

The Daily Record

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Courts Give Officers But Little Assistance

The Daily Record is inclined to agree with Sheriff Bill Salmon that law enforcement officers have very little incentive to get out and catch bootleggers when judges hand out no worse punishment than a suspended sentence.

And, like Sheriff Salmon, we have serious doubts that such light sentences ever really put a bootlegger out of business. Many people refer to such sentences as "merely a license" for continuing in business.

Sheriff Salmon was referring to the case of a Harnett woman who was caught in her "handsomely-furnished" home with 23 half-gallon jars and eight quart containers of bootleg whiskey stashed away beneath a clever trap-door in the floor of her bedroom.

Obviously, the offender—who pleaded guilty—was no small-time bootlegger. No hip-pocket dispenser of spirits at any rate. The raid came, officers said, after the neighbors complained vigorously about conditions brought on by the woman's bootlegging activities.

Attorneys for the woman put up the usual, sympathetic plea that the woman was needed at home, that she had arthritis, etc. etc. A person who listened to the plea would have thought the woman was just another sainted, sanctified soul who was forced to sell mean, rotten, bootleg whiskey or starve to death.

We have no quarrel with the lawyers; they no doubt looked a big, fat fee. They should have charged well because they certainly succeeded in getting a light sentence for their client. They did a good job. Neither do we blame the defendant for wanting a light sentence.

As the lawyers pointed out, it was her first offense. It might have been more proper to say that it was the first time she had gotten caught. One officer swore that he had received "many" complaints over a period of years" but had been unable to find whiskey when the place was searched previously.

In passing sentence, the judge commented, "This will put you out of the liquor business."

We hope His Honor proves to be right. But, like Sheriff Salmon, we have our doubts.

The Daily Record does not advocate harsh or unreasonable punishment for any person. We're not concerned with this case or any single case, but merely with overall crime conditions in the county.

Even if the woman deserved another chance, even if she quits selling whiskey, it seems to us that Judge Lee missed a mighty fine opportunity to collect \$500 or \$1,000 or so of her illegal revenue for the county school fund.

A couple thousand dollars fine for a bootlegger who handles that much whiskey at a time really wouldn't be much punishment. During the period of years officers have been receiving reports, she should have been storing away plenty of cash in the safe deposit vaults.

The Judge also missed a mighty fine opportunity to set an example for other willful violators of the law. The others will now think—and rightly so—that they, too, can get off with a suspended sentence and paying the cost.

In discussing the case, Sheriff Salmon properly pointed out that, "After all, our job is catching them and bringing them in. The penalty is up to the court and we have nothing to do with it."

Perhaps so, but law enforcement officers are human and it is only natural that such action tends to discourage them, and causes them to take the attitude: "So what; the court isn't too concerned."

The fact remains, however, that light sentences tend to encourage others to go into the business with the thought that even if they get caught little will happen.

In fairness to this Judge, we want to point out that this action is no different from that of other judges. The Dunn court, other municipal and county courts and even the Superior Courts travel along the same pattern.

But when bootlegging spreads and thrives and prospers to even greater proportions than those now existing, the public should not cast its finger at the officers and accuse them of failing to do their duty.

Just remember, the law enforcement officers have little incentive and receive little encouragement for their efforts.

Frederick OTHMAN

WASHINGTON.—Friend of mine in Pittsburgh said he thought I ought to do the people a favor by writing a piece about his great, new, and nonpatented invention, the television silence.

This consists of a push button attached to a long wire. One end is connected to the loudspeaker of your TV set. The other, or button end, he holds in his hot little fist, while he enjoys his electronic wonder.

When the handsome announcer comes on to treat his tonsils with cigarette smoke, or beer, or peanut butter, my friend pushes the button. Now he can see the handsome one peddling his merchandise, but he cannot hear him.

This button deal, which any handy man can construct for himself, said my Pittsburgher, has turned television from a bore to a boon. Not only can he endure it now, he likes it.

