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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1956

'I Could Use A New Dress, But Undressing In Public?'

Court-Curbers' New Attack Has Little Hope Of Success

By CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY

ATTEMPTS to curb the power of the Supreme Court, begun in the 84th Congress, are sure to be renewed in the 85th. But chances for success are slim.

Leading the attack on the court in 1957, as in 1956, will be southern members of Congress from the public schools. In March, 1956, 45 members of Congress from the southern states issued a manifesto pledging themselves to use "all lawful means to bring about a reversal" of the desegregation decision.

Marching with the southerners and the states rights men will be some northerners concerned over what they consider a growing trend toward federal supremacy in the court's decisions. At issue are decisions, going back to 1942, that limit the power of the states in fields of concurrent federal-state jurisdiction.

NO ROOM

The current assault on the court, the most bitter since President Roosevelt tried to pack it in 1937, was touched off by an April, 1957, decision in which the court invalidated state sedition laws. In the Strom Nelson case it ruled that federal legislation against state laws had left no room for state laws in that field.

Justice Harold H. Burton is 68 and Chief Justice Earl Warren is 65. The other four justices are in their 50's. William O. Douglas (58), Tom C. Clark (57), John Marshall Harlan (57) and William J. Brennan (59).



JAMES F. BYRNES The Critics' Gaiher

Eastland will reintroduce his proposed constitutional amendment again in 1957. The mandatory retirement bill as well as other measures designed to restrict the court's power also will be thrown in the hopper again.

BACK IN THE HOPPER

These bills—particularly those specifically dealing with "states rights"—will fall on more friendly soil in the Senate, where Eastland heads the Judiciary Committee, than in the House where Rep. Emanuel Celler (D-NY) is Judiciary chairman.

NO CONSIDERATION

Smith's bill was reported by the House Judiciary Committee with an amendment limiting its application to the field of sedition, but it received no floor consideration in the 84th Congress. Senate will reintroduce the measure in 1957.

REQUIRED RETIREMENT

In all, more than 70 bills were introduced in the 84th Congress to curb the power of the court. These ranged from a proposed constitutional amendment, sponsored by Sen. James O. Eastland (D-Miss.), to provide that "there shall be no limitation upon the power of any state to regulate health, morals, education, marriage and good order in the state," to bills seeking to change the composition of the court by making 75 the mandatory retirement age for judges.

OWN JUSTICES

Some of the sharpest recent criticisms of the Supreme Court have come from its own dissenting justices. And former Justice James F. Byrnes, who was governor of South Carolina from 1951 to 1955, has urged that the court be deprived of the power "to annul the Constitution and destroy state governments."

Write Your Own Cards & Conversation

By INEZ ROBB

WASHINGTON STORY who tries to put the arm on an acquaintance for a small loan to tide him over till pay day or two, rich, old aunt goes to her reward.

There is always a delicate situation; touch and go, as you might say. You'll be touched and he'll go beyond, unless you're times out of ten. But the card system bears its ten. If the panhandler's story is a real tear-jerker, if, for instance, he doesn't know where his next bottle of gin is coming from, the following card is suggested:

"Your Story Has Touched My Heart. Never before have I met anyone with more troubles than you have. Please accept this as a token of my sincere sympathy." A card suitable for a minor touch reads: "I'd like to help you out which way did you come in?" There is still a third card, on the brusque or fundamenter, that solves the whole problem. It reads: "Before you ask, the answer is NO."

For example, there are three cards eminently suited for use on the outlander with a hard-luck

in Stephensville Chamber of Commerce meetings, has organized a committee to be formed from the joint Newfoundland-American problems. His Air Force file chief sits on the council, together with the Air Force file chief, likewise school officials, police officers.

Improving Relations

Col. Batjer, however, seem adequate to it. He's not only a base commander and a school-constructor but a diplomat, holds biweekly sessions with newly arrived troops to instruct them on improving Canadian-American relations.

Television Is Education's Idle Tool

A television receiver is not an item of luxury, but is the pinnacle of 20th Century communication, a necessary and integral part of the atomic age. It will keep (children) well informed on subjects which formerly were the exclusive domain of kings. It will let them travel in a short span to more places than any single human has ever been able to travel in a lifetime. It will let them hear the greatest statesmen, philosophers and scientists, and it will bring into their everyday life more of the world's entertainment than has ever been available to any person, living or dead, prior to our own decade.

