THE CARLISLE MERCURY
Established 1867
Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

In Memory of
WARREN R. FISHER
Editor 1912-1937

Grimes Caywood, News Editor

Member National Editorial Association

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year (in advance) ..... $2.00
Six Months (in advance) ..... $1.00

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1938

## Crippled Children's Week

Crippled Children's Week, sponsored by various community and state groups working with the Kentucky Society for Crippled Children for the benefit of 3,381 youngsters under eighteen now on the waiting list of the Kentucky Crippled Children Commission, will open Easter Sunday.

To facilitate its service to children throughout Kentucky, the Commission has divided the state into districts, each under supervision of a professional public health nurse, who serves as the Commission's field representative. Her work is to locate and visit crippled children in need of treatment—and there are 15,000 crippled children in Kentucky—to promote clinics in her district, and to follow up cases after their discharge from hospitals. She also enlists the cooperation of county health departments and local clubs to help plan and carry out the program. The present field, consisting of the Big Sandy, Blue Grass, Southeastern and Central, and Western districts, use Ashland, Lexington and Louisville as treatment centers for crippled children, because they are places of residence of the orthopedic surgeons who treat the Commission's patients.

The major expense of the Commission is in hospitalization of its patients, forty per cent of whom must be readmitted to hospitals from one to nine times. Clinics are also an expense. Braces and crutches encroach still further into the Commission's funds.

Education and vocational training of physically handicapped children are handled by a division of the State Department of Education which has always cooperated closely with the Commission. The Department of Welfare, established by the governmental reorganization act of 1936, includes a division of child welfare which has shown a desire to work with the Commission. Non-orthopedic cases attending the clinics are referred to the Division of Child Welfare and to the various institutions for other physically and mentally handicapped and dependent children, included in the Welfare Department.

In the various counties, welfare and relief agencies cooperate with the Commission's field nurses in promoting clinics and in solving social service problems that arise in connection with cases examined or treated by the Commission.

"Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting."—H. W. Beecher.

### Let's Have Music.

There is a standing joke in the radio industry to the effect that the average sponsor's conception of an ideal hour of broadcast entertainment is two minutes of music, two of comedy, two of drama, and fifty-four minutes of dynamic sales talk about the sponsor's product.

The shadow of that joke is cast by the substance of reality—the sponsor's surprising inability to realize why millions listen to the radio. Some seek the laughter of a Charlie McCarthy, some the brilliance of symphonic music, some education and information. But all stand united in one thing—they definitely do not want interminable stretches of direct salesmanship, florid and verbose to the point of tedium.

A glance at some of the most popular programs on the air today is proof that the five-minute sales harib doesn't pay. A brief mention of the sponsor's name—and product prefaces and closes an auto company's program of fine music. That program, discovered by the mental torture of lengthy commercials, has enjoyed a long and successful career on the air waves. Other sponsors, if wise, will follow that tip, confining their efforts to gaining the intangible known as good will by the dignified presentation of adult entertainment.

It isn't hard to understand that the prospective purchaser of anything from an ice to an automobile will seek his bargains in the columns of the newspaper, the natural medium for such advertising. It isn't hard to understand why he doesn't want his enjoyment interrupted by a lengthy discourse on the merits of a product he may not need, probably can't afford, and doesn't want, anyway.

Let's have some music.

## Let's Live Longer.

Here are the rules for a long life.

Basing his facts on years of biological research rather than oldsters' quotes, Professor Raymond Pearl, Johns Hopkins University scientist, this week voiced his opinion on how to live to a ripe old age.

In the first place, says Dr. Pearl, reasonable physical labor, whether in a ditch or on a football field, has no effect on longevity up to the age of forty. After the "life begins" period, however, strenuous physical exercise definitely shortens life expectancy.

The major factor in long life is determined by heredity before we ever begin the business of living. The best way to live to be a hundred is to start from a "proven good egg!" Take Dr. Pearl's word for it.

Drinking and smoking, those favorite subjects of the long life scientists, have varied effects, according to the Johns Hopkins scientist. Smoking, he reports, is associated with a measurable shortening of the life span. Alcohol, on the other hand, he reports as having no effect on life length, even though the business of living. The best way to live to be a hundred is to start from a "proven good egg!" Take Dr. Pearl's word for it.

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See how easy it is to live to be a hundred? Now all the professor has to tell us is how to dodge marching germs and automobile hogs—not to mention those life-shortening motor maniacs.

## The Clock Of Crime.

America's clock of crime ticks on! As the hands move around the face, each 45 seconds marks the purse-snatching of some petty thief, each two minutes records the pilfering of a five-and-ten store, each three minutes sees the speeding slash of a stolen car, each six minutes marks the hold-up of a bank, theater, or service station, and each hour a felony. Every hour hears the final gasp of some murder victim, the wail of the bereaved.

Meanwhile, according to reports just released, 121,871 convicted criminals each day hear the tick of other clocks. Every fifteen seconds, clocks that mark the days, months, years they must pay for breaking society's laws. And in thousands of American homes still other clocks mark the seconds that wives, mothers, and sweethearts are waiting, waiting, waiting born of fear and weaned on hope.

Despite the warning beat of prison gongs, the clock of crime goes on, aged by the meaningless passing of human frailty. The base emotions of the human alloy—greed, desire, lust, revenge, and hatred—send men out to rob and steal, kill and destroy.

As long as these emotions let loose control in criminals in the long the people of this state must support their fight against crime. Police activity plus public interest will slow the clock of crime to a resistant tick.

## The American Slanguage.

"Let's go skipping through the show." If that invitation comes your way, don't hunt for your ballet slippers, just slam on your hiking boots and head for the nearest airport. "Let's go skipping" is just an aviator's way of inviting you to a three-miles-a-minute spin through the upper air.

