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THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1937

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Indoors perforce for two weeks, I have read many books for the reading of which I never seem to find time when well. I have jumped from Dan to Beersheba, so to speak, nibbling here and there like a pig with too many shiny yellow ears of corn at hand. I have read Dickens and David Grayson, the Bible and James Branch Cabell, Holinshed's Chronicles and those of Froissart, Arnold Bennett's Journals and a novel by Fanny Hurst, George Moore and John Burroughs and magazine stories ad infinitum and sometimes ad nauseam—until I have tonight a mental indigestion that I shall try to work off on any who have the temerity to read further, being duly warned.

The mood, no doubt, will pass, but I feel tonight that were I granted another incarnation, with memories of this one and its shortcomings, I should have done with books and the spoiling of white paper, in the interest of a nearer approach to happiness. I should choose rather to be such an one who bids farewell to books in grade school and spends actively in God's sunshine the hours I have devoted to the acquiring of an all too scant amount of second-hand knowledge from printed pages. I should certainly not choose to spoil good, white paper with the more or less dilettante marshalling of words into more or less pleasing sequences. I should shun the blue-black which has ruined so many "geese who dipt their quills in't" and spade in my garden instead, or follow fragrant furrows of freshly turned earth and thereby earn that sleep of the laboring man that is sweet, and wholly unknown to him who finds his diversion in the printed thoughts of other men or takes his gods from twixt the covers of a book. . . . I should wish, were it permitted to travel this way again, first of all a good digestion, a burly body and a definite inability to worry much about anything that could not be helped, or to puzzle my mind with futile wonderings. I should like, I think, to try life as do those fortunate ones who are more concerned about the conditioning of their dinner steaks than about the existence or ultimate destinations of their immortal souls—such as sleep o' nights, or immediately after a full meal, and who shed their normal placidity and are wide awake and shrewd and frequently cunning, but always ruthless, in that game where coins are counters and competency the goal—in short, I should like to be a "good business man." . . . But, too, I should want a sense of humor, or easily stirred risibilities—as one might more properly term this gift in such incarnations—so that I might laugh long and loud and deep down, with that delightful heartiness which bespeaks the vacant and therefore the untroubled mind. And I should want the kindliness and amiable disposition that Nature grants to the mastiff and the Great Dane, with the physical prowess of these to enforce a kindly attitude upon the part of other members of the herd. And I should, granted these things, wish to live close to the soil, from whence is all sustenance and all wealth and all healing; where are to be read with ear and eye volumes that speak many languages and where the God that some take from a printed book declares his glory in the heavens and shows his handiwork in a universe very cunningly contrived, very lovely in its season and passing wonderful. . . . But such an oaf, you will say, would not be conscious of all this. A primrose by the river's brim would be a yellow primrose to him and it would be nothing more. Ah, but he would and such do, unconsciously it may be, but to such as these, you must admit, nearly always comes placidity of mind and peace and contentment with their lot. They achieve Happiness, because they do not seek Happiness. Seeking it not, it is theirs, as much as this elusive will-o'-the-wisp may ever be captured and held by human hands. . . . I find in many instances confirmation of my theory that Happiness is more apt to be achieved by the simple and robust, who are unsicklied by the pale cast of thought, save in the matter of getting such a competency that their days may be long in the land and warm and well fed. There is that shepherd lad of the Hebrew chronicles, who with his five smooth stones and unquenchable faith, to say nothing of his unerring aim with a sling, began in the valley of Elah his long but sure climb to the throne of Israel. An unassuming shepherd boy, a forthright soldier, a happy robust fellow, this David—a very human man in his love for Jonathan, in his grief for Absalom—but a simple soul withal, plaguing not his mind with things unanswerable. Grant him the authorship of the Psalms, with all of their music and imagery, it is not in these that you will find this cry of defeatism: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity." No, David sang praises and sent up lamentations and petitions for forgiveness, in his Psalms, with the assurance that the God of Israel would harken to the King of Israel. And if his petitions were denied, that was that, so far as David was concerned. As witness when Bathsheba—for whose beauty Uriah the Hittite was set in the front of the battle and so sent to his certain doom—had borne David a child when his sin had found him out and he sat silent under the rebuke of Nathan and heard the aged prophet say, "the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die." David besought God for the child; and David fasted and went in and lay all night upon the earth. Until the whispering of the servants after seven days told him that the child was dead, when he rose and anointed himself and changed his apparel and worshiped "and when he required they set bread before him and he did eat." . . . "Then said his servants unto him, What is this thing thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep for the child, while it was yet alive, but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. And he said, While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." The reaction this of a man in robust health, of simple faith and unquestioning mind. . . . Alas, the simple faith of David is answered by the wail of Bathsheba's learned son—

