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MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1958

Soviets Can Starve Berlin Into Subjection This Time

By JOSEPH ALSOP

AN AIRLIFT, the expensive but relatively easy way out that saved Berlin last time, will almost surely not defeat a renewed Berlin blockade.

That single fact means that the real, the crucial, the truly serious decision about Berlin was not taken by the grand rally of foreign ministers of the Western allies here in Paris. It means that their "firm" statements about their "decision" to defend Berlin were, in reality no more than indications of a tendency to take the right decision later on.



Flying Boxcars Saved Beleguered Berlin Once—But Never Again

NO EASY WAY OUT
The stark fact that there is no easy way out of the Berlin crisis is what distinguishes this round in the cold war from all its predecessors, except Korea and Quemoy. Even Quemoy, even Korea did not demand the kind of ultimate and painful test of will that the Berlin crisis seems likely to demand.

parable Western industry, at any rate in all military requirements. Some time ago, powerful Soviet radar jamming mechanisms were installed at four sites surrounding Berlin. The intention is obvious. Even if the Soviet's East German puppets do not carry out their blustering promises to send up fighters against Western aircraft flying to Berlin, the landings will be radar-jammed.

because of the congestion of flight paths. Even in winter, Berlin weather is bad. In summer, the city, being far to the North, has only a few hours of daylight each day. For these reasons an airlift depending on landing cargoes only in daylight and good weather cannot do the job.

And this is so horribly important ("horribly" is the right word), precisely because by no means all the Western allies have faced the hard facts of Berlin's changed situation. After talking airlift in a way that must have been a vastly encouraged Khrushchev and company, the American policy-makers have now begun to admit that it will be fatal to surrender any of Berlin's supply routes, on the ground or in the air. They are in fact talking about armed convoys.

CONGESTION
If an airlift is jammed, it cannot really sustain Berlin, unless very important new technological breakthroughs of a quite unforeseen character are achieved in the interim. The city has only three airports, Tempelhof, Gatow, and Tegel. Space is so limited that even these three airports cannot be used to the utmost.

RUGE STOCKS
Berlin has huge stocks — a year's supply of coal and six months' or more of other essential categories. A daytime, fair-weather airlift can indeed extend the period before Berlin's stocks will be finally exhausted. But 15 months from the beginning of a strict siege is the current estimate of the period during which Berlin can be sustained by airlift if the landings are jammed.

MR. MICAWBER
Yet the British are talking airlift to this day. If the obvious objections are mentioned, the British answer comes straight from Mister Micawber. It is said that the British will turn out in the meteorological domain or something will turn up in negotiations with the Soviets, and so Berlin may still be saved before the 15

months come to an end and Berlin is starved into subjection. The truth is, however, that if the Western allies go on talking airlift, Khrushchev will press on with his blockade scheme, and the Western allies will take refuge in an airlift. Khrushchev will fold his hands across his belly and smilingly wait for his eventual victory. He knows the operational factors as well as anyone. He will conclude, with reason, that the Western allies will not make an H-bomb war when their airlift fails, after they themselves have failed the great initial test of will at the signing of the blockade.

ROAD TO SURRENDER
In truth, this expedient which looks like an easy way out is only a slow road to eventual surrender. A very wise leader in the councils of the West has put the question in a nutshell: "There is no way to keep our commitment to the people of Berlin except to be fully ready to fight a general war for Berlin. But if the Soviets clearly understand that we really are ready to fight a general war for Berlin, then we shall not have to do so." Once the easy way out is seen to be no way out at all, and the above-stated principles are also accepted, realistic discussion can begin about details of tactics, both political and military. Tactics matter very much less than the essential decision to meet the first challenge at Berlin without a flinching moment, and without the smallest retreat. The Paris meeting just concluded at Berlin has a general hope that this essential decision will be taken in the due course, even if it has not been taken here. One can only wait and pray.

Which Kind Of Power Will We Choose?

CHARLETON Putnam, distinguished northern lawyer, former transplant-business executive in the South, biographer of Theodore Roosevelt, has touched off a new discussion of Supreme Court authority with a letter to President Eisenhower.