That bright promise in the name of four Dunn County children produced a court ruling that TV is a necessary plus a trust fund expenditure to buy the children a television set. The promise is yet to be proved, however. Commercial television depends rather more on entertainment than on education for its survival and growth. Appearances by great statesmen and scientists have a way of depressing the ratings. Hooper or whichever determines the mortality of television programs. And educational TV, once hailed as a perfect antenna for intellects striving to comprehend a vastly confusing world, is still in a not very lusty infancy.

The Long Playing, Very Dry Snobs

CHARLOTTE needs something more than sure-selling annexation plans, creek bed drains and a non-stop flight to Chicago.

It needs a good dose of genuine democracy, and by this we do not mean the so-called new democracy which makes it impossible to tell by dress or manner whether it is the lowliest jargon executive or Mr. Biggame himself who has the money.

There is some amusement in a situation that permits a \$25-a-week hot rodder to ply the lady in the chauffeur-driven limousine of limited torque and antique lines. But the dimming power of dollar snobbery has only invigorated flourishing curls of arrogance in unexpected places.

As an example, consider the case of the poached egg snobs. A man who ordered a hash under a hazy "roast" in a Trade Street establishment the other day was served hash under a poached egg. He sent it back. Three minutes later, he was served the same poached egg with a cryptic "How's that?" from the waitress.

He sent it back again. Five minutes later, he was icily served a medium fried egg. In her disdain for fried egg eaters the waitress did not ask "How's that?" this time, but it was fine because the man had ordered a hard fried egg specifically to obtain a medium fried egg. It has been impossible since Washington crossed the Delaware to get a really hard fried egg.

Even more intricate strategy is required to enjoy a well-done steak. Steak house chefs would rather walk on their

set aside exclusively for education by the Federal Communications Commission. What makes the difference is money.

The Ford Foundation, which has a great deal of that commodity plus an active desire to do good with it, may make a grant to Charlotte next year. The prospect understandably delights local educators whose consciences are nagged by their idleness of Charlotte's educational TV channel.

They see in it a powerful instrument of instruction waiting to be put to use. They see correctly. Where it has been put to use, educational TV not infrequently has taught commercial TV to sell some tricks that improved the lot of all viewers. This is because it has more room and more reason to experimenting methods.

"The possibilities of educational TV," as City School Supt. Dr. Elmer H. Garinger said last week, "are endless." It can teach languages, explain Shakespeare, take us into the atom, tell "how-to-it," show the dissection of a frog and scatter the thoughts of great philosophers and scientists far and wide.

Somehow, Charlotte must put the tool to use. A Ford grant would handsomely serve the purposes of its philanthropy and the future of local school children.

hot charcoal beds than follow that order. "Well-done" really means "if you want it hot, please bleed it before you bring it in."

The oldest, most tiresome snobs, of course, belong to the dry martini cult. Their supremacy in the beverage field is being challenged now by the bourbon-and-water drinkers with no clear advantage seen for either side. While the latter aver that bourbon untainted by soda or ginger ale gives off the veritable snap, crackle and pop of masculinity, martini drinkers have been bolstered by mechanical science.

A new stonizer is available that permits the hated admixture of vermouth in a fine, stingy spray. Eventually, this will create class warfare in the martini cult itself between those who atomize vermouth and those who follow the older custom of rinsing out the glass with it.

This happy prospect also applies to the HI snobs who, poet Randall Jarrell observes, "pride themselves on the fidelity of their photographs almost as the Crusaders pride themselves on the fidelity of their wives."

Already people with only two speakers are being regarded as being more five-speaker pretenders, and the label is being spread that some of them actually are given to whistling White Christmas in dark, out-of-the-way places.

Beyond all redemption are people who harbor 45-rpm record players, or those who failed to massage records with brush or cloth before playing them.

Clearly, the time has come to reactivate the O-A-S-S, Organization of Anti-Snob Snobs.

Applications are now being accepted.

No, Sir, This Is Not Scholarship

THE week's frowziest example of decadence in collegiate athletics comes to us in the form of a two-paragraph news item from the University of Minnesota's hallowed halls.

MINNEAPOLIS (AP)—The Big Ten plan for granting football scholarships on the basis of financial need was attacked as "too socialist" by a member of the University of Minnesota board of regents.

"If they're hiring the kid to play football," said Daniel Gagey, "they ought to pay him whether his old man is rich or not. Establishing the need of the college athlete is too socialist. This is not scholarship."