But when I would write no such thing, I said he was cheating. He said he watches their messages on the screen and then

These Days



By

Sokolsky

THE SING SERIOUS CASE

The most serious psychological problem that faces our diplomats in Asia, Central and South America, Africa and the islands that are scattered in the seven seas is the assumption that Americans dislike human beings who are not "white." It is perhaps a problem without solution; surely no one has yet found an answer to it which is either practical or satisfactory.

The instance of the suburbanites in Southwood Tract, California, rejecting a Chinese family as a neighbor may seem a local matter of no importance except to the parties concerned.

Yet, I am certain that 10 years from now the Sing serious case will appear and re-appear in anti-American literature in Guatemala, in Pakistan, in the Philippines, in China, in India, in every country where racism is an insult and a humiliation.

I quote from the Wah Kiu Pat Po, a Chinese newspaper published in Hongkong:

"The strong desire for independence and freedom of the Southeast Asian people cannot be fulfilled unless the Western nations are ready to bring to an end their colonial rule. The people there may not like Communism but they definitely hate to be ruled by others. That is why they prefer Communism to colonialism."

This is altogether too true, and it has become the strongest weapon of Soviet Russia in many countries, most dangerously in Central and South America. Our people do not realize, for instance, that Guatemala, not far from the Panama Canal, is pretty well dominated by Communists. We get little data on the Communist troubles in Panama.

It is too easy to blame all the troubles on Russian propaganda. But propaganda never takes effect unless it falls on fertile soil. There must be a readiness for it, especially in Central and South American countries, and in Asia and in Africa, and wherever people refuse to recognize that they are inferior to any other people because of their birth and origin.

It is a very tough problem for a country like ours where race and color so arouse emotional responses in a large number of citizens. Our complicated attitude toward the adoption of a foreign policy that recognizes associations with people of the "white" peoples of the Western European-American alliance.

This problem would not have faced us had we not become involved in the affairs of all the world, and we have become so involved, and we are seeking allies everywhere, even allies among peoples whom we reject because of their race when they come to live among us.

This country has just experienced the humiliation of having been rejected by Mexico. That happens to be more important realistically than what happened in Suez.

In diagnosing a case, not offering a cure, because I have none, we speak about psychological warfare, about the Voice of America influencing peoples, of reaching the nations behind the Iron Curtain.

But none of that will really mean anything unless the people of the countries that we want as allies sincerely believe that we do not have contempt for them because of race. Did you ever hear a Kashmiri talk about his true Asian origin in tones that are more like a leer than a sneer?

How do you make an ally out of a nation that feels the contempt you really have for it? That was the fertile soil that Soviet Russia found in China. It was not land-lordism; it was not the corruption of the Kuomintang; it was not even Communism. It was an anti-white man attitude. It existed in Africa, and in Central and South America some day cost the lives of our sons.

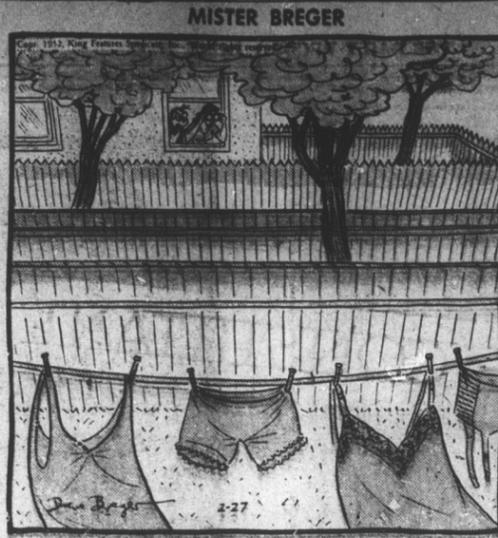
So help me, they read 'em to me. I just couldn't take it. The push button solved my problem."

While I was cogitating this argument, as to the need of spreading the glad tidings about this announcer silence, along came an outfit in New York, advertising the same identical gadget for \$2.

It'll not only quiet down announcers, but it'll shut off soprano entirely, and what it'll do to kiddie programs is a joy not to hear. Or so said the ad.

Almost simultaneously the Washington Post carried the Wash-

(Continued On Page Six)



MISTER BREGAR

"D'you HAFTA be interested in readin' all our neighbors' labels?"



The Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON.— President Truman had a frank exchange the other day with Catholic Congressman Clement Zablocki of Wisconsin regarding Truman's blast at Dictator Franco of Spain. Congressman Zablocki didn't approve of the President's action and bluntly said so.

"It was most unfortunate that your remarks were made about the same time that General Eisenhower also spoke out against Spain," declared the Wisconsin legislator. "I naturally feel that we are going to get more out of the dollars we spend for aiding Atlantic Pact Nations if Spain belongs to the pact. I agree that conditions in Spain are none too happy, but Yugoslavia isn't a democracy either and yet we have given Tito millions in aid."

Truman replied that his criticism was directed solely at Franco and not at the Spanish people. Franco was chiefly responsible for the "intolerance" suffered by what he called "that minority of minorities"—about 30,000 Spanish Protestants.

"In some parts of Spain Protestants can't even bury their dead during the day or mark their graves with tombstones for fear of inciting demonstrations," declared Truman. "Dictatorships encourage that sort of thing."

Zablocki agreed the situation was "deplorable," but added: "I have the impression here in the United States, Catholics, Jews and Negroes or for that matter, anybody with a foreign-sounding name, are badly treated in our Ku Klux areas. We have been reading lately about Ruffians stoning synagogues."

"Unfortunately, that is true," agreed Truman, but went on to point out that he, as President, was doing everything possible to stamp out intolerance while Franco wasn't lifting a finger.

"As President of the United States," he said, "I will not compromise with the persecution of minorities either in this country or anywhere in the world."

Zablocki observed that the situation in Spain could be corrected a lot quicker if we took Spain into the Atlantic Pact; but the President disagreed. He said he had his doubts about any real religious tolerance as long as Franco remained dictator.

"TAFT BATTLES BRADLEY"— Senator Taft is conducting his private war against the Joint Chiefs of Staff not only in public speeches, but behind closed doors. He even stung out General Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, for special attack the other day during a private session of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report.

Sen. Ralph Flanders, Vermont Republican, gave Taft an opening by protesting: "I have no confi-

dence whatever that the natural professional way of thinking... will ever be satisfied with any scale of military development and expenditure. It is just in the nature of the case that they should not be."

Immediately Taft interceded. "My confidence in the Joint Chiefs of Staff is somewhat upset," he said, "when I read the testimony of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs two years ago in March where he said in his opinion 15 billion dollars was completely adequate for the security of the United States, and that if he recommended 30 billion dollars for the armed forces, he ought to be dismissed as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff."

"That was just two years ago today," opined Taft. "It shakes your confidence as to whether he is right now."

Taft neglected to mention that he was in the vanguard of those who, before the Korean war, put the heat on Bradley and the military to curtail their budget.

"FORGOTTEN MEN"— The Conference on Psychological Strategy heard a candid report on the stoddy treatment of Iron Curtain escapees from a man who had a ringside seat—Philip E. Ryan, former chief of mission of the International Refugee Organization.

"They exist in overcrowded camps with little hope for emigration, practically no possibility for employment, and no means of their support to fight back at the thing (Communism) which has broken their lives," reported Ryan.

With regard to our "policy" on refugees, Ryan explained: "On the one hand, we apparently encourage flight from intolerable conditions under communism. The picture of life in the West is tantamount to an invitation to 'come over to our side.'"

"Once they are in the West, however, we renounce responsibility. After we have milked them of any information they can give us, they are turned over to the German government, which already is burdened with over 8,000,000 German refugees."

"Is it any wonder that some refugees, disillusioned by their reception in the West, have returned to the East to be exploited and held up as examples of the unreliability of the West? Thus we hand the Russians a weapon which they can use effectively to convince the diplomats that we merely mouth false promises."

One Iron Curtain refugee, bitter because attention was lavished only on those who escape dramatically, as in the Czech "Freedom Train" last summer, grumbled to Ryan: "The only way you'd get attention now is to be shot across (the Iron Curtain) in a cannon."

