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HALF-HEARTED MOBILIZATION

THE American people, like the villagers in the fable about the little boy who cried "Wolf", have been lulled into a false sense of security by recent announcements from the Korean theater. For several weeks, now, repeated Communist attacks have been described as "an all-out blow" or "a final, desperate attempt", so much so that the big attack launched during the Labor Day week-end did not immediately get the attention it deserved.

By now it is clear that the current Communist offensive is the best planned and most skillfully executed of the numerous thrusts in recent weeks. And it is also clear—distressingly clear—that the North Koreans, instead of being spent, are still tremendously potent. The slashing drives west of Pohang and southwest of Taegu lopped off large segments from the already-small United Nations beachhead.

This does not mean that the situation is desperate. Front line correspondents now tell us that the area presently held by United Nations troops is larger than our strategists had anticipated, that plans had been made originally for the defense of a still shorter perimeter. Let us hope that is the case.

But if the situation is not desperate, it is certainly critical. Our troops have been in South Korea for more than two months now. Reinforcements of manpower and equipment have been poured in as fast as possible. Our men are fighting well in unfavorable terrain against a fanatical and adroit enemy whose ability to reform his units after shattering setbacks is almost unprecedented in modern warfare. That enemy has pushed our troops back into an area of 3,500 square miles, roughly two-thirds the size of the state of Connecticut. He still outnumbers us in manpower and apparently is yet able to command devastating firepower.

The Korean War has produced sudden changes, and perhaps by the time this appears in print the enemy forces will have been stopped or even pushed back a bit. Nonetheless, it appears that we have been unable so far to build up enough strength to hold the North Koreans in check, much less drive them back to, and beyond, the 38th Parallel.

If the Korean War were our only concern, the current mobilization program might be adequate to produce eventual victory. It so happens that we have other worries. Chinese Communist or Russian troops may be thrown into the Korean fighting. We have staked ourselves out to neutralize Formosa, and defend Indo-China, the Philippines, and Malaya. Furthermore, we are intensely interested in the preservation of the status quo in Iran and Yugoslavia, and we would certainly go to war to defend Western Europe from a Soviet offensive.

Perhaps the experts in Washington, having better information than the people, have good reason to believe that there will be no further Communist aggression in the immediate future. Even so, the American people, who have to form their opinions from such information as is given them, may be pardoned if they view with dismay and even distrust the half-hearted and piecemeal mobilization of the nation's resources at a time when we face such serious threats in so many far-flung places.

TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, NOW VIRGINIA

SINCE the Supreme Court ruling last June in the Texas and Oklahoma cases, it has been apparent to educators and legal observers that few Southern states could meet the court's rigid standard for equality of segregated graduate school facilities for Negroes.

The ruling went far beyond the traditional legal interpretation of the "separate but equal" dictum. It set up as yardsticks for measuring the segregated facilities such intangibles as the reputation of the school and faculty and the standing of graduates in their professions and in their communities. Obviously no Negro law school in the South, to use the case in point, could compare with a white law school in those respects, even if it measured up in expenditure per student, buildings, library resources, and the like.

Hence, yesterday's ruling by a Federal Circuit Court that the University of Virginia must admit a Negro attorney to its law school is merely another step in this judicial transformation of the Southern graduate school pattern. Virginia has no law school for Negroes, but has paid part of the cost of educating its students in other law schools. The Virginia decision was thus clear cut.

What will happen in the North Carolina case now under consideration in Federal Court is another matter. The North Carolina College at Durham has probably the best Negro law school in the South, and one of the best in the nation. Unlike the hurriedly-established Texas institution, it has been in existence a long time, and has a fine reputation.

Even so, there is grave doubt that it can conform to the Supreme Court's decision in the Texas case. Unless the Court subsequently relaxes its interpretation so as to give due consideration to the honest efforts of states like North Carolina to provide equal as well as separate facilities, the structure of segregation in state institutions of higher learning will surely collapse. One wonders when and where the first breach will be made in the public school system of the South.

