

Thomas L. Robinson President and Publisher
Brodie S. Griffith General Manager
Cecil Prince Associate Editor
Thomas G. Pesperman Managing Editor
W. W. Simon Circulation Manager

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Ribbon Creek: Tragedy Without Heroes

THE tragedy of Parris Island's April 8 death march was diminished not a whit by the Marine Corps' sudden resolve to set its house in order.
If anything the needless horror of what has been called "the system" was intensified.
The corps deserves no worshipful credit for waiting until a major disaster occurred before making changes which should have been made long ago.

initiated the clean-up.
But nothing less is expected of an officer and a gentleman.
A scapegoat will not satisfy the requirements of the situation either. A court martial will decide Sgt. Matthew C. McKoon's fate.
It is important to the nation is the fate of the corps itself and the thousands of youngsters entrusted to its care.
The nation will not rest easy until it can evaluate the results of Gen. Pate's reorganization.
It will not forget Ribbon Creek or what it represents in stupidity and arrogant error.
It will not forget yesterday's earnest promises of improved conditions.
And it will select its heroes later.
The book is not closed on the Parris Island tragedy.

Secret Silliness: A Crack In The Door

THERE is slight but gratifying evidence that public criticism of committee secrecy is having an effect in Congress. The public and press have been barred from only 31.9 per cent of meetings held by congressional committees this year, according to CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY. It is an improvement of 3.0 per cent in the number of open hearings over a comparable 1955 period.
But the number of secret sessions is still excessive. Democracy does not thrive very well when public officials are sheltered artificially from the public gaze. The public has a right to know the public's business—a right which is limited only by the most urgent public necessity.
But why pray, should it be necessary for the Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee to hold 69.6 per cent of its meetings in secret this year? Afraid the Russians will steal our formula for hybrid corn?
And why should the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee bar the

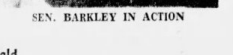
public from 55.6 per cent of its 1956 sessions? Afraid the Communists will learn the location of our rural mail boxes?
Really, gentlemen, this is carrying governmental secrecy too far.
OUR BELIEF in British justice has been shaken badly by acquittal of a fishmonger in a Nottingham court.
He evaded the court his false advertising of catfish as "mock halibut" was justified because halibut is an eminently presentable fish, while catfish are big-headed, beady-eyed, evil-whiskered, repulsive and hideous.
Believing catfish deserve widespread consumption, we can't quarrel with the court for letting the man dress up the name of his product. But those adjectives he used on the catfish constituted a clear case of criminal libel that should have been prosecuted before he got out of court.

Very Fishy

The 'Veep': The First And The Last

ALBEN BARKLEY left them laughing at Lexington, Va.
They gasped or cried as he stumbled down the aisle, but minutes before, when he was speaking, his famed wit played like lightning in the Washington & Lee auditorium.
The heart attack ended Alben Barkley's joking and story telling. But the broad and youthful spirit and the laughter is left in a legacy for those who will use it to make American politics a warmer, more human instrument of democracy.
Alben Barkley was no clown. Neither was he a customer of the growing breed of canners of ribb slogans and packagers of "political appeal." He was one of the people and part of the fabric of the nation. He talked like people talk, and he knew what they thought.
Barkley's significant service to the nation in a 51-year career in offices ranging from county prosecutor to vice president will fit nicely into history books. He was one of the chief engineers of the New Deal and its massive social legislation. He believed in the integrity of the Congress, as Franklin D. Roosevelt found when he presumed too much on Barkley's devotion to him. He believed in the two-party system and served his Democratic Party with all the energy his great frame could bring to bear. Few could match that energy.

Alben Barkley was a partisan, but a happy one. He was above meanness and viciousness. His ally on the political stump was humor with the tang of the Kentucky countryside, and it was more genteel than biting.
Americans exhibited their affection for him with ready acceptance of the title his children gave him, "The Veep," and he was the U. S.'s first "Veep," and the last.
It was a fine, affectionate word.
It is a pity that the "Veep" is no more.



SEN. BARKLEY IN ACTION

From The Washington Post & Times-Herald

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

WE ARE always on the lookout for portents or symptoms that this grin and humorless world is returning to a measure of sanity; but we don't mind confessing that for years—nay, decades—the pickings have been slim indeed. Still you may be interested and gratified to hear that within the last few days we have noted a slight but perceptible rise in the estate of nations, e. g.:
Item. An amateur composer in Brooklyn, N. Y., has arranged and scored the official instructions of the Department of Internal Revenue concerning income Tax Form No. 1040 for a five-part chorale, and recordings of this work are now available at a reasonable price.
Item. Hundreds of other taxpayers, whose artistic tendencies incline to the graphic sort, decorated the envelopes inclosing this year's tax returns with skeletons, poison labels, or more or less recognizable portraits of W. W. Postage.
Item. A United States Government agency operating mostly overseas has been besieged by male job applicants, whose only qualifications—according to their own frank admissions—were that all have married lovely, gracious and talented wives. Item. Shortly before Sir Anthony Eden was to entertain Commodore Khushever and Bulgainin at a state dinner, a messenger appeared at No. 10 Downing Street, London, with an oblong box of the sort used for long-stemmed flowers, addressed to the Prime Minister. It proved to contain a wooden spoon

