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THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1942

After Victory

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

The future form of the world after the war is not mentioned by Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill in their joint statement. It is not mentioned by the press. It is not mentioned by the public. It is not mentioned by the officials. It is not mentioned by the people. It is not mentioned by the world. It is not mentioned by the future.

Open Letter To Canada

By Dorothy Thompson

NEW YORK

I TRUST that you will not regard it as a presumption if I address you directly. As a citizen of the United States, I feel very close to you. As your partner in the great World War, we feel close to each other than we have ever before.

New Year's Eve

You were in error, son.
To interrupt your mother while she did
Those mysterious things that women do
Before, all sleek and fragrant, they come
down.
To be admired and kissed
(Carefully, on the cheek)
Before escaping to a party.
Had you approached her yesterday
We might this moment be shuddering
together.
At the midnight horror movie
Staring Bela Lugosi.
But no... you, with all the wisdom of
your eleven years.
Burnt in upon her while she was...
Pondering her nose, perhaps.
And she, being sometime arbitrary
(Even one's own daughters are, you
know).
Declined your proposition.
And promised you that I would fill your
New Year's Eve
With still more stories of the fighting in
Virginia.
New episodes of the dozen Yanks I
didn't kill at Seven Pines,
And here we are, looking at the fire
(I wish you'd poke it up a bit)
And listening to the mantel clock
Whose larger hand moves so slowly in
your eyes.
So rapidly in mine.
You flattered me by manly surrender
to your mother; to let a woman have
her head.
(You'd discover soon enough)
Is the better part of valor.
And I suspect, for all your grave
attention.
Your eager head is far more full
Of panzers, Messerschmitts, and
paratroops
than sabers, picket lines and saddle
boots.
Do not mention Bela Lugosi,
thou the very young indulge the very
old.
But you are right—
There are no wars save present wars,
No battles save today's.
No victories save those to come.
All the rest are ashes:
Ashes and brave songs above
Manassas.
Ashes and screaming on the hills near
Gettysburg.
Battered ashes in the Wilderness,
Gold ashes at Appomattox...
The fires that made them have gone;
It is better so.
Give that back-log another punch...
It's that's right
And let us talk, you and me, of our
times.
Of the year that made us comrades
fighting field-gray tunic
With crayon marks and colored pins
March on newspaper maps
(And often, I think, we did no worse
than those who fought with planes
and tanks).
Remember how we laughed, you and I
Then, like floundering Burnside,
played not the fall of Athens... and
the fall of Crete.
Then Russia—you and Walter
Lippman
(gather from your sage comments)
Saw far more of Russia than do I.
His politics confuses me; I only know
that men who fight to hold the soil
their fathers tiller
need not beg for courage.
Your father, being better read than we,
is made.
They'll never last a month,
and smiled at our illogic.
at the Russians fought, and we
persuaded him to buy us
larger maps—one that let us look
across Siberia
those little islands marked Japan.
The Japanese blazed peace
some noiseless spy must have
breathed
secret after-dinner conferences
held—
"Bashawacked" flared on our boys
under a flag of truce.
Even Grant, or Sherman's looters
went to that.
never thought I'd wish to put on

REVOLUTION AGAINST NATIONALISM WILL HELP

Such a union or federation...
As my airplane general tell me, soon:
Can we hold it together?
No! Well, did I ever tell about Chleka-
mauga?
I wasn't there; it was in the West.
The blood, they say, ran in the woods
And washed the gullies.
We held the line, I reckon.
Lee looked at that list of dead
And said we'd lost the war.
Hitler's Chleka-mauga began at that
place, Smolenka.
Another one is waiting for Japan.
One thing bothers me
(Along with that Yankee metal in my
shin):
It's how a speech can make as big a
headline as a battle.
Back in '60 we put off the speaking
Until there was no more fighting—
Both sides. Maybe we weren't modern
But we did a sight of fighting.
And after it was over, Abe Lincoln
Brought us up to date in three minutes
With a piece he read at Gettysburg.
But look; we've let the fire go down:
The Old Year, our year, is dying with
the ember.
We cannot save the year, but there's
kindling on the hearth:
That's it—kindling fed by young hands
To keep our fires burning.
Build it up, let it war and crackle.
And we'll set up to be sure the New Year
Gets his baptism of fire.
Don't turn such apprehensive eyes upon
the clock, son;
I'll not remind you of bed.
Beside, a gentleman of your enlightenment
should know
His own bed-time.
(You needn't mention that remark to
your mother
Although I'm sure you will in one way
or another.
This is our night, yours and mine,
together.
And though I've told you more than I
I know
About my war, the dead war,
Somehow I've missed the point.
I can not say it right but it has to do
With what it means to lose a war.
We lost our war
—To our own countrymen, you say?
Yes, and even so it killed a part of
me, and though you scarcely know
it.
Of you, you must not lose your war,
Must not, shall not, will not.
Now let us step aside,
We can not win this war by staying up.

TO KEEP NORTH AMERICA'S RECORD CLEAR

And, among them perhaps
most especially, the Catholic
religion affirms the catholicity of
humanity, and their church has
ever espoused all political tendencies
that work toward unity in inner
faith and outer aim. It is for
this reason that I am pleading
that the record throughout
North America may be clear.
I would be reluctant as a mere
individual, holding no public office,
and speaking for none but myself,
to raise this issue were it not
that I know it is debated among
countries, and had I not heard
it so often discussed among my
countrymen.
In the warmth of our common
recovery of our America, of its
unrecoverable beauty, grace and
latent power, and of our common
re-awakened faith in its great
future, their words of mine will not,
I am sure, be taken amiss, or
regarded in any way as interver-
sive. They are merely a letter from
friend to friend.

