

# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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## The Union's Santa Claus

One of the most remarkable Santa Clauses of all is making the rounds of four North Carolina textile villages today, bringing the traditional gifts of the season to the children of the workers' strike in Durham, Cooleemee, Erwin and Siler City. His sack is bulging with presents purchased with some \$6,000 donated by Sunday School classes, student groups, stores, bank employees, the Fellowship of Southern Churches — in all more than 500 organizations and individuals.

The campaign for Christmas funds, launched several weeks ago by the Textile Workers Union of America (CIO), was a remarkable one that involved the combined appeal of children and adults at Christmas with all the social and economic implications of labor-management conflict. A donation was more than a simple contribution to charity; it involved, inevitably, an endorsement of the union's position, and it helped continue the strike, for many a textile worker might have gone back to work rather than face the accusing eyes of his children on Christmas morning.

No activity of a union, not even the summoning of good Saint Nicholas, can be lifted out of context and considered apart from the mission of the organiza-

tion. A strike, it must be remembered, while costly to management and to the public, bears heaviest on the striker. It takes a good deal of courage and conviction to walk off a job and face the certain prospect of long weeks without income. The Erwin strikers have been out since October 8, and a dismal Christmas might have been the straw that broke their resistance.

Santa Claus will bear a union card which he carries around this afternoon in the four textile villages, and that, in its way, is representative of the tragedy of our times. Not even Christmas, the sentimental season of good will, can rise above the basic conflict that divides the country: it becomes an instrument to break or to continue a strike.

We cannot agree even upon the simple principle that every child deserves a merry Christmas. We must gaze upon the children in those four villages and decide, each according to his own convictions, whether their happiness is a good or a bad thing. Our good will, what there is left of it, is channeled and reserved, not for all men, but for a certain group of men who happen to share our prejudices.

## Taps For Georgie

George S. Patton's faults were as numerous as his virtues; he was courageous, but given to lapses of judgment, without any real conception of essential democracy; he was also one of the greatest field commanders who ever led an American army to glory.

He was a political anachronism, impatient with the conflicting processes of representative government, lost when faced with the abstract. He could understand the most complex military problem; he was a tactical master and he knew the difficult science of logistics; he couldn't understand why he shouldn't clasp a wounded soldier.

Of all the American generals he seemed best fitted for war. There was a timeless quality about him, military: he used tanks and planes, but he could have done as well with horses and crossbow. He gambled, but his was the confident boldness of a man who had figured the odds, who had decided the gain was worth the risk. He never lost a battle. He hardly lost a skirmish; he selected the telephone code name "Lucky" for his Third Army, but there was far more skill than good fortune involved in his success.

"The Germans call themselves supermen," he used to snarl. "Well, if there's any such thing as a superman it's the American soldier." He believed that, and

he transmitted some of his own complete confidence to the men who followed him. And, almost as if he had willed it, they became supermen, performing feats that more conservative generals regarded with awe and wonder.

There is nothing really ironic in the manner of his death. It would, perhaps, have been reasonable to expect the nation's most complete soldier to die in battle, but George S. Patton never did anything anybody expected him to do. And, although death is always tragic, his passing is tempered by the knowledge that he had fulfilled all the promises he made to himself when he dreamed of blood and glory.

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## Hauteur Is Hauteur

When Commodore Vanderbilt said, "The public be damned," he was issuing a broad statement intended for the public, not for the Commodore's time-imbued privately, except a handful of prominent boys down on Wall Street. The Federal Government operated largely for their convenience and to further their private ends and the masses were barely tolerated.

The public has shrunk a good deal since; it still includes a majority of the citizenry, but organized labor has pulled out now and set itself up in a pulsing corner from the big-money boys, intent upon protecting its own interests, which no longer seem to coincide with those of the faceless millions.

The unions have not yet replaced the corporations as exclusive beneficiaries of the Government's blessings, but they have, as they gained power, attained a scale as loud as that of the vested interests. And the Government, caught between violent blasts from opposite directions, has vacillated like a weather-vane caught in a whirlwind, pointing first left, then right, and finally spinning off into indecision.

The unions have not yet attained the Commodore's arrogance, but they are far from humble as they address themselves to the task of increasing their average wage scale, come hell, high water or inflation. Prompted, perhaps, by a memory of the days when the workingmen have indicated that they would prefer to take their increase out of corporate profits, but they have made it clear that they're going to get it, no matter where it comes from.