For in much wisdom is much grief and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

* * *

In a second living of life I should not wish, in my granted placidity and bovine acceptance of that which could not be helped, to be unaware of an earth very cunningly contrived, very lovely in its season and passing wonderful. I would have an eye for the returning Spring and the swelling of her catkins, the fresh fragrance of her first daffodils, the blush of redbud and the starry whiteness of dogwood. I would be granted the boon of that second sight which marks afar off the footfall of the pilgrim steps of Spring, which envisions golden sprays of the forsythia and the cascading snows of spirea across the wastes of winter, pictures in mind's eye betimes the roses of June, the lush fecundity of August and the peaceful, golden hush that marks the completion of the cycle, when corn blades rustle dryly and yellow pumpkins bejewel the dun earth; when the air breathes chill at even and in the upper reaches of a grim grey sky the flying wedges of the wild geese drift southward like scudding clouds. . . . I should want an ear to the music of the little folk of the wild, of the

. . . smale fowles that maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open ye.

I would retain my love for bird song at dawning, for the muted music of the feathered chorus as twilight comes on. I would have an ear to the little maestros of the winged violins, the high piping musicians that under leaf and twig and snug in the drying grasses of late summer fiddle a symphony shrill yet soothing, under the August moon. . . . I would know the ways of the night-prowling folk, of the furry sleepers that doze away the long nights of winter in homes earthy but warm and mighty cunningly contrived. I would mark the ways of the fishes that flash the silvery lightnings of their movings in limpid, quiet pools and shake their gleaming armor in giant leaps where the rushing torrent breaks white in its rapids. . . . I would have likewise an eye to the heavens that "declare the glory of God" and to the stars that shine therein; to the planets that mark out their unvarying courses in a manner very cunningly contrived, beautiful in its perfection and passing wonderful. I would worship at the shrine of that something toward which man has thrown out wistful, groping mind-tentacles since he was first cursed with the boon and burden of thought. In short, I would retain the

. . . open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here;
The still small voice in Autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

* * *

Ah, and it is by just such fatuous clinging, my incorrigible romanticist, to that importunate and never-to-be-discouraged yearning to eat one's cake and have it too, which has beset you all of your life, that would sooner or later lose for you the comfortable placidity and bovine imperviousness to worry of your bright new reincarnation. You would be very happy for a little while, in your pleasant moronic domain of Acceptance and Practicality, learning of the real sweetness of sleep and for the first time tasting food and laughing loud and deep down with that hearty and delightful quality that speaks the vacant and therefore the untroubled mind. And then you would begin to listen for the footfall of the pilgrim steps of Spring and to peer into the golden chalices of daffodils, to glorify bird song at dawning and romance over the roses of June; to let the beauty of a firmament very cunningly contrived, very lovely in its season and passing wonderful, get at the foolish heart and mind of you. You would begin to look into that star-spread canopy that declares the glory of its creator, to listen perforce to the soothing sounds and hinted-at whispers of that night, "which sheweth knowledge" (according to the wisdom an ancient has set down twixt the covers of a book) and you would begin to plague yourself with thoughts and futile, foolish wonderings. And then it would be that your bright, new incarnation would leave you, vanishing into that limbo from which our dreams and high ideals are bodied forth in life's Aprils and into which they return, grey, tortured ghosts, in life's Octobers. . . . And some "good business man" would foreclose his mortgage unexpectedly on your fair domain and you would be left unhandseled and forced to make your living again perchance, by dabbling with types and ink and by the spoiling of good white paper with the marshalling of more or less dilettante and unimportant combinations of words in more or less pleasing sequences. And you would be where you were at the beginning. . . . Which all of us must be at long last. . . . And empty handed.

