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On Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.
(And this taxing was first made when Censur was governor of Syria.)
And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

'Happy Christmas To All And To All A Good Night!'

May Christmas greetings shower down
On all the people of our town.
May warm dispel December's chill
From Belmont down to Berry-hill.
For Phil Van Every, a Yuletide grin.
The same for all the Councilmen.
God Rest Ye Merry, Politicians—
Greetings to the County Commission.



the stand
With a downbeat for the Noddy's hand,
We'll have 16 bars of a Yule refrain
For Gen'l Gene and Clyde McLean.
And then a pleasant, low drum roll
For Raiford, Mayes and Grady Cole.
A sheshine tune for Horsely and Seep,
A bugle call for Ethel Sloop.

The Publisher's Christmas Message

CHRISTMAS is many things. It is the star at the top of the tree, the candle in the darkness, the stocking hung by the fireside in faith, visions of sugar plums, well-remembered faces, gifts swathed in the brightest of tissue and the reddest of ribbons, gold, frankincense and myrrh to the needy.
But, above all, Christmas is joy.
It is proclaimed everywhere in the Christmas ritual. Joy rings out in the carols we sing, the laughter of children, the fellowship of men lifted in the spirit of thanksgiving. Angels proclaimed it to Judah shepherds some 2,000 years ago and it lives yet in the hearts of the faithful. "Good tidings of great joy" can still thrill a wary and incredulous world. Hearts and emotions are raised by the same joy that inspired the shepherds who tended their flocks by night in an ancient land.

is in the world. It is something that transcends our fears and comforts us in the darkness. It will give us new strength to face the future with courage and hope.
The future, as always, is uncertain. But the years just ahead are clouded with special perplexity. We seem to be standing on the threshold of a new era marked "critical" on the calendar of civilization. For us in the United States it will be filled with wary negotiations, reappraisals of policy, momentous decisions and the necessary gambles of diplomacy and world leadership. We all hope and pray that war will be omitted from the timetable of tomorrow.
War can be avoided if statesmen use this period of grace and uncertainty wisely and well. But much, too, will depend on what the poets call the common man. He is a creature of once frail and indistinguishable. He can shake his fist at the elements, but become the helpless victim of his own doubts. He survives when stone crumbles but he must have the will to survive. Torn up by the roots, he starts planting again, but he must have a purpose in life and an awareness of where he has been, where he is and where he is going.
Now, above all, men need fresh hope, fresh courage and a quickened aspiration toward good. They can discover these things today in the joy of the Christmas season—that blessed sense of elation brought to mankind by the tiny babe of Bethlehem.

HERBLOCK
OPPOSITE THE WASHINGTON POST CO.
Extend to the hearth of January,
Henry Yancey,
Perch in the cold at the windowsills
Of Honest Jawn Allen and Honest Jake Mills.
More rapid than eagles our wishes they streak
To the homes of the people on Little Hope Creek
(Who got what they wanted in Santa's pack
By insistently raising a small right back).

Our congratulations, wreathed in holly
To the Spotlight Queen, Mrs. C. A. Jolley.
And heartfelt hopes for a Christmas truce
Between traffic jams and Herman House.
Among the others we would have been merry:
Hoyt Galvin of the Public Library;
Gordon Berg of United Apartments;
All others who work for the commonweal—
Like David Ovens, Jerry Ball, Dr. Bethel and Bill McCall.
Let's light a tall, curvaceous candle
For Martha (Miss Charlotte) Randall.
Let's hang a hell, all bright and twinkly
For the Charlotte Clippers and galle Blintze
And mount a cheer, a Hot Slove rouser
For the Charlotte Hornets and Marse Phil Hoover.
And gathered 'neath our Christmas shower
Are Ralph Gibson of Duke Power;
And some of the fairest municipal scenes:
Mildred Miscally and the girls of Queens.
If Lonnie McGilshan will mount
For all who wander, all who stay,
For the cop on the Square on Christmas Day,
For all who laugh, and all who cry,
For all who sing, and all who sigh,
For all whose eyes reflect the light
Of Christmas Day and Christmas Night,
For all who pray and all who preach,
For all who study, all who teach,
For all who weaken, all who tire,
For all who dwell within this shire,
Let the Hungarians have given us together with a reaffirmation of man's purpose and true nobility at a time when man needed it most.
—CHARLES KURALT