—OFF — AGAIN, ON — AGAIN — A New Jersey group, led by Mayor (Continued On Page Six)

Walter Winchell

In New York

By JACK LAIT

Substituting for Winchell

Wilson Mizner's pet line was, "The wall of the sucker is music to my ears." . . . Comes now a letter from Miami, which states: "In some 18 years of racetrack attendance, I have never seen anything like this Hialeah madhouse. Form is thrown to the four winds. It's a gigantic outdoor slot-machine. Not a single rule of turf-betting won't be violated. Long races, mile-and-a-half; non-mudders win on an off-track; the smartest, toughest players cannot cash a bet—but simple little housewives stand in lines before the pay-off windows. . . . I have never heard such moaning and groaning at a racecourse. And the worse the racing gets, the bigger the crowds grow."

But nothing stops the chumps. . . . The airplane lifted up inside with slots, etc., and maybe book-makers, which I reported recently as a possible weekend novelty between Miami and Santo Domingo (for more gambling there) will start its schedule March 7. . . . In California recently I "caught" several excellent TV programs starring Charles Ruggles. He is one of the few juveniles who grew up gracefully to become a polished character actor. Charlie was the boy in my first play, "Help Wanted," so good in the Los Angeles, Chicago company that I chose him, alone, to repeat the role in New York. He had never seen the Big Bug before. . . . The morning we arrived, I took him to breakfast at the Claridge, then a smart theatrical hotel. At the next table sat Ade Rowland, a famed southerner. I introduced them—and that afternoon, in New Jersey, they were married.

Helene Mullins, a Greenwich Village poet, read here that the hat was passed for Maxwell Bodenheim, a popular bard of the '30s, who had been pinched for sleeping in subways, and that the gross take was \$11.90. Helene rounded up more than 100 rhymesters, admirers of the poor old fellow, and, she says, "their several individual contributions were in excess of the figure you quoted." . . . Good work, kid. . . . I didn't know there were any versifiers left who had more than \$100—except George E. Phair, of Daily Variety, an ex-baseball reporter with whom I worked long ago, and who turns out two jingles five days a week for the little sheet.

It was \$20,000,000, not \$10,000,000, that Columbia Pictures turned down for use of its backlog product on TV. . . . Edna Wallace Hopper is sponsoring the career of Marya Saunders, under-age actress, daughter of her old friend Lola Menzell, who was Oscar Hammerstein's prima ballerina. . . . Rare books, says Arthur Murray, are those which are returned to the publisher, singer in "South Pacific" is getting a rush from H. Wood. . . . First subscriber to "D. S. A.," new weekly magazine issued by the Nat'l Ass'n of M'Trers, was the U. S. S. R. delegation here to the U. N.

I did a column some time ago noting the disappearance of that character famed in fiction, song, cartoon and shows, the hobo. . . . I heard from cops and from hundreds of ex-hobos, all of whom take great pride in their past, and many of whom have since prospered. The consensus of their reports is that the perigrinating bum (the harmless drifter with wanderlust in his veins) is a washed-up American manifestation and can never come back. The following paragraphs sum up some of the experts' observations.

The last two hobo "jungles" near New York were abandoned some ten years ago, one south of the Riverdale, N. Y. Central station, and the other north of the Croton yards. . . . About 15 years ago, railroad dicks locked up 250 rod-riders a month; now they don't catch a dozen a year. . . . Illegal train riders ceased and desisted because —1. Trains are now built to keep them off—to more trucks under cars, etc.—2. Diesel engines have no tenders, the hobos' favorite "Pullmans," and—3. High-powered locomotives throw back so much steam that any outside rider would be scalded to death.

Also, most freighters now do not make way-stops. . . . Carrying million-dollar cargoes, they are routed through to their destinations, usually city terminals, where 'bos would be nailed. . . . And the few left who still have the travel itch now thumb their way in comfortable autos instead of risking life and every discomfort on the rails.

The hobo is not the predecessor of the Skid Row scab. Few "tramps" were drunkards. And that time he joined the downtown establishment and assigned himself to humanitarian work on the Bowery. . . . He tells me it is heart-rending; these wrecks are interesting only in moving enough for "smoke," the cheap alcohol they guzzle.