* * *

And so, alas, am I, as Time begins to trot withal, faced—more unpleasantly during illnesses especially—by the idiotically belated conviction that youth is gone and that much that was fine and rebellious has gone with it. I have become, as someone has said, the lackey of prudence and half-measures. I have come to the embracing of a duplicity of sorts and shameless compromises in my dealing with the rest of the herd, that I and mine may be warm and well fed, where in another April I should have consigned to Tophet, in a fine rage and with much momentary satisfaction and lack of foresight, many men and things that irk me. . . . I find my old gods leaving me and I must look to my philosophy. . . . For I find myself growing a bit crusty and a more or less jaundiced and ironic pessimism besets my juggling with words, so that this spoiling of good, white paper with their unimportant and not in the least lucrative combinings in sequences more or less pleasing becomes an irksome task of late. So that I take no pleasure in it, nor, by the same token, I know, will you.

And so, gentle reader—for of a certainty you are gentle and forbearing and perhaps a little foolish to have pursued (if any do) this confessional of a middle-aged and ailing country printer to its limping end—fare thee well until I have looked more to my philosophy.

The Easter Bonnet

50 Years Ago

Thursday, March 22, 1887

Gus L. Heyman opens store in the Ezra Howe building.

Rogers & Bostain begin work of enlarging their flour mill.

Died—Mr. Thomas J. McCormick, at his home at Forest Retreat.

Thomas G. McIlvaine quits the printing business in Carlisle because of his health.

Miss George and Mrs. Hukill receive large selection of hats for their millinery store.

Mrs. Elsie C. Hawkins, formerly of Nicholas, appointed postmaster at Johnson Junction.

Two men who have been selling liquor in violation of the local option law, promise Law and Order League they will quit if prosecution is dropped.

20 YEARS AGO

Thursday, March 22, 1887

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Mastin, of the Bald Hill section, a daughter.

H. N. Rankin purchases McMahill livery barn and lot on Elm street.

President Wilson calls special session of Congress for April 2 to consider declaration of war on Germany.

George Myers suffers dislocated shoulder at Burley warehouse while attempting to put hay frame on wagon.

W. T. Roberts resigns as Constable in the Third district and is appointed Deputy Sheriff and delinquent tax collector.

As a protest against paying toll, attempt made to dynamite bridge at Sherburne, between Bath and Fleming counties.

Married—Miss Bertha Kenney, of Fleming, and Mr. Ben Hardwick, of Nicholas, on the 21st.—Miss Mattie Butler, of Nicholas, and Mr. Dora Ritchie, of Harrison, on the 17th.

Died—Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Ballengal, 79, at her home near Oakland, on the 20th.—Mr. R. S. Veach, 61, brother of Sam K. Veach, of Carlisle, at his home in Kenton county on the 20th.

FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

THE TOBACCO GROWER'S DILEMMA

(Louisville Times)

Tobacco production appears to be in the old cycle. Last year's short crop brought high prices, which have stimulated the burley grower to plant what the Department of Agriculture terms a record acreage.

In the hope of curbing overproduction the Kentucky general assembly enacted the tobacco compact low, to control the crop in co-operation with other tobacco-growing states.

The plan appears to have fallen through. Its operation was predicated upon enactment of a similar law by seven other states authorizing the Governors to sign a control compact. North Carolina has approved a like law and South Carolina seems ready to do so. But the Commissioner of Agriculture, of Tennessee says it is a dead issue in that state and reports from Georgia indicate that no tobacco legislation will be enacted there.

Since the defection of a single state serves to nullify the compact, the sky may be expected to be the crop limit. The only restraint is the indirect control achieved through the Soil Conservation Act and the measure of this may be gauged by the report of "a record acreage."

It is easy to guess what the effect on prices will be. The main hope of keeping them as profitable as last winter's is another increase in consumption comparable to last year's. Consumption of cigarettes, the main interest of burley growers, was up 13.8 per cent in 1936 but manufacturers are quoted as not anticipating another jump of such dimensions.

The grower's problem is not easy. Voluntary control seems out of the question. Federal control is forbidden by the Supreme Court and state control is not functioning. Will the grower, by excessive crops, put himself at the mercy of the manufacturer, re-establishing a buyer's market?

STUDYING COUNTY GOVERNMENT

(Lexington Herald)

The Kentucky legislative council has undertaken an intensive study of the problems of county government in the state. This is done in carrying out the directions of a resolution enacted by the last legislature.

When the sheriff's and jailer's consolidation bill was repealed the Governor called for a real study of the county governments' needs to supplant that sham battle whose blank cartridges were heard 'round the state.

