

CHELMSFORD Newsweekly

"Nothing is of worth but truth, before which all men are equal."

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Editorial

NOT IN VAIN . . .

"That these dead shall not have died in vain . . ." Applied to those valiant dead of the first World War, this is perhaps the most classically misinterpreted statement in the whole history of thought.

They died for freedom, and there is less freedom in the world today than ever before.

They died for democracy, yet those peoples of the world who have still left a vestige of democracy are involved in a death struggle in the dreadful fear that vestige of democracy shall be torn from their feeble grasp.

They died for brotherhood, and yet the brotherhood of nations and men is practically non-existent.

Thousands of innocent men and women are being slaughtered today in Europe as we pause to respect the memories of those valiant Americans, who, one short generation ago, gave their lives for freedom, democracy, brotherhood.

If they could but rise from their graves and see the world as it is today, what would they say?

Would they say, "We have died in vain," and sadly return to a restless peace?

Theirs might not be a peaceful sleep, in the knowledge that their immortal sacrifice went for naught. The ideals for which they gladly gave their lives are in danger again, not many more than twenty years after their last act.

Are their brothers and sons soon to be called upon to fulfill the same awful destiny?

"In Flanders field the poppies grow . . ." The forces of ignorance and hatred are tearing those poppies up by the roots, and with the same fierce stroke they are destroying the ideals that lie buried therein.

Is it our duty to follow our dear fathers into the land of the dead? Have our fathers died in vain? Would they sanction our death in following the same vain hope that we might preserve peace and freedom and perpetuate democracy? Will the brotherhood of man ever come to exist? Will the teachings of Christ ever be heeded?

Can we but be told the truth and we would follow it gladly though it lead to death—just as those brave men drove headlong to their death twenty-odd years ago, following what they thought to be the truth.

We are no wiser than our fathers, but we have their example to profit by. Though they are dead, their voices are ever ringing in our ears with the everlasting, plaintive query, "Did we die in vain?"

How can we answer this question from the grave? If we, too, die for democracy, freedom and brotherhood, how can we be sure that the forces of evil will not spring to life again in another generation?

Wandering the face of the earth today are restless spirits who cry aloud in pain at the sights they see. They gaze with bloody faces upon a bloody world and cry to each other, "Where is the brotherhood of man for which we died? Where is the love for which we fought? Can it be true that the lesson of our costly deaths has so soon been forgotten?"

For their precious lives were not lost in vain. Their sacrifice has truly borne fruit. If we would but stop and think of the lesson it has taught.

True, it has not preserved democracy, for there is very little of it left in the world today. It has not spread freedom, for there has never been a time in the modern history of the world when so few peoples have known, not the privileges, but the rights of freedom. And it certainly has not spread the doctrine of brotherhood and universal love. Never have men so preached the doctrines of brotherly love, and yet so grossly neglected them.

But their immortal and selfless sacrifice has taught us one lesson that we cannot forget.

That all war is vain and futile!
That man was meant to build and love. And that killing one's fellow man is to destroy one's self.

Our fathers have not died in vain. As we honor them on this Memorial Day, can we not hear their urgent cries. "Do not die! Live! Live and Build! Build for yourselves and build for your children. Love your fellow man, and eventually he will learn to love you. Turn the other cheek. Return good for evil." Do not think that by fighting again and by sacrificing your lives, you are carrying the torch that we have borne and dropped. Rather you will fulfill our mission by living at peace, by preserving freedom and democracy in America, and by loving all men.

Our fathers have not died in vain. They have taught us that war is useless; that evil and force returned for evil and force destroys; that good returned for evil, builds.

Let us fulfill their destiny by living at peace with our



"Mother... who was the Unknown Soldier?"

The child is curious. We, too, may have wondered about that soldier's name, his ancestry and perhaps his creed. But if the answers to our question could be disclosed, what would be our reactions? Would we be incensed if the soldier was of foreign birth... or belonged to a church other than ours? Strangely enough, there are places in this civilized world where men are permitted and encouraged to attack people... yes, even to molest those in their graves... whose creed and race are not approved by the party in power. What those people—living and dead—have contributed to their nation is ruthlessly overlooked by this hate-inspired fanatic. Heaven forbid that the people of this country will ever have such an intolerant attitude toward any of its citizens... the patriots who have died for their country—or those who are doing their best to SERVE their country... our country—AMERICA!



STONY BROOK HERMIT SAYS "Resolve to Stay Out of War"

To the editor, Chelmsford Newsweekly Howdy Nedor,

Who would have thought that on this Memorial day, barely a generation after the last war is over, our people would be afraid that we'd be about to get into another European war.

I think if those brave soldiers who died in the first world war could cum to life again today they would ask us not to pray for them, but, in remembering them, to pray for peace so that no more of our boys would have to die like they did.

It be pretty terrible to die, but it be even more so if you die and then everthin you died fer goes blewie. They told the boys last time they they was fitin to "save the world fer democracy." Tis to laff, aint it. They goes ahead and gets killed, but they wins the war and saves the world. So their grave sacrifice did sum good anyway. Then jist a little while after they is dead everthing goes berserk again, and there aint no more democracy.

And ef'n this keeps up there won't be no more nothing. The peccoliar part of the matter is that they aint agoin to have sich an easy time kiddin our yung folks this time. They is pretty smart and they knows what happened to the last boys that went over and what good it did, so they aint at all anxious to go over, and its gonna take plenty of convincin to make these yung folks believe that they otta go over and fite sumbody else war this time.

