
report that about a third of the nation's families are fol-
lowing Uncle Sam's example in spending more than they
earn. The board reports that 15,500,000 families are emu-
lating the government's practice of spending in excess of
their annual incomes, an increase of 1,500,000 families
over 1947. And like the administration, they don't seem
to be concerned about running in the red—probably believ-
ing that under the Fair Deal they will be taken care of
with \$100 a month pensions for everyone plus other bene-
fits.

Three out of four of these spenders went into debt, the
survey shows, in buying autos, furniture or television sets
on credit. Thus the red ink trend set by the federal gov-
ernment, has accelerated a trend in private deficit spend-
ing.

One of the causes of the government's deficit spending
agreed was revealed in the recent announcement that the
Commodity Credit Corporation has decided on what looks
like a give-away program of its \$3.7 billions of farm sur-
pluses. It listed eleven government-held agriculture prod-
ucts for sale to U.S. exporters at cut-rates for resale abroad.
Among the bargains listed:

Seventy-three million pounds of dried eggs, originally bought
at \$1.30 a pound, now on sale at 40c a pound.

Potatoes, which CCC is now buying at \$2.10 a hundredweight,
available at 1-cent a 100-pound sack.

Thirty million pounds of Mexican canned meat and gravy,
purchased for about 30 cents a pound, price-tagged at 15 cents
a pound, etc., etc.

American buyers may export the foodstuffs to any coun-
try, provided no ECA funds are used in payment. But be-
cause of high shipping costs the CCC is not sure that much
will be exported. What will become of these surpluses is
anyone's guess—probably they will be destroyed as pota-
toes have been.

Meanwhile the CCC is going ahead to increase these sur-
pluses to insure good prices to the farmers and maintain
high living costs. It is now worried by the slump in hog
prices, prepared to support them at \$14.90 a 100 pounds
on the farm. Thus the futile attempts to repeal the eco-
nomic law of supply and demand will help continue Uncle
Sam's deficit spending.

Declining Value of the Dollar

Commenting on the diminishing value of the dollar, the
United States News says that its buying power has fallen to
a third of its value in the first half of the century and
that if it continues at the same rate of depreciation during
the last half of the century, its buying power will be only
18 cents in the year 2000. It summarized:

The family dollar in 1900 went three times as far as it goes
in 1950. Dollar now is just under 60 cents by prewar measures.
Prices show the difference. Bread was a nickel in 1900 and
\$15 a month was big rent. A family could save money on \$700
a year.

Dollar, in another 50 years, will buy less than a third of what
it buys now—if it follows trends of the past.

Compared to the 60-cent dollar of today, the dollar of
1900 was a \$1.94 dollar. The dollar today is therefore
worth a third less than in 1900, and if the trend continues,
may be worth less than a third in 2000 what its buying
value is today.

Therefore, the Truman vision of a family income of \$12,-
000 in 2000 will be less than today's average of \$4000, and
about the same value as the \$1200 of 1900 if the same de-
cline in value continues.

The value of the dollar is not constant in terms of things
it will buy. Its purchasing power changes in price rise
and fall, but the downward trend has been constant. An-
other war might come close to wiping out its value, as the
currency value of other countries has been wiped out.
Without another war, money no longer available in gold
and being dishied out to more and more pressure groups in
larger and larger quantities from printing presses devalues
itself by inflation into worthless money, as history repeats
itself.

BY H. T. WEBSTER

The Timid Soul



KRISS-KROSS

Today's Weather Affects
Many People in Many Ways

By CHRIS KOWITZ, Jr.

Snowtime oddities: It's funny... How the folks who drove to Mt. Hood and frolicked in
the snow all day yesterday found the weather too, too terrible
to go to work today... how so many kids got over their colds
so quickly this morning when they found school was called off...

... how so many business ex-
ecutives suddenly
discovered they had
to take a trip to warm-
er places... how everybody
takes back all the things they
said about the heat last July
and August... how the stove
always runs out of oil in the
middle of the night... and how
the lad next door that couldn't
make the baseball team can
throw those snowballs so
straight.

One old proverb takes a beat-
ing today: "The grass is always
greener on the other side of
the hill." Now we hear, "Why
does the snow always have to
be deeper on MY side of the
hill?"

If the census takers make
their rounds before today's
snowmen melt away, Salem's a
cinch to hit the 60,000 mark.

