THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

1888—Sixty-Fifth Anniversary Year—1953

THOMAS L. ROBINSON ..... Publisher
J. E. DOWD ..... General Manager
B. S. GRIFFITH ..... Executive Editor
C. A. McKNIGHT ..... Editor

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1953

BROWNELL MUST DOCUMENT HIS CHARGE

IT is still much too soon to form any conclusion about the Harry Dexter White case. The big questions remain unanswered. The methods now being used, in an attempt to get the facts, may not be fruitful. It may be that Attorney General Brownell and House Un-American Activities Committee Chairman Velde have bitten off bigger bites than they can chew.

The original charge, made by Mr. Brownell Friday, is most serious. It was that "Harry Dexter White was a Russian spy", and that former President Truman knew this when he nominated White for high office.

The first order of business, for any group that impartially investigates this grave charge, should be to call the man who made it and ask him to back it up. But no one has yet subpoenaed or publicly invited the attorney general. This glaring omission does not reflect well on the motivation of the congressional committees that want to investigate the case. Brownell, his records from which he drew his charge, or both, must be before the group that is to proceed with a responsible investigation.

* * *

ANOTHER aspect of the original Brownell charge wants some attention that it has not so far received. He said that the FBI became aware of White's espionage activities at an early point in his government career (it began in 1934) "and from the beginning made reports on these activities to the appropriate officials in authority." Presumably those reports went to Henry Morgenthau Jr., secretary of the Treasury when White worked in that department, and to the attorneys general of the period, H. S. Cummings (1933-39), Frank Murphy (1939-40), Robert H. Jackson (1940-41) and Francis Biddle (1941-45). Murphy is dead. But if it is true that the FBI reported on White's espionage long before 1945 then these other men could perhaps better explain why White was kept on than could Mr. Truman, who allegedly received the charges only shortly after entering office.

Under ordinary circumstances FBI files certainly should not be publicized. In this case, however, justice will probably require that the White files be published, so the public can consider the validity of the conclusion Mr. Brownell drew from them. FBI files contain much hearsay. The bureau does not evaluate it. Mr. Brownell presumably considered the material in the file sufficient for him to make the flat statement that White was a spy, despite the fact that a grand jury failed to indict him because, according to the assistant attorney general in charge of the criminal division, Vincent Quinn, there was not enough evidence to return an indictment. In this regard it is pertinent to inquire whether that grand jury had before it all the information that Brownell drew his conclusions from, or whether the Justice Department withheld key facts from the grand jury.

And who, in this dramatic case, is going to plead the cause of Harry Dexter White? Dead men can't fight back. He may well have been the spy Brownell flatly says he was. But he appeared before both grand jury and congressional committee and neither could make a case against him.

* * *

AND what is the proper forum for an airing of the White case? Undeniably the several congressional committees that have sought to get into the act have the right to do so. Whether they have the ability to hear the case fairly and fully is questionable. Representative Velde, these past few days, has given the nation a typical example of the irresponsibility of many congressional loyalty investigators. He committed his committee to undertake an investigation without consulting other members, as he had promised to do. He peremptorily ordered a former President, a governor and a Supreme Court justice to appear before his group. He demanded their appearance within the week, instead of allowing them time to prepare for the hearings. He did not invite the man who ought to lead off in such a hearing, Mr. Brownell.

President Eisenhower's press conference statement that he could not conceive of Truman's doing anything to damage the U. S., and that he would not have subpoenaed Messrs. Truman and Clark, was a noble declaration. He quite possibly was irked at the way more politically-minded members of his party have handled the affair. For the manner in which it was presented and exploited creates the suspicion that Mr. Brownell and some Republican congressmen were more concerned over the outcome of the California election, over the creation of a burning new issue that would overshadow Republican deficiencies, than they were in the ends of justice and objectivity. Probably nothing short of a grand jury investigation of the charges, if Mr. Brownell deems them sufficient for grand jury action, can finally answer all of the yet unanswered questions in this strange affair.

INDIAN GENERAL GETS TOUGH WITH REDS

LIEUT. GEN. K. S. THIMAYYA, Indian chairman of the Neutral Nations Repatriations Commission in Korea, is emerging from the troublesome prisoner exchange as a man of major proportions.

A good many Americans had reservations about naming India the fifth member of the commission. In view of some of Prime Minister Nehru's public statements in the past, it was feared that India would go along with Poland and Czechoslovakia in any major dispute.

That hasn't been the case. Under the calm, patient and firm leadership of Thimayya, repatriations has proceeded in spite of the violent obstructionist tactics of the communist interviewers. So far, the Reds have taken a terrific licking. Of the first 2,000 prisoners interviewed, only three per cent chose to return to their communist-dominated homelands.

