

Thomas L. Robinson.....President and Publisher
Brodie S. Griffith.....General Manager
Robert H. Lampe.....Advertising Director
Cecil Prince.....Associate Editor
R. L. Young Jr.....Managing Editor
Huey Stinson.....Circulation Manager

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1956

People's Platform Shame On Civilians Who Scold Marine Corps

Charlotte
SINCE the first report on the unfortunate incident at Parris Island in which six "boots" drowned I have been constantly amazed and finally annoyed by the numerous editorials and letters by subscribers attacking the finest unit of men in the history of civilization—the U. S. Marine Corps.



'War Is Horrible, Heartless and Exacting'

country should refuse to buy any goods made from any products from any country where the wage scale is less than the minimum set by the government for this country.

We all know that we must import some products if we are to export some of our goods. We should not however import to the detriment of our own scale of living. We believe firmly that people in all countries should be allowed to live and well, but no one has ever proved that you can pay 10 cents per hour for labor and be able to sell any of the products of that labor to those working at that wage.

In other words, all workers who produce goods in which they cannot in some way participate should become an economic zero. They are worthless to themselves as well as to those in this country whose jobs they endanger and abolish. The only ones who profit from such dealings are those who would sell their souls for the sake of a few bucks.

It is time that the responsible powers in Washington become cognizant of the fact that they are in some way participating in the strength of Americans—the Americans who pay their salaries and who pay to keep us free, strong and prosperous in the hands of the government. We can no longer compete—do we go back to 10 cents per hour in our industries. We must discontinue special security—lower our standards of living or do we institute some brains in the governing circles with whom you can reason?

One thing is sure—whether you die from lack of food or from starvation—the result is the same—you are dead. And we are uncertain whether being strangled economically is any better.

No one among the masses in this country is immune to these things. We have not reached you or your industry as yet just sit tight and the State Department will see that you are not overlooked.

The above is being submitted at this time because only recently we learned from Washington that the Japanese have advocated the closing of their plywood plants so they can make a profit over there and sell it through American companies. Such action would seal the fate of all American manufacturing and we are sure no one could be so simple as to swallow that idea without a "don't know."

L. W. ANDERSON
President, Standard Plywoods Inc.

read and digest your worthy editorials.
Keep up the good work.
—FRANKLIN P. REDMOND
Capt. Arty. USAR
(Formerly 1st. Sgt. USMC)

Low-Priced Imports Gut U. S. Economy

Clinton, S. C.
The Charlotte News of Dec. 7, 1941, carried an excellent article written by Jim Becker on "Day of Infamy." We could not attempt to add to what Mr. Becker has written since he tells a story simply and completely as far as it goes.

'Oh, You Mean THAT Salvage Job'



'Platform' Partisan Pens Yule Salute

Editors, The News:
GOD REST ye merry, "ivory tower" gentlemen. Our thanks for carrying us to use these excellent columns during the past year. Freedom of expression in the American way of life includes the sounding of the editors. Where else can we blow off steam and then see it set up in print, the foundation and spelling corrected, sometimes adorned with an appropriate picture at no extra charge and all for the lowly cost of a nickel?

How unbecomingly it is angrily complain in your columns about our real or fancied problems. How much better than using a psychoanalyst's couch for at least \$5 an hour.

Therefore, may your season be happy and your hearts gay. May July Kris Kringle fill your socks with extra bonus tidings. May your homes and families be filled with good cheer and may the New Year find you hale and hearty.

Quote, Unquote

All men are monsters. The only thing to do is to feed the wretches well.—Oscar Wilde.

Drew Pearson's 'Big Secret' Revealed

To validate my comments to follow I want to say that I served six years and 25 days from 1939 to 1945, of which 22 months were spent on foreign shore duty or sea duty.

I began at Parris Island, hated every waking chevron until I left there. Then I felt that I had witnessed the passing of an era, that the slogan of "Once a Leatherneck always a Leatherneck" would be relegated to the docile shell of "Remember the Alamo." That no longer a D. I. would appear upon my chest for failing to "Sir" him or for dropping your rifle. Indeed, by constant nagging of the Army and the public moans of mothers who have lost their babes, the Corps has begun to look like the Army, at least like the Army and heaven forbid, fight like and with the Army.

Now, what is the basic difference in a Marine and an Army soldier? I say, and many men of many fields will concur, that the soldier is in any part of life's success is discipline. Discipline, self-imposed or by legislation, is the thing that makes a man adhere to the standards of society, his business ethics and his eating, working and resting habits. It is the intangible ingredient in any successful enterprise.

In the Marine Corps, while a boot is still fresh from Mother's apron, it is learned that war is labor, heartless, and exacting of physical, mental and moral strength. That a man dies through the humid, bug-infested jungles of the Pacific is dependent entirely upon the lessons he learns at Parris Island. If the next man to you lets the enemy through to you, you're dead, and you're buried with him. You've learned or what you're fighting for: The Army says: "We install discipline by appealing to a man's dignity." Sir, it can't be done! Our laws are based upon that concept, but we have scores of police to enforce them and jails to house those who break the laws.