After observing the number
of people in the theatre Satur-
day and the number in church
yesterday we're inclined to be-
lieve that...

If people have tickets to the
show,

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Adventures of German Treaty
In 1918 Were Full of Thrills

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

This, my eager seekers after thrills, is the adventure of the
German armistice.

The armistice of November 11, 1918, had just been signed. The
grim-faced Germans were withdrawing their defeated armies
slowly, and the allies were following methodically. We corre-
spondents attached to the British had headquarters in Lille, France.

Things were relatively dull and so I suggested to the
British captain who was my official escort that we motor
into Brussels. The Germans still were there, and there had
been no news of what the Belgian capital was like after
all the years of occupation.

The captain raised his eyebrows. The Germans were in
unpleasant mood and would use us roughly if they caught us.
There might even be shooting. However, having thus done his
official duty, the captain grinned as said: "All right; let's go."

It was a strange adventure. There were no troops at all
between us and Brussels. However, the country folk were
eagerly watching the roads for advent of allied troops, and we
made a triumphant progress between lines of cheering people.

Finally as evening drew in we reached Brussels. German
troops were everywhere and we worked through the outskirts
until we came to a big square which was strange to us and we
had to ask directions. A crowd of civilians, recognizing the
allied uniform, quickly surrounded us. Simultaneously a party
of German officers suddenly appeared on the other side of the
square and, seeing the crowd, started toward us. Things
didn't look good.

At that tense moment a Belgian pushed through the crowd
to us and asked if he could be of assistance. We explained that
we had to get away from those Germans and also needed a hide-
out for the night. He gave some instructions to a friend, pushed
the latter up on our running board as guide, and signaled
the crowd to open up and let us through. The people not only
did that but they deliberately blocked the progress of the of-

ficers so they couldn't reach us. Our guide took us by a cir-
cuitous route to a fine residence in a quiet street. Our car
was quickly concealed in the courtyard behind a huge iron
gate, and we were taken into the house. It was the home of
our rescuer, M. Marechal, a prominent government official.

That night I told my host I should like to see the city. He
had to wear my uniform, with trench coat and military boots,
but he loaned me an ordinary cloth cap—not a disguise which
would have fooled Sherlock Holmes, but better than nothing
—or was it?

It was a memorable excursion, but without outward
event except for one incident. As we were walking along under
the street lights by the bourse a German sergeant came swag-
gering toward us. He was big and he was tough, with a pistol
holstered on his hip.

The sergeant spotted me when he was thirty yards away. His
gaze first took in my cloth cap and then traveled slowly down
the military coat until those accursed boots were reached. He
had me catalogued. However, he didn't challenge me but just
after passing me he whirled and stopped by the curb.

Marechal and I kept on walk-
ing but I could see the German out of the corner of my eye. He
was looking after me—and his hand rested on his automatic.

It seemed like an hour that he pondered the problem. Then
suddenly his hand dropped from his gun, he shrugged his shoul-
ders expressively—and stalked away. The war was over—why
worry?

The next morning the Ger-
mans were rushing to evacuate the city and, with Mr. Marechal
as guide, we drove to the city hall where we were presented
to the famous Burgomaster Max, one of the war heroes. He
addressed a crowd in the court-
yard, and then led them in giv-
ing us a rousing send-off.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Political Fixes in Tax Frauds
Arranged by Biggies Revealed

(Ed. Note—President Truman's tax message to congress significant-
ly followed up a point repeatedly emphasized in the Washington
Merry-Go-Round that crackdowns on tax violators would yield bil-
lions in greater revenue. Here is another in Drew Pearson's important
series on tax frauds.)

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Probably 99 per cent of the treasury department's
vast army of hard-working, underpaid revenue agents are honest.
However, political fixers of tax frauds arranged by certain of the
big boys in Washington have had bad repercussions in the lower
ranks.

A few agents have figured that since the big boys at the top were getting theirs, the little fellow at the bottom might as well get some too. One result has been an out-
break of bribery in New York City, where one T-man has been indicted and four others suspended. However, despite the fact the suspensions took place six months ago, the case appears to have been put on ice.

Some of the charges against the five include "forgetting" about tax cases on the request of Tammany politicians. And if President Truman really means business about cracking down on tax violators, as I am sure he does, here is one place to start.

