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U. S. Must Sweep Cobwebs From Its Foreign Policy

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON
 TOO often statements by American officials have sounded as though Hungary were in some way a great triumph for the West. We have been told that it proved communism was a failure.



CHIANG KAI-SHEK
 Sweetness And Light

Fifth, it is likely that both the White House and liberal Democrats will push integration. Both noted with more than casual interest cracked the old Democratic bloc of urban Negro voters in the North and South in 1956. Efforts to speed up integration will be bitterly resisted by southern Democrats and some northern conservatives.

USEFUL SERVICE

Vice President Richard M. Nixon performed a useful service in dramatizing the need for America to do far more both in admitting larger numbers of Hungarians and

should have been given earlier attention at the top.
 What to do about Hungary itself and the millions of Hungarians likely to freeze and starve this winter is the larger problem that has not been tackled. Surely no one could be callous enough to argue that this would be a further demonstration of the failure of communism.

ENDURING ANGUISH

There must be many deeply patriotic Hungarians who have had the courage deliberately to choose to stay as well as the thousands of patriots desperate enough to flee to the West. Those who have chosen to stay will know that if Hungary is to have any future, it must lie in grimly enduring the present anguish with the conviction that their nation shall not die.

In trial balloons sent up and shot down, the administration has been following a zigzag course on

whether an approach is to be made to Moscow on the satellites. In his last letter to President Eisenhower, Marshal Nikita Bulganin seemed to open a prospect for negotiation for mutual withdrawal of Western troops from Germany and Russian troops from the satellites with limited aerial inspection as a guarantee.



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU
 Neutralism and Revisionism

Sober and well-informed observers are of the opinion that this should not be rejected out of hand. It has been explored with caution for the customary booby traps.

It is noted that it has an illusory sound, if Russian troops could be moved back, the satellites would have a chance to recover their independence. Another approach at least of Yugoslavia and Poland. So long as Soviet troops remain, the danger of another Hungary is not dead, and another Hungary could touch off a larger explosion.

NEHRU'S VISIT

Unquestionably the West, and the United States in particular, has been the beneficiary in world opinion of Russia's ruthless suppression of the Hungarian uprising. One bit of proof is the success of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's visit to Washington against the background of Nehru's criticism of the brutality of the Russians in Budapest.

A new opportunity for a closer and friendlier relationship is opened up in India, and after seven months of delay, an excellent ambassador to New Delhi has been named in Ellsworth Bunker, until recently head of the national Red Cross.

BACKING FOR CHIANG

Sens. Mike Monroney of Oklahoma and Albert Gore of Tennessee, who on their return from the meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Union in Thailand, reported on how Washington's stock had risen and Moscow's fallen. It also has become known that American diplomatic and military officials on Formosa have been encouraging Chiang Kai-shek in his announced determination to return to the Chinese mainland.

Any conflict between Formosa and the Chinese Communists, through active American backing for Chiang, would dissolve the

present good will for America overnight. Chou En-lai, taking shrewd advantage of Russia's involvement in Hungary, has been talking softly and holding out all sorts of promises, not only to his friends but to his enemies.
 Asians would, with minor exceptions, come down on the side of China if American force were used to aid Chiang to try to return to the Chinese mainland. The realities are all against the success of any such effort, in the view of those who try to look with unprejudiced eyes at the existing situation.

BRIEF RETRIEVE

The likelihood is that there will be sufficient votes in the General Assembly of the United Nations next fall to admit Communist China to membership. This will, in itself, present the administration with a large piece of trouble since such staunch campaigners for President Eisenhower as Sen. William F. Knowland of California and others in the right wing of his party have said they will lead a move to take the United States out of the U.N. if this happens.

Even a cursory look at '57 makes clear that if the dangers are great, so are the opportunities for a new and constructive approach to the great unresolved issues hanging like lowering thunderclouds in the sky. It is true that in a sense we have a brief retrieve and so much depends on what use is made of this new opening.

Caretakers Must Rise To An Occasion

WITH the whole world watching, more than 500 privileged Americans will take their seats on Capitol Hill tomorrow to launch the 85th Congress. It will be a day of hearty handshakes, clinking glasses and bipartisan Merriment.