The vicious fee system prompted the Governor to back the repealer. The fee system should go. The Herald would like to see every officer who can make arrests and every judge who says whether a man is guilty or not guilty placed on salary. There is no sense in saying that because a county's treasurer does not sign a check the county does not pay an officer's recompense.

Traffic traps could be ended in this way. By cutting down red tape county government costs could be materially reduced. At the present time the right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing but both are in the coffers.

IN THE FOREMOST FILES OF TIME

(Shelby Sentinel)

The old pessimists who intimate that the world is retrograding, have more dyspepsia per capita than sense. We won't believe a word of it because we know better. The love songs and sacred music are more in number and more tuneful than ever before. The musical instrumentalists do things with almost any kind of an instrument that would have been thought legerdemain a hundred years ago. The athletes, the dancers, the high climbers train their bodies and limbs to do things with a perfection that would have been unbelieveable in those older times. The mental tests in and out of school, the advances in all kinds of sciences would have been considered little short of superhuman magic in the 18th or early years of the nineteenth century. There can be heard over the radio, night or day, and on the floor of Congress, the lecture platform and in the pulpits, feats of eloquence and oratory equal to any combined effort of Calhoun, Webster or Clay, and the late day orators and statesmen don't have to apologize if they are still sober after 8 o'clock in the evening. The kind of evolution we believe in, is the upward and onward evolution of these American men and women, who, we reiterate are the "heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

EASTER

(Winchester Sun)

How comes it that the day which celebrates the resurrection of Christ, is in many minds only the day when the people wear all their new bonnets and dresses and neckties, and all the other things by which they make themselves fascinating?

All our holidays have a similar tendency to drift away from the original thought that made them. As the schoolboy's mind wanders from his lesson books to the ball ground, so the thought of the people often turns to light subjects when they should be doing some heavy thinking. Don't blame human nature too much.

People's thoughts are busy with their own problems and the dull routine of life, and when any kind of a festival day comes, they feel like celebrating.

At Easter an air of cheer pervades the avenues of great cities, all dressed up in their spick and spandy clothes, show they are enjoying life. There is brilliant music in the churches, which shine in their gorgeous decorations of lilies and palms.

The main incentive to Easter joy comes from the story of the resurrection. Whatever one may think about a literal resurrection of the human body, yet the Christian world has believed that on that day Jesus conquered death, and proved that the grave and the tomb are not the end of all things. This thought has lifted a load of fear and sorrow from countless hearts, and makes this festival day one of gladness.

ERA OF "ERS"

(Pathfinder)

Now it is a new type of slang that is being raked over the fires of academic disapproval. Frankly, we had been only dimly aware of the existence of this large body of unorthodox word structures. We had, of course, heard of "builder-upper" and "holder-outer" but we had not heard that these and words of similar calibre were making great inroads into the language.

But it seems that they have been. No less an authority than American Speech, linguistic quarterly of Columbia University, is primly calling attention to the fact that "ers" are being added to all sorts of compound nouns. This, says the publication, is utterly confusing to traditional rules of grammar which insist on adding "ers" only to verbs and adverbs.

Professor Harold Wentworth of West Virginia University, author of the article, feels pretty strongly on the subject. He declares that "builder-upper," "holder-outer" and their ilk are "grotesque" and "low-colloquial." He thinks something should be done about it.

He cites as some of the "monstrosities" the following: "dance-mixer-upper," "home-breaker-upper," "hair-cut-putter-offer" and "lobby-drifter-througher." In a half-sad way, however, he adds that the flippancy of these words is almost equalled by their value in avoiding circumlocution, in doing away with long, clumsy phrases. He admits that "lobby-drifter-througher" is a good deal simpler than "casual inspector of hotel patronage." By the same token, too, he must admit that "haircut-putter-offer" gives a quicker and much more vivid picture than "one who procrastinates about having his hair cut." Nevertheless he still bemoans the "monstrosities."

For ourselves, we confess to being "haircut-putter-offers," "trolley-car-runner-afterers," "train-misser-by-a-minuters" and "blanket-kicker-off-the-bedders." Our one claim to grace is that we don't say "cigarette us" or "gravy us" when we mean "May we please have a cigarette?" or "Would you kindly pass the gravy?"