THE GARRULOUS GYRENES

YES, Rep. McDonough, Republican of California, there is a Marine propaganda machine. It's the Gyrene who said on Wake Island that he wanted more Japs for Christmas; it's the Leatherneck who chanted "with the help of God and a few Marines, MacArthur won the Philippines"; it's the boot who sings proudly that "if the Army or the Navy ever gave on Heav'n's scene, they will find the streets are guarded by United States Marines."

Yes, Rep. McDonough, Republican of California, he's the braggin'est, brawniest, spit-and-polishest fighting man from the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli. He thinks a Marine private first class is saltier than a Chief Bo'sun's Mate with six hash marks and tougher than a paratrooper with callouses on his feet. If he didn't, the Marine Corps wouldn't have him.

He's willing to be a part of the Navy in peacetime, and willing to let the Navy think that it's a part of the Marine Corps in wartime. He's tolerant of the Army and won't be astonished that a one-time artillery officer like President Harry Truman put both feet in his wide-open mouth when he compared the lobbying of the Corps' friends and alumni to Stalin's propaganda machine. After all, no Marine has ever worried where he put his feet.

If you want to hear a real propaganda machine, Rep. McDonough, Republican of California, just forget about Stalin and listen to some Leatherneck from Texas tell some swabbies what a breeze it was on The Canal.

FALSE FALL

DON'T let that cool breeze the other morning fool you. And don't be misled by those younesters raising hob with the pigskin out in Memorial Stadium. Summer's Sunday punch is yet to come.

The False Fall we exoerienced early this week is due, in weatherman's terminology, to "a mass of cool dry air" meeting the atmospheric mess kicked up by Florida's hurricane.

There are many indications that Autumn is still a couple of miles down the road. The leafs are still green, for one thing. Not even a suggestion of red or gold as yet. And the kids are just now entering the schoolrooms. When they start getting tired of school, along about Oct. 15, that'll be a sure sign of Fall.

The only positive indication we've had that Autumn is sneaking up on us is the Missus' increasingly frequent trips up town to look over wool skirts and plaid dresses. But even we aren't getting panicky. The bills aren't due for another month yet.

From The Atlanta Constitution

NEHRU LOSES IMPORTANT ELECTION

ADDING to the difficulties of the American position with regard to Asia, which position of non-aggression and absence of all imperialistic design the President made clear in his fireside chat, is the election news from New Delhi.

Complete returns now in reveal that Purshottamanda Tandon, long an outspoken critic of Prime Minister Nehru's domestic and international policies, has won office as President of the governing Congress. While Nehru made no public choice of the three candidates, it was known he hoped for the success of a close friend, which candidate ran third.

This election could easily upset the Nehru government which has stood steadfast behind the United States' decision in Korea in all United Nations meetings.

India is the key to Asia and if a new government should destroy the Indian policy in the United Nations, the result could easily be calamitous and add immeasurably to the burden of the West. The Tandon course will be watched with apprehensive hope.

A Pennsylvania Republican suggested the other day that members of the House of Representatives need to be examined by a psychiatrist. The gallery applauded. Proving that you can fool some of the people, etc., etc.

Yanks, 60 Yards Apart, Try To Hold Naktong River Line

By JOSEPH ALSOP

KOREA

THE TANK stood on a high bluff, overlooking a flat green valley with eroded, scrub-covered hills beyond. Near the tank in a foxhole ... like the usual ineffectual sniper fire — sat the lieutenant colonel. A spare man in hard condition, he still looked drawn and weary, which was understandable, since he had just lost most of his battalion.

The battalion had been utterly over-run in the assault on the 2nd Division position which began the current crisis in the Korean fighting. By the most lavish use of man power to breach the tenuous American line, the enemy had torn a seven-mile hole in our front. But because of extreme shortage of transport, artillery and even ammunition, the North Koreans had been unable to exploit this great success, being halted where we were by the regimental engineers, cooks and bakers, with 200 divisional clerks and wavers.