The Merriment will not last long. Before the session has even slipped into second gear, both Republican and Democratic members may have dire need for that remarkable gadget invented by a British colonel the other day—a mechanical "morale raiser," which cries "Bravo! Well done! Good show!" claps its owner on the back in a friendly manner and bursts into uproarious laughter when he tells a joke.

Democrats and Republicans are again almost evenly matched in the Senate—Democrats hold 49 seats, Republicans 47. In the House, Democrats once more have a tighter grip on the reins of leadership—233 seats to the GOP's 200 with two vacancies as a result of deaths since the election.

But congressional complications this year will have more elaborate causes than the simple two-party split.

First, the opposition again controls Congress, meaning that the Democrats cannot rely solely on attacking the administration.

Second, both parties lack unity. Democratic liberals have gained strength, especially in the Senate with such men as Clark of Pennsylvania and Carroll of Colorado—but they will still be without the support of a majority of Democrats led by Sen. Lyndon Johnson. The Eisenhower wing of the Republican Party will still have trouble with diehard rightists from the GOP's dinosaur belt.

Third, while President Eisenhower's prestige will be high at first it will be put to fairly regular tests. He will be called a lame duck for, under the Constitution, he cannot run again. Furthermore, the emphasis of his program has been shifted from "moderately moderate" to "moderately progressive." As a matter of fact, on several questions—federal aid to education, medical re-

search, roads and housing—the Eisenhower program has been somewhat closer to the ideas of the New Deal Democrats than to old line Republicans.

Fourth, Vice President Nixon's build-up will be under constant attack. Both the Democrats and certain Republicans will be out to cut Mr. Nixon down at every opportunity.

Fifth, it is likely that both the White House and liberal Democrats will push integration. Both noted with more than casual interest cracked the old Democratic bloc of urban Negro voters in the North and South in 1956. Efforts to speed up integration will be bitterly resisted by southern Democrats and some northern conservatives.

Sixth, there will be harumphing on both sides of the aisle over issues such as foreign policy, natural gas, agriculture, increased spending, federal aid to education, possible changes in the minimum wage law, the filibuster rule in the Senate, housing, taxes, trade.

The prospect: A rather sluggish conservative session with precious little meat for historians to chew on. The legislative slate will be heavy since many measures have been held over from the past session. But some of the tidiest decisions may be put off until 1958, another congressional election year.

Actually, nothing presently suggests any intention by the Democratic leadership to challenge the administration sharply and consistently on anything except perhaps foreign policy. The cussedness will be strictly ad lib. But the challenge before this noisy, argumentative collection of casual caretakers is clear. In a newly troubled world, the United States is the last haven of dynamic democracy. The nation's responsibilities are awesome. So are the responsibilities of keeping the nation in the pink, economically and socially healthy. They demand all there is of effectiveness, practicality and logic. The caretakers must rise to the occasion—even in a non-election year.

In The Rosy View, Some Red Ink

AFTER reading Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks' year-end economic review, it is our considered opinion that Pollyanna was a piker.

"Prosperity is widely shared. . . People are earning more. . . Feel-on-ground optimism is warranted by facts. . . good times for the American people will continue through the entire 12 months (of 1957) with over-all employment, income and production higher than this year. . . Buying power is high.

This rose-colored review followed an announcement by Mr. Weeks' Commerce Department that people today have more money than they had before World War II.

This is all very well but experts with

a firmer grip on chilly reality tell us that the workers who earned \$3,000 in 1939 needs \$8,122 today to be as well off as he was then.

That's not all. A family with a \$5,000 income in 1939 needs an income of \$10,563 now.

Furthermore, a \$25,000-year executive in 1939 needs \$63,000 a year today to live as well.

The files in Mr. Weeks' economic ointment are inflation and taxes.

Bankrolls are undeniably fatter. Figures in most bankbooks are indeed beautifully bloated.

It's just that a dime isn't worth a dime anymore.

