

McCarthy Loses His Moderate Support

INCURABLE optimists may be, but it does appear that the skids have finally been put to Sen. Joe McCarthy and the "ism" he gave his name to.

Not that the senator and his supporters will change their views or methods. Far from it. They may grow more unreasoning and reckless. But they have lost most of the support, unexpressed or qualified though it sometimes was, that they had received from that solid center of the American political spectrum. A breakdown of the Senate vote cast by politically-conscious senators gives convincing evidence of this shift in public opinion.

Thus the McCarthy movement is pushed farther away from the center of things. It will attract few except the malcontents and fanatics and retired generals and admirals sympathetic to authoritarian groups.

This right-wing group is quite the same one which clamors for military adventures in Asia. The gap between this group and the Eisenhower wing of the Republican Party will be as Majority Leader Knowland will surely find out, too wide to straddle.

Injustice has to come home before it is keenly felt, and thus it was that the Senate chose to censure McCarthy on two counts relating to his relationship to the Senate and senators themselves. Actually, persons other than senators suffered more than they did because of McCarthy's excesses.

While the Senate has declared itself, it has yet to set up rules of conduct and investigation that will guard against similar abuses of individuals and organizations by legislators. The Senate is obliged to do this. We look to the Democratic leadership of Congress to support a natural desire for revenge and set up ethical standards of procedure next month.

The Strong Run, That Weak May Walk

STRONG youths ran and blocked and tackled in Charlotte's American Legion Memorial Stadium this afternoon so that more weak and crippled children in the Carolinas may walk. This demonstration of strength by a few young men—plus displays of skill and endurance—was the annual Shrine Bowl football game.

This annual event now is an old story but it never has waned in public interest. Rather, public interest through 17 years has been intensified steadily and now, in a material way, is limited by the Stadium's seating capacity.

The people of the Carolinas gained understanding of the Shrine boys' work in dealing of crippled children. The Shrine boys by year among the Carolinas' high school football players loyally have shown actual enthusiasm for enduring the game's hardships to the end that cripples of tender years would be benefited.

Over the United States the Shrine boys have a chain of 16 hospitals for Crippled Children. Patients are admitted without regard to race or creed, but only if their families lack the means of financing the needed treatment. One of these hospitals is located at Greenville, S. C. and directed to it is the keenest interest

of the four temples of the Shrine in the Carolinas. They are Oasis at Charlotte; Sudan at New Bern; Hejaz at Greenville, S. C., and Omar at Charleston.

Many thousands of Carolina Shrine boys and other thousands of men and women not affiliated with the Shrine have visited the children at the Greenville hospital through the years. A visit with these cripples is memorable, because looking at the crippled, twisted, strongly-braced bodies and the cheerful, smiling faces is almost heartrending. On behalf of these courageous and patiently hopeful little boys and girls, practically all the money received for tickets to each Shrine Bowl game in Charlotte is presented to the Greenville hospital.

Through the years almost one million dollars have been provided for this hospital by these games between the strong boys of North Carolina's and South Carolina's all-star high school teams. Almost a million dollars—that is much money. The game played here this afternoon will add approximately \$100,000 to that total. Yet, for crippled children the proper treatment comes costly—and the Greenville hospital, filled to capacity, still has a waiting list of deserving cripples.

Toyland Revisited Or Santa's Sorrow

"THERE ain't no Santa Claus," growled Santa Claus, sliding down from his toy department throne and spitting wisps of beard through his teeth.

"You mean—?"

"I mean I been in this Saint Nick racket for 10 years and it don't pay. All you get is pack sores," grumped Santa.

"Not so loud... The kids might hear you."

"Scurry little knaves... Why, there was a little stinker in here yesterday who tried to set fire to my beard."

"Aw, you're joking, Santa. Why, the patter of little feet up to your throne, tiny arms wrapped around your jolly old neck, whispered entreaties in your merry old ears..."

"And spittin' in my twinkling old eyes!" interrupted Santa.

A good 1,500 brats stampeded in here every day with nothing but gimme, gimme, gimme! A electric train, a bicycle, a wagon, a pair of skates, a yellow convertible. All the blessed day long it goes on. And poor old man and pop stand by and sweat lemonade while clever little minds jingle like cash registers.

"But they're such nice little kids!" Santa winced. "Nice!" he roared. "Today one of 'em said I look about as much like Santa Claus as the Metro-Goldwyn lion looks like Calvin Coolidge."

"Then little boys and girls aren't so easy to fool nowadays?"