This last may not be good enough for Professor Wentworth and obviously hasn't a great deal to do with what he is talking about. The fact is, though, that we are also "subject-drifter-from-ers," and a little digression shouldn't hurt here. As we started out to say originally, we disagree with the professor. We think he should be a "grammar-book-stayer-away-fromer." He shouldn't hold too fast to the rules. He should let the English language grow and expand with slang until no one understands any one else. This has its advantages. When it happens, the road ahead will be clear. Nothing any one says can possibly lead to misunderstanding because there will be no understanding. There will be no wars, no unhappiness. All will be peaceful in an inarticulate world.

Tidbits of Kentucky Folklore

BY Gordon Wilson, Ph.D.
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THE HILLBILLY

Please allow me to defend and define the hillbilly. The radio, summer visitors to Kentucky who go away and write whole books on what the hillbilly is like, and notoriety-seekers have exploited the type until something should be done about it. That there is such a person as a hillbilly is obvious to everybody; that he is strictly a creature of our mountains or any other mountains is not true. Everywhere the type of lanky, somewhat shiftless "feller" is found. He is nowhere numerous, however, and has unfortunately been too much associated by our writers with the mountains, particularly in recent years. So eager are feature-article writers to find this strange creature that they create mountains to house him when they find him. Not long ago a metropolitan newspaper carried in its Sunday edition an account of picturesque hillbillies in the "mountains" just south of Louisville, in Hardin and Bullitt counties. I cannot deny that the writer might have found his characters or assumed that he had found them in that area, but he needs a course in geography.

Early in our literary history this rural type of philosopher professional pioneer received attention from several admirable writers. Baldwin and Longstreet found him in Georgia, Sidney Lanier knew him intimately as the foothills of the Great Smokies. George Horatio Derby found him plentiful on the West Coast and practically handed the type full drawn over to Bret Harte. John Haye found him in the Middle West. He has been called by numerous names: cracker, Pike, and what not. Derby's character was called a Pike, because many of the early settlers of California came from Pike County, Missouri, and had brought their dust-covered families and possessions with them. They were nasal of talk, mighty chewers of tobacco, inclined to be lazy, in spite of their having endured the long trek from Pike. Many of Harte's characters are of this type, though most of his distinctive ones are single men, often with a past.

Since professional pioneering has ceased in the years after the end of the frontier, our attention is now often directed toward the same type of person who no longer goes West or to the newest land but seeks instead the outskirts of centers of population, moving about once a year from one community to another. If there were another frontier, he would be right there with his household and his household gods; the romantic time for him must largely be a memory of what "Pap" or "Grandpap" did in the days when the West was calling. The hillbilly may be a philosopher and often is. He has had his share of seeing the big old world and is entitled to his say. If he could really find a tongue, he could reveal why the restless of spirit have always been with us and have found new lands and new ideas on the borders of occupied territory. When the genuine hillbilly finds that life anywhere is a fine game of pioneering, he often becomes as genuine a part of our tradition as any one else; most of us have friends and relatives who have been hillbillies and who have waked up. Some day the hillbilly will discover himself in literature and will tell the world what has moved him along for ages of restless living.

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NEWS OF KENTUCKY

R. G. Williams last week began his fortieth year as a banker at Versailles.

The cornerstone for a new post-office building at Berea was laid Wednesday.

"Granny" Bates, a 107-year-old negro, died at her home in Richmond Friday.

Thirty-eight prisoners in the Eddyville penitentiary were paroled last week.

Fleming, Jackson, Garrard and Wayne counties will vote on local option in April.

A movement has been started to establish a ROTC unit at Murray State Teachers College.

The 41st annual state convention of the D. A. R. will meet at Lexington Thursday morning.

The Harrison county board of education has voted to consolidate the Berry and Boyd schools.

Mayor Neville Miller, of Louisville, denied rumors that he would resign to accept a federal position.

There are more than 1,200 cases on the criminal docket of the Pike circuit court, in session at Pikeville.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hulett celebrated their 59th wedding anniversary at their home near Berea last week.

Salaries of state employes are subject to the state income tax, the department of revenue announced Friday.

103 three-year-olds have been nominated for the 63rd annual Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs on May 8.

Mrs. Martha Boone, of Kiddville, oldest woman in Clark county, celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary Friday.

The Baptist church at Jeffersontown, Jefferson county, was destroyed by fire Sunday morning with a loss of $25,000.

Robert Humphreys, chairman of the state highway commission, was fined $100 at Mayfield for betting on an election.

Four hundred dollars in bills went up in smoke in a fire which destroyed the store of W. E. Rigsby in Stanford last week.

