

Tennessee Bootlegger On Run To Keep Up With Boom

By R. WILLIAM WINGET

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. (UPI)—"Drunks and bootleggers keeps this town a-goin'."

The prominent east Tennessee bootlegger delivered his opinion and settled back in the restaurant booth to enjoy his steak.

We'll call him Clem Smith. He's the proud, lonely mountaineer-type. He makes a comfortable liv-

ing buying bonded whisky in legally-wet Nashville, hauling it miles in "various devices" and selling it by the truckload to lubricate the citizens of bone-dry Knoxville.

Clem maintains the municipal government of Knoxville derives a greater income from bootleg liquor than it would from tax money on legal liquor, explaining:

"They catch you hauling and selling liquor. They take it and fine you. Then they sell it back to the liquor dealers I bought it from in Nashville. See what I mean?"

Bootlegging is a lonely job for Clem, even more so since his wife died several years ago. Being a bootlegger's friend is not socially or politically smart in Bible-conscious Knoxville. Its citizens, who readily admit that "bootleggers and Baptists" keep the town dry, may be a bootlegger's private customers, but they're not his public acquaintances.

Clem leaned across the table and confided sadly, "Sometimes I think people tell their kids that if they aren't good, old Clem Smith will get them. You know, like the bogeyman."

Clem, who is in his early 40's, says his life has been a "full" one. His earliest memory is of lying on the dusty floorboards of a car as his bootlegger-father smashed through a roadblock.

He drove his first load of bootleg liquor into Knoxville at the age of seven after his father got drunk and passed out.

"I hit a T-model Ford," he said nostalgically. "The farmer jumps out and hollars 'whoa-stop!' I got scared and stopped. My daddy woke up and I told him what happened. 'Keep a-goin',' he says and passes out again."

Clem was still chuckling as we left the restaurant and headed for his car.

Two rookie patrolmen passed. "Evening, Mr. Smith," they said respectfully.

A sergeant sitting in a squad car roared, "Clem, you old so-and-so, where the devil you been? I ain't seen you fer a couple weeks."

Clem said he'd been in Florida and they talked a while.

We drove until we came to Clem's "place" on the edge of town. It was an old garage with a few rooms tacked onto the back.

The inside was bare except for a stove and a telephone. A sign on the wall asked the public for contributions "to build a home for our beloved, retired pastor." Below the sign was a mason jar containing 13 cents and a bottle cap.

"This is all there is to it," said Clem. "I used to keep some in here."

He tugged at a bookshelf. A wall panel swung away revealing an empty storage space. There was a fist-sized hole in the panel.

An old man shuffled around, bib-overalls bulging with bottles. Periodically, a customer would drive up to the place and the old man would wait on him.

We stood in front of the stove and Clem talked. He mentioned a minister he regards highly who "come to pray with me when my wife died."

"The others," he said, "just come around when they want to stamp out this or that."

Clem complained of the town's money-hungry charities that "are always asking the bootleggers for donations."

"People think bootleggers get rich," he said, "but I never seen one retire."

He explained he keeps a careful account of his business dealings to avoid Federal income tax evasion charges.

Clem said he and "an awful nice boy" from the Internal Revenue Service went over the account last year. Clem ended up "kind of paying a percentage."

The "percentage" came to \$37,000. "I think enough of my government to want to keep her a-goin'," Clem explained.

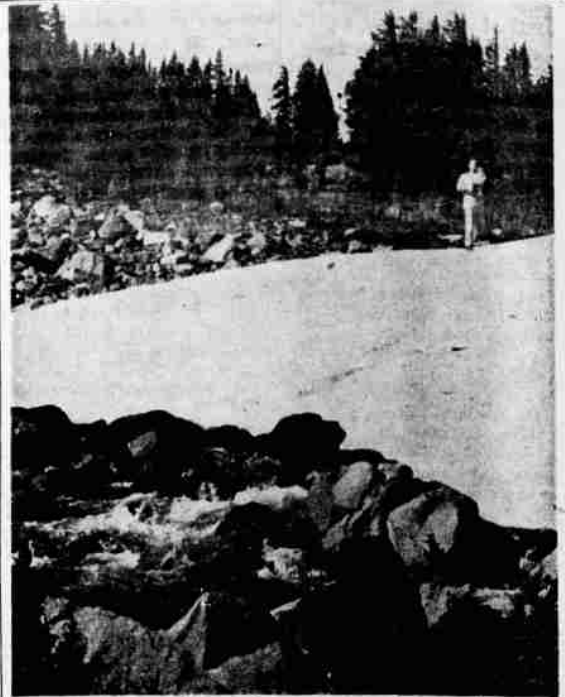
He discussed disposing of evidence during a raid by breaking the bottles. "But," he said gloomily, "they'll lay a rag on the floor and soak up what spilled. There's many a man convicted on rag-squeezings."

Clem shook his head sadly. "Bootlegging's a hard way to make a living," he said. "Don't know why I stay in it."

I asked him what he'd do if Knoxville were to make liquor legal.

He stared at me a moment then replied confidently:

"It'll still be dry on Sundays."



