

"RING OUT THE OLD -- RING IN THE NEW"

by
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BEFORE THESE LINES FIND THEIR WAY INTO PRINT, the old year, 1930 will have passed away, and its remains planted in the cemetery of dead years. As the New Year begins its swift march of 365 days to the same sepulcher, a decent regard for an honored custom dictates that we summon from the tender chambers of our memories recollections of important events and personalities that are hidden there.

IT IS A LONG ESTABLISHED CUSTOM among us that, as we prepare to bury each dead year we glance backward and review more or less in detail the high and the low spots registered upon the canvas of our sub-consciousness during the departing year. Thus at the bier of each year civilized man finds himself wrapped in a blanket of reflective and contemplative moods. Friendships that ripened and enriched his life during the year; comradeships that resembled rivers of floating roses--and just as fragrant--; romances that rose and glistened like gilded towers under a noon day sun, are all recalled. Business, religious and family relationships pass in review before his mind's eyes; and as he gazes upon each his reaction generally is a composite of mingled pride and pity, satisfaction and regrets.

AT SUCH A MOMENT man is like unto a general in the army. From the barracks of his memory he summons forth phantom soldiers of passed events. As the old warriors pass in review before him he catches a glimpse of friendships that once illuminated the horizon of his life like a comet in the dead of night, but now is limp and broken. Fond hopes once so bright and alluring now stagger past, bruised and weary; business ventures which not so long ago appeared to offer assurances of instant success now hobble along, broken and life-less.

AND AS THEY PASS-- these be-draggled figures of failure, of faded hopes, shattered dreams and wasted romances--gradually the reviewer regains his composure; from the irregular and broken ranks of the decrepit soldiers of yesterday's failure he turns and gazes into the future. He sees advancing down the lane of life, arm in arm with the New Year a well trained army of new hopes, new dreams, new romances and new aspirations. To him this is the army of success; upon it he is willing and ready to thrust his fate and hope for the best. Such is the spirit of man. Such is the characteristic that has contributed much to his successful march thru the ages up from the low levels of our jungle ancestors to the present time--the spirit of eternal hope and faith.

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, 1930 was an eventful year for me. My little coterie of selected friends and comrades continue most liberally to enrich my life by their friendship and comradeship. The cause I love still stands first in my heart like a solitary star in a dark and otherwise starless night sublimely confident of the future, even tho at present a prejudiced and ignorant majority prefer to writhe in the throes of economic and social pain rather than to relinquish that which has grown old and harmful for that which is new and helpful. The ideal of a peaceful world has at last become the avow'd

goal of a large portion of the civilized world. The cause of economic and social justice marches on from conquering to conquer and winning new recruits from the ranks of every race. The enlightened hosts of democracy are encamped before the barricaded gates of militarism, imperialism and dictatorship. The darker races are beginning audibly to demand their rightful place in the sisterhood of nations.

BY AND LARGE 1930 HAS BEEN a year replete with much that is of the utmost importance to human progress. It is bequeathing to the New Year a heritage abundantly rich in possibilities tho at present there is frightful tragedy and despair grips the working-class. The dawn of the New Year will witness an increase in the length and breadth of the world's breadlines. Unemployment will grow worse instead of better during the New Year, nevertheless the social mindedness of society will be increased as a sort of compensating result. The working class will see more clearly its overhanging fate and class interest; and seeing, will then take the necessary steps, political and industrial, to safeguard and advance that interest.

THE NEW YEAR will witness a more sustained attack upon the old system of human exploitation for private profit than ever before; our natural resources will be more generally recognized as the social heritage of all the people; the blessings of our mechanical methods of production and distribution of wealth will more and more flow out among the people who do useful work. 1931 will bring us nearer the day, when, with the sages we can truly sing:

"My native land is all the world,
I know no lesser scope
Than vibrant earth and ocean spanned
By brotherhood and hope.
Upon a common soil sustained,
'Neath one all-nuturing sun,
Humanity in every aim
Must win or lose as one."

In unison with all those who, regardless of race, creed or color are working peacefully and devotedly for the establishment of Peace on Earth and the Brotherhood of man, I sing "RING OUT THE OLD--RING IN THE NEW".