Their gains were evident in the number which the UAW reported Ford's preferred wage increase. The union didn't just turn it down on the grounds that it wasn't enough; Richard T. Leonard "scorched" it with a curled lip, denounced it as a "mockery." Those are words reserved for the exclusive use of the mighty.

The scorn of the UAW, of course, was directed against Ford Motor Company, which could hardly be considered a part of the general public, but hauteur is hauteur, and it's only a step from the scoring of a 124 per cent wage increase to the Commodore's viewpoint. As a matter of fact, in view of the virtual certainty that whatever increase the union finally gets is going to come out of the public pocket, they may already overlap.

From The Baltimore Evening Sun:

## An Apple-Grower's Crusade

Senator Byrd, when he isn't legislating, is an apple grower, and recently he said that as an apple grower he just couldn't make sense of the legal obfuscation he had to deal with in his capacity as a legislator.

To illustrate this meaning Senator Byrd cited a run-of-the-mill piece of legislation from the bill of a district of congress ships, added frankly he didn't understand it and declared he didn't vote against the amendment out of sheer ignorance as to what he would be voting for. The Senate followed his lead. This ought to be a lesson to the lawyers in the executive departments. But it probably won't.

No reasonable man objects to lawyers indulging in unnecessary "foreseeables" and "hereinafters." These are harmless attestations of their trade which set them apart from the uninitiate and give them a certain standing in the community. The preacher, the schoolteacher and the gunman are adduced to such jargon. But these days legal orders issuing from Washington baffle the butcher as well as the lawyer, and if he cannot wade through their

periodic sentences he is likely to find himself in pokey one fine morning.

We doubt, however, whether Senator

Byrd's remedy of having legislation drafted on the Hill would do much good.

The Hill is overrun with lawyers, and when you come right down to it, there is a matter of professional loyalty and ethics involved. Lawyers in private life make their living, by leading simple, clear-headed citizens through what Dr. Johnson called the "anachronistics" of mind of their colleagues in Government. It is a kind of economic cycle, and to require Government lawyers to be clear would be to ask them to condemn their profession—to which political mischance may some time force them to return to a starveling existence as notaries public.

Nevertheless, while we don't want to put a lot of lawyers on the welfare we can't help wishing Senator Byrd — as an apple grower—all the best in his crusade.

CO. PHIL MURRAY makes it plain he has no use for another fact-finding board. As far as Urbane Phil is concerned he hasn't lost any facts.

George Meany, secretary-treasurer,

Drew Pearson

## Douglas Feared Public Opinion In Jap Dealing

WASHINGTON  
THE Douglas Aircraft people have been gnashing their teeth and issuing denials over this column's recent disclosures that they had sold a secret DC-4 to Japan despite Cordell Hull's plea to the contrary. They are also whispering over my disclosure that Douglas facilitated the visit of Japanese General Terauchi and a party of Jap air experts to Douglas' plant at Santa Monica on Oct. 30, two months after the European war started and despite the fact that U. S. Army planes were being manufactured in the Douglas plant.

This whole matter is most important. It goes to the root of a problem in which the American people are very interested: how they can be prevented. The question is not merely an argument between this column and Douglas Aircraft.

If airplane companies or any others are permitted to sell war supplies to a potential enemy against the express request of the Secretary of State without feeling the lash of public opinion, then wars are more easily fanned. That is what Hull had no legal authority to impose an embargo, only a moral right. The lash of public opinion was his only weapon, and the greatest modifier of public opinion was the press.

### DOUGLAS QUERIED

In July, 1938, I personally, asked Donald Douglas, in plain English, if he would sell aircraft to Japan. He said the DC-4 to Japan. His denial was unequivocal, emphatic and all-embracing. As a newspaperman, I am sure that most people, even those of us fondly inclined, can tell when they are lying. Douglas, however, put on such a show of righteousness that I was taken in. He said he had no intention whatever of selling the DC-4 to Japan. He was not even considering it. Yet, he later admitted he had already agreed to sell the DC-4 at the very time he so emphatically denied it.

When any official lies to a newspaperman, one is entitled to follow up the lie, right to the bottom, or the courtesy of being queried in the future.

When Donald Douglas was sure that he was not being lied to, he obviously did not want to feel the lash of public opinion. He knew that if Cordell Hull had just appeared on all patriotic U. S. plane manufacturers not to sell planes to Japan and if there was to be any publicity, possibly, he would be in trouble. So, when Hull's appeal was not so fresh in the public mind, he selected the telephone code name "Lucky" for his Third Army, but there was far more skill than good fortune involved in his success.

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