THE CARLISLE MERCURY

ESTABLISHED 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

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One Year (in advance) $2.00

MEMBER KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1936

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY EDITOR

Awake to the anticipation of a holiday, one of the most satisfying of the delights of a vacation is to find the day one of sparkling sunshine and the proverbial rarity of a poet's June. So, after much loafing about and packing of lunch we are away, my wife and I, buttressed by an unexpected check for a commission not in the usual run of our petty shop earnings, plus what we stayed at home. And strawberries! I think, we are both caught and soothed by the magic of Simmons's fresh and juicy and as we drove through this lovely, fertile region of the Blue Grass we both began to shrink of the responsibilities of parentage and I the more inasmuch as I had held office in a number of civic organizations—the American Legion, The Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Disabled American Veterans—among others, unanimously for the past year. Congressman Fred M. Vinson, of this district, who for twelve years had made a staunch and unceasing, fight for such legislation, was asked to sponsor and introduce the measure. Mr. Vinson's successful handling of the bill in the House is known to all veterans, who this week are receiving payment in full for services rendered during the World War.

Champions of the measure are confident that the distribution of this money throughout the country will give marked impetus to be business recovery now well under way. In such event not only those who receive this cash payment, but communities throughout the country where the money will be spent should be grateful to those who sponsored the fight for immediate payment of adjusted-service certificates, not the least of whom is this district's able Representative, Fred M. Vinson, the hard fighting leader of the veterans' united forces in the Congress.

doubly gratifying that they are so fortunate as to be able to keep Tom Underwood and that Tom will now have somewhat less than four men's work to do and more time to give to his editorial page. Tom can put more downright common sense into an editorial than any writer I know. . . . Breakfaster with the Hagers, of Owensboro, the Lovetts, of Murray. Delightful, brilliant folk and I always regret that I see them so infrequently. . . . Just talking to all the fellows—some shop talk, and then the weather, especially those from Western Kentucky, are not up in all the fine points of this favorite sport of most Kentuckians, just listen and you'll learn. . . . Delightful to see Mack Hagerman's pleasure in his guests' enjoyment of their visit to Harrodsburg and the Fort. I have always maintained that nowhere under the canopy of Heaven could one enjoy such picnic lunches as are served by the women of Bourbon county. Since this luncheon was spread under the venerable trees on the Lawn at Fort Harrod last Friday I must admit that my allegiance to the county which produced the old Bluegrass Cook Book has watered, slightly. . . . And Uncle Enoch Graham, the genial host, was there after all and he did begin to tell my consort about our aiding days together, away back some where shortly after the War Between the States. Would that I could turn a phrase like Enoch Graham. A cunning craftsman in words, my master!

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To Dix Dom and more entertainment and pleasure at the hands of the Kentucky Utilities Company and back over the rolling hills to Lexington, to be guests of the Chamber of Commerce folks, dinner. And listening to Kent Johnson, subsidiary to the Kentucky's Governor, whom urgent duties detained at Frankfort. I am captured as always by Kent's peace pipe and by his delightful manner in the choice of the right word. . . . To the country club for a dance after a few attempts to follow with Vance Armentrout that-the method we oldsters are in pushing a partner about a dance floor "about as gracefully as a cow on ice." And so to bed, a bit membership days when Saxton's Band played the Sewanee from Lucia to "no-breaks" and dancing was something other than a walk or jig to the beat of Congo tom-toms.

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Up to meet a friend from home who is to join us for a brief trip to Cumberland Falls, and after a delicious luncheon at the country club, where do the newspaper folks congregate, we pull out for a five years secretary of our association, and Ben Elkin, long editor of the Central Record, who says he is on the "superannuated list," he made a wonder, we say goodbye to our hosts and are off at breakneck speed on the old turnpike to Nicholasville and gathers of Kentucky fought their way to emerge at length into the comparative safety of the open lands of Cash Orchard. . . .

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Five years ago I visited Cumberland Falls for the first time, making the trip from Louisville in more than twenty miles of mountain trail being the new road then under construction was passing throughout its length. I had written many times of pleading that this region of scenic beauty be saved to Kentucky and for the Nation. Friends who think natural loveliness makes no appeal had laughingly said that after I had seen the Falls, I would never again be able to shapeabout for beauties. But they were wrong. I was not disappointed. As I stood for the first time on the shelving rock over looking the majestic rape of Cumberland River, and faced the curving cataract, set like a slim diamond pendant in it's jewel setting of mountain peak, I glimpsed the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the gorge and sensed the imponderable aeons that had gone into its making. I felt myself both humbled and exalted by a handiwork of such supreme artistry. Here was power, majesty and beauty in contrast with quieter beauties, here the beating ravishing sunset of an unseen purpose, brooded over the scene of the everlasting hills. Words failed me, one has fittingly said: "The voice of God is never silent."

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Since that time I have seen the Falls during drouth, when it had appeared to a cynical friend to be "just a little water tumbling over a rock" and God-given a spot as you ever saw." I saw it in flood when the silver spray on the home black boulders far below was a mile in the air, more beautiful, if less majestic than when tons of water were roaring over to cast a shadow-spray on the hill tops. Ever will it be beautiful to the eye in Nature's own.

