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**THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1931**

### A Mental Picture Vindicated.

A few years ago, when those of us who contended for the preservation of the Falls of the Cumberland and the surrounding area in all of its primitive loveliness were dubbed impractical dreamers who stood in the path of progress, the fact that this writer had not seen the Falls, except in pictures, was one reason--some of our friends who opposed the park and proposed a power dam said--that we were able to write in glowing terms of the majesty of cataract and gorge and the primordial loveliness of the encircling hills. "If you once saw it," said a newspaper man, a proponent of hydro-electric development, "your descriptive thunder would be silenced, for it is just a little water tumbling over a rock in as God-forsaken a spot as you ever saw."

Now, making all allowance for him who sees no "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," who would be insufferably bored at the prospect of sitting on rocks, to

. . . muse o'er flood and fell;

And slowly trace the forest's shady scene

we wondered if he could be right, after all; if we were but indulging in the poetic frenzy of one to whom Nature, through her varied lovelings, and even in her majestic cruelties, speaks a various language. We were, in short, a tenderfoot, not anxious to be disappointed by what a visit to Cumberland Falls might do to that mental picture of cataract and gorge and the primeval beauty of encircling hills. We had seen the shimmering veil of the falls of the Yellowstone, the overpowering might of Niagara, and surely Cumberland Falls could not, except in a feeble way, be like unto these. We had stood on high bluffs and seen the people of thunder at evening sunlight clothe the Cumberlands with added beauties and the mystic potence of the fluelit haze of twilight which at nothing was very long in leveling.

So we remained at home and stuck to our guns and figures of speech and let imagination hold forth the picture of a bit of the hinterland of the Master Artisan as He had left it.

But how groundless this fear of disillusion. Last week we stood on the shelving rock overlooking the Falls of the Cumberland and were humbled--and we have yet realized the full import of the whole major saga of tumbling water. Facing such beauty, we take a slim diamond crescent in a jewel casket of primeval wonder; take a bit of green fabric from a double thumb, wave on a doubtful boom," finds himself humbled and yet exalted by a handiwork of such supreme artistry. Here is power, majesty, grandeur in control, and humility born of awe; here the tender ravishing energy of an unseen purpose, founded over by the quiet of the everlasting hills.

I thought of my cynical friend and his "trickle of water," of his "God-forsaken spot." And there came to mind, unbidden, these lines of Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
And only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

During the last four years we have headed many editorial paragraphs, "Save Cumberland Falls!" The motive was with that there might be blazoned across every front page in this nation, "See Cumberland Falls!" The majesty and beauty of this spot so affects one that he would have others see it. Frederick A. Wallis, who represented on the declaratory program those who fought for the preservation of the Falls that the people of Kentucky might enjoy, summed up the mood of man, this region of pristine loveliness, fittingly said: "Here the voice of God is never hushed."

In the brooding peace of these hills, against the ceaseless murmur of the majesty of falling water, the voice of man's puny wrath obtrudes itself with pathetic insignificance. Here, of all places, there is something, it seems to us, that should bring to the heart of man a humility and a calm to lift him out of the slough of partisan controversy, the mire of hate and wrathful frustration.

This writer has abundant sympathy and not a little admiration for the man who returns blow for blow. But "there's a time to every purpose under heaven," and under the prettiest shadows of the white-washed quadrangle at old Brunson Inn, before a gathering of Kentuckians and visitors from other States, assembled to dedicate a spot of loveliness, saved in all its primitive beauty for them and their posterity, is not the time for the Governor of Kentucky to flay his political enemies and bewail the failure of his plan for hydro-electric development at Cumberland Falls. That the Governor of Kentucky chose this time to vent his spleen upon his political opponents is, it seems to us, just another instance of the inexplicable mental attitudes and frequent verbal outbursts of the Governor of Kentucky.

* * *

Back over the magnificent road the Highway Commission is now constructing from Corbin to Cumberland Falls, at the crest of the hill, almost within sight of the mists that arise like smoke from the tumbling swirl of the cataract, is a bridge, being completed this week. It spans a chasm at the spot where the young men of Corbin, in their road pioneering a few years ago, erected a rustic bridge, "snaking" the logs from the hills, giving their labor free that their town might have access to the Falls. The structure is a magnificent piece of engineering, admirably suited, in the simplicity of its construction, to the surroundings. It spans a deep, dry gulch with an easy and graceful banked curve of roadway and from its eminence is a view of the foothills of the Cumberlands to the north and west and of the Cumberlands and the Tuscarawas ranges to the south and southeast that we believe is unsurpassed this side of the Rocky Mountains. To this writer there is more beauty in these blue-clad, shadow-fretted ranges than is to be found in the snow-capped and bare peaks of the mighty western mountains--and no less of majesty. Soon this beauty will be open to the people of the Nation, for this fine road is an important link in the great east and west park-to-park national highway. With its completion the much-abused sentimentalists--who wrote of "birds and flowers and waterfalls," and destroyed the vision of those practical minds, who saw the fulminating "line of smoke-stacks," stretching from the proposed dam to Lord knows where--will stand forth as the more practical dreamers, after all.

