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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1942

Christmas Greetings
From The NewsTo All of Our Faithful Friends,
The Best of the Joyful Season

This is the 55th Christmas The News has observed, but for us it remains, and always will remain, a supreme and exciting occasion. In particular is this Christmas 1942 worthy of the warmest observance, for it falls in a critical juncture of the world's trial and finds the people of the world, everywhere, sorely tested. From these sad experiences The News and the men and women who are the News have by no means been exempt.

Despite its years, The News, like the best of youth, has remained a youthful thing. And so it was when came the call to arms that whole squads of young men marched down these steps and out these doors. One after another they have turned away from desk or machine or typewriter and taken their place in ranks. And The News has weakened them, got sorrowing that they had to go, yet proud of the spirit in which they went, until today the number of our men in service has passed 45. Naturally enough, it is these for whom our warmest Christmas sentiment must be expressed.

To them all, to the Toms and the Bills and the Henrys who were our young men, and to the sons of the men at The News who are with them, to all of these in their stations here and abroad and at sea, Merry Christmas, and along with the greeting a fervent prayer for the success of their cause and for their safe return.

High in the regard of The News are those who remain to keep an honorable institution and a complex enterprise functioning according to the standard that has been set for it. They have our heartiest Christmas wishes and the assurance of our appreciation for the manner in which they have manned the breach made by those who have gone. They are a steadfast and a loyal crew, and we want them to know that we know it.

The Immortal Story

The Magic of St. Luke's Gospel
Sings the Glory of the Ages

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host worshipping God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.— Luke 11:7-14.

Santa Claus, Local Express

In the Fat Old Man's Shoes, We'd
Scatter a Little Cheer Ourselves

Hang up your stockings all in a row
And he'll fill them up from the top
to
the
toe."

If we were some judgmental Santa
Claus who distributed to all the little
boys and girls what they knew they ought
to have instead of what they wanted,
why, I wouldn't be fun!

First call on our list would be little
Currie's house. Mac's a good stout
fellow, and has made, after a rebellious
start, a first-rate Mayor. In a fiscal
manner of speaking, things around the
house are in the best shape they've
been in for a long time, probably ever.

In a physical manner of speaking,
the city of Charlotte is no better than
anywhere else.

What Mac ought to have, and he could
have it with his Iron Duke neighbors,
is a City Planning Commission. No mere

bandet, with which to play and
cast away. Properly set up, it could be
productive of a better place for better
living and better business.

And while we were down Alexander
Street way, it would be convenient to
drop into the two police departments,
City and County, and leave them a new
collectorial district consisting solely of
Mecklenburg County. Why, you ask, to
the police departments? Well, if you
were a cop, wouldn't you get tired of
resting the same crooks over and over
again?

And for City Smoke Control Engineer
Maguire, we'd leave a new nickname.
"Smoky" doesn't seem to suit so well.

For All Mecklenburgers, an uptown
bandstand and a bottomless basket
overflowing with funds with which to
meet bond quotas. . . . And to the War
Production Board, courage for the second
Fiscal Year of Removing Buried
Street Car Rails. . . . All around, a
Merry Christmas.

Baiting The Hooks

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

CONTINUING my researches into obscuration, let me give you some more arguments that are nailed off on the people by political freebooters, whose consciences allow them to face "several ways at once": They argue that the Government is not "tough" enough to run a war, and that Leon Henderson was properly shoved out because he was much too tough; that the Administration ought to stop aside for big business men and let them run the production side of the war effort, and that the Administration is not doing enough to protect the small business man; that the period of war should not be used to put over fundamental social changes, and that it should be used to wise up the pay legislation from the Federal state books; that business organizations ought not to be bothered with questionnaires about their internal organization during this crisis, and that every Federal bureau ought to be quizzed, reorganized and cut down one-third during the very same emergency.

This type of argumentation is going to play a very great part in the campaign of 1944. The world situation is ludicrously full of elements of confusion, and well-suited to the needs of those who make confusion a deliberate political method.

