THE CARLISLE MERCURY

ESTABLISHED 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year (in advance) $2.00

Six Months (in advance) $1.00

MEMBER KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION

MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1936

A Banker Lauds Roosevelt Achievements.

In a recent interview with the San Francisco News, A. P. Giannini, noted financier and founder of the Bank of America, insisted that with times getting better and with every prospect of real and continued prosperity, "it is absurd to ask the people to turn from President Roosevelt and put into office an unknown and comparatively inexperienced man."

"I say to business, 'Stop and consider before going on with this anti-Roosevelt campaign'" he declared.

"It would be worth while to take inventory and compare conditions as they were at the time Mr. Hoover left office with times as they are today. Can there be any better argument for the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt?

"I know business is complaining against higher taxes. . . . Let us analyze the high cost of government. Hoover costs money.

"When Mr. Roosevelt took office the country was in collapse. He had to do things. He did them in a hurry. He had to build up the morale of the people and dissipate fear.

"Certainly the debt of the nation has increased. Let's say that $11,000,000,000 has been spent in restoring confidence and bettering conditions. Of that $5,000,000,000 will come back from the RFC and Home Owners' Loan Corporation. $2,000,000,000 will be paid back out of the stabilization fund.

"That leaves the total cost of unemployment relief and depression around $4,000,000,000.

"What does a $6,000,000,000 or $7,000,000,000 increase in indebtedness mean in the light of the fact that the nation's national income has been raised from $38,000,000,000 to $50,000,000,000? How can anyone say it is excessive? We have away much more than that to European countries after the war. Mr. Hoover increased the debt by $6,000,000,000 and what did he do with the money? . . .

"I find unemployment decreasing throughout the country. More work is available. Compare that with the days when farmers were making demands and stopping trucks along our highways. I remember when we had 15,000,000 people out of work. Now I get reports from some of our localities that it is difficult to find workers to fill jobs. It makes me ask: what is behind this attack on the Roosevelt Administration? Billions have been spent by the administration with less scandal than has marked the administration of many of our own small communities.

"I am confident that as things get better—the phrase if things get better is really no longer necessary—President Roosevelt will tighten up on expenditures. The lowering of the cost of government and the natural increase in revenues resulting from better conditions will soon bring back the times when our national budget will be balanced, and when we were able to cut down the outstanding debt.

"Give Mr. Roosevelt four more years . . . and he'll leave the office with a record that will stamp him as the greatest man of our time."

The Minds Of Men Are Broadened.

Flaying the manners, dress and deportment of the young—especially of our female young—rank still as a favorite indoor sport. The dress, demeanor and derelictions furnish a sort of perpetual walnuts and wine course for almost any gathering of which the average male gets up to score and ten or better.

The rapidly approaching and daily inbe-expected complete mobility of the species is forecast, with much wonsering as to what this world is coming to and much pessimism, by the old-timers who view the passing of shocked horror at her goings on.

But enter the doctors, with their conclusion that the less one worries the more health one enjoys, and another favorite indoor sport is robbed of some of its punch.

It seems that the fair sex with her recently much-maligned institution, has just confirmed the scientists. She becomes, in her shorts and bathing-banks—as shining and usually co-soothing example to prove our contention that the startling changes and seemier delinquencies of an age apparently run mad as to morals and modesty are but the natural outcome incident to the travail of a plan purposeful. In any event the minds of men have been considerably broadened during the last decade, be it the excess of the sun," but to the "undress" of the daughters.

"Books In The Running Brooks."

"O sweet September! my first breezes bring
Thy dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter
The cool fresh air whence health and vigor spring
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter."

The "promise of exceeding joy hereafter" would seem the Christmas holidays, one supposes, to the average boy, while shining morning face, not to mention unaccustomed footgear "everything hies himself by the fonts of knowledge these days of early September." We use the masculine gender, for girls are nachelly done on school—at least they did in our day—and we imagine the two Latin words, semper idem, still epitomize this baffling point of view of the sex fourful, fair and feminine.

To the boy who has "run wild" through three riotous months of summer and to whom clothes have grown to be a necessity and not an adornment there can be no doubt that the "dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter" cause much wistful backward casting of the eye, to the detriment of his reckon, with arid 'rithmetic. The woods still beckon, the old swimming hole still lures; summer lingers, sometimes at its hottest and most stifling, in early September.

We have often thought the powers that be borrow from the wrong end of the calendar. But then we are neither teacher, trustee, nor school child (for which the Lord be thankful) and what we think is neither here nor there. And yet, we were a teacher and attempting to do an important job at somewhat less than half a dollar's wage, we should find it in our heart to sympathize wholly with young minds that wandered from dull texts to woods and fields and pleasant places of God's out-of-doors. And we should not be too sure that the wisdom they found in fragrant forests and along rippling streams was not as important after all as the pabulum dished up by the makers text-books. For in very truth there be

. . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Now do the small choristers of tree and hedgerow that sang so blithely and so well, when love was young and nests were making in May, grow silent in the sultriness of late summer. Soon we shall welcome the trill of the little black-capped chickadee and the caw of a crow will be musical on frosty air. Summer wanes.

Now's when the farmer has not plaed his mower the fields are unkempt with rag weeds, but lovely even in their disheveled luxuriance. Along the roads and in some fields the Queen Anne's Lace lies like hundreds of old-fashioned curtains spread out to dry. Strange that this delicate, perfect flower should crown a weed. Some of us in life's garden should be imbued with hope. But how beautiful it is in this region in late summer when the gentle roll of the hills, the woodlands of waltzer and oak and hickory, the lush grass in the bottoms along the course of a meandering branch, the iron weeds nodding with the rich beauty of their purple flowering, fill you remember how the Master said that grew about the old swimming hole felt to bare skin? But also we remember the lovely aroma that came from the bruised leaves. These memories, I...think, are the magnifying glasses through which we look at the commonplace and see why should horse weeds, dense green forests along a creek bank, seem beautiful? Why should a mill that has a branch that winds through the meadow, the rise of a field lark from the grass, the sound of horses pawing the earth as their feet in the stall and plantain; the caw of a crow, red haws, a pow-pow tree, the scaly bark of a hickory, a weeping willow, thorn weeds, a backwater, the feel of wind eyes, wood smoke, the shouted call of a red-headed woodpecker, the smell of hickory nut and corn, and corn cakes proclaiming the perfume of their browning to a summer's dawn? It is because, I think, we are part and woof of all these things. Because memories stretching back to boyhood. These are my glasses that magnify perhaps, that are responsible for my

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Reading tonight there comes to me a sounding line from the Scriptures, one that has always intrigued me. It must have been written, I think, by one who felt his inability to enjoy to the full, to appreciate as it should be appreciated the wonder and beauty of the world about us—the beauty of field and stream and forest, the grandeur of the heavens, the immensity of space.

"The heavens declare the glory of God.

And the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Something beyond the grasping mind of man, this handiwork, this glory of the heavens, beauty of the earth. Very wonderful it is and passing beautiful to me, and I thought I have a feeling of fullness as I enjoy to the full the loveliness of an earth that blooms each spring but to die that else each autumn it may bloom again. I may know that it is hapa from it all. And from the little folk that now play, begin to sing through the still winter, when the wood until bathed by the finger of the frost. I may learn courage and contentment.

And then there comes to me from the leafy covverts of the maples the sweet quavering croon of the little brown owl like a peaceful benediction.

FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

Stopping Is Dangerous.

(Louisville Times)

If, as the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles says, the State Highway Patrolmen are to stop cars on the highways after September 15 to see for themselves whether drivers have licenses they should operate them, or at entrances of cities, and in daylight only, the inconveniences may be limited to comparatively few motorists.

Otherwise drivers who happen to be armed, and who know that stopping at the entrance of a city may subject them to most result in robbery and murder, may defend themselves.

On a rural road, where a car is traveling at the customary speed, an inconspicuous uniform, even at high noon, may not identify the patrolman as an officer. And people will be alarmed if attempts are made to stop them except in towns or cities.

If we had not no Roosevelt back in the dark days of 1932 we might have had no presidential campaign to be arguing about next November.

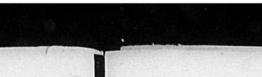
POEMS THAT WE LIKE

PORCH SCENE AMERICAN

(Anita Laurie Cushing)

I could close my eyes, and know that this was home,
I could smell the closer in the grass
As the spinning, cutting blades sing over it.
And along the street, through the slow-gathering
dusk
I can hear rocking chairs creak steadily.
A blur of voices, a clear laugh now and then,
The brief crack of a baseball bat, and the shout
Of excitement that follows, from the vacant lot.
I can hear the clamor of frogs and the stir of leaves
From the woods nearby, where roots and branches
are thick
And the earth is rich with renewal. Well I know
There is many another kind of summer night
In the world, and many more beautiful than this
But from porches, from fragrant lawns and vacant
lots
And rocking chairs and lemonade and hear,
A pattern of memory grows. I hold it close.
This could only be summer, and dusk, and a street
of plain
Old houses, and America. And home.

Along the Concrete



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LET'S FORGET IT

(Falmouth Outlook)

Criticism of Gov. Chandler continues to be strong in many sections since the latter lined up with the senatorial primary race. Gov. Chandler, in campaigning for J. C. W. Beckham, drew the fire of John Young Brown. Much was said that should have remained unsaid. But since it was said of what avail is it to keep it alive now? Let's forget it.

Gov. Chandler is making a good governor, a practical executive, and although he is forced to play the game of politics, yet he is also a honest stand on the people. He is one of the best governors this state ever had. Democrat or Republican he and the people should recognize this fact and continue to give him their loyal support. Gov. "Happy" Chandler has been honest with the people, and he will continue to be so, and campaign talk with the Governor's own standpoint should be ignored.

Let's forget it. Gov. Chandler will make a mistake for Gov. Chandler supporters own standpoint. But everyone makes mistakes and if in all sincerity Gov. Chandler did go into the campaign knowing he was losing himself, the public ought to be tolerant with him and forgive him. The campaign is over, and for one is very much hurt by it as hoped to knock a few other people out of a job. The fact remains that Kentucky has a governor who is giving the state a good every day that this is so. He is a people's executive. He is the Kentucky Colonel in private life he goes, and for the first time in many years, Kentucky is beginning to make progress against debt. Instead of a growing debt we have a decreasing debt. Instead of many useless and inefficient departments we are getting efficient ones. Instead of political waste, we are getting economy and efficiency. True, we are getting taxes, but the taxes aren't to pay debts. Administration of Chandler's Administration are they are to pay bills left behind by other administrations. Let's forget it. Let's not drag politics into our debts, the public can't afford it at this time.

Kentucky actually possesses voters wants—an honest, businesslike, frank, young governor. She is stubbornly enough to stand up for his own way. In front of this state is a governor who is not afraid to criticize over a political issue, and who is not afraid to stand up for his own way. In front of this state is a governor who is not afraid to criticize over a political issue, and who is not afraid to stand up for his own way. Here, Governor, let's shake hands and be friends. We're behind you 100 per cent. There is one thing to do and Kentucky will respond. Let's forget it.

ILLITERATE MILLIONS

(Winchester Sun)

There is a note of shock in the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education that 4,985,253 Americans more than 10 years old who can neither read nor write.

Here is a large segment of our population handicapped at the outset for any competition in a modern world that demands the best education a person can obtain. If the individual cases of these 4,000,000 were analyzed it might be found that hundreds of thousands are unemployable or unemployed because they never have been equipped to earn an adequate living.

These figures, incredible as they seem, offer a real challenge to every community. Adult education programs should be fostered. The government already has done much in this direction, but a great deal more of the task lies ahead.

It is a big job, but it justifies any effort. America can't afford illiteracy at any price.

PEDAGOGY AND FRIED CHICKEN

(Cincinnati Enquirer)

Ex-Secretary of Interior Ickes's Colt has shown at Tuskegee, they have added to the curriculum a course of vocational dietetics. Of course they would call it that, though in the Fannie Farmer days it was going to teach cooking. Really it's service as it is, this were corrupting souls to Newcastle, gilding the lily and refining refined gold.

There are some things which are natural endowments of the Southern Negro. Frying chicken is one of them. Take the old mammy with her wonderfully delicious triumphs in hot biscuits and corn bread. Can she tell you how she achieved perfection? No. A little of this and a handful of that, she says, and there you are. Can she give you a recipe for gumbo soup or rice with chicken and peppers? We have all eaten these abominable delights. They are no new things.

We do not believe Tuskegee can improve the Negro's how to cook. The moment the teachers start in on that course of commercial dietetics they will spoil things. They will take all the fun out of it. The French chefs or introduce a lot of fabulistic nonsense, which will make the old-fashioned midwestern cooking of which the South is so justly proud, seem old-fogyish. We know that south of Mason and Dixon Line the real cook is a poet—he or she is born, not made.

NOT DIFFICULT TO REMEMBER

(Shelbyville Sentinel-Journal)

This year of 1936 will not be difficult for folks to remember in future years. It has been a mysterious ways His wonders to perform. He may be difficult for some to understand why we have had no rain since the first of last winter within the recollection of this generation and the hottest summer in the history of the world.

But summer practically over, the blazing heat of a July to turn into a chilly autumn, has taken scores of lives in Kentucky this summer just as it has in the torrid zone of last winter caused the deaths of many, though not quite so many as the zero weather of last winter within the recollection of this generation and the hottest summer in the history of the world.

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There may be a question of injustice between the disfranchised and the columnist, but that question is hardly more important than, either in the campaign or out of it, than the question of Mr. Mark Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan generally sticks to the safe ground of assertion that if Governor Landon carries enough states, and if Colonel Knox carries enough few more, the result is likely to be the defeat of President Roosevelt. This is just as convincing and indisputable as would be the prediction that if any one of the candidates carries every state in the union but one he will be unanimous in the Electoral College.

It would be more interesting if not only the G. O. P. trumpeters but the Republican chiefs themselves, told us something about the views and purposes of their candidate, as that gentleman himself absolutely refuses doing. We have been advised that he is a plain man, with a happy home life, who balanced the budget of Texas when he was governor of that state—as every one of his modern predecessors and various of his opponents have done for the simple reason that under the constitution of Texas the governor has the power to do otherwise. We know that Governor Landon is for the nomination for the President's because he has said so, and because the party leaders have said so. We know that Governor Landon is for the Republican platform because he has said so, and because New Dealer that how what are we permitted to know about the views of the great national and international questions that a President has to face?

True his advocates, from the Chairman John Hamilton, down or up, as you may choose, assure us that he would do this, that he would do that, but how, when, where, and how he will say how they will do it. Governor Landon is not going to be rushed into anything. He is not going to be stampeded. He is not going to be stampeded. He is not going to be stampeded