with a ten-inch handle, which occasioned much bewilderment, until somebody remembered the lines from Chaucer:
Therfor bihoveth him a ful long spoon
That shal eat with a feid, thus herd I say.
Item (and this will conclude the lesson for today). A former high-ranking official of the NKVD, who now uses the name of Gen. Alexander Orlov, discloses—in an article written for LIFE magazine—that besides being a tyrant, sadist, murderer, wife-killer, lunatic, pervert and everything else that the Communist press can think of to say about him, the late Roman Malinovsky, a spy and agent prosector for the Tsarist police. Meanwhile a British historian seems to have turned up documentary evidence that Lenin himself was in the pay of the Kaiser's government. Thus the whole nightmare of events since 1917 begins to take on something like the quality of the late G. K. Chesterton's fantasy, THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY. Let us hope, then, that the long nightmare is ending and that all we need now is something to settle our nerves; and it strikes us that a little more Homeric laughter would be just about the right prescription.
Pome In Which A Slight Addendum Is Attached To The Remarks About Youth:
Rarely find 'em on the skids.—ATLANTA JOURNAL.

People's Platform Deny Public Money To Desegregated Schools

Supreme Court is hell-bent upon ruling out segregation in the South. It has ruled that public moneys might be used to provide transportation of students to parochial schools, which are private; and it has ruled that public moneys might be used to buy books and stationery to be used by students in parochial schools. The federal government has issued grants, under the GI Bill, to private schools and colleges on the segregated basis to

oppose to Gov. Hodges—the purpose of the delay, most obviously.
While I did not agree with you on either the meaning of or the way to handle the desegregation of the races issue, I must admit that you have done much more than the other papers that I see in the opportunities you have afforded for the expression of opposing views.
By no means should be obvious to the most skeptical that the U. S.

former soldiers. These precedents mean nothing, however, when it comes to segregated schools. The court would repudiate what it has recently said as yesterday in order to effectuate desegregation of the schools of the South.

And it now should be obvious to me and all that education of the Negro is not the objective of the desegregationists, but the amalgamation of the Negro and white races in the South. If you stack the Negro and white kids from the nursery to manhood in the classrooms, on the playgrounds and buses like sardines in a can, you might as well tuck them under the same cover in the same bed, for such would follow just as naturally as the night follows the day. And we have authority for the statement that education of the Negro is not the objective of the NAACP, Judge Dohie of the Fourth Circuit asked Spotswood Robinson, attorney for the NAACP in the Virginia case, the pointed question which he preferred, equal educational opportunities for the Negro with segregation or desegregation and no educational opportunities for the Negro and he said he preferred the latter alternative.



GOV. HODGES Opposition Averted

there in the state, but not many.
The Negroes of the South are not going to do the Samson stunt of pulling the temple down upon themselves in order that the NAACP may glit its hostility against the South. They are not hell-bent on it.

However, if the white people of the South manifest no more backbone than an anglerworm, the NAACP will put the head of the southern Negro upon the neck of every white man in more than half of the Southern States—and the irony of the situation is the failure of the press and pulp to catch what is going on right under their noses.

Furthermore, who is so stupid as to think that any school system that must be maintained by those who have it could be worth a timbre's dam?
Let's send only those who are determined to fight this monster proposition of integrated schools to the National Assembly in the only way it can be effectively fought—by withholding public money from the support of integrated schools.

JOHN W. HESTER



"Of course the farm problem is shot through with politics; this is an election year. But you'll have to admit it's nice being thought of once every four years..."