Thus it is possible for one man, swinging one pair of arms, on one platform, to tell the housewife that Government muddling compels her to pay too much for food, and to tell the farmer that Government muddling doesn't give him enough money for his produce, and, as a kind of peroration, he can (and almost certainly will) add that the judgment of the military may be to final and that politicians, meaning the party in power, ought to keep their hands off, and also what does the Army mean by sending all that stuff to Europe and denying equipment to our poor boys on Guadalcanal?

The thing is so ripe for this kind of presentation that it will be a miracle if any degree of popular clarity can be maintained in the campaign of 1944. I am not defending the New Deal, especially, in saying this, for it has made mistakes, but I am suggesting that if it be beaten, it be beaten for a reason, and not for a careful collection of no-reasons; also, it seems a matter of public importance that if it be beaten, it be beaten by something definite and clear and positive, and not by an encyclopedia of nefarious and nothing clear.

To take a simile from the holiday, the method of the obscurantists is to dress a platform like a Christmas tree, and put something on it for everybody. But to do this, they must continuously rob Peter to give a gift to Paul. They argue that the only way we can make up for the sacrifices of our heroic boys in the service is to cut wages at home.

But then they turn around and rob Paul in order to give a handsome little present to Peter. They argue that in spite of the needs of the heroic armed services for rubber and gasoline, of course and of course, this rationing of rubber and gasoline at home is unfair to them, and there must be something unnecessary at the bottom of it.

In the next period of our political life, men of goodwill in both parties have got to establish unclarity itself as an issue, like tariff or Indian affairs. The obscurantist, convinced that the war and the world are meaningless, will finally try to lead us to nowhere, following a compass with seven needles. He will have something for everybody, and nothing for anybody, in a pale, belated American echo of the obscurantism of the last twenty years, which has brought Europe to the doorstep of hell.

When we make this man, standing in the center of the political trinkets and knock-knocks, he is going to cast the blindest shadow in the country during the next two years, the years of life and death, the years that are pregnant with a century.

Out Of Place

War Christmas

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

THERE isn't much that can be said appropriate to the Christmas season this year. It doesn't seem to fit this time.

You almost wonder if it isn't an insult to Santa Claus to have him wandering around. You would want to tell the old fellow to stay away from the city, for he is very much out of place. He is a kind of butchering civilization their parents and ancestors have created.

The usual holiday greetings sound forced and hollow this year. We mean them, but we know they do not fit into this Christmas. How can there be a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year in the midst of organized murder, cruelty, want and anxiety in the majority of homes in most of the so-called civilized world?

The best you can wish for your friends over this Christmas is that the season's grog will put them into a cozy twilight sleep where they can forget for a while.

I note some one wrote words of one of the wise men of the East, a great scholar of China, Dr. Hsi Shih, the former Chinese Ambassador here. He says that science and technology have made the world a physical unity. But man's badness in political thinking and planning, he says, has failed miserably to consolidate this physically unified world into a political and moral world community.

That's an old theme but never pointed out as well with such accurate "truth as it is" today. We make ourselves out to be just a lot of dog-like creatures who wasn't strong enough to put his gifts to any use.

In organized world murder, men show magnificent courage, invention and ability to work together. But when you try to leave the murder out of it and try to organize civilization for living instead of killing. If your purpose is to live instead of kill, then everything is different. Men and Government become weak. They are afraid to experiment, afraid to take any risk—and of course they thereby only increase the danger of which they are afraid. They lose the little touch in statecraft that makes them strong. They have the greatest difficulty in working together at anything long enough to make progress.

Last Sunday about Easter time, I flew in a huge airplane over the land of Bethlehem. From five thousand feet in the air I looked down on the roofs of Jerusalem. We could see men plowing with oxen and oxen plowing much as they did 2000 years ago. I saw one of them, plowing a hillside as we flew close to a thousand feet above him, his fist at us and hurled a stone after our plane. He could not understand the intrusion of this modern monster that roared over his field and frightened his oxen and himself as well.