But the patience of General Thimayya is not inexhaustible. Last week, after watching some of the prolonged interviews in which the Reds sought to beat down the will power of prisoners, he blurted out:

"It is inhuman. I can't stand any longer to go in the tents and look at it myself. As long as India is responsible, I cannot permit this to grow."

This week Thimayya laid down new rules. He told the Reds to interview entire compounds of 500 men each in a day, and skip those who are not interviewed. And he called off yesterday's session after the communists insisted on talking to over 300 men missed last Thursday.

General Thimayya has made every effort to persuade the Reds to abide by his rules. He now threatens to use Indian troops for screening the remaining prisoners if the communists call off their interviews.

The Indian general is entirely right in holding the Reds to his rules. They have abused the prisoner exchange interviews with customary viciousness, and the civilized world will applaud General Thimayya for taking them firmly in hand.

From The Lumberton Robesonian

NONDESCRIPTIVE NAME

"A Streetcar Named Desire" is the title of a play, and is something that a person can take or leave alone, as he sees fit. But a lot of people had no choice in the matter when "A Hurricane Named Barbara" came along and wreaked destruction on the Atlantic coast.

Somehow, it is difficult to imagine a man who has just survived a hurricane, standing on the ground that had been laid waste, taking a last look at storm clouds receding in the distance, and waving a friendly bye-bye to Babs. Usually, to human beings in its path, a hurricane is no joke.

There is a touch of the military about it. The crew of a high-flying observation plane, tracking the course of a hurricane out at sea, can take a casual and impersonal view of it and can call the disturbance "Cutie Pie" or "Dumpling," if it likes. After all, the first atomic bomb, unleashing the most destructive man-made blast in all history, was dropped from a plane called the Eola Gay. And years before that, a long-range German cannon that bombarded Paris in World War I was called "Big Bertha."

The trouble with "a hurricane named Barbara" is that the name does nothing for the hurricane except to label it as the second one of the season. Might as well be called B-53, which at least would indicate that it is a technical label, not intended to be particularly descriptive. "Jezebel" and "Salome" might be colorful enough as names for a hurricane, but "Alice" and "Barbara" sound like the names of gentle breezes. And that is exactly what they are intended to sound like, by the Florida tourist trade promoters who attempt to minimize the danger of hurricanes by giving them gentle labels.

Welcome rain fell in Robeson County yesterday, and it was just as wet and just as welcome without any name at all. There is no objection here to the poetic phrase, "raining daffodils", or to the popular expression, "raining cats and dogs", but there is a distinct dislike for the idea of being precipitated upon by a rainstorm named Rudolph or a shower named Sam.

Too many cars on the highway are designed by mechanical geniuses and driven by motorists with kiddiecar mentalities.—*Greenwood (Miss.) Commonwealth.*

Velde And Brownell Skidding Since Ike Put On The Brakes

By JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON

THE Republicans started after former President Truman in high gear. Then President Eisenhower threw on the brakes and they skidded.

Given a sharp nudge by Eisenhower, Atty. Gen. Brownell—who has far more experience in politics than the President—came up with a statement saying what he had left unsaid:

That he didn't mean to suggest Truman was disloyal when he said the ex-President promoted Harry Dexter White after the FBI sent the White House notice that White was a spy for Russia.

And Eisenhower pulled the brakes on Rep. Harold Velde (R-Ill), chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, who had piled up headlines with his subpoena of Truman, Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark and South Carolina Gov. James F. Byrnes.

After Eisenhower told his news conference yesterday he would not have tried to subpoena Truman, Velde and his fellow Republicans on the committee went into a huddle to check signals.

In charging last Friday that Truman promoted White in spite of FBI warnings Brownell seemed clearly to be saying Truman was lax. But was he suggesting Truman was deliberately lax?

He didn't say, and because he didn't the country wondered whether Brownell was questioning Truman's loyalty.

Yesterday at his news conference, Eisenhower said it was inconceivable to him that Truman could be disloyal to America. A few hours later, Brownell issued the statement saying he didn't mean to question Truman's loyalty.

It wasn't the first time Brownell stepped in to modify something he had said before about the White case.

In his opening charge, he said FBI reports had been delivered to Truman. Three days later he toned this down to a statement that the reports had been delivered to the White House for Truman.

Gov. Byrnes, now a political foe of Truman but at the time of the FBI reports his secretary of state, said this week Truman told him he had seen the reports.

Velde and Sen. Jenner (R-Ind), chairman of the Senate subcommittee on internal security, have been in apparent competition over who would investigate Brownell's charges for Congress.