These fill-assorted infantry men held our bluff and the neighboring high ground.

FLAT, UNEMOTIONAL VOICE

Between bouts of serving as assistant target spotter for the tank, the weary lieutenant colonel almost volubly tried to explain what had happened to his outfit, which had been so terribly chopped to pieces in its first experience of hard combat. Occasionally the deafening roar and flash of the tank's big gun interrupted him, but always he continued again, in the same flat, unemotional voice.

What had happened was really very simple. Shortly after its arrival in Korea, the 2nd Division has been hurried into the line, on the Naktong River, to permit the exhausted thrice-decimated 24th Division to go at last into reserve. The line to be held was appallingly long.

"We had to space the foxholes every sixty yards along the river," the lieutenant colonel explained. "But even then we were all separated on four little knolls, with no one holding the draws in between" — then in a louder voice to the tank crew, "Why don't you try that clump of trees on the big hill?"

The tank gun roared three times. A smoke cloud covered the little tree clump, then feathered slowly away. A file of engineers moved out, very visible against the green ridge, to try to attack the hill. To cover the assault, shells sang overhead and thudded into the enemy positions from artillery in the rear. Still scanning the hill through his field glasses, the lieutenant colonel continued.

At first it had been very quiet for his battalion in the line, for the North Koreans, these days, need a good deal of time to build up even the man power for a serious attack. Two nights before there had been a curious sort of torchlight parade, with much singing and shouting, on the enemy bank of the river. ("I guess they were getting sakied up," remarked the lieutenant colonel.) Artillery immediately fired on the paraders but this did not halt the fording of the shallow Naktong, the enemy infantry half walking, half swimming, their equipment in boats, with a screen of women and children refugees driven forward in the lead. At least 4,000 North Koreans were involved in the attack on the lieutenant colonel's single battalion.

"We killed an awful lot of them," he said. "But they just flowed over and around our positions. We held the command post until eleven yesterday morning, when regiment ordered us to retire. Able Company was cut off, but was still directing artillery fire at three yesterday afternoon when their radio transmission stopped. Almost all the men in the three rifle companies were cut off the same way."

Down in the rice fields the few score engineers had been halted by machine gun fire. As they turned back, a man in the rear of the file fell forward heavily. A thin, boyish sergeant, his face caked with dust, ran up to report that seventeen men of Able Company had just filtered back through the enemy lines.

"It's been like that with most of them," the lieutenant colonel said, explaining that he hoped at least half his battalion would eventually reach our lines. One gathered, however, from what was spoken, that it had been "like that" with all of them. Our great superiority in fire power might have overcome the immense Korean advantage in numbers, if a small percentage of the green, softly trained troops had not been paralyzed by the confusion of the fighting and the multitude of the enemy, and thus prevented the battalion from acting as a thoroughly well-knit team.

LULL IN FIGHTING

The lieutenant told how another little party led by Medical Sgt. William Crawford had destroyed a machine gun nest, killed grenades and killed an enemy tank with their three-plant-fire bazooka on their trek to freedom. The tank nenroy suddenly began to back off down our bluff, rumbling angrily. There was a lull in the fighting. The lieutenant colonel took one last look through his glasses at the enemy shells across the way. "I don't see anything over there," he said. "You just never see them until they're on you. I guess I'll go back."

Southeast Asian Threat

Indo-China Ripe For Red Thrust

By SEYMOUR TOPPING
Associated Press Staff Writer

SAIGON, INDO-CHINA

THIS pivotal Southeast Asia country is the softest point along the western power perimeter for another Soviet thrust in Asia similar to that in Korea.

There is danger that the Kremlin, through the Chinese Communists, may try to exploit the rebellion in Indo-China to open a second international, but localized, conflict in Asia.

