

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1954

A Fine Phrase, But A Faulty Issue

"HE HAD cozened the world by fine phrases," wrote Macaulay. He used the term, probably, in its usual sense, meaning to deceive, "usually by small arts, or in a paltry way."

Thursday night Kerr Scott embellished the word before Laurinburg Legionnaires, said the veteran program "ought not to be hamstrung by Republican cozening," went on to attack the veteran program as administered by Republicans and to repeat his opposition to socialized medicine.

In the interest of keeping Tar Heel voters from being cozened, let's take a look at what Mr. Scott said.

The new Veterans Administration policy of requiring veterans admitted to VA hospitals to list their assets and general financial condition was characterized by Scott as "a shocking violation of a veteran's inherent and rightful dignity."

It is nothing of the kind. Instead, the abuse which this new policy tends to minimize, albeit inadequately, is one which shocks the dignity of all citizens. Here's what happens, again and again, as proven by checks made by Lindsay Warren's General Accounting Office.

A well-to-do veteran, who has no service-connected disability, gets a tummy ache or a sore throat. So he goes to a VA hospital, swears he's sure enough broke, and gets his appendix out, or his tonsils, for free.

Even since this new administration regulation went into effect, veterans with non-service-connected disabilities and plenty of money are treated. As George Ljans, the director of the VFW's national rehabilitation service emphasizes in the January issue of FOREIGN SERVICE:

"It should be understood that no vet-

eran requiring care will be refused hospitalization if he has the means to pay for it in a private hospital, no matter what his financial statement shows. Of course, emergency cases will be accepted in any event."

Then Mr. Ljans goes on to state why the requirement likely is opposed to the retention of financial statements, and if Kerr Scott really means what he said—that he is "as solidly against socialized medicine as anybody"—he should ponder this: "The adoption of this new VA restriction" means that "benefit that formerly gave you, free of cost, the equivalent of a health and accident insurance policy."

In other words, more than 20 million Americans are now eligible for free hospital care. Two out of three of the veterans being treated in VA hospitals are there for disabilities in no way connected with military service.

We're for spending all the money necessary to care for men who were injured in the service. But we do resent going out hard tax dollars to ease the ulcers and mend the bones of former servicemen whose condition in no way is a result of their military service. Other civilians, those who suffer catastrophic illness, for example, and are saddled for years with tremendous hospital bills, are more deserving of sympathetic treatment.

We're a little disappointed in Mr. Scott for "cozening" the issue and cozying up to the vet lobby at the same time. And that sort of an approach isn't necessarily good politics.

There are already too many congressmen in Washington who mollify the vet lobby. We hope Mr. Scott takes another hard look at this issue.

Langer Strikes Below The Belt

QUICK action by a Senate Judiciary subcommittee on the nomination of Chief Justice Earl Warren only partially excuses the reckless irresponsibility of its chairman, Sen. Langer of North Dakota.

Showing no respect whatsoever for the established good name of Earl Warren, and almost indifferently to the dignity of his high judicial post, Langer resorted to the public record on a number of unchecked, charges and accusations against Warren made by crackpots and political enemies.

Other members of the subcommittee, rightfully outraged and indignant, voted on Saturday to send the nomination to the full committee with the recommendation that it be swiftly approved. Langer's action was criticized by other subcommittee members in terms much stronger than senators usually apply to one another.

No language could be strong enough to excoriate adequately the senator from North Dakota. His was a high-handed action which violated all the basic tenets of American justice and of the legal profession of which he is a member.

The American people will expect the full Senate Judiciary Committee to act favorably on the nomination this week, and to rebuff the Senate.

In this unfortunate incident may be seen the ultimate extension of the "guilt by accusation" technique. And while we are in complete accord with GAO Majority Leader Sen. William Knowland that the dignity and responsibility of the Senate of the United States will greatly suffer if proceedings of this kind continue, we would remind him that the technique was originated, and perfected, and has been so freely employed by a member "of his own party that it is now synonymous with his name."