We are very much like that man ourselves, even though we fly over his fields in an airplane. We invented the plane and we operate it with great skill, but we still don't know what it means. We don't know yet that with only a few of these planes the whole world could be policed and kept from perhaps making a third attempt at global suicide.

We use the airplane with daring in war. We are afraid to think how we might use the airplane to prevent war and save life.

The child who was born on that Christmas night lived to cry in despair, "Oh, ye of little faith!"

Side Glances



"Oh, sure, I appreciate the old Aunt Molly sent me—but she doesn't seem to understand this is a machine age for women."



Season's Classic

Serooge Gets The Spirit

By Charles Dickens

(This fragment of the delectable, "A Christmas Carol" is the climax of the Dickens story when flint-hearted Serooge finds a new life in the glad, tender season.)

I don't know what day of the month it is," said Serooge. "I don't know how long I have been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was clucked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clank, clank, hammer, ding, dong, bell, Bell, ding, ding, hammer, clank, clank. "Oh, glorious!"

"What's that?" cried Serooge, railing downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Tiddy," replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"Is Christmas Day?" said Serooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging in the postmaster's window—not the little prize turkey, the big one?"

"If I send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Serooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of 'Tiddy' here. No one ever made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be."

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Serooge regarded every one with a delighted smile.

He had not gone far, when coming on toward him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before.

"My dear Sir," said Serooge, taking the old gentleman by both hands, "A Merry Christmas to you, Sir!"

"Mr. Serooge?"

"Yes," said Serooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness to let me hear of you again?"

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Serooge, are you serious?"

"A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you."

"I assure you," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what you say to such matters. I don't say anything, please," retorted Serooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

Editors, The News:

THIS global war is bringing into relief a basic truth, the issue is moral and not military. This issue was set before the United Nations at the end of the war. It will not be settled by the mere military victory by either side in the conflict.

The international claims of morality and common decency must be satisfied, if this war is not to be simply a prelude to a more bloody holocaust. The principle of democracy is the only one that is organized along democratic principles or on the basis of superindustrial and subordination. The United Nations profess to be fighting for the cause of these two principles; the Axis powers are explicitly fighting for the latter.

If this war is to mean the end of imperialism as stated by Undersecretary Sumner Welles, then the democracies must begin now to implement democratic principles within their domains. There must be no assembly of the superpowers to the democracies. Sincerity is undercut by the perpetuation of practices inimical to the principles for which we are supposed to be fighting.

The democracies are called upon for moral leadership. The more deeply we become involved in this titanic struggle, the more paradoxical we appear to the scrutinizing gaze of the world. This war is really a struggle over our backyard duplicity. The antics of Southern filibusters are cut from the same cloth from which come the sinister schemes of the Churchill Government in refusing to recognize the just claims of subjugated India. England's Prime Minister is reported to have said, "We intend to hold what we have."

The Negro church is committed to the cause of freedom for all exploited groups. This is true because it is the church of an exploited group, the church of the "captives, the blind and the poor." The Negro

"I will" cried the old gentleman. "It was clear he meant it."

"Thanked," said Serooge. "Thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his neighbor's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Who, bless my soul!" cried Fred. "What's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Serooge. I have come to dinner."

Let him lie! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. If he could only be there first, and find Bob Cratchit late!

And he did it; yes, he did!

"Hallo!" greeted Serooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"It's only nine o'clock, Sir," said Bob. "You shan't be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, Sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Serooge. "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Serooge down with it, holding him, and calling for help and a straight-waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Serooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking Bishop, Bob!"

Serooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as any in the good old world.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And this, I think, is no small thing. Bless Us, Every One!

There is a destiny that makes us brothers. You give his way down to him. All that we send into the lives. Comes back into our own."

— M. TOBIN,
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Morris College, Sumter, S. C.

(Note: For itself, The News would like to reaffirm its conviction that this country went into war to resist actual and potential aggression against it, and not as an agent of the colored races.—Editors, The News.)