Jenner announced days ago he would question Maj. Gen. Harry H. Vaughan today. Right behind him came Velde with the news he'd call Vaughan—Truman's military aide to whom Brownell said the FBI reports were delivered—two days before the Jenner committee got him. Later Velde said he would hear Vaughan at the same time as the Jenner group.

Jenner said he would not consider issuing a subpoena for Truman, whereupon Velde announced a subpoena had been issued for Truman, Clark and Byrnes. Neither Clark nor Truman has said whether they will honor the subpoenas, but Byrnes declined, saying the committee could come to him. Velde agreed to this.

Democrats on the committee, giving signs of boiling anger, complained that they had not been consulted at all about the subpoenas.

Velde could have asked Truman to appear, instead of ordering him. The subpoena was something he could have used later. At least one Republican on the committee, also not consulted, expressed dislike of Velde's procedure.

When Eisenhower did, too, there was such an uproar in Velde's committee that it appeared unlikely Truman would have to appear soon, if ever.

What Ava Needs Is A Good Man From Smithfield, N. C.

By ROBERT C. RUARK

IN A WAY I am deep in sympathy with Ava Gardner, from a purely psychiatric standpoint, because the kid comes from North Carolina and us country folk just aren't up to all the problems of the large apple. I mean that stuff about Ava being "emotionally unsecure" and having what the soul-

AVA GARDNER

peerers call a "marriage failure complex".

After all, as the psychiatrists say, you got to go away back, as far as you can go. This kid comes out of the sticks, equipped with all the necessities for success, and what does she do first? She marries Mickey Rooney. This in itself is enough to stunt any girl's career, even if she does not labor under the impost of coming from Smithfield, N. C., which as I remember the town, is drawback enough for any one girl to handle, even without Rooney.

The Rooney idyll were a little thin, and was celebrated by divorce. Then, pitiber, whom does the lorn lassie from the deep bush espouse? Artie Shaw, yet. A clarinet player with delusions of intellectuality. A bicycle-stick blower who not only reads books, but wants to write them as well, to such dreary point that he eventually got around to marrying Kathy Winsor, the "Forever Amber" dame. This shows you how far a clarinet player will strive in his search for culture.

SHE SHOULD READ?

When the Shaw love dream soured into ordinary nightmare, Ava had a logical complaint. As I recall the quote, it was something like: "He wanted to educate me. He made me read all the time." Heavens to Betsy, what has happened to Ava's young spontaneity? A babe like Gardner and he wants to teach her to read?

Well, here you got this kid up from the sticks, with shoes on for real the first time, and before she is out of the egg she has already been exposed to Rooney and Artie Shaw. Then what happens? A bullfighter.

Not a good bullfighter mind you, but what the Spaniards would call a bullfighter of the third category, which means that he has to pay his way into the park. Mario Cabre, he was, and nobody in the bull business has heard of him since he got famous by association with the girl from Caroliny. Nobody heard of him before, either, but that's another matter.

Then Ava marries a Frankie. There is nothing much wrong with Frankie except that I don't have to tell you his last name, because you will not confuse him with either Laine or Costello.

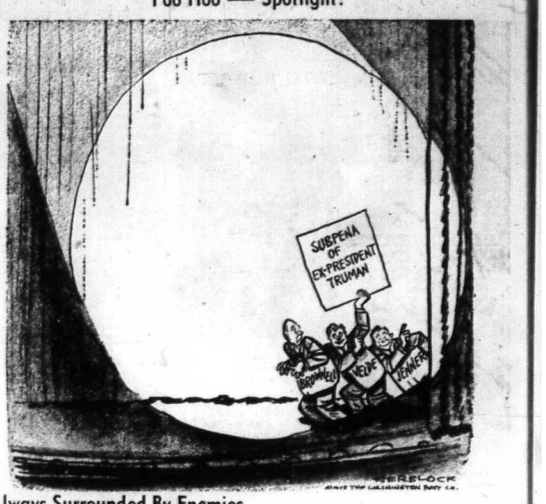
And finally, Ava has been leaning on psychiatry. This would be a throwback to the early Shaw exposure. I imagine, but can you imagine what a psychiatrist could do with a girl who comes from Smithfield, N. C., was married to Rooney, Shaw and Sinatra, who makes movies in Africa and has suddenly learned to read the classics under protest? Field day.

IT JUST AIN'T FAIR

It is not fair to subject a girl to all these hazards, including Hollywood, where she comes from Smithfield, N. C., any more than it is fair to expect Rita Hayworth to marry wisely. Clarinet players and Mickey Rooneys and crooners and culture do not fit very well on feet that wiggle naturally minus shoes, such as my toes wriggle when released from citified bondage in leather.