Beer And Ham, And Open Churches

THE SPIRIT of brotherhood is exemplified in various ways. Secretary of Labor Jim Mitchell led impressed on his son an earthly concept of brotherhood. A bartender refused to serve a beer to the elder Mitchell's companion, a Negro with whom he worked. The husky Mitchell roared and banged the counter with his walking stick. The beer was served.

To the editors of the Smithfield and Sanford HERALDS and THE CAROLINA ISRAELITE, brotherhood involves a jovial exchange of ham for kosher frankfurters, with lox and onion rolls thrown in for good measure.

To Movie Actor Lew Ayres, brotherhood means making a two-year trip around the world, reciting the ritual, liturgy and philosophy of the world's major religions.

Here in Charlotte, the Negro congregation of St. Paul's Baptist Church and the white congregation of the Unitarian Church practice brotherhood by exchanging pastors on Brotherhood Week Sunday.

Throughout most of the nation, Roman Catholics practice the Christian concept of brotherhood by simply opening the doors of their churches to all persons, regardless of color.

The author James Michener summed up his beliefs on brotherhood this way: "I believe that all men are brothers. I really believe that every man on this earth is my brother... I believe it was only fortunate experience that enabled me to travel the globe and to meet and live with them. Therefore I do not believe it is my duty to preach to other people that they should accept me as their brothers, for their true and immediate brothers. These things come slow..."

"But if I am tolerant of the other men's prejudices, I must insist that they be tolerant of mine. My home in rural Pennsylvania came brown men and yellow men and black men from around the world. In their countries I lived and ate with them. In my country they still live and eat with me. Until the day I die my home must be free to receive these travelers and it never seems so big a home or so much a place of love as when some man from Senegal, Mexico or Mexico or Tahiti or Fiji shares it with me."

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

FEMME FATALE

AS IF THE foundations of civilization weren't crumbling sufficiently already, the National Geographic Society informs us that Cleopatra "was no outstanding beauty," if a piece of sculpture found in North Africa is a portrait of her. A French scientist says that.

"Any Egyptian woman could make Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony go overboard in rapid succession must have had something. If it wasn't beauty, it was certainly what the Geographic Society calls, with marked understatement, "a powerful personality."

It will be recalled that when Cleopatra was in her late teens, Caesar, at the height of his fame, was completely bowled over. He erected a statue of her next to Venus in Rome's Temple of Venus. Then, after Caesar's assassination, Mark Anthony dallied with her for years, and finally killed himself because of her.

Mighty Caesar was as putty in young Cleopatra's hands, and Mark Anthony led his wife and almost forgot he was fighting a war with Octavius, as he lost himself in the Egyptian's charms.

Any woman who could cut such a swath through imperial Rome must have been a femme fatale of all time—French scientists and geographic societies to the contrary notwithstanding.

Tallulah Bankhead says she thinks the movies would be more popular if they went back to the old-fashioned presentation of the fatal female. All the actors talked like Tallulah, she'd think so too.—LEXINGTON HERALD.

We resent those nasty remarks about Clark Gable celebrating his 43rd birthday again. After all, he hasn't been 43 as long as Jack Benny's been 39.—NEW ORLEANS STATES.

'Hurry Up With That Dragon. The Audience Is Getting Impatient'



The 'Octopus' Reaches Out Lie Detector Use Spreading

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP

BEING subjected to a lie-detector test, according to those who have had the experience, is a little like being embraced by an octopus. One electric tentacle reaches out and measures the perspiration in the palms of your hands. Another grasps your arm, to record the variations in your blood pressure. A third feels for your pulse. A fourth grips you around the chest and registers the rate and rapidity of your breathing.

The purpose, of course, is to detect an emotional response, which your words or your face may conceal, but which the involuntary reactions of the heart or the lungs or the sweat glands will betray. In order to elicit such an emotional response, a specially trained interrogator actually probes into the private places of your past, and into the most hidden recesses of your mind.

