

The Daily Record

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These Days



By

Sokolsky

A LICENSE TO SMEAR

I have recently listened to some unbelievably foul radio programs, in which the most outrageous lies have been told about fine Americans. In speaking of this to others, I learned that I had heard nothing, as the expression goes. I was told that much is spoken on the radio by so-called disc jockeys after midnight, which amounts to a holiday for liars and smearers. Whether it is really so or not, I do not know as I have not listened.

The subject interested me and I began making inquiries. One of the first questions that arose in my mind is, what are the qualifications of these so-called commentators? What is their background? Where have they studied? What has been their experience? Have they traveled widely and noted the traditions of varieties of peoples?

I took a sample of names and checked in such standard works as "Who's Who in America" and similar biographical indices. It came to me as a shock that the radio permits men to give the appearance of profound and detailed knowledge of many subjects whom they may have excellent voices; they may enunciate clearly; they may even have a gift for dramatic expression. But they lack, many of them, the experience, the knowledge, the opportunity for observation, the personal contacts with events, to do the work which they pretend to do.

Listeners would do well to check on such matters. The listeners have the right to know who it is who speaks to them with such an appearance of knowledge, just as they have a right to ask newspaper editors for biographies of their featured writers.

In some instances, when the smearer was used and when the speaker seemed to be a specialist at lies, I asked for copies of the statements, for transcripts or recordings. I was surprised to discover that this is not always available. In fact, in many instances, no record is kept of what is said. This is particularly true of the post-midnight comments, the illusion being that stations need keep no record after midnight.

As a matter of fact, no station need ever make a record of any program which it broadcasts. I can find no FCC rule which requires that such a record be made. A station can perpetrate any outrage against a person and unless he or some friend catches the statements or has them recorded, he may never be able to prove that he had been slandered, maligned or abused. He may be the victim of the most outrageous untruths, but he may be unable to establish that the indecency was perpetrated, except by the difficult and costly process of finding witnesses who heard what was said and retained the specific language.

Of course, it is different with newspapers, which are a permanent printed record where the facts stand as they were published. It is impossible to deny the existence of the printed word once it is uttered. There it is, for better or for worse. We, who live by writing, unfortunately cannot say that it was a slip of the tongue; the error stands out like a horrible gargoyle and one can simply wait for the torrent of letters to come down on his head.

It would seem to me that a permanent record should be kept of every comment made on the air and such a record should, by law, be available to any person concerning whom any comment has been made. In fact, it should be made illegal to withhold the record of remarks from a person who regards himself as aggrieved, just as a newspaper must make its files available under similar circumstances.

Radio is not, and cannot be, a licensed instrument of defamation. It must be responsible for its conduct and any station or sponsor or commentator who ducks responsibility should be suspect among listeners.

I have never listened to one of those post-midnight efforts, always promising myself to take a few nights off for that purpose, but never getting around to it. I am told that in many parts of the country this device is employed by saloons and restaurants to attract business. I presume that the bartender is the managing editor, the copy and the piano-player is the authority on world affairs.



Mister Breger

"Oh, as long as you're soaking wet ALREADY, Dave, run down to the grocer's for a loaf of bread!"

Little Old NEW YORK

By ED SULLIVAN

MY SECRETARY, AFRICA, SPEAKS

Dear Boss—A friend of mine just paid ticket specs \$120 for four seats to a Broadway musical, in case you're naive enough to believe conditions have changed. . . . You wonder how President Truman can tolerate small-time crooks who sold out for such petty larceny stuff as deep freezes, a milk cow, Florida hotel room and board, a job for son. . . . Ezzard Charles' glacial weakness is lack of a great left hand that cannot be qualified to discuss them. They may have excellent voices; they may enunciate clearly; they may even have a gift for dramatic expression. But they lack, many of them, the experience, the knowledge, the opportunity for observation, the personal contacts with events, to do the work which they pretend to do.

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Frederick L. OTHMAN

EN ROUTE TO MONTEVIDEO
This afternoon, casual-like, I crossed the Andes, mightiest mountain range in the world, and I still am pinching myself. I don't believe it. These mountains make the Rockies look like potato hills and the Alps like pimples. They are sullen chunks of rock in sullen colors of purple and black and gray with snow, even in this South American midsummer, dusting their dozens of 20,000 foot peaks. They are dotted with lakes of deepest green that man never has seen, except from above.

And there I was in a soft chair of coral-colored leather in the lounge of a Panagra DC-6, sipping orange juice while the widest country left on the globe slid below at 300 miles per hour. I was goggle eyed.

What gave me the biggest jolt was the sophisticated lady on my left. She ignored the most spectacular landscape on earth in favor of a picture magazine from the U. S. A. I glanced over her shoulder and, so help me, she was studying a layout of Paris hats.

As soon as we left Santiago, Chile, we began to climb steeply, while most of the other passengers unsheathed their cameras for photos of jagged peaks that looked in the super-clear air as if you could touch 'em. They'd hardly snapped their first pictures when the ship at 21,000 feet crossed the Argentine line. That stopped the art work.