The primary objective of such a move would be Communist control of Indo-China which, in effect, would unhinge the whole defense pattern for Southeast Asia. A minimum goal would be to bog down further western military strength without directly involving Russian forces.

The political groundwork for such an offensive may have been laid when the Soviet bloc recognized the Communist-controlled resistance government in Vietnam headed by Ho Chin Minh.

The Communist-led Vietminh have fought French occupation of Vietnam, the principal state of Indo-China, since 1946. The Ho Chi Minh government for the "Peoples Democratic Republic of Vietnam" functions actively in large areas.

The Soviet diplomatic coup meant that the Communist countries no longer recognised French administration in Indo-China. Moscow and Peiping were thus prepared to argue that they are legally free to co-operate, on any basis with the Ho Chi Minh regime.

It seems probable that Chinese Communist intervention in Indo-China would produce the same unanimity of counteraction by the United Nations as in the case of Korea or an invasion of nearly defenseless Burma. Certainly, there would be hesitation among the Asiatic countries.

The French-sponsored Bao Dai Government for Vietnam has been given a cold reception by other Asiatic states. India has refused to recognize the Bao Dai Government like most other Asiatic Governments. Thailand (Siam) yielded reluctantly under Anglo-American persuasion. Strong pressure has been necessary to prevent the Indonesians from recognizing the Ho Chi Minh regime.

The Asiatic countries are united and uncompromising in their opposition to any remnants of the old colonialism. They are less afraid of what American officials are describing as the new "Communist colonialism."

Getting The Indians Back On The Reservation

It's Dog Eat Dog At Ruark Home Now, Not Dog Eat Man

By ROBERT RUARK

NEW YORK

I HAVE a sort confession to make. I finally got my puppy a puppy. It was the only way to keep peace in the house.

If you say it is foolish to procure a puppy for a puppy, it just shows how little you know about dogs. Since my dog has owned his own personal puppy he has been as tranquil as a dead pig in the sunshine. Life has been worth living around here since the second baby came, which is more than I can say of it over the last year or so.

DOESN'T MASTICATE MASTER

For a start, the big dog has stopped biting me. He also has stopped chewing the furniture, and he has ceased to commit nuisances out of sheer malice. He has quit sneering at me, and knocked off brooding. A neurotic dog is a hell of a thing to have around the house, and mine was worrying at a trauma as long as your leg.

This beast of mine — a boxer whom the old lady calls Sweetface, because it is the last so neurotic that he deliberately unhousebroke himself as a gesture of defiance, by the meaning me. He jeopardized my livelihood by chewing up a floral hat belonging to the wife of the editor of Editor & Publisher, ate one of the two five-dollar bills and then got sick on the carpet.

In times past he fell madly in love with a duck and two cats, one named Short Change and the other named Pigaro. I do not personally believe it is normal for a male boxer to pine for a duck or a cat, but Junior did. He also brooded over Greenwich Village, where he was raised. He hated it uptown, where we live now. He missed the Bohemian life.

I fought back for a while. I told him that he was I-A in the K-9 Corps, and that the Russians ate dogs. This caused him to brood the more, and howl dolefully whenever anybody mentioned the draft. Finally, with an unaccustomed stroke of lucid thinking, I decided that this was a beast who needed a dependent. I argued a friend out of a fresh-fledged pup.

Ma'mselle is a standard French poodle, aged less than three months. She looks like a brindled tumbleweed, with no legs, and has the temper of a shrew. She's about as big as a bar of soap. She stumbles around like a drunk on an icy pavement, but she's got the Monster licked.

The first thing she did when confronted by 80 pounds of boxer named Admiral the Baron Schnickel von Doenitz was to bite Admiral the Baron right smack on his meat — and knocked off home how you look at it — face. Then she barked loudly and bi. him on the ear. You know how the French feel about Krauts.

If I have ever seen a thoroughly domesticated dog, old Pleatface is it. He moans in anguish at Ma'mselle's approach, and hovers his big head over with his arms. His neck is permanently bowed, because Ma'mselle hangs perpetually from his lower jaw. He is so tired from being bitten that he no longer bites me.

