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THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1931

THIS, THAT AND TOTHER

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY EDITOR

Into my ancient clunker, half-heartedly, and home from the office in the hast to bathe and shave and with my best bib and tucker, scant enough in all conscience carefully packed into my wife's suit case to take but for my annual vacation with members of the K. P. A. As Time begins to gallop withal, I remind myself of a sledge dog, who legs and whimpers for his harness when taken out of the traces, stands aside mute forsooth, for if we do not shed cares and workaday worries now, and then and do our living by the way, we shall find it too late some day, for life will have lost its savour.

Presently squeezed into the bus and with teeth clenched against my phobia for being jammed in the sardine into any small space, I bounce along the road to Lexington and strive to center my mind upon the beauties of the golden fields clean swept now by the stripper, but my mind will wander creepe into reminiscence that those unwieldy juggernauts succeed in missing the by inches the slender stalks of corn that stand in the smaller cars that loom past, under the overhang of their bulging sides, to say nothing of the rows of telephone poles that seem to me in imminent danger of being mowed down like lush weeds. But we miss them somehow and soon job into Lexington, one passenger at least patched or refabricated with scant success. Supper finished, to wander listlessly about the streets, a once paradise stranger, where twenty years ago I knew every Tom, Dick and Harry and right glad to hear my name shouted and to see Tom Underwood, the Herald scribe in a shiny new motor car, into which I need little urging to climb, he, poor wretch, being tonsured, his wife a-waiting do into the mellow purple of a June night we drive far, growing delightfully cool and with much pleasant chat of this, that and tother until after midnight. When I, with much reluctance, to my hotel room, having registered and, being too ruinous to beg off and go home with Tom. There, being disrobed, I lay and slowly stew in my own juice and count the puffs of a vociferous switch engine and presently hear the roar of the Herald presses and know it is three o'clock. After which I drop off to sleep to dream of when in town.

Up fairly refreshed and to the C. & O. embarking for my first train ride in eight years and interested in the new whirling ventilators in the ceiling, which are effective, despite the fact that the windows, as in the rotunda, are as immovable in their fastness as the rock of Gibraltar. Presently a hand on my shoulder and it is Jennie and Norris, the Ashland scrivener, an Augusta boy who has made good in the city. With him much pleasant chatting until Louisville is reached. There we find the immaculate young Mayor, mighty like a fashion plate, to meet someone, and I suspect in Jimmie that it is us and pass the rear