

ROSENDALE NEWS

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"THE FIFTH FREEDOM"

There has been so much about the four freedoms, it might be appropriate to mention a "fifth" freedom. It's our own idea, but anybody can have it free of charge.

The establishment of the four freedoms all over the world is a great idea, and entirely idealistic. Utopia is a fine idea also. The four freedoms ought to be established all over the world, on all the continents. One of the four freedoms is freedom from want. Those in favor of abolishing want from the face of the earth kindly signify by saying, "Aye." One hundred per cent.

The trouble is, the small clique of warmakers in Washington, aided and abetted by radio ranters, stooge columnists, some college presidents (please don't laugh) and assorted crackpots generally usually interpret a thing such as that as a signal that the people of this country are for immediate participation in a stupid, suicidal conflict in Europe, Asia and Africa. Of course they are not capable themselves of establishing even one of the four freedoms in any small community even in America; so now they wish to take on the whole cockeyed world. Unless the sovereign people of the United States check this trend toward this thoroughly senseless, impractical and grandiose scheme, it is going to cost the people plenty, not only in dollars and sweat and tears, but in life itself.

Here is a fifth freedom which all the world wishes to see established: It is freedom from interference. The people of all nations want freedom from interference in their affairs by dictators, impractical theorists, reformers and idealists, particularly those of other nations who love to give advice to people thousands of miles from the scene. The people of the world want freedom from warmakers, freedom from oppression, coercion, machine slaughter, the bombing of young and old, freedom from inept and blundering politicians whose only solution, from time immemorial, has been indiscriminate slaughter of the noblest work of God, man.

The people are satiated, fed up. They know, if the naive editorialists and columnists do not, that

you can't put out a fire by adding fuel to it.

Technical Progress in Civilization; Murder by Machines, Mass Production

One would imagine - that is one who was born yesterday - to hear the radio ranters tell it, that there was no such thing as war or evil before one ex-paperhanger made his appearance on the scene. But those things have been going on for ages; sensible people wish to avoid them. The only difference between wars now and then is that now they are worse; the killing is done by machinery; the slaughter is on a mechanized, mass production, basis. Then, too, today's wars are total wars. That means that if the United States participates in this current war it participates in total war. Wars are not unilateral arrangements. And wars are not fought and won by those who shoot off their mouths.

Significant Note

One of the most rabid of the hysterical alarmists, we note by the papers, is going to spend his vacation in August, in the service. But, my dear fellow, war is not something you undertake in your vacation or spare time. During a naval engagement, or on the battlefield, or during a bombing attack, the whole thing is not called off, or suspended, with this announcement sent to the enemy; "Because of previous commercial commitments, we are obliged to leave you now and return to our studio to resume broadcasting activities. So, until next week at this very same time, we suggest that we call off this war."

Let us not meddle any more in the tangled affairs of Europe and Asia. They are entanglements all right. They choose up sides about every twenty years. By this method they haven't settled anything yet, in a thousand years. They'll be doing it for the next thousand years. Let's stay out.

R. C. O'Brien

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Pages Out of the Past



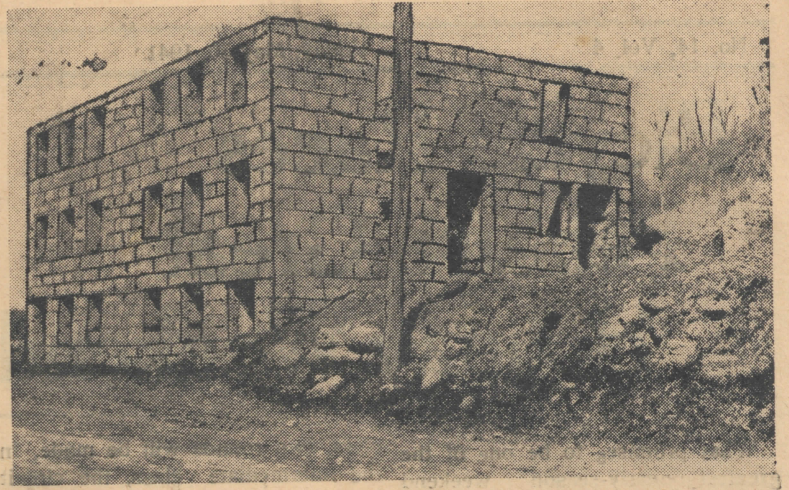
Pages Out of the Past

Joseph Fleming

No. 121

We are here publishing a picture of the "Old Stone House" in Lawrenceville to accompany a beautiful poem turned in by William O'Brien.

The authorship is unknown. The style is of the Eddie Guest school, the sentiment beautiful and the context very descriptive of the conditions associated with this old building since its erection as a tenement in eighteen-thirty-seven up to about thirty years ago. William O'Brien is about the last of the old timers from here who went to work over fifty years ago in the cooperages connected with the flour mills of Duluth, St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul. He returned home a few years ago and is an excellent authority on affairs here during the "eighties."



THE OLD STONE HOUSE

The old stone house at the bend of the road,
 At the bend of the road on the hill
 Its roof has crumbled, the windows are gone,
 And the rooms are vacant and still.
 I remember the neighbors who lived in that house:
 Friends that were loyal and true,
 They would share their last loaf with a pal they liked
 And fight for a friend they knew.
 There were roses that grew by the side of the fence
 And lilacs that grew by the wall.
 Both were free to the folks who were passing that way,
 They were graciously welcome to all.
 The Lawrenceville folks were the best in the world,
 That's what I always have said,
 A few are still living far away from their home,
 But most of those neighbors are dead.
 You can see the old ruin on the road to High Falls
 With a sign in the window: - For Sale,
 Ah, few now remember the gallant old timer,
 Not even in Rosendale,
 Ah, the roses that grew by the side of the fence,
 Are choked now with grasses and weeds,
 And the sweet scented lilacs I remember so well,
 Are gone like the wind in the trees.
 Gone and forgot the good folks that I knew,
 Yet at night in the dark of the moon
 I like to believe that the ghosts of this crew
 Revisit this loved old ruin.

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