The beautiful blonde stewardess, a Miss Wood* from Paraguay, picked up all the cameras and put them in bond. Seems that Dictator Juan Peron doesn't want tourists making photos of his mountains. It may be that he considers them a war secret; Miss Wood did not know.

After about 30 minutes the country began to flatten out in the pampas of the Argentine cow country and Capt. Frank Havelick, Panagra's chief pilot, stroked back for a bite and a chat about the loftiest aerial operation on earth.

He had a chicken sandwich, ice cream, peaches, and cookies while he talked over the problems of navigation that is dang-near celestial. In the old days, and not many years ago at that, his men flew little two-engine jobs across the hump. They'd fly through the pass, which looks a little like Grand Canyon, with granite towering far above their wing tips. Sometimes, he said, the winds blew so hard that the planes stold still under full power and he sat there and

agents registered all typewriters and cameras, so nobody'd sell one in the Latin black market, while a small nurse stood on her tiptoes to insert thermometers in the mouths of the tall Americans.

One poor devil seemed to have a fever. The doc hustled him away, but the rest of us seemed to register correctly in centigrade and we were allowed into the country. I'll be back in Buenos Aires in a few days for a look at the breakfast situation—I understand the best sirloin is eight cents per pound—but now I've got a date with the Hollywood lovelies at the International Film Festival in Montevideo. This is an hour and a half away and I can hardly wait.

LAND OF TOMORROW
MILWAUKEE—Dr. B. L. Corbett, Milwaukee, tells of a sign hanging over a traffic light in Mexico. It says, "Don't be impatient. This stop light has been waiting for you all day."

STOP THE GRAVY TRAIN

Drew Pearson, a journalist and columnist long noted for his ability to light fires under self-indulgent politicians, has opened up another situation which sends an awful stink to the heavens.

Pearson, now junketing through Europe and the Near East, has brought forth the not-too-startling fact that the governments of Italy and France are free-loading on Marshall Plan funds while refusing to levy income taxes on their rich folks.

The revelation that the governments of those two countries are lading into Marshall Plan gravy to finance themselves doesn't hurt too much. After supporting the rest of the world, off and on, for a quarter of a century, we've become used to doling out millions to every suave Continental aims-seeker who extends his silken palms.

But what galls us—especially the day before sixty million American tax-payers cough up for Uncle Sam—is that the little man in Europe and the United States is being milked while the slothful Continental nobility thumb their noses at the tariff-collectors.

This is an abominable situation. Marshall Plan money, says Pearson, has been used to finance plush bathrooms and exclusive night clubs in Italy. Yet the Italian nobility donate exactly nothing in taxes to the support of their government.

Interfering with another country's government, especially where tax matters are concerned, is at best a risky undertaking. Yet it is apparent that America cannot support the whole of the free world indefinitely. And that is especially true if the government involved makes no effort to levy the costs of maintenance on those citizens who can best afford it.

We've exported grain, tanks, cracking plants, pins, tractors, diapers and about every other item imaginable—including, of course, cold cash—to both Italy and France. Now its time we exported our income tax system to those countries.

If the free world is to survive, it will have to have money on which to operate. It can't all come from the dwindling coffers of the United States. Let the free-loading governments back away from the gravy trough long enough to tap their own resources. It's time they were looking out for themselves, not looking around for another handout.

Truman

(Continued From Page One)

lishment of an all-powerful UN police force.

The President's answer came as he prepared to hold his first news conference (3:30 P. M. EST) started March 1, the day before he started a three-week vacation here.

In his letter, the president blamed Russia for forcing the free world to rearm. And he gave the lie to charges by Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin and other Kremlin spokesmen that the West is bent on aggression and has a greater armed force, at the moment, than the Soviet bloc.

"The free world," Truman said, "has joined in a defensive alliance and is rearming because Russia has failed to cooperate in any genuine plan for international disarmament and because we do not know what further aggressive plans may be in the making by the adversaries of the free world."

Without any attempt to appease, he made it plain that the United States still stands ready to work out an effective disarmament plan and to establish a just and lasting peace in the world. He said this government stands on the offer he made in a speech before the UN General Assembly last Oct. 24. And the terms of disarmament are the same.

Cornell U paper phoned. Wanted to know if J. G., in the column, were the initials of a Syracuse player. Told 'em no, that J. G. will be revealed as another New York college thief. . . . Cornell believes DA Frank Hogan will involve an upstate school, too, before the indictments end. . . . Read the nice letter from Ohio State's Director of Athletics Richard C. Larkins, on your basketball scandal piece. . . . Readers, however, gripe that you misquoted Scripture, which reads: "For the love of money is the root of all evil." In other words, it's not the money but the cupidty. . . . On the Ed Wynn show, Fred Allen cracked "I want to get one laugh on TV before I die." Wanna bet?