'I Thought I'd Surprise You'



A Wayfarer's Farewell Alsops To Spit Assignments

By JOSEPH ALSOP

DEAR STEWART
 The origins of this letter of farewell, in case you are interested, go back to an unheavily hot afternoon in early 1941, when I arrived in Chungking just before a rather nasty little Japanese bombing raid.

Like a great many other people in those days, I had been self-confidently writing about China's problems from Washington. But it was only necessary to sniff the dust-laden air in those filthy, ruined Chungking streets, to begin to suspect that everything I had written was pure crivel. The suspicion was confirmed, with sad finality, within less than 48 hours. I then and there resolved that if I ever returned to the newspaper business, I would try to go where the news was before writing about it. It seems an impossibly long time ago since you and I adopted this resolve of mine as the first rule of our reporting partnership. In fact a whole decade has passed since we came back from the war and founded this joint enterprise.

RISEING TEMPO

In that decade our country has belied me and inspired acceptance of the challenge of world leadership of the cause of freedom. And in that decade, too, freedom's cause has failed to prosper with a sudden frequency, despite America's great efforts. I do not think it presaging at the moment; and I am very sure that the tempo of world events is now accelerating in a rather dizzy way.

You remember what the Red Queen sternly said in "Alice Through the Looking Glass"—"It takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that." I have the same feeling now about keeping abreast of the vast developments and shattering crises that are now going on within the Soviet Empire, in the troubled Middle East, and in Western Europe itself.

PULLING UP ROOTS

That is why this is a letter of farewell, quite probably for a whole year. We have to run "twice as fast." I feel very sure, in order to remain faithful to that resolve I made in Chungking many months before Pearl Harbor, which you and I reaffirmed just after the war. So now, instead of leaving for a few months abroad as I have so often done before, I am leaving with a year's wayfaring as the prospect before me.

It is not pleasant to transfer my base. (For have not you noticed, too, that what one misses most after a few months of traveling is simply one's own bed?) It is not pleasant either, to abandon all the roots I have spent so many years putting down in my comfortable hometown of course I hope they will still be there when I get back at last. But there is the need to go, and there is no escaping from it.

What makes that need, surely, is the simple fact that both the great world systems which now

divide the globe between them are presently experiencing sharp and hard-core internal strains. To the conflict with one another, are now added their own inner conflicts. And the weakening of Western Europe on the one hand, and the stirring ferment in the Soviet Empire on the other hand, will in turn react most sharply on the course of the world struggle between the free and the enslaved.

HERE I GO, GOOD-BYE

All this is what I hope to see at first hand, which always makes events look very different from the way events look in order to remain faithful to that resolve I made in Chungking many months before Pearl Harbor, which you and I reaffirmed just after the war. So now, instead of leaving for a few months abroad as I have so often done before, I am leaving with a year's wayfaring as the prospect before me.

"Farewell, my friends—farewell and hail. I'm off to seek the Holy Grail. I cannot tell you why. Remember, please, when I am gone."

"'Twas aspiration led me on. Fidelity, widely, footless. All I want is to stay with you. But here I go, Good-bye."

Only I am not seeking any Holy Grail, but simply the news of the events that will shape all our futures. And I can tell you why. Seeking news is our business. So "here I go, Good-bye."

How Southern Do You Have To Be?

WITH all the delicacy and verve of Job Stuart's cavalry, the Sr. Louis Post-Dispatch has rushed in to save the southern accent from a fate worse than death. Complaining about abuse of Dixie dialect on television, the P-D's white knights have sternly selected Sidney Blackmer as their principal whipping boy.

He is accused, alternately, of "the worst gaucherie of southern diction" and "a piece of professional-acting dialect

which would be considered unbearably affected in the South."

The P-D is happier, far happier, about Groer Garson's way with southern speech on television. She "spoke with amazing fidelity the southern slur and drawl," say the editors.

There's just one trouble. Sidney Blackmer is as southern as they come—a Salisbury boy, no less, who learned his drawl in Rowan County and his acting at Chatham Hill, Ga. Under this matinee set well known, is veddy, veddy British.