Arabian Ferment

appearance of the absolute power of the Saudi dynasty. In brief, under the impact of the sudden inflow of oil money, Arabia's old tribal system has all but broken down entirely. Within two decades a nation that was three quarters nomadic has become three quarters settled, and most of the settlements have taken place in a few towns where the court and oil company spend their money.
Furthermore, whole new social groups are now emerging, and beginning to ask questions. There is a sort of new bourgeoisie, led by contractors for Aramco and the court, many of whom would like to see their country more rapidly modernized.
There is the new Saudi Arabia army, with its American and Egyptian instructors. Just under a year ago, a group of Saudi army officers tried a coup on the Egyptian pattern. They were defeated, and since then the King has kept his feudal tribal levies, but the army is still a force to be reckoned with.
NEW WAYS
And finally, besides many other centers of change like the schools with their Egyptian teachers, there are the tens of thousands of oil company workers and ex-oil company workers who have learned new ways. But the man who has real problems is King Saud, the good man who inherited the rule of Arabia from his great father at the most critical moment, when the former of the world were suddenly gathering their full momentum. There is hardly any doubt that the drive to modernize Arabia would be causing open trouble here today, if King Saud had followed a different foreign policy.
The King's policy, for which he rather visibly lacks personal enthusiasm, is essentially based on his alliance with Egypt. His real role is to finance Egypt's anti-Western drive in the other Arab states, and especially in

Land Of Incredible Juxtapositions

Jordan and Iraq. Partly, this policy can be laid to the King's three refugee advisers, Yusuf Yassin, Jamil Bey Hussein and Khalid Abu Walid, all of whom are bitterly anti-Western for personal reasons.
In part, too, this policy can be laid to native emotions. There is the old hatred of the Hashemites, the family that rules in Iraq and the descendants of the Prophet, from whom the house Saud wrested the holy places of Islam. There is above all the bitterness over the Israeli problem. Even the heir to the throne, Faisal Prince of the Hejaz, frankly told me he was pleased by the prospect of Soviet support against Israel.
But there is another cause for Saudi policy that goes deeper than any of these. At present, through his Egyptian alliance, King Saud is playing the role of an Arab nationalist leader. But if he broke with Egypt, the hose of propaganda and agitation would be turned on him as it is now turned on Nuri Pasha in Iraq. He would be portrayed as an American puppet, the captive of his oil company, the feudalist who holds back Arabia from national progress.
NATIONALIST LINK
It would be effective in the present unstable situation in Arabia. The people there, like the Egyptians who are so rapidly creeping in among them, but they would listen to Cairo's voice if the Arabs if it began to shout about their own unspoken aspirations. Thus the ferment that is now beneath the surface would come to an open, rolling boil. After that, anything might happen.
Because this prospect always hangs over the Saudi government, Saudi Arabia must now be regarded as the captive, if you like, of the new Arab nationalist movement that presently centers its aim on fact daily Arab nationalist link has to be treated as stronger than the powerful Saudi links to the United States.

Nixon Is Always One Jump Ahead

Kefauver's charges that he had leaped toward Stevenson, Butler told assembled Democrats.
"I want you to know that I have been neutral, I am neutral and I will continue to be neutral. And I deeply regret anyone saying that I'm not neutral."
"I do not like to single out a member of the press," Butler continued, "but Drew Pearson has published a completely erroneous set of facts."
L'Affaire Farmer
Butler then emphatically denied that he had had anything to do with forcing Mary Farmer to withdraw from the Kefauver-Stevenson debate. He reported in this column, after she had joined the staff of the Democratic National Committee in Washington.
At the luncheon which followed, Chair-

Merry-Go-Round Drew Pearson's

THE Democrats will make a big mistake if they underestimate Dick Nixon. They figure he has about 75 per cent chance of becoming president, and they're glad he's running. However, Dick doesn't make a trick; and he knows most of the tricks in the political bag.
Shrewd Charting
When he went in to see Eisenhower the other day to tell him he had "charted his course," he had already done some shrewd charting. Most of the Republican state chairmen and committeemen around the country. He had telephoned them personally, asking them in his most deferential manner whether he should run again.
When the vice president of the United States calls to see your personal adviser the natural tendency—unless icewater

Bipartisan Scorn

Republicans and Democrats may cut each other's throats, but there's one thing they're neutral about—calling me a liar. Usually the Democrats, however, reach for more headlines in hurling their abuse.
Paul Butler, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, had some things to say about neutrality and veracity at a recent session of the Democratic National Committee. Nettle by

Butler Insists

Butler insists
"Yes, you did," replied Miss Farmer.
"Only by an iota," replied Mrs. McIntyre, "and I'm positive that I'm right."

man Butler came over to the table where Mrs. Myrtle McIntyre, Democratic national committeewoman from New Hampshire, was seated with Ted Dudley of CIO-PAC, Mrs. C. A. Shupper, committeewoman from California, and Mary Farmer, the girl who retired as a delegate from New Hampshire.
Mrs. McIntyre turned to Miss Farmer.
"Mary," she asked in Butler's presence, "didn't I call you and tell you Paul Butler had told me that you had to leave the delegation in two or three days or you couldn't keep your job on the national committee?"
Butler insists
"Yes, you did," replied Miss Farmer.
"Only by an iota," replied Mrs. McIntyre, "and I'm positive that I'm right."