Putnam's letter consolidates into temperate words the stormy outcry often heard in the South, nowadays, since the Court banned legal segregation in public schools. "The picture in reality," Mr. Putnam wrote the President, "is of a court, by one sudden edict, forcing upon the entire South a view and a way of life, with which the great majority of the population are in complete disagreement." To me there is a frightening arrogance in this performance.

wrote his own analysis of the court was under heavy battery from left-wing forces as an instrument of "plutocracy" — chiefly because of its continual rejecting of New Deal legislation.

THE court, even when it hands down "edicts," inescapably aligns itself with sources of power in the nation. It always has. In its early days it was plutocratic, Federalist, and centralist; late in the 19th Century it was de-centralist, conservative, plutocratic, remaining more or less so until the late Thirties. Yet historically, Russell acknowledges, even through the twists and turns of doctrine, it has claimed the somewhat mystic respect of "oracle" and "proph."

THIS nicely-defined explanation of the people's grievance against the court is more likely, we think, to satisfy judicial, legally-educated minds than it is to give insight into the place of the court in democratic government. The court is a lawyer's law court, but it is also an agent of immense power — which may be discussed in broader terms. Comments made exactly 20 years ago by the English mathematician and philosopher, Bertrand Russell, in his book, Power, have a peculiar appropriateness today: "In the U. S. at the present day (1938)," Russell wrote, "the reverence which the Greeks gave to oracles and the Middle Ages to the Pope is due to the Supreme Court." (Italics ours.) Today "conservative" forces grow restless with the court, but when Russell

based on fear; beneath the velvet glove of the court's lofty decisions there is the bare reality of executive responsibility to execute the law. It seems to be for the South to decide whether to make some accommodation with the more traditional power of the court, or to invite naked force as at Little Rock. Power, Russell's message says, is inescapable: it must be of one kind or another. Now a choice to decide whether to maneuver with legislation against the court in Congress must make the crucial choice between the two. Perhaps they will conclude that court power, strangely arduous and traditional, even though it is a power of edict, is more comparable than that which would replace it if judicial independence were destroyed.

Why Charlotte Hankers For Whirlybirds

WHY should we have helicopters? Progress-minded city fathers could probably find an answer to that question, now that Charlotte has applied to the Civil Aeronautics Board for leave to run them to neighboring towns. Yet it's quite simple. The popular response will be overwhelming. That's why. Up to now only kings, consorts, Presidents, and maybe high brass were people you saw piloting into helicopters. Like, hearing his controversial chopper fly to Gettysburg, Prince Phillip buzzing

around to inspect factories, or Gen. MacArthur's whirring up to a battlefield. Now us ordinary folks are being asked to climb aboard. Marvelous. But surely some new-fangled garb will be necessary for these helicopter trips off to hither and yon. Maybe some will want to try goggles a la Gen. MacArthur, or vicuna overcoats, or boots a la Prince Phillip. And you will need cigars and perhaps cards for poker. Jodhpurs maybe. Or, for those who want to "go all the way," monocle, pipe-acc, and a corn pipe or two.

Our Own 'Guide For The Misguided'

THERE are several attitudes toward Christmas," says Mr. T. S. Eliot in a famous poem, "some of which we may disregard." Well, we can start right off by disregarding the idea that there's no use trying to shop for the Man-Who-Hat-Everything. It has been our annual custom to offer at this season our own handy-dandy guide for the misguided (i.e., those who think of MWHE as having everything). Last year, for instance, we wagged rather heavily that MWHE didn't have a heated steering wheel or a portable ice rink or a copy of the STATISTICAL ABSTRACT OF THE UNITED STATES. Strictly no contest. As it turned out, MWHE didn't even have an aerosol garbage can deodorizer. Here's our 1958 edition of THE NEWS' guide for the misguided and it contains 10 items that will make of MWHE a motor with gears. Don't shove. Only one to a customer:

- 1—At \$8,750, a Dallas department store is offering a neat little gift called "Black Gold"—a royalty interest in more than 750 producing oil wells.
2—The same store offers a jeroboam of 170 ounces of rare perfume for \$2,500 —"the same owned by King Saud for Arabian nights entertaining."
3—A full bed-size gray fox blanket for \$1,000.
4—A steel ice chest loaded with everything from imported boneless sardines to chocolate truffles, \$44.95 delivered.
5—A seven-foot stuffed dinosaur for the den (of plush, of course), \$325.
6—A vacuum lounging robe a la Bernard Goldfine, \$750.
7—A cashmere man's kimono, \$150.
8—Gold collar studs, \$14.50 the pair.
9—A 14-carat gold zipper, \$540.
10—A B-52 bomber, \$7.5 million (marked down from \$8 million).
Yes, m'am. They're for real. Now, what are your other problems?