Clifton Combs, 23, was killed Friday by Lawrence Jones, deputy sheriff of Muhlenburg county, when Combs resisted arrest.

Donald Adams, 7, was accidentally shot above the heart by his brother, Russell Adams, 15, at their home in Laurel county Saturday.

April 6 is the last day Kentuckians will have to pay a tax on ice cream, candy, chewing gum, soft drinks, nuts and cosmetics.

John Henry Wallace, 9, was killed Friday when he was struck by an automobile in front of his father's store at Tateville, Pulaski county.

William Freeman, 47, was arrested at London Monday on a charge of slaying his brother Felix, 60, at their home in Laurel county.

T. H. Smiley, 80, former exhibitor of show horses and dealer in fine saddle horses, shot and killed himself at his home in Lexington Thursday.

Claude Watkins, proprietor of the New Central Hotel in Maysville for the past 23 years, has sold the business to his nephews, Charlton R. and Henry K. Key.

Sam Franklin, Louisville negro, was executed in the electric chair at Eddyville Friday for an armed robbery which netted him $1.40 in cash, a thermos bottle and a clock.

Charles Leroy Hamm, 19, of Lexington, was arrested by Lexington detectives Sunday in connection with five robberies in Lexington.

The board of directors of the Kentucky Farm Bureau Federation, in a session at Louisville Friday, approved the President's proposed adjustment of the Supreme Court.

Damage estimated at $10,000 was caused Thursday by fire which damaged a three-story building at Frankfort used for the storaage of state highway department equipment.

Napoleon B. Hays, 86, Attorney General of Kentucky from 1900 to 1904 and oldest living alumnus of the University of Kentucky, died at the home of his daughter at Tampa, Fla., last week.

A contract for the construction of a $200,000 viaduct to connect east and west Maysville will be let by the state highway commission on April 9. Work is expected to begin about May 1.

Ed Englin, 33, of Berea, surrendered to Madison county authorities Monday after he had shot and wounded Robert Lakes.

Claude Huff, 27, paroled convict, was shot and killed by deputy sheriffs in a shooting affray at a road house in Knott county Monday.

Sixty persons, most of them charged with violation of the whisky laws, pleaded guilty at the opening session of federal court at Pikeville Monday.

The Bourbon county board of education is seeking $75,000 Public Works Administration loan and grant for a public school building in Bourbon county.

Cecil Patrick, 27, Clark county farmer, suffered the loss of his left hand Saturday when his shotgun was accidentally discharged as he was chasing a fox near his home.

An injunction has been granted to prevent Robertson county officers from enforcing provisions of the local option law, which was scheduled to become effective Wednesday.

Roy and Troy Ketchum, 21, twins of Mt. Sterling, were injured Saturday night when a wheel of their automobile came off near Sharpsburg and the car overturned.

Hunter M. Shumate, Irvine attorney, was appointed by Governor Chandler as circuit judge of the 23rd district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Sam H. Hurst.

The Soil Conservation Service, through its three watershed projects and 14 CCC camps in the state, plans to plant approximately 6,270,000 trees and shrubs in Kentucky this year.

Hanson Peterson, for the last sixteen years Master Commissioner of Harrison county, resigned last week and Judge Dedman appointed Harry Lair, young Cynthiana attorney, to the position.

More than 87,000 loans totaling $279,000,000 have been made by the Federal Land Bank system since its founding on March 19, 1917, according to Ernest Rice, president of the Federal Land Bank of Louisville.

Clarence Moore, 40, Franklin county farmer, was found dead in a gulley near his home, the victim of an unusual accident. Moore was carrying a log on his shoulder when he slipped and fell and the log fractured his skull.

Stewart McFarland, who was sentenced in Bourbon county to 18 years for assault with intent to rob, was captured Thursday half a mile from the state prison camp at Frankfort from which he had escaped a few minutes before.

Barrett Waters, former owner of the Maysville Power and Light Company and Maysville street railway, died Thursday morning at Tempe, Arizona, from the effects of tropical fever contracted while on a honeymoon trip in Africa in 1930.

Aniceto Saccani, 60, bachelor coal miner, was found shot to death in his small cabin near Pineville Monday. Several days before Saccani had reported to officers that he had been swindled out of his life savings of $3,140 by a band of gypsies.