And just in case Secretary of the Treasury Snyder doesn't know all the facts, here are some that will interest him. "Squeal Letter"

In New York's Third Internal Revenue Collection District in February, 1948, an informer's letter was received stating that Kenmoor Inc. Cloak and Suit Manufacturers at 512 7th Ave., New York, had made unreported income on the black market. William Ganey, division chief of the special investigating unit, turned the letter over to T-man James A. Bessell, explaining that the "squeal letter" actually had been written by another T-man, Thomas Cannon, who was acquainted with the Kenmoor Company and felt they would be an "easy touch."

Bessell then called on Rosenthal and Montello, partners in the Kenmoor Company, examined their books and said he found unreported profits on his second trip to Kenmoor Inc. However, he was told by William Ladenheim, an accountant, that the investigation would cost his clients a great deal of extra time and inconvenience. Later in the same day, Cannon, the T-man who had written the "squeal letter," brought in an envelope containing \$3,000 in cash.

According to a sworn affidavit in the hands of this column, Ganey, chief of the investigating unit, split the \$3,000 four ways—\$900 going to Bessell, \$900 to Cannon and \$300 going to a man whom Ganey described as "George."

Rosenthal and Montello, when interviewed by this column, stated that Cannon had offered to fix the case and that \$3,000 was agreed upon as the price. This was placed in an envelope and turned over to Cannon by Rosenthal. The partners said they had not been guilty of tax evasion but were the victims of a shakedown.

Smooth Workers
This trio of Ganey, Cannon and Bessell, plus two others—John Galgano and Anthony Fiscella—organized a smooth working partnership in collecting from scared income-tax payers.

Almost simultaneously with the Kenmoor shakedown, John Galgano, another investigating agent, uncovered a \$300 check paid under-the-table to the Sherman Chevrolet company, Inc., 561 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N.Y., as a bonus on the purchase of a new car.

Two T-men, Galgano and Bessell, then called on Jack In-

navlen, when interviewed by this column, called in his lawyer, Leonard Prose, who ranted, roared, threatened and cajoled. He neither affirmed nor denied anything. An investigation by other treasury officials indicated that Navlen paid Sandberg an attorney's fee for settling the case.

Almost immediately there-
after Chief Ganey introduced Bessell to Carl Sandberg, 1019 East 179th New York, a leader of the Star Democratic club at 1029 East 163rd St., and asked Bessell "how bad is this case?" Bessell replied that it was bad. To which Ganey replied: "Let's close this case as a special favor to Sandberg."

The case was then closed. Navlen, when interviewed by this column, called in his lawyer, Leonard Prose, who ranted, roared, threatened and cajoled. He neither affirmed nor denied anything. An investigation by other treasury officials indicated that Navlen paid Sandberg an attorney's fee for settling the case.

Last summer the treasury indicted Bessell, and suspended Ganey, Cannon, Galgano, and Fiscella. However, no action has been taken since then, and when their chief, James W. Johnson, collector of internal revenue for the 3rd district, was interviewed, he refused to comment on who might be protecting them and why no further action had been taken.

In fact, Johnson refused even to give the name of his chief field deputy, though admitting this was a matter of public record. "I wouldn't give you anything to help with this story," he said.

"Then I am beginning to see," Johnson was told, "how these shakedown artists were operating right under your nose."

"You are making an accusation and I resent it," snapped the collector of internal revenue, and that ended the interview. (Copyright 1950)

Things Are Tough in the Yukon

Lillooet, B. C., Jan. 30 (AP)—A bearded trapper-pro prospector known as "Yukon Joe" and his faithful dog "Duffy" were familiar seasonal visitors in this interior Canadian settlement.

For years the inseparable pair worked the rugged Cariboo country north of here. Joe, his dog at his heels, hiked into town occasionally for supplies.

Nobody knew Yukon Joe's real name or much about him. He never said much.

Yesterday, Joe stumbled into a ranch near here. He was nearly exhausted. He had spent '0 days fighting through blizzards and subzero temperatures from his mountain shack.

After he had changed to dry clothes and eaten some soup, someone asked him, "Joe, where's Duffy?" "I let him," Joe said. "I needed food."

Joking Ad Backfires

East Liverpool, O., Jan. 30 (AP)—An East Liverpool auto salesman is considering a "walkout"—Russian U. N. style—on his latest deal.

