

Editorial Page of The Birmingham Eccentric

A free, responsible and aggressive Press is democracy's first line of defense

Knocking on Wood

with JOHN H. HARWOOD

Christmas, 1942

For the first time since 1917, America is experiencing a Christmas that promises that it will be a year of success on land, on sea and in the air, so that when Christmas, 1942 arrives, we will again be at peace.

Looking ahead still, we should realize that in 1943, all hope that by Christmas of 1943 the statesmen of the world will have worked out a peace that will last, and that another armistice like that of Nov. 11, 1918.

Where Are Our Men Going? We are at war in 1941, but not in the North Atlantic where our boys have had to chase the submarine. But war means war on land, and our boys are fighting there. Our soldiers will continue to contact with the enemy, and the enemy will continue to contact with our boys.

The future disposition of our military forces is being worked out. It will be a matter of months before we will have a complete picture of what our fighting forces will be doing in the future.

Grasshopper. The grasshopper is a pest, and it is a pest in the world of war. It is a pest in the world of war because it is a pest in the world of war.

NOT SO FOOLISH! A man came into a bank and asked the cashier for \$5. He was told that the bank did not lend such small sums.

This Is Our Answer We have answered your attack by our declaration of war.

Evidence He-Shay, baby, I think I've been kidnaped. She-How come? He-Well, when I awoke to my house a little while ago, I looked in my bed and I was gone.

Look upon the present as the past of your future.—Allison

Recurrent reports of progress made by scientists in processing wool to starve moths indicate that these insects may soon be victims of technological unemployment.—New York Sun.

Now we know what happened to the dead civilization which the nations left dead just as big, they gave up and started over in a new location.—Daily Oklahoman.

When hush money talks it is westerly.—Toledo Blade.

The only fault in Sherman's definition of war is that it left no adequate term to define the aftermath.—Schenectady Gazette.

Italy has banned mystery novels as "harmful to Fascist youth." The boys must stick to fiction by Virginia Gayda.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why Tolerate the Numbers Racket?

Last week the police raided two places where "numbers" or "policy" sales were carried on, and more than one man was arrested.

Car washers who live in Pontiac but work here carried on the racket; now we expect that the police will tell them that they must either obey our ordinances or else they had better remain in Pontiac. There is no reason why the nuisance should be allowed to continue further for these reasons.

It may be difficult to secure convictions, although the raid last week was certainly simple enough. On the other hand, if our police are imaginative, he can think of ways and means of making life miserable for any person in violating the law.

Why Not More Parking Lots?

The Eccentric has in mind a sort of Christmas "gift" to the people of Birmingham.

Knowing how much a problem it is to find a place to park, the company is hereby publicly offering to the City Commission the right to certain vacant lots in back of our building for public parking purposes.

Two years ago a Frenchman was as free as you are. Today what does he think as he humbly steps into the gutter to let his conquerors swagger past?

As he sees his 75 hours outlawed and all the "right" for which he sacrificed his country trampled by his foreign masters,

as he sees his wife go hungry and his children face a lifetime of serfdom.

What does that Frenchman, soldier, workman, politician or business man think today? Probably it's something like this:

"I wish I had been less greedy for myself and more anxious for my country. I wish I had realized you can't beat off a foe if you are a quarreling, dissented people at home. I wish I had been willing to give in some of my rights to other Frenchmen in order of giving up all of them to a foreigner; I wish I had realized other Frenchmen had rights, too; I wish I had known a patriot is work, not tax; giving, not getting."

And if that Frenchman could read our newspaper today, showing pressure groups each demanding things be done for them instead of for our country, would he say to American business men, politicians, soldiers and workmen, "You've been a horrible penalty your action is bound to bring, you'd bury your differences now before they bury you; you'd work for your country as never before, and you'd save for your private ambitions until your country is safe. Look at Zealand, it's a little odd too late," Zealand (Mich.) Record.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY Frank Knox, last week, made a forthright statement of enough of the damage done to our fleet at Pearl Harbor to make the enemies of any interested American, Japanese, for generations to come, will not be allowed to forget its despicable treachery at Hawaii.

Eccentricities

You may be a fine upstanding person, but it makes no difference to a banana skin.

One girl puts it this way, "Everything I want to do is either legal, immoral, or I'm doing it."

We do not stop playing because we grow old. We grow old because we stop playing.—Herbert Spencer.

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A Woman Talks Sense

There are some men who have the silly notion that women are unable to understand this so-called man's world.

For example, Miss Janet Hamner, former French correspondent for the New Yorker, says that "idolatry of democracy is more worshipful because democracy was founded on a sacred myth."

Miss Hamner speaks wisely. "Selfishness and silliness are around us. We pay for them. We will pay for building up a check-book family tree, a background of financial breeding, a feeling that a rich man is like a duke in the old days, and a multimillionaire is like a local lord."

While we wonder that the United States has gone to the dogs spiritually, and that the people of this nation are spiritually degenerate, there has been evident cult of money worship.

The power of money in our social and economic system has, at times, warped the fabric of society and developed injustices that ignored the spiritual worth of human beings.

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BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—

A Proclamation

Whereas our country has been viciously attacked and forced into a war of vast proportions, which will inevitably bring grief and distress to many and self-sacrifice to all, and

Whereas for more than sixty years the American National Red Cross has played a vital role in binding up the wounds of the injured, in sheltering, feeding, and clothing the homeless, in succoring the distressed, in relieving broken lives, and in rehabilitating the victims of catastrophes of nature and of war, and

Whereas preparation for just such an emergency as we are now facing, the American National Red Cross has been spending funds at the rate of more than one million dollars a month, which is but a small fraction of the amount that the organization now requires in order to carry out effectively its functions as an essential auxiliary of our armed forces, particularly as a friendly liaison in welfare problems between the man in service and his family at home, and as a key agency in the civil-defense plans.

Now, therefore, I, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, and President of the American National Red Cross, do hereby proclaim the beginning, as of this date, of a Red Cross War Fund campaign for the raising of a minimum sum of fifty million dollars, and I appeal to the American people to contribute their share of this fund.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen hundred forty-one, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and sixty-sixth.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

(SEAL)

THE ECCENTRICS
Camera Corner

CHAS. B. CHARMAZ, P. S. A., Editor

Beginners Guide to Developing

(Continued from Last Week)

After washing and rinsing, the plates are placed in a tray and covered with a clean, dry cloth. The tray is then placed in a dark room. The plates are left in the tray for a period of time, depending on the type of film used. The plates are then removed from the tray and placed in a tray of water. The plates are then placed in a tray of water. The plates are then placed in a tray of water.

Thank You, Mr. Armstrong!

The Eccentric is pleased to receive complimentary for this column. All communications must be signed. Letters will be kept confidential unless otherwise stated. Letters will be published in this column for a limited time only.

At any rate, it is not necessary for me to write you these unsolicited letters of praise. But when a good job is being done and with the need, now greater than ever for our country, it is our duty to let the world know how we feel about it.

Respectfully yours, M. ARMSTRONG

Beyond Ghent A story called President Wilson's favorite is recalled by J. F. Essary.

A group of dark soldiers was about to be sent up front and the white officer came around to look them over.

Thinking time was filled with... Thinking time was filled with... Thinking time was filled with...

Knowing years grant you, my friend, I have been thinking of you and your... Knowing years grant you, my friend, I have been thinking of you and your...

They had had a quarrel. She was up... They had had a quarrel. She was up... They had had a quarrel. She was up...

What would I do? Boss, I'd sure spread the news through France, huh?

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