Carl Mesner, 26, surrendered to Caldwell county authorities at Princeton and admitted slaying Floyd Cranor, Hopkins county mine guard, in front of a tourist cabin near Princeton. Cranor is a brother of U. S. District Marshal L. E. Cranor, of Louisville.

Mrs. Louise Jennings Spurr, of Lexington, was appointed district commander of the American Legion to succeed her husband, the late Capt. R. J. H. Spurr, last week. Mrs. Spurr, who served as a nurse during the war, is the first woman to hold a state office in the Legion.

Fourteen prisoners made an unsuccessful attempt to tunnel to freedom from their tents at the state prison camp at Frankfort Saturday but their plot was discovered when they were within ten feet of their goal. They were among 20 long-term convicts later sent to Eddyville.

James Davis, 73, was burned to death and four other persons were injured, two seriously, in a fire following an explosion which destroyed the Davis home and an adjoining residence at Independence, Boone county, Saturday. The explosion was caused when Davis started a fire with kerosene.

Mrs. Mary Kelley, 21, was accidentally shot and seriously wounded by her husband, a tenant farmer, at their home in Shelby county Thursday. Kelley was cleaning a rifle when it accidentally discharged. A short time after being taken to a hospital in Shelbyville, a son was born to Mrs. Kelley.

YOUNGEST U. S. JUDGE

A photograph of Alfred P. Murrah of Oklahoma City, who has been named federal district judge in Oklahoma by President Roosevelt. The designation of Murrah, who is only thirty-three, is seen as the first step toward rejuvenation of the federal judiciary. If the United States senate confirms the appointment, Murrah will be the youngest judge on the federal bench.

SPENDING YOUR DOLLARS

By Dr. K. B. Haas
Bowling Green Business University, Bowling Green, Ky.

The question is frequently asked, "Does it pay to own a home?" The answer is, "Sometimes."

In practically all areas of the United States, particularly in the industrial East, it has not paid to own a home for the past ten years. It does not pay now—but it may pay next year and for several years after. Real estate values run in cycles. They seem to follow a more or less definite trend. They usually rise after a great depression, or a great calamity, such as the World War, when no one builds. There has been little building during the past ten years—more homes have been destroyed than have been constructed. We have come through a great depression. Some experts believe that the year 1937 will see the beginning of a gradual boost in real estate. They say it should last until about 1940 or 1911. This boom period will be followed by first a pause in building, then a fall in prices, and finally, about 1942 or 1943 a great general depression, even worse than the one from which we are just emerging.

Contrary to what most of the public believes and all real estate dealers loudly proclaim, I believe that it does not pay to own real estate in the long run, everything else being equal.

Why?

1. Money placed at six per cent, or even a "measly" four per cent will earn more than if it is invested in real estate.

2. Rapid style changes in building construction are rendering older homes obsolete and valueless.

3. The great mobility of labor which compels people to leave their homes and lose all their investment. We are living in an unsettled age—a crazy age—when no man can long count on security and a living. This period will last 50 or 100 years—perhaps more.

4. The constantly lowering standard and scale of living of our citizens, due to high taxes and the siphoning of money incomes, will not permit the vast majority of citizens to own their own homes.

5. The introduction of "trailer" homes, collapsible houses, and heaven knows what else, has knocked the home-ownership idea into a cocked hat. It is a corpse already, but will not lie down and die.

6. The violent reaction of consumers to jerry-built construction; poor workmanship, poor materials, high finance costs, misrepresentation and lies have destroyed much of the market.

7. Excessive labor and material costs have placed home ownership beyond the reach of at least 10,000,000 citizens.

I am well aware of the fact that the home-ownership "yen" is powerful. I know of no urge more compelling since it is life itself. I know that no mere preachment will influence those who are "hell bent" on home owning. It seems that everyone has to be burnt on this purchase before he awakens to the disabilities inherent in present-day ownership. But think of the heartache and worry, the money and time they would save if they would think before leaping!

Cheerful guy, aren't I? But then, economics was ever a gloomy subject and its devotees a bunch of gloomy Gusses who try to tell the truth as it is.

First Colored Man In State Came To Fleming

The first colored man to settle in Kentucky made his home in Fleming county, histories state. He was "Ben," a slave in the family of Major George Stockton, and was an Indian fighter of more than ordinary talent. Probably because of this he lived to an old age.