Eddie Lane advertised a 1947 coupe at \$1,275 in the orthodox manner. Few prospective buyers were interested. He "humorized" the ad and listed as extras a "Siberian radio" and "salt mine heater." He said the car was bought with "filthy capitalist money," but he was offering it at a "bargain price of 1,275 rubles."

That brought results. Mrs. Ruth Rayl appeared at the salesroom, punked down two 1,000 ruble notes and demanded the car. She said her husband, Edward, obtained the currency while with the marine corps in China.

Eddie said he was only fooling about the rubles but Mrs. Rayl said she was serious and is considering steps to force Eddie to make good. (Pre-war rubles were worth about 55.5 cents—in Russia. Bankers say they have only souvenir value in the U. S.)

BY CLARE BARNES, JR.

White Collar Zoo



Junior Partners

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Want to Make \$500
A Week? Write Top Jokes

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Would you like to be a top comedy writer and make \$1000 or more a week? It is very simple. All you have to do is think up jokes—funny jokes, by the hundreds.

However, jokes are much like people. They are very perishable. "Strangers are always mailing me a joke and asking me to pay them if I use it," said Edgar Bergen, the radio ventriloquist. "Usually the joke is old. But if it were new—who wants to buy jokes one at a time?"

His famous wooden-head dummies—Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd—burn up jokes like they were giveaway matches.

Bergen gave this insight into the tense problem of getting ha-ha material for a half-hour program: "I work with three writers. First we agree on a comedy situation. Then we write as many jokes around it as we can. Usually we get between 700 and 800. We trim these down to 300, then we go on pruning until we end up with the 80 or 90 jokes we actually will use on the program."

For 12 years Bergen has dealt with this problem of creating three laughs for every minute he is on the air. Oddly enough, he retains a sense of humor about it.

Originally he wrote all his own material. But in time he—like Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Milton Berle and other popular comedians—had to holler for help.

Unlike some laugh merchants, Bergen has a vast and vocal respect for his writers. "A guy who can write comedy has a real future today," he said. "And there is no unemployment problem. There are no \$2,000 a week comedy writers sitting around waiting for a call. They are all working."

He means those who can keep steadily shucking fresh jokes week after week and month after month and year after year. "It's the writer who makes a

program classy or trashy," he said. "He sparks it. It all begins with him. The comedian's art lies in editing the material." Bergen himself looked a little hollow-eyed as he sipped his 11:15 a.m. breakfast coffee.

"I worked from midnight until 3:30 this morning editing the jokes we wrote yesterday," he sighed. All this time McCarthy and Snerd oozed soundly in a trunk.

The joke industry is equally wearing on comedian and writer. "It's important to change writers," said Bergen. "You get tired of each other—and you find you are going down the same channel too often."

He estimates he has been assisted by some 20 writers in his career. "There is no question of the need for more comedy writers," he said. "It can never be an overcrowded profession. Writers can't be manufactured, but they can be developed like any other talent. I have always thought that colleges don't teach two things that they don't teach now—how to have a successful marriage and how to be comical on purpose. And they should have a post-graduate course in how to be very comical."

Bergen himself is always scouting for fresh talent. Where does he find it? "Well, once I went to an employment agency in Los Angeles. I asked for two-page sample scripts. I got 90. Only three of them were any good. I hired two of the people.

"One was a young girl named Dorothy Kingsley. She started at \$40 a week. In a year she was getting \$150. In three years she was making \$500. And she left me to go to work for the M-G-M Studio at \$1,200. A good comedy writer doesn't have to wait until the senior partner dies to get promoted."

Now if you want to go to work for Bergen don't mail him a new joke. Mail him a thousand—if you're really serious about wanting to write comedy.

Capital Journal

WANT-AD WONDERS

PERSONAL AD LURED DESPERADO FROM HIDEAWAY

JACK—Would like to get in touch with you. Pinky.

A Personal ad in the Wichita Eagle lured Jake Fleagle, notorious Midwest bank bandit of the 1920's, from his Ozark hideout. It was run by an old crony at behest of the FBI. G-men killed Fleagle when he boarded a train to meet Pinky, his false pal.

Classified is so inexpensive it makes advertising power available to all.

Your Ad Will Get Results, Too. Dial Result Number 2 2406

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