Your involuntary reactions to this probing process are recorded in the waving lines of a graph, which you are not permitted to see. The graph has, of course, no legal standing whatsoever as evidence. Yet, in almost every case, the machine's output produces an overwhelmingly impressive tell-all to confess to dangerous thoughts you have never held or to sins of the flesh you have never committed—in order to appease the octopus-machine.

HIDDEN RECORDER
A tape recorder is concealed in the little room in which the essential part of the operation. And thus your own confession, in your own voice, is preserved for evidence and the security agents. Some people—ever-sensitive souls, no doubt, here "twisted intellects with utterly unshakable feelings about personal privacy"—find this experience almost intolerably unpleasant. Yet it is an experience which more and more people are undergoing every day. The lie-detector machine is becoming a widely accepted instrument of government investigation and it is rather rapidly spreading from government into private industry. The success story of the lie-detector is interesting.

The story starts in the Central Intelligence Agency, the super-secret, super-sensitive division and a lot of others collected old cans and tooth-paste tubes because tin was scarce. Now the tin cans which supplies these essentials is in just as much jeopardy as during the days when Japan occupied Singapore.

Here are some of the chapters in the story.
Stragman Rhee offers to renew war—President Syngman Rhee's offer to send one South Korean division to fight in Indochina was only part of the message which Gen. John E. Hill brought to the White House. Most important part of the message was that Korea wanted to resume the war in order to divert the Chinese military from the Indochina border.

Rhee proposed to Ike, through General Hill, that South Korea troops do

all the ground fighting if war was resumed. What he wanted was help from the U. S. Air Force and Navy. Rhee argued that all that has been taken out of Korea, so he could easily carry the new cement-and-steel Communist offensive line.

Originally Rhee proposed going direct to the French with his idea, but General Hill persuaded him to wait until Eisenhower himself had a chance to consider it.

President Eisenhower was not enthusiastic. The last thing he wants is to divert tremendous amounts of supplies to Indochina, but Ike just doesn't want to get mixed up in Korea again anyway.

Mechanics to Indochina—One trouble with U. S. policy regarding Indochina is lack of coordination. One branch of the government doesn't know what the others are doing.
Admiral Radford, for instance, slipped in to see President Eisenhower by himself on the Korean War over again. It is 250 airplane mechanics to help the French. This was a vitally important decision. Yet the cabinet didn't know about it, the National Security Council didn't know about it, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who are supposed to correlate these things, didn't know about it. Finally, Secretary of Defense Wilson, who is supposed to run the Defense Department, didn't know about it.

It was even a surprise to Gen. Nate Twining of the Air Force, who had to supply the 250 airplane mechanics for Indochina.

Hit-And-Miss Policy—This free-and-easy method of making decisions regarding the most vital battle area in the world continued after Congress began to raise cash about the 250 mechanics.

Sen. Saltonstall, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, phoned the White House and got Gen. "Slick" Persons on the phone.

"There ought to be a cutoff date for these mechanics in Indochina," he said, explaining he wanted to assure senators that a date was fixed for the mechanics' return to the United States.

"Maybe you're right," replied Persons, who handles White House liaison with Gen. Hill. "What date would you suggest?" he asked.

Sen. Saltonstall said he thought June

Dulles Report On Meeting Will Have Optimistic Tone

By MARQUIS CHILDS

BERLIN
SECRETARY of State John Foster Dulles is already working on the report which he will make to the American people covering the outcome of the Big Four Foreign Ministers' meetings.

Secretary Dulles will claim two achievements out of the month of argument between the West and the Soviet Union. With an eye on both domestic politics and world reaction, Dulles will make much of the claim that defined advantages to the West can be counted in what has often seemed in news reports a long and profitless hickering, with each side repeating over and over the old debating points.