A Full Stocking: You Know How It Was

THIS space was reserved a year in advance for a thank you note to Empty Stocking contributors. The time has been insufficient, however, to frame even one sentence which would give off the light and happiness that comes from the Empty Stocking filled.
You will appreciate our problem. The words we seek need to make noise—clattering noises that skate uncertainly rolling a boy along a concrete street, soft whispers of a girl to a new doll, funny noises of a fat orange in the squeezing grip of a thirty-five-year-old, quiet noise of tissue paper being snatched from a gift this morning.
If words were slaves, we would summon the noisy ones, and also the picture-painting words. Those would parade past your eyes the faces of the children whose Christmas you have made, and the faces

of parents who have peace in their hearts and happy children around them. You would see new boots running, footballs flying, and cowboy pistols sliding from slick holsters.
But words are balky, treacherous things that soldier on the job. They will not do your bidding—they way you want it done. That is why some people put 15 exclamations marks after Merry Christmas, or several "very, very, very" before.
Anyway, you who filled the Empty Stocking know how it was this morning when all your gifts had been opened and put to use. It was noisy, and colorful, and "merry" with 231 exclamation marks after it.
You can imagine. That's why you filled the stocking.
Thank you.
Merry Christmas!

Hungarians Send Holiday Gift Of Hope To All People

BY INEZ ROBBINSON
WASHINGTON
THIS is surely a Christmas to remember and cherish as long as we live, for in recent weeks we have been privileged to witness a miracle of the human spirit.
This is the Christmas season made joyful by the Hungarian gift of hope to all the world.
WAVE OF THE FUTURE
In a time of self-doubt and spiritual despair over the eventual fate of liberty, the Hungarian people have proved that the wave of the future spells freedom and not tyranny. They have guaranteed that a second Dark Ages, which often has seemed so threat-

ening, cannot engulf men determined to be free.
This is the Christmas that crowns a turning point in history because a small nation and a brave people have administered what history historians and poets will clearly see as a death blow to Communism. Undoubtedly the death struggles will be long, dangerous and wearisome to the West. But the great fact remains that the fatal wound has been inflicted.
SPIRITUAL STRENGTH
The free world has taken heart from 10 weeks that shook and are still shaking the world. Those weeks have served notice that people determined to be free can

be killed but not conquered, and that tanks cannot avail against the resistance of the spirit. The Iron Curtain can never be the same again.
In the West only 10 weeks ago as Communism threatened to engulf the Middle East, men talked gloomily of the inevitable triumph of world totalitarianism and its unhappy attraction for politically inexperienced nations.
DEFIANCE
Then a nation of less than 10 million persons defied the colossal.
That act of defiance suddenly revealed for all the world to see the canker that must eventually destroy Communism. That canker

is the hatred of slavery that burns in the satellite nations and that begins to burn even among Russian students. The reverse is man's age-old love of freedom that no force in the world has ever yet been able to throttle.
IRONY OF HISTORY
It is the irony of history that people have added a full measure of Iron Curtain report that Communist leaders now discuss the inevitable triumph of democracy and hope only to stonify its own road!
Christmas is a compound of miracles, to which the Hungarian people have added a full measure. Their miraculous resistance to tyranny at the price of torture, deportation and death has de-

YAWL GO JUMP IN THE SWAMP

LORD Anthony Ashley Cooper, the Earl of Shaftesbury's Berry, who columns for the Charlotte, S. C., News & Courier, has taken sweet issue with our correction of Lord Ashley's recent pronouncing vocabulary of Charleston speech. Originally M'Lord had declared that "Yawl!" was an expression used by Yankees in the South. To which we replied that Charlestonians did not say "Yawl." Not so, replies Lord Ashley; they say "Yo-all."
Ashley is a Kind Friend. And Gentle Heart, and Lord Ashley Knows. But Lord Ashley had better go camping out on King Street in Charleston and listen some more, because all the Charlestonians we have heard (and we have heard a lot of them, because they are an ubiquitous race) say "Yawl" for yo-plural, and they mean "yawl," not "yo-all."
But of course all this does not detract from the ineffable wisdom of Lord Ashley, wise man that he is. It is so awfully difficult to render into readable

English the subtle intonations of southern speech.
Take this one, for example. Two Richmond ladies come upon each other at a garden party.
"Hannaah!" trills the first.
"Haah yeeew!" the second warbles delightedly.
Now that is approximately what you hear, but only approximately. It is impossible really to put into the written alphabet what really happens linguistically when those two Richmond ladies exchange their greetings. Once before we asked our readers to suggest ways of reproducing this sound, but not a one rose to the challenge.
There is the Richmond lady who knew who was living in New York state, and attended a meeting of the local school board. She didn't like the way the good Yankees were discriminating against one small underprivileged urban, and she rose to tell them so. "Ah think yo-all or bein' nos' unfayn to this I'll help...," she began, and got no further, because the meeting broke up in gales of laughter over her pronunciation.