INDIA COULD BECOME JAPAN'S SUCCESSOR

Far East prospects are not bleak.
Offhand it sounds like a post-
war prospect to the Chinese and Rus-
sians for assimilation which would
remove their misgivings. But
unstable China herself is not
united. In a few months the Chi-
nese would be fighting among
themselves, as they were in the
past, with an assassin in their
rear.
China lacks the necessary in-
dustries for industrialization. In-
dia has exhibited far more progress
in this respect these past years.
She could well become the
ultimate successor to Japan. Ob-
stacles are considerable, but un-
desirable though it seems, under
back to the point where the Jap-
anese in defeat could retrieve a
new industrial and political ter-
minus in that area.
Some factors of the distant
past are not to be neglected.
The United States will certainly
have no part in this hemisphere
after a fairly long and bitter
struggle. Britain will have
both its dominions and its empire
in a state of confusion which will
remain politically open. Through
communalities they may be cleared
to a revolutionary extent. Surely
they will have in spite of the
war part of the world's goods in the
post-war era.
Germany, France, Italy will cer-
tainly be less important than be-
fore the war.

THE BRIDGEROOM CAME ON 48 HOURS LEAVE

The bride, who said she had to go
back to her job in the garment factory
Monday morning, was a cheap hand-
made wedding dress. The bridegroom
had come down from Scotland on 48
hours' leave. The father of the bride;
a dock worker, didn't have a collar on but
he wore a red carnation in his tailored
lapel. He showed us a picture of the
bride who Elliott Roosevelt had stood a
few days before and taken a drink with
them. Old women sat on the benches
around the wall, a glass of beer in one
hand and a sleeping grandchild in the
other.
These people had lived in miserable
hotels all their lives. Now they lived in
shelters. Hard as life was for them, they
found that family and friends were
their real possessions. Considering the
hardships under which they lived, they
found such enjoyment as a cheap hand-
made wedding dress. The bridegroom
had come down from Scotland on 48
hours' leave. The father of the bride;
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them. Old women sat on the benches
around the wall, a glass of beer in one
hand and a sleeping grandchild in the
other.

Letters to the Editor: Armageddon In 1942

Editor, The News:
And I saw three unclean spirits
like frogs came out of the mouth
of the beast and out of the mouth
of the false prophet.
"You three are the spirits of devils,
working together which do not
know the King of the Earth and
you shall have dominion over them
until the voice of the trumpet
shall sound, and they shall be
punished."—Revelation 17:13-14
Only too poignantly, as 1942
drew to its end, these words of
St. John in the Divine in the Book
of Revelation.
Abroad in war-wracked world
the Four Horsemen of the Apoc-
alyptic rode. On wide-extended
fronts of this earth, the embittered
democrats all themselves in ill-
ludged struggle against totalitarian
ideology.
Out of a writer of unaided suffer-
ing, dictators, modern embodiments
of the unclean spirits, which do not
know the King of the Earth, have
arisen. With unquenchable
lust for power and with total dis-
regard for the rights of man, these
"Caesars in Goosetep" lead their
voiceless people down the highway
to ultimate destruction.
As a New Year starts we, in the
democracies, may well pause for a
moment of self-examination. Dur-
ing the years that saw the rise
of dictators in all parts of the
world, what were we doing? Were
not our sins of omission or com-

OUR SACRIFICES WILL BE MADE IN LUXURIES

We do not face the extreme hard-
ships that England suffers. There may
be bombings but they can only be stult
sailed, not the nightly pounding of heavy,
torren such as England took for months
last winter. We have abundant food and
do not need to restrict ourselves as Eng-
land does to three eggs a month and
meat once a week and not enough milk
for the children. We shall have to sacri-
fice mainly luxuries—a new car, a new
refrigerator, and many of the metal
goods that comprise life. We pro-
ducers will find life becoming simpler.
Nobody dresses for dinner parties in
England. There you get dinner gasoline
to run your car about 150 miles a month
—and then you enjoy your car as a
rare privilege.
Spread an evening reading Thoreau's
"Walden." Turn to some favorite book
you have not read for many years. Lis-
ten to music. See some of those old
friends you have been too busy to see.
You'll be surprised how good they look
to you now. These children, these boys
come clearly together, drawing people
changes that must come in our living
will have their compensations, some of
them very rich and permanent ones.

Visitin' Around

Hay That Again
(Chester U.S. C. Reporter)
We HAVE A Complete stock of Christ-
mas gifts for men to select from.
Praters.
Wanted: Best Stories
(Mrs. Tho B. Davis
Zeblun Record)
My one bit of inchangeable advice
is that the marriage be announced as
soon as you see. These children, these
boys and death, are entitled to privacy
that may be desired by those involved;
but in every case results should be made
public.



Letters to the Editor: Armageddon In 1942

Senator Snapper Says:

A fish in the recently closed
New York Aquarium had been
nauseated for seven years. We
know the family well.
After a paralytic seizure of the
184 Soviet photos of the Em-
perors of Japan, we still don't
know what the fellow is
thinking about if he is.
The hardy pioneer had scuffles,
but not about anything
telling on him from the sky,
unless it was a dead duck.
All three shifts of the Axis
victory communique a flicker
have been laid off, we under-
stand for the year-end inven-
tory taking.
Contributing to the Red
Cross will make you feel like
a new man. From the new
man can contribute.