Ava has said sadly, and frankly: "If I were a man I wouldn't like me." Hush yo' mouth, baby. I ain't no crooner, clarinet player, bullfighter, or Rooney, but I like you. What you need, girl, is a clodhopper from the same part of the state, and you can let that ersatz culture get lost.

'Yoo Hoo — Spotlight!'



Always Surrounded By Enemies

Report From Indo-Chinese Front

By JOSEPH ALSOP

TONKIN, Indo-China

IN THE little plane flying up to the front through the pearly light of the early morning, the tough, intelligent French general explained the operational plan. It all sounded simple enough, with the map there on the general's knee.

Three weeks ago, the French had seized Lai Cac, a vital crossroads on the vital route by which the Viet Minh high command sends supplies from China to the two Communist divisions to the south of the Tonkin Delta. One enemy division had retreated beyond reach. The other, the 320th, had stood and fought. Successive French attacks to the west and the south had already badly mauled two regiments of this 320th Division. Now there was a final drive northwards, against the third regiment's position at the town of Phu Nho Quan, which is also a Viet Minh provincial capital.

At dawn that same morning, Major Proudhom had started down the road to Phu Nho Quan with his war-toughened battalion of Moroccan Tirailleurs. They were the point battalion of the northward attack to the provincial capital. At a bridge across the meandering Sang Long River, they had met the first resistance, and there had been a sharp little fight and half a dozen casualties before the enemy fled.

Now, as the general's jeep arrived at the front, the battalion's leading company was just advancing towards the first of the chain of little villages that form the suburbs of Phu Nho Quan. The men were creeping through the rice paddies, with the tanks rumbling down the road ahead. The village looked less like a village than a disorderly thicket of bamboo, palms, papayas and ragged-leaved banana trees. What was inside the village, none could tell. Then the firing suddenly started when the forward elements were only 40 yards from the village's lush green fringe.

UNSEEN ENEMY

The enemy was perfectly invisible, but the effect of the firing was not invisible. The Moroccans explained his dispositions to the general, begging him at intervals to take better cover — for the general is a very tall man, and he made a fine target. But as the jeep bore the general away again, the enemy fire was already dying down. Seeing the flanking movement, the Communist soldiers in the village had begun to melt invisibly toward the rear.

It was here that I became the temporary guest of Major Proudhom's Moroccan battalion, a singularly tough and genial outfit who did not permit mere war to interfere with hospitality. It was very unlike, yet also very like joining a good outfit in Korea. The grinning, coffee-colored Moroccan soldiers; the strange mixture of languages, for the French officers spoke Arabic to their troops; the food and water in the canteens that were generously proffered; the almost total absence of transport, except by grinning, war-hardened Viet Namese coolies—there were novel elements indeed.

Yet this Moroccan battalion had the same appearance of disorderly order, of somewhat battered efficiency, of simple human durability and business-like combativeness, that always characterized a first-class outfit that has been through a lot of fighting and come out on the other side with its spirit unimpaired and its methods perfected. The human atmosphere was wonderfully reminiscent. Even the landscape, with the valley of flat, green golden paddies narrowly enclosed by dark, fantastic hills was almost a Korean landscape. In these respects, it might have been the march with the Marines to Seoul all over again.

OU EST PARIS?

"Paris, Paris, Golfe Soleil demande Paris. Paris, Paris, repondez Paris, avez vous compris?"

Major Proudhom's radioman, a red-haired boy who gnawed sugar cane in the intervals of more serious work, was having the usual difficulty keeping in touch with Paris company. Paris answered at last that the flanking movement had reached its first objective, another collection of mud huts and banana trees a mile or so to the left. The advance was resumed, the company commanders shouting to their men to follow, the men rising from the sunny roadside, and going forward in quick-step, the elements in the paddies on either side squelching their way onwards.

A couple of miles to the rear, where a Foreign Legion battalion and another Moroccan battalion were guarding the road where the hills all but cut the valley in half, there was a faint sound of firing. Major Proudhom grinned. "It's always like that," he said, "the enemy in front, on both sides and in the rear too. That's our war here."

We pushed onwards, into the first village, then into the second and finally into the center of Phu Nho Quan, searching the ruined mud houses and battered brick temples, poking rifles into the dugouts for hidden Viet Minh troops, always watching out for the mines and the grenade-hung traps that the engineers quickly attended to. There was a spoor of blood here and there along the road, showing that the enemy had suffered some casualties. In one deep dugout an ancient crone was found crouching with her few rags of possessions. One of the tanks, by a superb shot, neatly removed the two Viet Minh observers who had been watching the advance from a crag across the river to the right.