Merry-Go-Round Drew Pearson's American Troops Decorate The Arctic

Editors' note—Drew Pearson today continues his account of Christmas near the North Pole.
THULE, Greenland.
MEN GO to a lot of work to make Christmas look like home when they are away from home. If they were working back in Albany or San Antonio, they would probably sit back and let the wife do it. But up near the North Pole where they can't get home for a year they conjure up all sorts of homelike Christmas trimmings—a whole wall of decorations arranged by the cooks and sergeants in the officers' mess, sprigs of holly in the Service Men's Club, reindeer riding over the electric sign which blazons to the world the name of the base—just as if no one knew the name.
Morale High
Yes, men go out of their way to think about home at Christmas—and want very much to be home. But morale is high in northern Greenland, and Uncle Sam has done his best to bring Christmas to the world's name of the base as if no one knew the name.
Yule Trees Arrive
Four hundred Christmas trees have arrived in treeless Greenland from Labrador. A four-course turkey dinner with crabmeat cocktail and gilet gribet highlights the day. Churches on the base are giving special services. The George Washington University chorus is following year with more Christmas entertainments.
Some people have asked me what kind of show a hardboiled newspaperman took

to the Arctic. It's a legitimate question. After all, I'm no Bob Hope—the all-time champion for entertaining troops. My group of entertainers was enlisted by Michael O'Shea, who named it the "Drew Pearson Arctic Capers." I renamed it the "SOB Follies of 1957."
Lisa Stars
Our mistress of ceremonies is Lisa Ferraday, one of the original Hungarian freedom fighters. She was arrested by the Russians in 1942 got "Nuremberg" worked for the late Justice Robert Jackson on the war crimes trial, has been starring in New York and Hollywood since. Her latest film is "Death of A Scoundrel."
Top Singers
Our singing star is Ella Logan. This morning she got up at 6 to sing over the Air Force radio. Another singing star: John Modenos. He won the American Theatre Wing Concert Award for 1956. Born in strife-torn Cyprus, he was 11 years old when Winston Churchill came there in 1943, promised "freedom to Cyprus" who would join the British Army. Modenos has been wondering what happened to that promise.
Icy Blonde
Comedy team Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who wedded the Arctic last year, are doing it again.
A Job To Do
That's why the 6,000 men and six women nurses are up here; they have a job to do and are doing it—well. They can't go home until they're ordered home or their tour of duty is up. And

with the tallest showgirl in New York, Mandy Sirei, a Swedish blonde who likes the ice so much she wants to stay in Greenland.
Long Hours, Little Sleep
Len Berge is musical director, with the Air Force Jumping Jacks as orchestra.
Betty Metcalf of Helena Robinson's together with Arlene Dahl, Don Lever of Beverly Hills, and Elgee Bove of New York were kind enough to supply the costumes; Peiser of New York the furs; and Napier the jewelry.
Those are the friends who travel long hours, get little sleep, do two and three shows a day, but tell me they love doing it.
Christmas And Peace
As we flew into Thule last night, a long-nosed F-80 jet fighter came out nowhere to investigate us. Satisfied we were not Russian, it saluted, then flew alongside, easy, effortless, beautiful in the moonlight.
Over on the other side of the North Pole, near Spitsbergen, MIG-15's are doubtless giving the same one-over to traffic in the Siberian Arctic—all part of the tense game of watching the two nations which hold the peace of the world in their hands.
A Job To Do
That's why the 6,000 men and six women nurses are up here; they have a job to do and are doing it—well. They can't go home until they're ordered home or their tour of duty is up. And

they can't do anything about peace.
But the rest of us, protected by these watchers of the north, can do something. This happens to be the day when we celebrate the birthday of Him who preached "Peace on earth, good will to men."
Important Package
And among the tinsel and the wrappings, the most important package given the American people is very real evidence that behind the Iron Curtain desire for peace. We have expressed joy at what's happening, but joyous words alone won't bring peace. It was one year and a half ago, July 1955, that President Eisenhower advocated people-to-people friendship as the official policy of the United States. It was almost a year later, May 1956, before a citizens committee to promote that friendship was appointed. It was four months later, September 1956, before that committee met. It is now doing a good job. But a lot of time was wasted.