The most that can be said for Mr.

Gagey's attitude is that it is honestly and courageously wrong-headed—and therefore worthier than the simpering hypocrisy of compromising academicians. But one wonders whether such a program would turn our universities into better institutions of higher learning—or of higher earning.

The late H. L. Mencken had a saluter outlook:

"College football would be much more interesting," he wrote, "if the faculty played instead of the students, and even more interesting if the trustees played. There would be a great increase in broken arms and necks, and simultaneously an appreciable diminution in the loss to humanity."

THE CHRISTIAN CELERY

WHILE the radio and television evangelists and "messiahs" spend fortunes to bring their "message" to the masses, the average clergyman, making \$4,000 a year, is called upon to make the real "decision" in human relations. I have seen a clergyman cancel his summer vacation because a member of his church was hospitalized after a serious accident and he felt he may be needed at home. I see others go down to the police station at all hours of the day or night to see what they could do about some kid trouble. The more trouble a clergyman I know made the rounds of the wholesale grocery people, loaded his car with food, and took it out to a group of gypsies on the outskirts of the city. They had been stranded momentarily in their wanderings through the South. The clergyman did not understand their language, but he sat around with them all day, coming back into town for additional supplies and medicine. The mass appeal "messiahs" deliver their "messages" in broad generalities, but the head of a church of two or three hundred families is the man who delivers the real down-to-earth "mes-

sages"; like, for instance, a man here who is the head of a church of working people, and when a member calls him about some serious family problem, maybe an operation for his wife,—this minister has a stereotyped answer: "Don't worry, we'll find a way." And he always finds a way.

If you say somethin' folks believe they take it for granted. Whether it's true or not, you don't believe it, you're likely to receive personal attacks rather than the logic of your thoughts receive' the attack.—AMARILLO GLOBE-TIMES.

New detergents to replace soap will leave no ring in the bathtub, says a soap manufacturer. Then how can you tell whether Junior has taken his bath?—FOUR MYRANS (FLA.) NEWS-PASS.

There are approximately 4,500,000 babies born in this country last year. Most of them, undoubtedly, between midnight and breakfast time.—RALPH NEWS & OBSERVER.

No Garden For Eden

The Cavalier In Commons

By EDWIN M. YODER

Rhodes Scholar Edwin M. Yoder, of Mohave, was in the gallery when the Honorable Anthony Eden returned from Jamaica to face the slings and arrows of the House of Commons. He sent this report on the Prime Minister's homecoming.

LONDON THE terrible child of England—London weather—has been suspended ambivalently between dry and wet, clear and foggy, bright and dark—and it refused to take on definite character even to welcome back the ennobled Prime Minister, Anthony Eden, when he flew in from Jamaica. Eden had been in that faraway island for several weeks, licking the wounds of the initial Suez scrap.

As I looked down on him Monday, I stretched the imagination to think that this almost-august gray-suited man had pulled the levers that three world politics into angry chaos. Here were the same surroundings; the same diffident but austere gray carpeting; the same green-leather benches; the same faces he had left; but some time over the space of three weeks, the steamed-in and not-unpleasant for the first time and not-unpleasant of the opposition even smiled as Sir Anthony took his seat.

DRAW FIGURE

The day's debate had begun with regular questions from the order paper for the Minister of Fuel and Power, Mr. Anthony Jones. The topic: His overseeing of the bothersome petrol rationing. Jones himself is a draw figure. He dresses, like most of the M.P.'s, daskily; and he speaks in the pedantic monotone which seems to be the inescapable mark of the British career politician and civil servant.

But the galleries all around were full. The air of anticipation, as Commons opened at 2:30 p.m., was not due to the questioning of "Jones, the fuel minister. Everyone waited for another figure. There was a conspicuously vacant place on the front bench, just behind the dispatch box, the traditional seat of prime ministers. In his long history, Gladstones, Georges, Churchill, and Chamberlains have sat, and squirmed, on it.

FULL LIGHT

At 3:15, the grill for Mr. Jones had been going for 45 slow minutes. The familiar lack figure of Mr. Eden appeared suddenly, as if it had risen bodily from the shadows behind the three-like speaker's box. Eden passed, as if getting his bearings in an alien place, then sauntered in a half-

step to the front of the dispatch box, and he spoke in the pedantic monotone which seems to be the inescapable mark of the British career politician and civil servant.