"Mac, these 1954 kids are a bunch of wisecracks. One little monster comes up to me yesterday and says with a pout like mine I'll probably set Christmas back 30 years."

"But there must be SOME nice youngsters you meet?"

Santa looked indignant. "The only nice youngsters are the ones that stay at home for their dirty work."

"You certainly must get some interesting requests though?"

"Yeah, they're interesting all right. A

snaggle-toothed little minx came in the other day and said she only wanted one thing for Christmas this year.

"And that was—?"

"Ike."

"Well, how did you get out of that one?"

"I told her I gave him to the Republicans for Christmas in 1952 and I don't handle no second hand articles."

A youngster was tugging at Santa's coat. "Pardon me," he sighed. "I think this one wants to give me a hotfoot."

"Ho, ho, ho!" Santa stage-laughed merrily. "Now what does my little friend want old Santa Claus to bring him for Christmas?"

The youngster looked dumbfounded staring up at Saint Nick. "Tell Santa Claus what you want, son," prompted his father.

The kid just stared, open-mouthed. Santa looked pained.

"Come, come," said Daddy. "You know... choo, choo, choo... ding-dong, ding-dong... who-o-o, who-o-o... all aboard!"

"A space suit!" squeaked Junior and ran screaming into his father's arms.

"See what I mean?" snorted Santa as disgusted parents led the howling kid away. They had already bought the electric train.

Santa wagged his head. "Brats," he mumbled. "Always brats."

Another little tyke approached. "Hey, you!" he yelled hoarsely at Santa. "If you're Santa Claus, who's the jerk down the street in that other toy department?"

Santa's ears twitched. "Is he wearing a red coat?"

"Yep."

"With a red cap?"

"Yep."

"And red pants?"

"Yep."

"That, my little duckling, is a Communist and I advise you to call the cops immediately," said Santa.

JOHN STEINBECK has selected what seems to be a funny reason, and a particularly funny reason for an author, to like paperback books. "Hardcover books break up friendships," he says. "You loan a hardcover book to a friend, and when he doesn't return it, you get mad at him. It makes you mean and petty. But 25-cent books are different. Nobody minds giving them away. They make people generous and kind."

Paperbacks are admirable when they are good literature placed within the reach of more people than was in case of lending a valued paperback that could not easily be replaced, to Mr. Steinbeck or anyone else, we would like the bor-

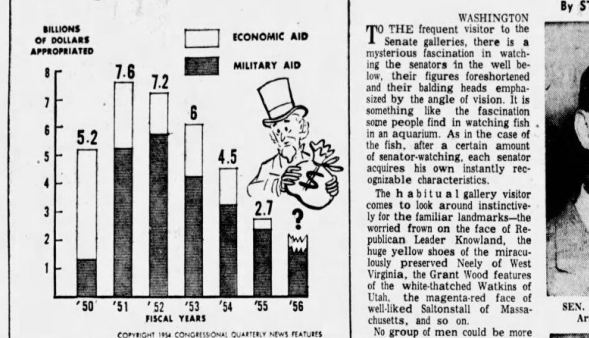
rower to know that we want it back, and are prepared to be as mean and petty as necessary.

We would rather hang onto our paperback of Somerset Maugham's *The Summing Up* than have Thomas B. Costain's *The Black Rose* bound in solid granite, and not let Mr. Steinbeck forget it.

There were plenty of self-service stores in the old days, only they weren't credited to the proprietor's business.—RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

A man seldom ducks out on a woman who gives him goose pimples.—ELLA VILLE (GA.) SUN.

Who'll Rule The Senate?
Foreign Aid-What Next?
Gold Fish Or Piranhas?



More U. S. Economic Aid To Asia Is Shaping Up

WASHINGTON

UNCLE SAM will look more like an investment banker and less like a philanthropist next year, if the Eisenhower Administration has its way about foreign aid legislation.

Although size and scope of the proposed aid program are yet to be determined by the National Security Council, a Congressional Quarterly canvass of key officials in Congress and the executive branch indicates broad agreement on the following four assumptions:

1—Total foreign aid for fiscal 1956 will be considerably less than for fiscal 1955, and most of the drop will be in military aid. But economic aid may be greater than for fiscal 1955.

2—Economic aid will go primarily to underdeveloped countries, especially in Asia, and to Japan.

3—Chief emphasis will be on long-term, low-interest loans for agriculture and development, and there will be few if any outright grants. Technical assistance will be continued at about the present level.

4—Strong efforts will be made to funnel a large proportion of U. S. economic aid through cooperative arrangements like the Colombo Plan, with greater participation by European and British Commonwealth nations.

CAPITALISM ON TRIAL

Key factor in the new foreign aid law is a growing belief among U. S. officials that the Soviet peace offensive heralds a long period of intense competition for the loyalties of former colonial-dominated peoples, particularly in South and Southeast Asia. This theme, according to Sen. J. W. Fulbright, D-Ark., 1st at the United States must prove to these peoples that "our system of capitalism and free enterprise will work best for them over the long pull."

How this will be done remains to be seen. The foregoing assumptions point to the general direction of administration thinking. Other parts of the broad picture they may be anybody's guess.

The committee presents a rather new complexion. Members on it who served with Roosevelt are becoming rare and there are too many Trumanites. Adlai Stevenson could probably influence them but he hasn't spoken.

It is clear that one of the avowed candidates has acquired anything like the votes necessary to build a bandwagon.

Mitchell's choice, Paul Butler, Indiana national committeeman, has been only two years on the committee and has the handicap of Harry Truman's opposition. Truman has devoted friends and there are those also who don't care much for Truman but want unity at almost any price.

James Finnegan, an experienced Philadelphia organization politician, is ill. The veteran David Lawrence, Mayor of Pittsburgh, will still fight for him but Finnegan is too little known.

It's Anybody's Race For Democratic Party Leader

WASHINGTON

THE murder of William Remington in Louisiana penitentiary was not the result of anti-Communist hatred or of prison guards, but of the worst vice occurring in our prisons today—homosexuality.

That is the judgment of one ex-convict who served with Remington in Lewisburg, plus that of various prison experts.

It highlights a system which breeds more crime instead of curing it, which makes hardened criminals out of first-timers and which spews increasing amounts of social poison into the blood stream of American life.

Lewisburg happens to be among the best of the federal penitentiaries. Among them it is called the "country club." It is better run, and its inmates have a better chance of rehabilitation.

And if two convicts were able to steal into Remington's cell, Lewisburg to bludgeon him to death, much worse is able to take place, and has taken place, in the cesspools of overcrowded humanely he would have been killed for sure.

"You can't believe it unless you see

it," said John Staples, of Washington, D. C., who recently served time in Lewisburg on a charge of income-tax evasion. "You think Remington was killed by Communist hater? No, he was killed because of a sex deal."

Prison Beatings

"He probably made some remark about some affair, and that's why he got his. I never heard of this deal of the brick in the sock. When I was there they used to beat him up. You have for cleaning out toilet bowls."

"The same thing happened to a guy in the bed next to me," continued Staples. "He made a remark about two guys who were having an affair. Just happened to say wasn't it terrible that such things were tolerated, so next night they came in after lights out, pulled the blanket up over his head so he couldn't see who was and couldn't get away."

"They just about beat him to death, and even if he had seen them he wouldn't have dared tell anyone about it, because he would have been killed for sure. I put my head under the covers and

WASHINGTON

TO THE frequent visitor to the Senate galleries, there is a mysterious fascination in watching the senators in the well below, their figures foreshortened and their balding heads emphasized by the angle of vision. It is something like the fascination some people find in watching fish in an aquarium. As in the case of the fish, after a certain amount of senator-watching, each senator acquires his own instantly recognizable characteristics.

The habit of a gallery visitor comes to look around instinctively for the familiar landmarks—the worried frown on the face of Republican Leader Knowland, the huge yellow shoes of the miraculously preserved Nelson of West Virginia, the Grant hood features of the white-haired Watkins of Utah, the magenta-faced face of well-liked Saltonstall of Massachusetts, and so on.

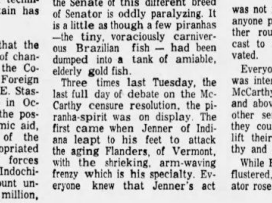
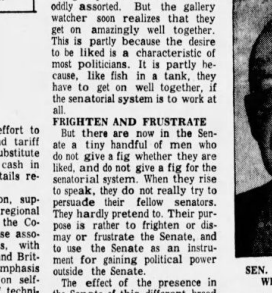
No group of men could be more oddly assorted. But the gallery watcher soon realizes that they get on amazingly well together. This is partly because the desire to be liked is a characteristic of most politicians. It is partly because, like fish in a tank, they have to get on well together, if the senatorial system is to work at all.