All in all, I believe I have practiced a pretty decent brand of home psychiatry, with possibly one flaw. I have recently begun to buy at the moon and have developed a tendency toward fleas. I guess what we need around her is another dog, so I'll have something to play with.

Editorial Tidbits

FORGOTTEN MAN
(From the Richmond Times-Dispatch)

That strange silence on the Potomac is Gen. Harry Vaughan.

There hasn't been a peep out of the distinguished military man since the shooting started in Korea. He could almost qualify for Mr. Roosevelt's Forgotten Man.

The thought occurs that there may be a niche for the general in the Far East, where deep-freeze units should be worth their weight in Chanel No. 5, and could be put to excellent use as lagniappe in whatever delicate diplomatic missions destiny may assign to the President's military aide.

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UNMASKED CRIMINALS
(The Charleston News & Courier)

The News and Courier has read of many crimes and misdemeanors that Negroes have committed in South Carolina. It has heard of none committed by Negroes with faces masked.

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WORDS AND DEEDS
(The Minneapolis Star)

From Senator Robert A. Taft's weekly report to his Ohio Constituents:

"I had hoped that we might cut the expenses of the government a sufficient amount so that there would be only a small deficit this year and a balanced budget next year. I felt convinced that savings of five billion dollars could be accomplished in our domestic non-military and foreign aid programs."

From an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, D. C.:

"The Senate tonight on motion of Senator Taft (R., Ohio) added $540,000 to the general appropriations bill for a flood control project at Roseville, Ohio."

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THE HALF-PINT THAT REVITICATES
(The St. Louis Post-Dispatch)

The dress trade says the American woman is what it calls a "half-pint," being only a little over 5 feet 2 on the average and we do not like the ring of that term "half-pint." It sounds as though what the dress trade has in mind is a half-pint of something that half a pint is not so very much of. Lemonade, maybe. Or butter-milk. Or maybe water.

If the 5-foot-3 woman is a half-pint, we rise to remark that she is a half - pint of the best vintage champagne in the world — not those fancy perfumes that bankrupt you even by the ounce.

A half-pint of anything that eight fluid ounces is plenty of.

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LOVE SONG TO TWO SOUTH KOREANS
(The St. Louis Post-Dispatch)

WITH KELLY'S BOYS, KOREA (UP) — A couple of pistol-packing South Korean girls are doing an effective job for the United Nations as Mata Haris of this war. They can cook, too.

Miss Chong Sun Jin and Miss Han Chi Ok are highly prized members of Kelly's Boys, a combined American-South Korean guerrilla force which operated behind enemy lines as an expanded intelligence unit of the Fifth Cavalry Regiment.

Two girls whose beauty's bound to win, two girls whose cookery none could knock, are lovely, smart Miss Chong Sun Jin, and smart and lovely Miss Han Chi Ok. They could command us to a man. They're what we've dreamed of all along. (We refer, of course, to svelte Miss Han, and likewise refer to slick Miss Chong).

And since they can cook, why, dang our eyes, oh, if they only werent spies!

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M'KELLAR TO KOREA?
(The Richmond Times-Dispatch)

It is reported that a "violent quarrel" ensued between Senator McKellar (D-Tenn.), aged 81, and Representative Cannon (D-Mo.), aged 71, during a recent Senate-House conference on the $4 billion dollar omnibus appropriations bill. McKellar is reported to have roared like the M-G-M lion and made threatening gestures with the gavel.

The thought occurs that perhaps our draft age brackets are upside down. These old boys seem to be more belligerent than draftees 50 or 60 years their juniors.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Ill-Trained Marines Rushed To Korea

WASHINGTON

IN the desperate effort to rush more ground troops to Korea, the Marine Corps has assigned green, half-trained high school boys to combat units due to go into battle the minute they land.