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As he took his seat with a certain inevitability. Here was an old hand, one for whom the adjectives of world events are nothing strange: one whose battle-scars have given him the power to see even the most serious struggles of men and affairs with a certain enviable irony and detachment.

It was not long until a question came up for the Prime Minister: Mr. Emrys Hughes, a Labor M.P., has the bearing of a court jester in Commons, wanted to know whether Eden plans to appoint a historian of the "armed conflict" with Egypt.

With a smile that twitched the fuxillaril mustache, Eden evaded

both edges of the question. Egypt was not up for discussion, and no historian having been appointed for any conflict since World War II, he saw no reason for appointing one now. He added, as if to strengthen his hand by the dropping of a magic name, that if one had to be appointed, he would prefer Sir Winston Churchill—who, by unofficial word, has supported his well-schooled successor to the hilt in the Middle Eastern action.

SOME LAUGHTER

Mr. Hugh Gattskill, the leader of the Opposition, Eden's opposite number in the House of Commons, rose. "I hope the Prime Minister realize how glad this House is to have him back," he said, almost solemnly—and that his rest wasn't disturbed by too many disturbing messages.

Eden smiled with effort, and there was a ripple of laughter. His welcome to Commons was, with Gattskill's greetings, complete—if it could be called a welcome. The debate continued and Eden slouched down into his seat while the questioning of Jones and Lloyd wore on. Not for a second, however, did there seem to be the slightest question that the Prime Minister is still master in his own house. It would not be strange, I think, if his cavalier detachment rankles political enemies on both sides of the Commons as much as his controversial decision not to stand by in the Middle East.

CALVINISM

You can only talk about history, the man says, best historically, and certainly as I watched Eden in the House of Commons it seemed more and more presumptuous to judge a few weeks of Middle East policy, and their maker with the stern Calvinism now in vogue in the U.S. State Department.

It may be that the celebrated British diplomatic judgment is wanting as British influence in the world declines; that may lie at the root of the attack on Egypt. But it can't help remembering that this same cavalier figure resigned from the Conservative government on the eve of World War II, unable to stomach the appeasement on which Adolph Hitler fed. There is no denying that Eden's policy in the closing months of 1956 has been attended by tragedy. Whether the fault is in ourselves, our stars, or in this man who props his feet up beside the old dispatch box in the House of Commons—this is not yet clear.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editor's note: This is the final column in Drew Pearson's report on Christmas in the Arctic.

HARMON, Newfoundland MOST interesting construction project anywhere in the world is being carried on in Northern Greenland under Lt. Col. Elmer F. Clark of the 1st Army Engineers Arctic Task Force. He is building a subway-like tunnel under the icecap, also silos out of ice and a huge room out of ice.

The basic principle is to pour snow in the same manner we pour concrete in warmer climates.

Ice Silo Built

Already Colonel Clark has connected an ice silo for the storing of gasoline. The always thought silos were solely for the purpose of storing cow feed, but Colonel Clark is proving the contrary. "An ice silo won't leak a drop," he told me, "and we believe the gasoline will be purer after a winter in the

Great Saving

Since the Air Force has to spend a lot of money building gas-oil tanks in the Arctic, the Army engineers' ice silos could be a great saving.

"We have also dug out a room about 80 feet long," Colonel Clark explained. "It has a snow and ice roof over 170 feet high. There are no supports to hold up the roof. The ice forms its own support."

Daring Experiment

The tunnel which the Army engineers are digging into the Greenland Polar cap is now about 650 feet long. In some cases, the tunnel is constructed merely by cutting out a deep trench, then pouring snow on supports to form the roof. After the roof is ready, the supports are removed—and with concrete supports—and the roof remains solid.

Newfound Friendship

Col. John Batjer of Houston, an enthusiastic Texan without any Texas braggadocio, waxes really enthusiastic about Newfoundland. He's the commander at Harmon Air Force Base, where about 1,500 Canadians work under him. He also is helping to build the little town of Stephensville, a one-time fishing village of 150 which has mushroomed to 6,000 Newfoundlanders since the Americans established a base at near-by Harmon.

Improving Relations

Col. Batjer, however, seem adequate to it. He's not only a base commander and a school-constructor but a diplomat, holds biweekly sessions with newly arrived troops to instruct them on improving Canadian-American relations.

Army Tunnels Through Arctic Icecap

The snow roof is only four feet thick and does not melt in the summer. No Eskimos, have given up snow construction, but the Army now finds it perfectly practical.

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