First Dulles will claim that the complete intransigence of Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, as revealed in the talks, has brought France nearer to ratification of the European Defense Community treaty. It is on EDC, of course, that Dulles has based the policy of the alliance with Western Europe. In December at the meeting of the NATO council in Paris he warned that if EDC was not ratified, an "agonizing reappraisal" of American foreign policy would be necessary. This produced considerable indignation and even resentment in France.

ASSEMBLY TO ACT
During the past week Dulles has received dispatches from top American diplomats in Paris which led him to believe that the French Assembly will move to consider the EDC treaty shortly after the end of the Berlin conference. This assurance comes from Premier Joseph Laniel through the American Charge d'Affaires in Paris, Theodore Achilles.

Premier Laniel did not go so far as to say that EDC would be ratified. No French politician, whether in or out of the government, could say that with any confidence. But the messages

from Paris to Berlin did give Dulles and his associates reason to believe that at least the fate of EDC will not be subject to interminable delay.

That has been one threat—a permanent stall to avoid ratification or rejection. Another threat to the defense community on which America has pinned such hopes is that the treaty will be so loaded with amendments and reservations of one kind and another as passed by the French that it will not be acceptable to the Germans. There is no assurance that this will not be the case when the skeptics, who want to please the United States but are nevertheless fearful of Germany, get to work on the document.

The second claim Dulles will make in his report to the American public is that the conference has ended with a "solid" and "positive" agreement. Both the Americans and the British speak of Foreign Minister Laniel in praise almost extravagant in its terms. But Bidault, the hero in Berlin, is bound to be a somewhat lonely figure when he returns to Paris and the turmoil of French politics, with the ever-growing pressure to bring an end to the Indochina war.

Here's Report On Australia For Pacific Theater GI's

By ROBERT C. RUARK

SYDNEY, Australia
THIS, gentlemen of the armed forces of World War II (Pacific Branch), is a quiet, clean-cut, and to the point report on the state of the nation (female branch) of Australia, about a dozen years later.

They look a little nicer now than they did then, men and there's more of 'em. A new crop comes along every year, and each crop seems better than the last, or so they tell me. They seem a little taller, and much better dressed, but the raw material is absolutely magnificent.

At considerable time and trouble, I have investigated the beaches at Bondi and Palm Beach, and have given the lobbies of both Sydney Australia in Melbourne and Sydney, and stalked past the David Jones Department Store on Castlereagh Street at closing hour. I must say in all fairness that I then went back to my room and bit quietly through a chair leg to muffle my emotion.

They still have hair-colored hair over here, in all colors, and they do not appear to deal heavily in fashions, and the clothes are designed to complement the raw material, instead of degrading it. They do not wear strained looks of discontent, nor the brooding st. of fashion, and on a sunny Sunday at the beach the flora and fauna resemble a Moslem's dream of heaven.

POLITE TO MENFOLK
I'm told that the Australian lassies have content to fulfill the male's basic aim, a good man to have around the house, and that very few are interested in the United Nations, running for office, or becoming chairladies of the board. They are polite and respectful to their menfolk, as always, and are willing to run for a midnight snack or go for a bottle of beer without making an evening of it.

They still dress up to the nines on racing days, and lose their five-bobs, each-way bet cheerfully without making an issue of invading the gentlemen's bars and reserved book sections. They still supply the Sunday parties that start at noon and continue.

Two-up is still the national game of choice, and the "schools" flourish. The Australian is considerably more kindly disposed to the Yank than in the olden days. The Yank was outnumbered him and drove up the prices and hung festsions of flowers on every tree, which he crooped up out of the Cross.

That is the rough summation, gentlemen of the armed forces of World War II (Pacific Branch). Burns this before the old lady sees it, and when she sees your reminiscent smile, tell her you're thinking about how nice it was to get home from the wars, after all that horrid duty you had to do those strange, unvisited places.

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch