THE CARLISLE MERCURY

ESTABLISHED 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

WARREN FISHER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

GRIMES CAYWOOD, NEWS EDITOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year (in advance) $2.00
Six Months (in advance) $1.00
Three Months (in advance) ..... .50

MEMBER KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION

MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12 1936

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY EDITOR

Into my aging chariot a bit wistful for the saying of goodbyes to friends—made I hope—during the last four weeks at State campaign headquarters, to drive a bit pensively through the streets of Louisville, with one eye to the traffic lights and t'other to the buildings and signs on the corner that you may take a fellow out of the country, but it takes longer than four weeks to take the country out of him.

So to the Frankfort road, stopping to watch my sister a lot of ton, conceited of blackberries, and then diminishing in letter grandeur as the old Nicholas last summer, and on to the broad highway in the golden sunlight of late autumn. Tired we are and inarticulate, but as we drive along the vexing detour and into the hills, their wooded heights yet gaining, their valleys still and old, despite fields blanketed with snow, Nature, as ever was, begins to have her way with us and we talk again. Long I know will my fledgling daughter —who sits between her parents, bundled up like a chipmunk against the chill of the night, with her shirttress daddy has forgotten to hook up the neater—remember this anachronism in time. Her leaves and fields sprinkled with snow. As I am sure she will remember "hearing the returns," as the radio and telegraph bring the news of the growing avalanche of votes, and seeing the orderly confusion of a metropolitan newspaper office at near midnight on election night. I will remember listening to the chatter of teletypes, watching the yellow sheets hitch out with their news of the wide, wide world and standing, a trifle awed, as the white ribbon ripped through the pounding presses, and Carlisle was sped to the maw of waiting trucks near the stroke of midnight. Swift, swift as a weaver's shuttle are the years, velvet-footed and inexorable, and memories grow dim; but early impressions are graved deep upon the tablets of the mind and heart. Later, I think, my eight-year-old will recall "when she was the youngest Democrat" at the "team supper" given in a homegoing room off the mezzanine floor of the Kentucky Hotel, at which the headquarters force of a victorious campaign celebrated with quip and crank and wanton wile; nor forget the delicious steaming platters of beans, cooked with ham hock, prepared under the direction of Mrs. John Kirtley, a West Kentucky housewife, warrantably proud of her dictatress in the art culinary, the other condiments of this supper of simple man's fare, ending with spicy "punkin" pie—a supper as satisfying as the cafe de delights of the Waldorf, we intimate, hotel fare at turkey hash the day after Christmas.

• • •

Helpful, a pleasant interlude, these four weeks, albeit strenuous, and I shall remember them fondly. Louisville Automobile has not so many years of normal expectancy to remember in as she has been in the direction of Mr