DEAR C. S.: Apparently you do devote yourself at \$180 a month to the hopeless cause of rehabilitating the hobo. . . . Years ago he fell a victim to amnesia and wound up in the flop-houses of Chicago's West Madison Street. . . . After he recovered, his memory was far from blank. He could not shake off the horrors of his experiences; so in time he joined the downtown establishment and assigned himself to humanitarian work on the Bowery. . . . He tells me it is heart-rending; these wrecks are interesting only in moving enough for "smoke," the cheap alcohol they guzzle.

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The Worry Clinic

By DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

Martha complains because she doesn't get cured. But she has refused to take the medicine which will produce a cure. She is like many people, however, who think they can buy health or popularity or entrance into heaven but who refuse to lift their little finger in any constructive endeavor to attain those goals.

CASE C-389: Martha J., aged 32, is an unmarried woman who lives with her elderly parents.

"Dr. Crane, I have no friends," she moaned. "Nobody loves me, except possibly my parents."

"And I have accomplished nothing in life. Oh, I already have several of your bulletins. They tell me many of the things that a psychiatrist once told me when I consulted him."

"But they don't do me any good. Nobody can help me. I am just so unhappy I don't want to live!"

HELP YOURSELF
Martha is a rank quitter. When she knows what she should do, she refuses to do it.

The psychiatrist whom she consulted several years ago had told her exactly what to do. My bulletins repeated the prescription.

But like many lazy patients, she didn't want to exert any effort. She wanted to swallow some medicine out of a bottle or a pill three times daily, and suddenly be made into a popular girl.

There are no magic pills that will produce happiness! Nor can we prescribe any liquid elixir that will get you lonely girls a husband.

Neither psychotherapy lamps nor x-ray will eradicate your hunger for friends, a home of your own and children.

THE BITTEREST MEDICINE
A psychological prescription is the bitterest medicine in the world, for you can't even hold your nose momentarily and swallow it in a few seconds.

For Martha must go out and meet people. She must make talks when her knees are beating like castanets. She should teach a Sunday school class.

She must break the social ice, and talk to people to whom she

hasn't been formally introduced, as Emily Post.

She must take night classes or burn the midnight Mazda until she learns social graces.

You shy readers today must also face the music and analyze yourself by my "Tests for Sweethearts" or "Tests for Husbands and Wives."

Then you must acknowledge your faults and resolutely start eliminating them.

LAZY PATIENTS
Even God will not make you popular. He has used his divine providence to give you these formulas for winning friends and sweethearts.

But God helps those who help themselves! And so do psychologists.

As a physician, I could forcibly feed a patient through a stomach tube, or give him glucose intravenously.

Or I could inject a sedative by a hypodermic needle, even against his ranting or raving or his passive indifference.

But neither God nor man can make you popular if you don't cooperate!

You must EARN friends by your own intelligent analysis of the problem and your diligent following of the course of action prescribed for winning popularity.

I sometimes wonder if God and human doctors don't get much the same impression of people.

We doctors do everything in our power to help a person who is sincerely struggling to get out of the mess in which he finds himself.

But we don't like lazy people who want us to make them well or happy or popular or eligible for entrance into heaven, when they themselves will not lift their little finger to attain these goals.

Doctors can help you when you follow instructions, but we can't offer you no magical "Open Sesame" for success or social acceptance.

This psychology column gives you the correct formula, but you must mix the ingredients and then take your own medicine. You must always care yourself!

So send for the bulletin "How to Carry On an Interesting Conversation," enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, plus a dime.

"Mary Haworth's Mail"

By America's Foremost Personal Affairs Counselor

COUPLE WERE TO MARRY AFTER THREE YEARS' COURTSHIP, BUT MAN, 21, DEVELOPS UNCERTAINTY ABOUT HIS FEELINGS.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: Amory and I had planned to be married this spring, but a week ago he told me that he isn't sure whether he really loves me. When I asked how long he had been feeling this way, he said for the last five or six months. I am 20 and he is 21, and we have been going together for three years. We get along very well, as we have tastes in common