All over the country people is visitin the graves of those boys that was killed in the last war, and rememberin those that be buried over there in France and Belgium. While they is rememberin these boys and how they loved them and how they sacrificed their lives all fer nothin, they is bound to think about the war now goin on in Europe. And when they think of this war now

had been a trickle of letters urging members of Congress to revise the neutrality laws to permit loans to the Allies has now become a deluge of telegrams demanding immediate participation in the war. Representatives of thirty denominations, meetings in Philadelphia in a National Study Conference on the Churches and the Industrial Situation, concluded "that it is impossible to divorce foreign policy from domestic politics and that any comprehensive program for peace must contain a synthesis of both."

And what the public reaction is to the possibility of a German victory has been made clear to Congress. Suggestions for adjournment of domestic politics are being made, but responsible leaders know that Congress is in no mood to retreat from isolation at present. What its mood will be in six months from now may be an entirely different story.

neighbors. If we resort to war, they will have died in vain. If we remain at peace, their mission will have been fulfilled; and they will return to their Father and their God, in peace.

Open Forum

North Chelmsford, Mass., May 24, 1940. Editor of the Chelmsford Weekly News.

Newfield St., North Chelmsford, Mass. Dear Sir:—

Having just read the Open Forum column, I am sending a somewhat different opinion which I happened to put down on paper last Monday.

I am interested to see if you will send a communication which is perhaps not in line with the editorial policy of the current issue.

Sincerely yours, CYRIL C. TRUBEY.

THE ISSUE When Colonel Lindbergh speaks on aviation, he speaks, of course, with authority, but when he sizes up the possibility of invasion of the nation it is doubtful if he has as complete a picture as has been viewed by the chief executive.

The solemn process as "the lone eagle" does not necessarily make of him a great philosopher. In stating as alleged in a previous radio address that "right is not an absolute quality, that it is relative to outlook, and that outlook changes with conditions" the colonel proclaims the proclivity of the air-minded to be poised for flight in which ever direction seems the most propitious. While one stands his courage in taking a name which must bring him a great deal of criticism, one remembers that he is no longer the lone eagle; that perhaps his grandson and poetic co-pilot is occasionally allowed to chart the course.

It seems quite obvious that the United States of America must either abandon the Monroe Doctrine or prepare to protect the western hemisphere. To abandon the Monroe Doctrine is to accept an legislation which would stop the wheels of industry. If we are to protect this hemisphere we must help to subdue the world outlaws while they are yet at bay. We cannot hope to do so if pirates of the sea and air replace the British Navy.

To state that we will not be subjected to attack unless we meddle with Germany's ambition to dominate the world is to maintain the mis-placed trust which has so saddened Neville Chamberlain, Norway, Holland, and Belgium. Colonel Lindbergh as a technical expert is "tops." As a leader of American public opinion he shows a falling prejudice to young men of the post war era—the inability to sense the fact that the present world struggle be-

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NEW YORK NIGHT AND DAY

By W. A. BILLY SPILO FRANK JANIS

New York, N. Y.—Snagging the spotlight away from the many straw-thatched theatres already to be seen mushrooming all over the New York, New Jersey and New England landscapes is a courageous little group of thespians known as the Cabal Players, who preside nightly over matters dramatic at the Millpond Playhouse, in Roslyn, L. I. These energetic boys and girls are out to translate into reality what has always been regarded the "misty dream" of drama visionaries—a national theatre. The modus operandi of the said hoped-for translation places major emphasis on the idea that the star, or big name, system must be junked and in its void competent actors with an altruistic and sincere love of the theatre established. The experiment has caught the attention of the shrewdest local producing eyes. Backbone of the acting corps of this enterprising organization, to our way of thinking, is John Harris, whose playing has such distinction that we predict he'll some day storm the portals of stardom—if the Cabal Players will allow the heresy!

The other night during a performance of "Higher and Higher," Shirley Ross dropped a \$2500 diamond dinner ring on the stage while playing a scene with Sharkey, the trained seal who has become Broadway's darling. Sharkey saw the ring fall and before anyone could interfere he slithered over to where it lay and swallowed it in one gulp. Now, distinguished assayers of seal on the hoof place Sharkey's valuation at \$3500, which added to the \$2500 ring now inside of him raises his total dollar worth to a neat six grand—or indubitably the most valuable trained seal in captivity. Day and night guards have been placed in charge of Sharkey until the ring can be retrieved through due process of nature.

A dog that wouldn't bark almost ruined the "consequence" being paid by Miss Regina Kelly of N. Y. at Ralph Edwards' "Truth or Consequences" klyocycle show last week. Called on to warble a duet with the dog, Miss Kelly did so well that Rover simply cocked his head to one side—and listened. A sound effects man, held on tap for just such an emergency, rushed forward to fill in with imitation barks. Hearing him, the dog unloosed some furious barking of his own. The duet was a success—nay, a howling triumph!

TOWN JOTTINGS. Aside to Hedy Lamarr: When the unpurged version of your European film, "Ecstasy," was shown to Dartmouth College audio-visual at the moment of the famous floating scene . . . Lovedly students at Hanover, N. H. recently, a fusc blew out just Anna Neagle, who plays fetchingly on the Radio City Music Hall screen in "Irene," brought her little "Alice Blue Gown" to the stage of the mammoth theatre and danced in it throughout Thursday for the benefit of premiere audiences. Before her last performance, she was hostess at a reception in honor of the ten original Irene who appeared in the musical's long Broadway and road engagement in 1920 . . . Times Square's newest passion—the astrological cocktail—is pouring New York's smart drinkers into the libation parlors of the Hotel Piccadilly. The refreshment is the creation of Sara Garrard, noted-analyst, in collaboration with Frank Kennedy, prominentologist. . . Motto observed in the office of a radio advertising agency: "One twist of the dial and you're a cooking program." This for the benefit of artists who develop "highedditis" . . . And it has become fairly certain that Shirley Temple, ex-screen star, will get back to work on a commercial radio offering next Fall!