FOUR MEN AND A GUN

But there were no more enemy troops to be found, except in the late afternoon when one of the flanking companies took four prisoners and captured some arms, including a brand new Chinese light machine gun. These were the volunteers that the Communists often leave in hiding, to make trouble in newly captured positions after dark. Proudhom's radioman clamped his hands like a kid being given candy when the news came in. The major hardly seemed to notice, for he was busy —ordering the dispositions for the night.

While the Moroccans plunged into the controlled tumult of entanglement and provisioning, a battalion of one of the crack regiments of French parachutists came up behind, and prepared to cross the river that bisects the Phu Nho Quan valley of settlements. Day was already darkening into dusk as they pushed down to the water's edge with their portable boats. But there was a hail of fire from the other bank, where the enemy had dug in again. It was too late for the parachutists to do the double job of fighting their way across and preparing a defensive perimeter on the other side. Orders from the rear stopped the parachutists advance, and so we were a comfortably strong force on our bank that night.

Fires in the gloaming (for these French forces are not strict about lights after dark) produced a better supper than the American Army enjoys, and there was rough red wine to wash it down. In the command post of the Moroccan battalion, a kind of peace reigned, despite the constant shelling by our artillery intended, as Proudhom cheerfully remarked, "to keep tapping the enemy on the snout, so he won't put his head up."

SHOP TALK

There was battalion gossip, about news from home, about promotions of former officers, about such episodes of the battalions past as "the night of Nasan" last year, when the company of Lt. Gaston held off two enemy battalions, and there were 3,000 dead Viets around the whole Nasan perimeter next morning. Then, after gossip, came the night.

The night in the command post was quiet enough, although the artillery continued its work. Once there was a mortar shell's familiar whistle and tremendous crash a little distance off. "It was the enemy's only effort. When day came, in a golden dawn-haze, with French fighter planes zooming down in quick succession overhead, the parachutists paddled across the river —a marvellous scene like a picture of our own Indian warfare. But again the enemy had melted away to avoid combat.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Trieste Fuss Aids Yugoslav Neutralism

WASHINGTON

WORRIED State Department officials admit privately that the fuse is burning shorter on the Trieste powder keg.

The Army is pressing to declare martial law in order to prevent additional bloodshed. However, the State Department fears this move would only heighten the tension.

What has the State Department really worried, however, is that our Trieste policy has caused Yugoslavia back to the strict neutralism it followed immediately after Marshal Tito's break with Russia.

This will mean that Yugoslavia's rugged Army cannot be tied into western defense plans. Up to now, Gen. Al Gruenther, the supreme commander in Europe, has counted Tito's forces as part of the 30 divisions he has reported can be mustered to meet a Russian attack.

Meanwhile, British-American intelligence has uncovered 20 Soviet agents working inside the rioting student groups. On the other side, Moscow agents have also been discovered on the Trieste police force. Their orders from the Kremlin have been to use brutality against the students in order to keep the trouble boiling.

Headlines And Footnotes

RUSSIAN mountain climbers will try to plant a bust of Lenin on top of Mt. Everest next year.

The Army has quietly brought several high South Korean officers to this country—officially for "study." Unofficial reason, however, is that Syngman Rhee was planning to purge them. The foxy old South Korean leader feared the officers were too sympathetic to the U. S., might not be loyal to him in case of a showdown.

Southeast Asia has become a hotbed of intrigue and espionage. The U. S. has sent its best agents to Thailand. The Russians are operating out of Burma and the Chinese Communists have set up spy headquarters in Indonesia.

The cattlemen's caravan, which failed to persuade Secretary of Agriculture Benson to support cattle prices, will take their case to the public—via television.

Clarence Randall, who has been trying to sell low tariffs to his 17-man foreign economic policy commission, kept remarking during recent hearings that his imported Swiss watch kept better time than the clocks on producers to expand their facilities. For several months, the government has been trying to persuade the private companies to increase their capacity for producing aviation gas. Now it looks as if the government will have to build the new plants itself.

Intense GOP Activity

THE Republican National Committee, shaken by upsets in Wisconsin, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, and worried over President Eisenhower's declining popularity, is planning the most high-powered congressional election campaign in history. They will concentrate on the marginal districts, using all the advertising gimmicks that worked so well in '52.

The GOP National Committee will organize the regular Republicans, and the old Citizens for Eisenhower will be revived to campaign for the independent vote. This will be renamed the Citizens for Eisenhower Congressional Committee, and will try to run Eisenhower, in effect, in each congressional district. Ike himself, of course, won't openly stump the districts.