While this unfortunate practice has not been widespread, it has happened so often that Senators have called for an explanation. Nebraska's GOP Senator Wherry, among others, recently told how a 19-year-old Marine Reservist was being shipped off to Korea.

"He has received no training except the two weeks, or whatever it is, in the Summertime," Wherry explained. "Yet he has been assigned to a combat unit which will go immediately into battle."

"Would he get any training between here and overseas?" the Nebraska Senator inquired of South Dakota's Senator Chan Gurney, who often speaks for the brass hats.

"Perhaps he would get it very quickly at the front," suggested Gurney helpfully.

"Does not the Senator think that the more training a soldier receives, the greater will be his chances that he will not become a casualty?" broke in Pennsylvania's Senator Ed Martin, an ex-Major General who once commanded the 28th Division.

"Certainly," agreed Gurney. "But ... we are up against it now when we must put boys into front-line service too soon."

"I know some chaps who have had only two weeks of training this year and two weeks of training this Summer," said Senator Ed Thye of Minnesota. "And they are getting ready to go overseas in a Marine Division."

Note—As a general practice, Marines are not supposed to be shipped overseas without at least four months' training. In the present confusion, it appears that green Reservists have been mixed up with the battle-seasoned veterans.

Quiet Cabinet Member

OSCAR CHAPMAN has now been Secretary of the Interior nine months, during which he has been so unostentatious that the newspaper-reading public might not have known he was in office. During those nine months, however, Chapman has put across more in his quiet way than dozens of others.

Back in the days of Nebraska's George Norris, headlines flared over the public vs. private power controversy. Only last year, another bitter reclamation debate for a time prevented Reclamation Commissioner Mike Strauss from drawing his salary.

But last month, though obscured by war news, Secretary Chapman quietly reversed the big utility lobby in the Senate and won out on the crux of the power debate—whether the Government shall have the right to distribute power from its own dams, or shall turn the power over to private companies to be distributed.

Two interesting things are behind this story. One is the efficiency of Oscar Chapman, who learned how to operate while under crusading Harold Ickes. The other is the fact that the big utilities have now placed many of their friends on the Senate Appropriations Committe, such as McCarran of Nevada, Thomas of Oklahoma, Bridges of New Hampshire, and McClellan of Arkansas.

Big Utilities Lose

KNOWING that the Senate Committe was stacked against him, Chapman put up no battle when pro-utility Senators hashed up the declaration appropriations and threw out every cent of the money by which the government was to build power lines. In fact, Chapman was so complaisant that some people thought he had tossed in the sponge.

Very quietly, however, he went over to see Congressman Clarence Cannon of Missouri, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, in whose district, long before, Chapman had helped build farm co-operative power lines through the Rural Electrification Administration.

"Clarence," said Chapman, "the power companies are trying to cut our appropriations."

"The hell they are," exclaimed the gentleman from Missouri. "I'll see to that. Just make me out a list of the appropriations you want cut."

Chapman prepared the list. When the joint conference between the House and Senate met to iron out appropriatioh differences, Congressman Cannon pulled Chapman's list out of his pocket. Without identifying the author, he announced:

"We can save time, gentlemen, by skipping the following items."

He read the list of transmission lines which the private utilities had persuaded the Senate to eliminate. "I'm not even going to discuss these items. Therefore we can pass on to something else."

Sen. Pat McCarran of Nevada immediately hit the ceiling. A stanch utility booster, he fussed, fumed and argued. But Cannon stood pat. Finally McCarran exploded, Going to the door he turned and said:

"Good-bye, sir, and I'll see you in hell!"

"You may be there," replied Cannon coolly, "but you won't see me."

In the end, Chapman won every appropriation he asked for, including such controversial transmission lines, which the Senate at first vetoed, as the Havre-Shelby Line at Fort Peck, Mont.; the Canyon Ferry-Great Falls Line on the Missouri Basin project; the Brighton-Bush Power Line on the Colorado-Big Thompson project.