It was a quieter sunset when we stopped at the magnificent new rock-walled parking space at the crest of the hill before the Falls. We enjoyed from this point of the shadow-fretted ramees of the Cumberlands is supposedly beautiful. It was difficult as I stood there to realize that only a few years ago the Wade Candler, now in charge at the new du Pont Lodge, made the first trip from Corbin to the Falls in a specially built Ford car, that following this unusual exploit, the Kiwanis Club of Corbin started a movement that resulted in the building of the 20-mile trail over the route blazed by Candler. We understand, in passing, that the erection of a wooden bridge across a great chasm, voluntary labor donated the hundreds of trees that went into its construction. Nation-wide attention was at once attracted

(See next column, please.)

A Long Fight Is Won.

The distribution of $112,311.39 to Nicholas county veterans of the World War began Monday, as the Government started payment on adjusted-service certificates, marking the culmination of one of the most extended legislative fights in the history of Congress.

For twelve years the question of each payment of adjusted-service certificates to veterans has been faced by each Congress, until final victory was assured early this year, when the three major veterans'

resulting in the building of a modern State highway along the rough trail and eventually through the generosity of the late Coleman du Pont, to the purchase of the Falls and 500 teres for a State Park.

Presently down the winding hill to the valley we go Monday's hen, both on the rocky ledge overlooking the waterfall and known for more than a generation as a favorite spot to a relished supper of fried chicken with cream gravy, hot biscuits and delicious strawberries. Darkness had fallen as we lingered over supper and we glimpse the mad rage of tumbling water through the mist, but the starlike roar and the high driven mist bore us to the rise that we hear has come a few hours before from rains in the upper river. We are to see the Falls at normal flow, when a thousand feet of clean, white washed rooms, soothed by the ceaseless murmur of falling waters, ground better sleep than press creeps on apace, merging into—

A sound as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

So, mighty content, to sleep that my last thought was of breakfast in Cumberland Falls, the poetry of mountain air, and I hoped there would be fried eggs, enough there were. . . .

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CLIPPED FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

CANADIAN JUSTICE

(Owensboro Inquirer)

Homer Gerlach, president of the Gerlach-Barklow Company, Joliet, Ill., has had a hard time to get back the past year took him into every section of the country on the old trail from Coast to Coast. Union and from Mexico to Vancouver, British Columbia, and he has had opportunity to compare court procedure in the administration of the law in the two countries. He declares that the Dominion with that in the United States.

A traveler parked his car on a street in Canada and when he returned found the door was broken open and his overcoat stolen. The police soon found the coat and returned it to the owner, having reported that they were not satisfied. He asked that the case be dropped as he did not ing sermons had happened to her think it worth a week or two, just that she received. The letter of ing by his experience in the this incident said he was convinced that had she been alone states.

He was infogned the accused would be brought to trial at a term of court which would be enroute to prison in less than half hour. The speed with which the case was handled impressed the traveler who contrasted it with the dilatory tactics used here. And this, said Gerlach, is the reason for the increasing violence of crime in the United States.

Gatton added that official authority is more respected in Canada than in the United States. From the policeman on his beat to the highest officer. It may come in time, he said, that the Canadian's deferential attitude toward police officials will be the subject of ridicule, but it does expedite the work of law enforcement and protect and punish criminals.

MISLED TRAFFIC ALLOWED

(Hickman Courier)

The Sentinel

The busiest fool custom in a traffic sense is the permission by numerous is the permission to manufacture and retail toy pistols, imitations of deadly weapons. The toy pistols that have grounded adults from even carrying about with them a real gun are furnished by the dozens to the babies and children in quantities almost as great as free trinkets, and glorify the enactment of deadly deals, massacres, murders, in the make-believe existence so soon to be following by the realities of life are beyond excuse, rhyme or reason.

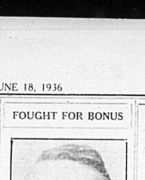
The control of the sale and use of deadly weapons by adults is not at the moment as important, nor demands such heroic treatment as the business of manufacturing and selling toy imitations for the amusements of infants.

SHEEP SLAUGHTER

(Cynthiana Democrat)

The slaughter of sheep in the Bonaker neighborhood recently by dogs is unfortunate and, indeed, a problem is still just as big as it ever was. It happened that the dogs were unlicensed but being licensed does not prevent a dog from being a potential killer if he is allowed to run at large. The dog tax law later he may become connected with a sheep killing and certainly he does not want the dogs of his neighbors to raid his flock. The whole thing sifts down to being a no-dog neighbor and taking every precaution to see that one's own dog remains at home and to prevent strays or marauders when known. In no other way will sheep flocks be safe.

FOUGHT FOR BONUS



FRED M. VINSON

Mr. Vinson was one of the chief backers of the soldiers' bonus measure when it was offered in Congress and is credited with having saved many measures designed to aid veterans' relief.

CONQUERING FEAR

(Ashland Independent)

Fear is the most common of all emotions and is responsible for more misery than any other. It is responsible for a great deal of suffering and sickness. Fear is a great deal of the basis of many nervous disorders. Fear is responsible for a large percentage of the insane in hospitals. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the crime in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the poverty in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the unhappiness in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the sickness in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the failures in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the suffering in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the misery in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the sorrow in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the tears in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the heartaches in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken homes in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken hearts in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken lives in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken dreams in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken promises in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken vows in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken oaths in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken words in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken deeds in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken thoughts in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken minds in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken souls in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken spirits in the world. Fear is responsible for a great deal of the broken bodies