'Ours Talks'



HERBLOCK

A FUR PIECE

NOW, confound it, these advertisers have gone too far! We've resisted the big "savings" on things we didn't want—also the temptations to nothing and no first payment until February, which is a cold month for first payments. The sun-tanned jewelies in the travel-now-pay-later ads do catch the eye, but a man could get to hate the girls along about the installment. Games now, however, a slip by a hep firm called Furs by Gartenhaus, Inc. which could be our undoing. It is, as the advertisement on our business page the other day proclaimed, "a sporting proposition." These genial furriers, it seems, will as always, gladly exchange any gift fur which monsieur purchases but which madame doesn't like. But this year they're ready to institutionalize the whole procedure and bet a bottle of

champagne that they can pick a wrap for milady which she'll prefer to her husband's choice. Both furs will be sent out, with no hint as to which one was selected by the store, on the basis of the husband's description of his wife. If she decides to keep hubby's in preference to the Gartenhaus selection, Gartenhaus will send out a bottle of champagne. If the choice goes the other way, the master of the household gets nothing—except, of course, the bill, which, which, come to think of it, he gets, in either case, the obvious flaw in "Yes, m'am." Then for vengeance, the ultimate challenge to the male ego. Does Furs by Gartenhaus, Inc. know your wife better than you do? It's the sort of question, really, that one just doesn't leave dangling on the business page.

People's Platform

Voting Machines Are Needed Here

Charlotte League of Women Voters
The League of Women Voters of Charlotte wishes to thank you for your editorial comment in support of acquisition of voting machines for Charlotte and Mecklenburg County.

one to which the County Commissioners, City Councilmen, state legislators, Board of Election members and others were invited. The machine was displayed and demonstrated to them. Questions were asked and answered and a general discussion of facts and figures was held.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
THE battle between the liberal and conservative GOP senators is one of the most significant that has hit the Beltway in six years. It vitally affects the future course of the Eisenhower administration and will materially affect the selection of the Republican nominee in 1960.

Liberal Ideas Rejected

2 He himself appears to be going conservative. The wealthy campaign contributor who has been invited to White House dinners and to his golfing vacations seem to have definitely vacillated his policies.

Secret Wire-Pulling

1 The White House has been pulling secret wires against them. Gen. William Persons, who has replaced Sherman Adams, has been whispering to congressional leaders not to divide the party, that Ike doesn't want to change the present leadership.

Back To The Taft Wing

1 If the President sticks to a conservative course, as announced at the last Cabinet meeting, it means he will revert to the Taft leaders who tried to defeat him in 1952 and turn his back on the liberal Republicans who helped him over Taft.

Sick Man

1 Secretary of State Dulles was a very tired and sick man by the time the Atlantic pact conference ended. He could work at about half his normal pace and had to pass up at least four diplomatic functions to rest at night.

A Dog's Life

Take A Nap, Dad

By ROBERT C. RUARK

JUST crawled out of the sack, and man, I feel like a colt. I don't care if they do accuse me of going out to the Russian way of thinking, you should have seen the cook's expression when I pinched him.

Right here, according to Grandma, which is what we call the AP, it says that Doc Braines put a dog to sleep in 1951, because the found in question had shed his fur and had given up any interest in cats, and had ceased baying at the moon or worrying the furniture. The mutt was 15 years old when he went into his long nap.

Man, you'd recognize me today. I was bald as a simile — make do egg, and have done, Giles — ugly, weighed only 97 pounds, mustache moulted, all that live. My palsied fingers couldn't even grasp the sin bottle I always kept by the bed. What happens? Two days in the feathers, and when I bounced out — vibrant handsome, a mass of muscles with a muscle like Jerry Colonna and the energy of a professional football player — you could have heard the cook scream.

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