His master, Major Stockton, was one of the most unique of Kentucky pioneer figures. Taken prisoner when a child, he was brought up by the Indians. He preferred the free life of the red man to the restrictions of civilization and after living for a time with relatives in Virginia, he went "primitive" again. He established Stockton's station in 1787, near the present site of Flemingsburg, and was killed by the Indians while working in a field near there in 1790.

The first white settlers in the county were Gen. William Thompson and a surveying party from Pennsylvania. "They were certainly in Fleming county before July 26, 1773," Green's History of Kentucky states.

Fleming's and Cassidy's stations were early settlements in the county. The latter was established by Michael Cassidy, an Irishman by birth who came to America when a youth and served in the Revolutionary war before coming to Kentucky.

Col. John Fleming, for whom the county and the county seat were named, came from Virginia to this state in 1787 and located in what is now Clark county. In 1790 he established Fleming's station, where he died in 1794.

Fleming was one of a batch of 13 counties established in 1798. It was taken from Mason and was the 26th formed. Flemingsburg was incorporated in 1812.

If salt in the shaker becomes damp, put the shaker on the radiator or in the oven until the salt dries.

Current signs say "wet paint!" Fresh paint can be removed from clothes with gasoline, if applied before the paint gets dry.

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THE DOCTOR: CANCER CONTROL

The family doctor is the key man in cancer control. It is to him that a person should first go for diagnosis and treatment. If he is not certain of the diagnosis, he will at once refer the patient to a specialist or to a hospital or clinic where the special facilities required for complete examination are available.

It is no reflection upon the family physician when he himself cannot make the proper diagnosis in cancer. The disease takes so many forms and affects different people in so many different ways that it is sometimes impossible, even with the best equipment, skill and experience, to be certain of the trouble. Again, being a general practitioner of medicine and not a specialist in surgery, he may not be competent to perform the operation, if one is required. He does know, however, the qualifications of those who can perform such operations with the greatest skill. He also knows the dangers of quackery and nostrums and will seek to guide his patient away from them.

Cancer can often be prevented if its danger signals are recognized in time and promptly heeded. Cancer can be cured, if detected in its early stages and properly treated.

Go to your family physician at regular periodic intervals for a thorough physical examination. Consult him promptly, between these intervals, when any of the danger signals of cancer put in their appearance. In this way and in this way alone, lies the greatest degree of safety.

TWENTY POINTERS ON TABLE ETIQUETTE

Following are 20 do's and don'ts The Progressive Farmer asks all its young readers to remember:—

1. Be prompt.
2. To avoid confusion pass dishes by moving in only one direction.
3. Use knife for cutting only; never raise food to mouth with it.
4. Cut only one bite of meat at a time from your slice.
5. Take small bites and eat slowly and quietly.
6. Do not attempt to talk with food in mouth.
7. Ask to have food passed rather than reach in front of someone else.
8. Never use toothpicks at table or before anyone.
9. Fill cup or glass only three-fourths full.
10. Unfold and fold napkin in lap.
11. Remove spoon from cup or glass when drinking.
12. When eating soup dip away from you and sip from side of spoon gently.
13. Keep mouth closed while chewing.
14. Sit erect at table.
15. Never place hand over top of glass while passing it.
16. Never drink from saucer.
17. Never spread bread or biscuit with a fork.
18. Take most breads with hand.
19. Never cram your mouth full.
20. The meal hour should be one of the happiest times of the day, so talk about cheerful things.

The word "alphabet" is derived from the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, Alpha and Beta.

THE MURDER RATE

According to a report, the city of Quebec, with a population of approximately 100,000, was the scene of only one murder in a whole year.

In the United States there are on an average approximately 10 murders each year out of each 100,000 population, while in the cities of Memphis, Jacksonville and Birmingham the annual rate during the past 10 years has averaged nearly 60 murders per 100,000, or 60 times that of Quebec.

In spite of the earnest efforts of sociologists and publicists to determine the cause and suggest a remedy for the deplorable crime situation, little headway has been made in that direction.

Attempts to explain crime as an aftermath of the war fall flat when it is considered that the homicide rate in England, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and other English-speaking countries averages only about one-tenth that of the United States, yet all these were in the war from beginning to end and suffered from its effects immeasurably more than we did.

It is declared by a reputable writer that only one murderer out of 160 is executed in New York, while 70 out of 100 are hanged in London. This may have something to do with our high murder rate.

If stockings persistently wear out at the toes, try buying 'em half a size larger.

A solution of soda and warm water will remove grease from unvarnished wood.