COLD WATER is always close at hand when one is touring in the Broken Top area. This picture was taken on Bridge Creek and shows that little stream as it bursts from beneath the icy cover of an eight-foot thick snowbank.

Chinese Reds Beach Wandering Fishermen

HONG KONG (UPI)—The Communists are putting China's floating population into a social dry-dock.

By the end of this year, all fishermen operating along the Pearl River in South China will have been moved ashore into housing settlements.

For these fishermen, who number in the thousands, it will be a shocking break with tradition. For centuries, they and their ancestors have lived, loved, eaten and slept on board their junks and sampans.

Their rare excursions ashore were to sell their catches and occasionally purchase the necessities of life. But for all intents and purposes, they lived on water from birth 'til death.

Now the Communists are changing all that. Already the majority have been resettled ashore, and the remaining 5,000 will be transplanted by the end of 1959.

The magazine Peking Review said of the program that the Communists by no means intend to put the fishermen to work at other jobs. They still will go to sea to catch fish—but their families will stay ashore.

The Reds give sociological reasons for the program, but it is apparent that what they really want to do is hold the families as virtual hostages to make sure the fishermen return to China after their expeditions and sell their catches to the state.

What has troubled the Communists, especially in recent months, is the increasing number of fishermen who have fled to Hong Kong and Portuguese Macao. The Portuguese enclave alone has embraced an estimated 800 junks carrying as many as 6,000 persons afloat.

The exodus from Red Chinese waters wasn't apparent at first, because it has been normal for junks to tie up any place they choose, even inside Macao harbor, for hours or days, while awaiting good fishing weather.

One morning, however, both the Communist Chinese and the Portuguese government of Macao awoke to the fact that many of the junks

The Taj Mahal, famed mausoleum in India, was built by Shah Jahan as a burial place for his favorite wife, Mumtaz-i-Mahal.

were determined to stay.

Recently, a Macao government official admitted that the Reds had planted agents among the floating population in an attempt to lure the fishermen back to China. Some fishermen even have been kidnapped at gunpoint.

Behind this migration is the Communist regulations which forced fishermen to turn over their entire catch to the government, in return for credit coupons exchangeable at state-run stores for food and household necessities.

This system ran against the fishermen's traditionally independent grain. They didn't mind selling their catches to the Reds, but they wanted, as they had done for centuries, to sell to the highest bidder. And they wanted to keep a sufficient quantity of their catch to feed their junk-borne families.

The Communists capitulated slightly this year and reduced the percentage of the catches which had to be turned over to the government. But that didn't eliminate all the unrest.

The "resettlement" program actually was started in 1956, but it has been only in recent months that sufficient housing has been made available for the fishing families.

The Peking Review referred to the floating population as having been "ostracized, exploited and despised" by their fellow Chinese. Their status, however, has changed since the Communist regime came into power, the magazine said.

"When the last of these river-bound people come ashore, with a roof over their heads and solid ground under their feet, Canton (capital of Kwangtung Province) will say goodbye forever to what was once known in Kwangtung as the 'floating population.'"

It will be interesting to watch as these fishermen try out their newly-imposed "land legs," as yet another phase of Chinese tradition crumbles under the Communist boot.

HONESTY COSTS

DIXON, Ill. (AP)—A young man appeared at police headquarters and said he was drunk and should be locked up. The officer's obliged, and the next morning he was fined \$5 and costs by Police Magistrate Lawrence E. Boes.

Do you want to SELL your FARM?
Whether it's too big or too small for you, remember that it's JUST RIGHT for one of the many prospects with whom we are acquainted. Selling farm properties is our specialty. We'll give your farm immediate and individual attention.

REAL ESTATE FINANCING

Home - commercial - building - farms

Tower Theater Bldg. TU 2-5505

Now Is the Time to Immunize Your Stock

FRANKLIN

Vaccines, Medicinals and Supplies for Cattle, Horses, Sheep Hogs and Poultry

Our LIVESTOCK DEPARTMENT is designed to Save and Serve.

VACCINE AND LIVESTOCK SPRAY

Your One Stop Shopping Center

We Give 248 Green Stamps

MERRILL PHARMACY

Merrill, Ore. Ph. 2451

Own a 'Jeep'?



Authorized parts, sales and service for all — 'Jeep' vehicles

BASIN MOTORS

424 So. 6th TU 4-7778

Let Us Supply You With Whatever Forms You Need For Your Business.

We're specialists in printing folders, circulars, letterheads, checks, statements, etc.

BUSINESS FORMS

COMPLETE PRINTING SERVICE!

We pride ourselves on our quality work, our dependability, and our fair prices.

Guide Printing Co.

12th & Klamath Phone TU 4-5373

matter of FACT



Covering the floor of the ocean down to a depth of 12,000 feet is a soft, oozy mud. It is made up of the tiny skeletons of tiny sea animals. This is found mainly in the Atlantic and in smaller amounts in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Massive limestone rocks have been formed from this mud which contains lime from the skeletons of the animals.

© Encyclopedia Britannica