THE BATTLE OF THE CALLIOPES

WE ARE highly pleased to have missed, as a combatant, most of the battles in history. There are some battles, especially Waterloo and Gettysburg, that we would not mind at all having seen at a perfectly clean and safe distance. But there is one prodigious battle on record we should have loved to see and to hear at as close range as possible.

This was the famous onslaught, with calliopes, between the steamboats (showboats) American and Wonderland at Bonnet's Mill on the Missouri River in 1915. The American was tying up in preparation for the nightly performance. The arrival was blatantly announced by the "Professor," and "Calliope Red," with OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS. Up popped the Wonderland, steaming for the landing with her calliope player caustically answering, WHAT YOU GOIN' DO WHEER THE REINT COMES ROUND?

"Calliope Red," on the American, rolled up his sleeves and yelled to the chief engineer on his boat: "Turn on the steam. We're gonna play calliope music until they jump in the river." And he came back at the Wonderland with MORNING SI, a raucous implication that the person addressed was a bumpkin and an obsolete theatrical mistake. The Wonderland responded caustically with GOONBYE, LITTLE GIRL, GOONBYE.

"Calliope Red" responded contemptuously by playing SR DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT. His opponent screamed out: I DON'T LIKE YOUR FAMILY, and

"Red" mustered full steam with a scathing allusion to the Wonderland's age. SLEEVE TUNES AWAKING THE GOALS. The calliope man on the other boat lost his temper and sassed back threateningly. WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU ALONE TONIGHT. With "Calliope Red" had the final say and he won the bout with the clincher, GER OUP AWAY, GER OUP AWAY. This his way of saying "go to blazes," for getting under a boat meant certain death.

There have been battles that accrued more permanently to the welfare of noble ideals. But it was a spring day and the river was hushed except for the whin of the easy waves and the mighty blasts of the two calliopes. True, the calliope is not the instrument that endeared the music of Beethoven and Mozart to the public. But it is typically American, evoking in strident, but pulsating tones the sounds, colors, and accents that are elemental in this bare-chested, loudly singing land. This is one battle, and not just because it was bloodless, that if we could have had our way, we would have certainly seen and heard.

The ideal 1957 car would be one with a safety belt for the front-seat driver and an ejector seat for the back-seat driver.—GREENVILLE (S. C.) FREEMONT.

The six ages of man: Beef broth, ground steak, sirloin, fillet mignon, ground steak, beef broth.—CARLSBAD CURRENT-ARCUS.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Like Can Bring Peace to Holy Land

WHEN you look over the city of Jerusalem, its mosques, its synagogues, its church, its embattled wall separating the Old City from the New, you get some idea of what the President's no-aggression declaration for the Near East could mean—if it's embracing enough.

Tolling Bells

The air is very clear over Jerusalem and south to the long way. You can hear a long way. You can hear the bells ring out in the Catholic church on the side of the Mount of Olive over the Arab city of Jerusalem and you can hear the bells in the Lutheran church

very close to where Christ was buried. Perhaps that's why the wise men could see his star so clearly nearly 2,000 years ago this very season, and why the angels could be heard so clearly promising peace on earth, goodwill toward men.

Constant Watch

In that same land today, however, there is no peace. Arab guards pace the Old City of the Moslems from the New City of the Jews. Jewish guards inside hidden embattlements keep a constant watch on the Arab wall.

Life continues on each side of the wall. But it's an unnatural life. A Jewish

Guides Wait

Arab guides stand at the holy places hoping, waiting for the tourists that once made the Old City prosperous. A United Nations peace officer enters to the beautiful Hadassah Hospital on Mt. Scopus—empty, unused, wasted since Arab troops captured a strip of land between the Holy Grail and the wall. And yet Arab residents inside Israel

pay tribute to their freedoms, cooperate with the Israeli government. Alongside the border a Jewish tractor driver spreads fertilizer so close to Jordan that part of the fertilizer blows across to enrich the fields of his Arab neighbor.

Cure Possible

And the chief rabbi of Israel, Isaac Herzog, quoted in the Israeli 19th Century to prove that the Jews, the Egyptians and Syrians could get along with each other. It is part of the armed tension Eisenhower's - aggression decision could cure—if it is embracing enough.