* * *

Back over the mountain trail to Corbin in the moonlight . . . wood smoke in the air . . . hoe-cake cooking behind us a boy on a sleek mule, galloping sure-footed to a store in the clearing. Perhaps his ancestors took their stuff dauntlessly, dusted ruffles, hunted

. . . a way to and about the Martinmass time,

When the green leaves were a falling.

That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country.

Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

. . . Back to heather-clad hills of Scotland, back to London-town, to sing who took stuff daintily, flicked graves across face and slithered duelling swords in feuds of honor. . . . Across the sea with Raleigh, following Home into Kaintucke, long the coves, the hills, the haunting; lingering in these hills, while states pushed on to the plateau of the grasslands. John Fox and the difference between the chimney of the Blue Grass and the chimney of the mountain cabin of a linchpin. . . . Ranges Hathaways . . . but the Kentucky Highlands . . . have divided these, who came from the same ancestry in Scotland and England, roads have been cut and trails worn recently, purposely and . . . Joining mutually over a mountain trail to Corbin now, but next year slippin' smoothly, swiftly over hard-surfaced craft. . . . Heads across the ranges, these ribbons of hushed concrete, these ribbons of asphalt; farther west yet, these will join again in the whole stopped by his broken wagon on the trail through the Cumberland stopping lingerin' him; so we've heard, and soon spoke in the land of the dark and bloody ground, and on to the Pinkets, to the Barrens to the Big-grass, the Pennyrile and the Purchase . . . covering some of these new wide trails; and there will be again in the Fourths of some of every section that homogeneity that shall subserve all portions for the welfare of Kentucky.

* * *

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Tonight, not a cove, in the moonlight, a banjo twangs and he sings:

"Twas in the merry month of May,
The green buds they were swelling,
Sweet William came from the Western States,
And courted Barbara Ellen."

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* * *

Could it be that the "Hoover depression" is the guilty lot by the "Hoover landslide?"

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### "Pinch Hits" By Joe Costello.

(Cynthiana Democrat)

One interpretation of the meaning of 4-H Club is "Hoover, Hurrican, Hardship and Hunger."

* * *

If Governor Sampson can complete his parole programs by January first there will be no need of a prison farm.

* * *

Former Senator John M. Robsion should give that stench bomb which was left in his car at Harlan to his friend Fiers for his collection of "dirty, stinking politics."

* * *

### DANDELIONS

(Katharine Allison MacLean)

Bally brings me dandelions.
She has only seen three springs,
And it isn't any wonder
That the cheerful golden things
Take her eye, though nurse fusses:
"Dearie, they aren't really flowers."
Every day when they go walking
Bally spends her happiest hours
Picking dandelions for Mother.
Dressed in green like any elf,
With her head a fluff of yellow,
She's a dandelion herself.

## The Bulletin Board

## 30 Years Ago

**Thursday, August 29, 1901**

H. N. Rankin has purchased 200 mule colts here this month and has orders for several hundred more.

* * *

Died--Two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Burr of their home near Moorefield on the 24th.

* * *

W. I. Dorsey, Frank C. Taylor and Frank Rentchler are attending Knights Templar Conclave in Louisville.

* * *

Born--To Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Hedges, of the county, a son--to Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Hunter, of the county, a son.

* * *

Mill and lumber yard of James Mitchell at Hutchison, this county was stroyed by fire early Wednesday morning with a loss of $2,000.

* * *

State Election Commission appoints Judge Harris Democrat and C. U. Bramblett, Republican, as election commissioners for Nicholas county.

* * *

Married--Miss Emmma Duncah and Mr. William M. Stephenson, both of the county, on the 22nd--Miss Mattie Rogers, of Carlisle, and Mr. O. W. Hedges, of McKenzie, on the 25th--Miss Maude Osey, of Cynthiana, and Mr. Charles Martin, of this county, on the 21st.

* * *

Mercheen lodge reorganized here Saturday night with 21 members and the following officers: C. Gardner, commander; H. B. Bryson, past commander; R. B. Ewan, record keeper; F. V. Cox, chaplain; Dr. Yancey, medical examiner; J. W. Yates, sergeant; J. W. McDonald, master at arms.

### MAYSVILLE WINS

(Courier-Journal)

Maysville and the section east of Lexington are to be materially benefited on the completeness of the victory of the Board in its bi-annual meeting in corporation to obtain a northern appointment in the Ohio River judge at that point for something like 15 to 18 years. There is evidence that the difference between the $25,000 which the Board of the Corporation voted and the less than $6500 which an Ohio River appropriation is not interpreted literally by the Maysville and Lexington boosters. With the $25,000 appropriation the Board of Corporation will be finished, and the Ohio River Bridge Company will be completed. The Maysville Bridge Company will be completed. The Maysville Bridge Company will be completed. The Maysville