Chinese laundries enclosing notes in laundry telling customers they're against Communism. . . . Washington buzz is that Myrna Loy and her fiancée, Howard Sargant, have booked passage to Hawaii for a June wedding. . . . John Payne dating Rhonda Fleming. . . . The Lyle Talbot expect Sir Stork. . . . Chandler Cowles and Lenore Lonergan planning to elope. . . . Anne Laurie, Williams, literary agent who sold "Come With the Wind" and "Forever Amber," in Beth Israel Hospital. . . . Signs Hesse and Robert Harris an item. . . . Ritz Brothers follow Danny Thomas at Copa City. . . . Carl Schreuer, Barbara Bell Geddes' estranged husband, off to the Virgin Islands to get the divorce decree and pave the way for her marriage to director Windsor Lewis.

Listen, kids: Take a look at the faces of those two fathers, leaving Sing Sing, a few hours before their 22-year-old sons were to die in the electric chair, and you'll never carry a gun or use one. Boys' clubs all over the country should post The News' photo by Meurer on bulletin boards. . . . Publicist Arthur Flynn sent Jim Dawson a TV set for the Cerebral Palsy Recreation Center, on West 68th, and the kids love it. . . . Byron Nelson's sister, Ellen, is one of the better hill-billy lyricists down Texas way. . . . Gen. Wild Bill Donovan's OSS gang getting back in action. Latest is Vincent Rao, who resumes as a lieutenant in Counter-Intelligence (his Uncle Paul is the Federal Customs Judge). . . . Harlem singing "Sugar Ray," a BMI tune by Dixon and Dasher. They sound like Santa Claus' reindeer.

One of your pals brags that he's played 16 benefits since January. Better late than never, of course but he should have started the circuit with you 19 years ago. . . . Incidentally, bet the boys it was Heywood Brown who started the Stork Club to fame. . . . It might be remembered, too, that 21, most fabulous mint, clicked despite the enmity of three columnists who were barred. . . . Your column on deep-seated resentment of non-commissioned Navy reservists has blown up a storm in Washington. . . . Wonder what quadruple amputee Pfc. Robert L. Smith, at Walter Reade, a stone's throw from R.F.C. thinks of those "patriots." . . . Josephine Baker, hottest thing to hit U. S. showbusiness, will make her TV debut on "Toast."

The Gene Cavallero, Jr., of the Colony clan expect Sir Stork (she's State Senator Mahoney's daughter, Pat). . . . Tommy Dorsey's ex, Pat Dane, recuperating from major operation. . . . Richard Baughard to London for the opening of "Kiss Me, Kate," starring his heart, Patricia Morrison. . . . The Lief Eriksons expect a little movie star this Summer. . . . Rudolph Bing trying to get Joe Mankiewicz to direct his December production of "Cost Fan Tutti" at the Met. . . . The Harry Gordons left a girl by Sir Stork (she's Jackie Heller's sister, Shirley). . . . Add Clicks: Sarah Vaughan at Martinique, Nellie Lutcher at Paramount. . . . Joan McCracken and Herbert Evers a twosome at Luma Fong's. . . . Peggy Lee follows Billy Eckstine into the Copa. (AMELIA)

Erwin Soldier
(Continued From Page One)

were the only ones who did not get hurt in the truck." He concluded: "That makes two times that we have been trapped. I guess I was lucky both times. Then the plucky corporal added, "But don't worry about me—I know how to fight."

The letter was dated Feb. 18, at

Erwin Soldier
(Continued From Page One)

which the United Nations forces were suffering setbacks in the Korean fighting, Norris observed that "things do not look so good over here."

Norris attended school in Erwin before joining the Army at the age of 17. He trained at Fort Jackson, S.C. for eight weeks, got a week end pass, then was shipped to Japan.

He stayed in Japan until the outbreak of the Korean War, when he was shipped to the battlefield with the Seventh Division.

It Says Here

by Bob Hope

The bowery goes high hat. The 1951 bowery social register has just come out and is packed with interesting news about prominent hoboes.

New York's famous bowery is the hoboes' Broadway. It's the street where everyone dresses like Crosby.

Now that they have a social register, we can also look forward to a gossip column about hoboes and it will probably feature items like these:

Slough City Slim and Boxer Bessie are blasing. They've been seen holding hands at the mission every night this week.

Denver Dan and Roundhouse Rosy, who were married yesterday, got a wonderful gift from their many admirers. . . . a pair of hand-painted Mulligan stew pans, marked "His" and "Hers."

"Since being voted the best-dressed hobo at our last convention, elegant Al really travels in style. He rides only under the Super-Chief."

Of course, in its own way, the bowery social register is just as exclusive as the blue book. But after March 15, a lot of us will be eligible.

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DIAL 2077

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DUNN, N. C.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF HARNETT COUNTY

The Harnett County Board of Commissioners will sit as a board of equalization and review for the purpose of hearing all tax complaints on Tuesday, March 27, in the county courthouse.

Citizens of Averbosro, Duke, Grove, Buckhorn, Hector's Creek and Neill's Creek will be heard at this meeting.

Citizens of other townships will be given an opportunity to be heard at later sittings, the date to be announced later.

All citizens who desire to be heard concerning valuations or other tax matters are invited to be present.

BERLES C. JOHNSON
Tax Supervisor
COUNTY OF HARNETT

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