Consider, if you will, the attendance at Sunday School, which is a direct appeal to the dignity of an individual and the attendance at public school which the law requires. What is the difference? Just this, if I don't send my children to a school I'll go to jail.

Desertions, court martials, other military offenses and the civil offenses committed by Marines and Army personnel is in direct proportion to the amount of discipline instilled. How important of all, how it is instilled.

Seriatim of the percentage of "defects" to communism in Korea and the success in combat of our wars reflect the desirable quality of the Marine Corps system of training. The morning reports of any company first sergeant will show the smaller number of AWOLs and malingerers as opposed to any Army unit.

In closing let me urge you and other editors, in the future, not to censure a man as Sgt. McKee was, and to write cold facts instead of the human interest drizzle which almost had a whole nation against a man who was doing his duty—well—in the heat of recent years. LIBERTY FOLDED IN 1950 at the age of 26, SURVEY GRAPHIC IN 1952 at the age of 31, BLUEBOOK this year at the age of 51, SCRAMBLES IN 1942 at the age of 53 and NORTH AMERICAN REVIEWER IN 1940 at the age of 55. WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, dead at 83, will share COLLIER'S grave.

All had admirable qualities. For that matter, all had admirers—but not nearly enough.

Duty draws us to the mourner's bench. But we come with genuine sorrow.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors: Note: Drew Pearson is on a Christmas leave from the Far Northern bases. During his absence, the column is being written by his junior partner, Jack Anderson.

WASHINGTON
DREW Pearson, who dips into the secret lives of others, has kept his own big secret from the public. His fans would never suspect from his bird-dropping column his angry voice on their fights with Washington officialdom, that he is secretly a sofie.

He's the kind of sofie who'll be embarrassed over his column, yet sofie enough not to fire me for writing it.

Tearful Appeal

Drew usually ends up feeling sorry for those he exposes. His stories helped convict taxifixer Henry Grunwald; but he started writing sympathetic stories after a tearful appeal from Grunwald's daughter. Drew also helped release infamously peddler John Maragon to jail, then wrote a letter in his behalf to the parole board and helped get him a job after his release.

To The Rescue

Once Drew revealed that a Pentagon executive had been seen in a recording conversation with NBC executive Frank McCall. The Defense Department decided to fire Dillon for his bad behavior. Drew's column exposed them. Deputy Secretary Steve Earl and talked

Pleased For Outis

Drew tried to make the same deal with the Czechoslovakian ambassador for AP correspondent Bill Outis's freedom, but the Czech government finally turned it down. Neither Outis nor the AP ever knew what Drew tried to do. Most people have also forgotten how Drew discovered the man who drugged Cardinal Mindszenty. Dr. Emil Weil, serving right here in Washington, was in an action in a letter that Drew published. It was so lengthy, however, that several newspapers cut it. Result: Drew promptly made it so hot for Weil that he was recalled.

Often Beamed

Drew has been beamed by many brickbats as he has hurried. Perhaps because of his Quaker upbringing, he has

'Make It Stronger'

Drew may be a secret sofie, but he's got the idea he lacks guts. During the 1952 campaign word leaked to vice presidential candidate Nixon that Drew was preparing to blast him. A Nixon aide phoned me and warned that Nixon would retaliate with a McCarthy-style attack on Drew. I refused the message to the boss, I still remember his exact words.

Time's Tune

Nothing distresses Drew more than attacks on his veracity. He is the first to admit that he makes mistakes. But the best news item occasionally are misinformed by their sources, and the most respected papers have pulled honors.

Even Time magazine, which recently sneered at Drew's 1956 predictions, has

Make It Stronger

been wrong. (Example: Time forecast the week before election that the Republicans would win the House.) Actually Drew has done better than most political prophets. One of his predictions: Time decided came true right after the Time article went to press—namely, that "Sir Andrew's" moments are worth more than the public relations. We'll take a much less active part in the British government.

Hagerty Apologizes

No less than White House spokesman Jim Hagerty, who has often tangled with Drew in the past, has apologized to him in private. Twice Jim was man enough to telephone and admit he has been wrong in denouncing Pearson stories.

Making Democracy Live

While Drew fought for higher taxes on the big brackets, he was probably the most important reporter in the United States. Another thing few people know is how he paid the expenses of the Moscow Metro Train delegation when they came here to give thanks for the Friendship Train. It cost Drew \$10,000 out of his own pocket.

Drew's moments are when he is promoting people-to-people friendship, fighting for the independence of a little nation like Indonesia or offering a plan for world peace. He believes literally in making democracy live.

The Businessman: Saint Or Sinner?

BANKERS are just like everybody else, except richer," wrote Ogden Nash in one of his frothier spoofs of men and manners. This magazine would have to believe that the business businessman is just like everybody else, only holder in his social and economic outlook. True, however, is not spoofing. In its latest sermon on the New Conservatism, there takes its text from Neil F. Curry, president of the American Trucking Associations. "Where is the real radical, the real revolutionary, to be found in the U. S. today?" asks Mr. Curry. His answer: "Behind the desk of any business establishment."

Both views are pleasant myths. They are in error because they are based upon the premise that the "businessman" is a special being, a unique and separate presence in U. S. society. What emerges is a stereotype that represents nobody and nothing. Certainly it does not represent all American businessmen.

The businessman, like any other member of the community, is the product of his environment. To a large extent, he is dependent upon community sentiment for his behavior in social, economic and political matters. If he takes on a more liberal attitude toward human progress and assists in a "sweeping democratization of society" it is because society wants a sweeping democratization and the climate for human progress is favorable. The businessman himself is a part of society. He could not stand alone if he wanted to. If he should happen to do what he would merely be indulging in what Harvard historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. calls "a romantic nostalgia" for the feudal class system.

But the businessman is neither automatically virtuous nor automatically villainous. He is indeed "just like anybody"—because he is anybody.

A Walkie-Talkie For Tar Heel Brass

REP. Harold Cooley hailed the Raleigh confab of state officials and Heel congressmen as "perhaps the unique in the history of the commonwealth." Mr. Cooley's intentions to the contrary, that need be no complaint. What is needed is for such meetings to become commonplace as an integral part of the administration of North Carolina's sprawling affairs.

places the need for enactment or revision of a federal law becomes clear. Good government and efficient administration are served when those needs are made known and elucidated.

Repeat performances of the Tuesday conference in Raleigh can do the job. Congress, of course, must continue to exercise their own judgment on what the state needs done in Washington. That judgment, however, can be improved by information from state administrators who are in the best position to judge the worth of laws in practical application.

Tar Heel officialdom has shortened its lines of communication. That is a commendable tactic in politics as well as in love and war.

It Takes A Full House To Win

FOR nerve-shattering excitement, athletic prowess of poetic proportions and Carrousel Basketball Tournament was a sockdolager of delight. But while it lacked nothing in spectator appeal, it lacked plenty in spectators. The program was superb, the participants outstanding. The only憾憾 came into the tournament unbeaten. All teams turned in colorful and occasionally frenzied performances. But Charlotteans stayed away in droves.

tion. Last March some Charlotteans were even talking of capturing the Atlantic Coast Conference Tournament for the Coliseum. It appears now that those who would like to see a new arena, to carry a phrase, for some time to come. Odd hockey is drawing respectable crowds here.

When queried most Charlotteans say they want collegiate basketball at the Coliseum. But even to maintain the present limited schedule in future years the city will have to prove its interest at the gate. Top games are available—but not to empty houses. The performers get lonesome.

Old Men Know When Old Men Die

IT IS SAID that the old men know when an old man dies. The same applies to the proud and aging denizens of U. S. journalism's ink sea—the newspapers and magazines that supply printed words for millions of Americans. We have good reason to be aware of the death of COLLIER'S magazine. We are the same age, both here in 1956.

Thus, COLLIER'S joins other mass circulation magazines that have given up the ghost in recent years. LIBERTY FOLDED IN 1950 at the age of 26, SURVEY GRAPHIC IN 1952 at the age of 31, BLUEBOOK this year at the age of 51, SCRAMBLES IN 1942 at the age of 53 and NORTH AMERICAN REVIEWER IN 1940 at the age of 55. WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, dead at 83, will share COLLIER'S grave.

All had admirable qualities. For that matter, all had admirers—but not nearly enough. Duty draws us to the mourner's bench. But we come with genuine sorrow.

COLLECTORS' INFLATION

ABOUT a century ago when that ill-tempered baronet Sir Thomas Phillips was busy assembling his library of books and manuscripts he bought, we are told, a drawing by Leonardo for three pounds (less than \$9 today) and a Signorelli, a Carpaccio and a Michelangelo for less than a pound (now \$2.80) each. Grant that in those Victorian times a pound represented much more than it does today. Say it had ten times its present value—say it had a hundred times that value. Even so, the merest scrap of a genuine Leonardo for \$200 or an authentic bit of something by Michelangelo for \$200—these would look today like the most spectacular, the most incredible, of bargains. If they could be found, that is. But of course they can't be found.

ings by Segon Zac, sold for more than \$2,000, while Andre Malraux's manuscript of a novel that appeared in 1927 fetched more than \$10,000.

As works of the old masters and their old minors and first editions of even literary counterparts have become scarcer they have become dearer, of course; but, so, too, has the market for their successors, and in a manner that could never have been imagined by the collectors of a hundred years ago who might expect to pick up even a Leonardo or a Michelangelo cheap—as it seems to us—the ludicrously, cheap.

An Oxford University survey found that fat drunks are funnier than skinny one—but both have the head the next day.—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

It is still not clear whether the Russian leaders practiced to get the way they are or (whether it is just comes natural.—LAUREL (MISS.) LEADER-CALL.

Then there was the New Yorker who went crazy in the Moscow subway. All the pictures already had mistakes.—CARLSBAD CURRENT-ARGUS.

And in place of such things the modern-writers and artists alike come high and higher yet. Recently, one reads, in Paris, a first edition (1906) of Paul Valery's EVENING WITH M. TESTE sold for more than \$1,000, and a decorated parchment copy, inscribed, of the same poet's LA JEUNE PASCAL (1917) brought about \$1,550. A 1918 first edition of a work by Colette, illustrated with 90 etch-