FRIGHTENED AND FRUSTRATED

But there are now in the Senate a tiny handful of men who do not give a fig whether they are liked, and do not give a fig for the senatorial system. When they rise to speak, they do not really try to persuade their fellow senators. They hardly pretend to. Their purpose is rather to frighten or dismay or frustrate the Senate, and to use the Senate as an instrument for gaining political power outside the Senate.

The effect of the presence in the Senate of this different breed of Senator is oddly paralyzing. It is a little as though a few piranhas—the tiny, voraciously carnivorous Brazilian fish that have been dumped into a tank of amiable, elderly gold fish.

Three times last Tuesday, the last full day of debate on the McCarthy censure resolution, the piranha-spirits was on display. The first came when Jenner of Idaho leapt to his feet to attack the aging Flanders, of Vermont, with the shrieking, arm-waving frenzy which is his specialty. Everyone knew that Jenner's act



SEN. WILLIAM JENNER Arm-Waving Frenzy

SEN. RALPH FLANDERS White-Faced Fluster

was not really meant to convince anyone present that Flanders' rather routine propaganda broadcast to Russia was evilly motivated.

Everyone knew, instead, that it was intended to feed grist to the McCarthyite propaganda mill—and above all to serve notice on other senators of the treatment they could expect if they dared lift their voices against McCarthy and his band.

While Flanders, white-faced and flustered, tried to answer, no senator rose to his defense. This was



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tried to pretend I was asleep, or I would have gotten it too.

"They don't bother anyone in Lewisburg because he's a Communist. Every body there hates the government. The more you hate the government, the more you're respected."

"And this idea that someone wanted to steal money from Remington is pure poppycock," said Staples. "Everyone knows that the most dangerous thing you can have is money. When they come around to inspect your locker and find money in it, you're in trouble. You can't use money in jail—except for bribery and that's why it isn't allowed."

"Your money is taken away when you come in and any money your relatives send is kept on account. You have a charge account at the commissary, but you can't use money."

"So when the prison authorities talk about stealing something out of Remington's locker, it's just an alibi to cover up the worst thing that happens in a pen."

"A kid who comes to the pen doesn't have a chance," continued Staples. "Some

simply cowardice. Those present knew from experience that nothing is at once more dangerous and more futile than to try to reason with a piranha-politician.

By no means all the pro-McCarthy senators are piranha-politicians — no man could be more clearly a gold fish-senator than Mundt of South Dakota, for example, and even Dirksen of Illinois, the Liberator of politics, is no political carnivore. The piranha he spirit interrupted the habitual, droning senatorial rhythm once again, to be sure, when Welker of Idaho, whose speaking voice drips with almost audible venom, rose to attack Fulbright of Arkansas. But the real climax came late in the afternoon, when flash bulbs in the corridors announced the arrival of the Grand Inquisitor himself.

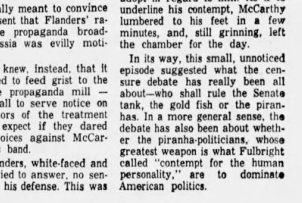
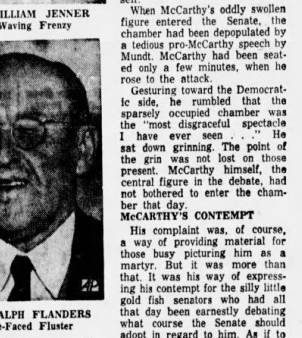
When McCarthy's oddly swollen figure entered the Senate, the chamber had been depopulated by a tedious pro-McCarthy speech by Mundt. McCarthy had been seated only a few minutes, when he rose to the attack.

Gesturing toward the Democratic side, he reminded that the sparsely occupied chamber was the most disgraceful spectacle I have ever seen... He sat down grinning. The point of the grin was not lost on those present. McCarthy himself, the central figure in the debate, had not bothered to enter the chamber that day.

McCarthy's CONTEMPT

His complaint was, of course, a way of providing material for those busy picturing him as a martyr. But it was more than that. It was his way of expressing his contempt for the silly little gold fish senators who had all that day been earnestly debating what course the Senate should adopt in regard to him. As if to underline his contempt, McCarthy lumbered to his feet in a few minutes, and, still grinning, led the chamber for the day.

In its way, this small, unnoticed episode suggested what the censure debate has really been all about—who shall rule the Senate tank, the gold fish or the piranhas. In a more general sense, the debate has also been about whether the piranha-politicians, whose greatest weapon is what Fulbright called "contempt for the human personality," are to dominate American politics.



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