

Conservatives For Amnesty



Arthur Hoppe

AFTER more than two years of intensive investigation, Elliot Press and his Untouchables had at last broken up the nefarious Little Caesar Salade Mob.

First they nailed Little Caesar's right hand man, Spiro (Silver Tongue) Keete, on a tax rap. But the big break came when John (Lima) Bean turned stoolie and began fingering the mob's kingpins.

Little Caesar steadfastly maintained his innocence. "You got nothin' on me, Press," he growled. But meanwhile he made the mistake of trying to buy the silence of his two-bit confederates already in jail, like "Tomato Sauce" Hunt and "Frozen Foods" Libby.

The noose tightened. Finally he called in his two top confederates, Artie (Chokes) Vinaigrette and Apples Strudel. "Youse guys is too hot. You gotta take it on the lam," he told them. "But don't worry, I'll spread the word youse is two of the finest hit men I ever knew."

But one by one the mob was copping pleas and turning state's evidence. Bock Lavah crumbled. Crunchy Granola went soft. Ollie Mode melted. Alvah Cado was squashed. Bananas Fritter got fried. The dapper Beau Jolais went sour. And Monterey Jack cheesed it.

Even the tiny cat burglar, Shrimp Foo Young, signed a confession. "And I know you, coppers," he said grimly, "an hour later you'll want another one."

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THE END came when Press and his Untouchables surrounded Little Caesar's hideaway.

"All right, you got me, you dirty rats," shouted Little Caesar. "I'll sing. I may have made some mistakes in judgment, but what I done, I done for the good of the country. Remember, I made peace with 52 different mobs, none of which we was at war with. And nobody never got rich in this mob with the possible exception of me."

With tears in his eyes, he talked about his beloved Ma Caroni, Pa Strami and his

old Auntie Pasto. Then he took off in his helicopter for his palatial Chateau Noofda-pop on Key Bisquik, which he had refurbished with his ill-gotten gains.

A grand jury promptly indicted him for obstructing justice, silencing squealers, bugging enemies, masterminding burglaries and felonious jaywalking.

The nation was split asunder on the question of whether or not he should be prosecuted.

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AS USUAL, the liberal minority was in favor of strict enforcement of law and order. As usual, the conservative majority argued passionately for amnesty.

"No man is above the law, be he prince or pauper," said the liberals. "How can we send 30 of his confederates to jail and allow the man who ordered these crimes to loll around the beach in ease and luxury?"

"It is time to bind up the nation's wounds which he caused," said the conservatives. "Let us forget the nightmare past and grant amnesty in such cases — unless they are draft resisters."

"He will make a couple of million on his memoirs, which he will call, 'My Last Crisis,'" said the liberals. "Surely the punishment should fit the crime."

"For five years he was the most powerful man in the country, making \$200,000 a year, plus a little on the side, with his every beck and whim catered to," said the conservatives. "Surely losing a job like that is more than sufficient punishment."

The final decision was up to Elliot Press. Much to the relief of the majority, he reluctantly tore up the indictment, saying, "He has suffered enough."

"How's that, Chief?" asked a puzzled aide.

"Nobody," said Press with a sorrowful, compassionate shake of his head, "likes him any more."