That's one example of modern occupational slang. Noah Webster may have known his "curry comb" and "hempen halter," but his "haemapoetic" but a radio station's "fuzzy canary," "heifer" and "hugs" would probably have him completely baffled. In other words—even with his newest dictionary open in his hands.

Just for the record, a "fuzzy canary" is not a hairy bird, but a soprano with a voice like that of a "belcher" isn't a gourmet with indigestion, but a person afflicted with "frog" in his throat and "bugs" aren't insects, at least in a radio station, but just the opposite in wiring system.

In case the dictionary compilers want to take notes, here are a few more: "Kill the broad" doesn't order a murder. It's movie studio talk for, "turn off the lamps."

This is "inking you to show," or rather, this is written to say that all of this is part of the American dialect. Somewhere the King would probably deny it, part of the King's English.

## The Flowers That Bloom.

The flowers that bloom in the Spring are daily popping through the earth's blankets, urged into the open by the cordial invitation of a warming sun. When they appear, the violets and the lilies in all the glory of their new life will be there, too.

Roadsides sparkling with the gay colors of Tarpithia, phlox and flowering grasses, sheltered glens touched by the brilliance of trillium and bonelets, Blacs banked on roads and paths—that's Spring. Your Sunday drive down the road will be just as much fun if you come home with flowers in your mind, rather than flowers in your hands. Don't pick the blossoms, pick the memory, and leave the petals to remind the next traveler that Spring is coming in.

# CAPITOL COMMENTS

By David M. Porter)

We give you the man of the hour; the unsung hero of the political ferment, Attorney General Hubert Meredith. In a letter to the Governor in regard to State Bill No. 10 pertaining to the financing of County Road and Bridge Bond debts he says:

"The administrative features are objectionable from many standpoints. It takes power from the counties and concentrates it in the state government. It is expensive and considerably involved and complicated.

"The plan provides for the creation of more jobs. We have already gone too far both in the State and in the Naffon in the matter of multiplying jobs, commissions and boards and surrendering the powers of local government to them."

General Meredith's idea voiced to the Governor is the idea of the majority of business men and it was brought out very clearly last Wednesday when delegations from various sections were heard before the House in their opposition to the so-called Fair Trade Practice Act, which was destined to limit the lowest price for which a product could be sold.

Immediately after the hearing on a resolution from Representative John Hunnicut, the bill died a quick and sudden death in the Committee.

That the election is already getting hot and the political maneuvers are getting more complicated than an interference of some petty thief, each two minutes records the pilfering of a five-and-ten store, each three minutes sees the speeding slash of a stolen car, each six minutes marks the hold-up of a bank, theater, or service station, and each hour a felony. Every hour hears the final gasp of some murder victim, the wail of the bereaved.

Meanwhile, according to reports just released, 121,871 convicted criminals each day hear the tick of other clocks. Every fifteen seconds, clocks that mark the days, months, years they must pay for breaking society's laws. And in thousands of American homes still other clocks mark the seconds that wives, mothers, and sweethearts are waiting, waiting, waiting born of fear and weaned on hope.

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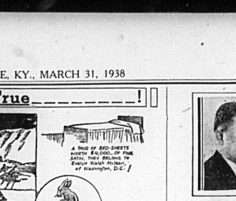
## But It's True




**Mr. Hansen's mouse was found as a day-old baby in a bureau drawer. Hansen, a lawyer, trained it, and today it is his constant companion. Sometimes it rides on his shoulder, sometimes in his vest pocket. He keeps his supplies in freshly-filled soil, and to then drop vegetable seeds in the troughs.**

**Mr. Henderson was considered rather a lunatic by his friends. He believed that if tall iron posts were stuck in the ground, communication could be established if a man lost in the wilderness. He was never successful.**

## 50 Years Ago

**Thursday, March 22, 1888**

Citizens of Paris preparing to take vote on proposition of issuing bonds for water works system.

Sam Jones engaged to preach three successive terms for grades of Millersburg Female College in June. . .

Married—Miss Stella Morford and Harry Day; both of Carlisle—Miss Sarah Ball and Mr. John W. Campbell.

"A couple of our boss checker players, Kurt D. Brown and Judge S. McMahill, put it all over Reuben Fields Saturday."

**20 YEARS AGO**

**Thursday, March 21, 1917**

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Prewhack, of the county, a daughter.

Dr. O. S. Kash, Health Officer, reports that there are 36 cases of smallpox in Carlisle.

Postmaster A. B. Tilton announces that he has sold more than $30,000 worth of war savings stamps.

Green T. Wills seriously injured when he falls from roof of his home near Carlisle while repairing the roof.

Died—Mrs. M. A. Smith, 85, native of the county, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Anna K. Noland, in Kansas City, Mo.

John Lee, of Millersburg, sells his farm of 380 acres in Bourbon to Jack Thaxton, James Collywell and Alex Miller for $52,000.

County Judge Harry Kennedy appoints Democratic election supervisors: T. L. Clark, F. B. Henry, Grant Hedges, G. F. Sparks and W. D. Sparks.

Directors of Farmers Warehouse Co. re-elect operating force for next year as follows: Wyatt Insko, general manager; J. W. Easton, floor manager; Frank C. Taylor, secretary and treasurer.

Married—Miss Leila Shrout and Mr. William E. Booth, both of the county, on the 20th.—Miss Mary Nicholas and Mr. William F. Thornsbury, of Carlisle, on the 10th.—Miss Pearl Cord, of Nicholas, and Mr. Ollie Guthrie, of Bourbon, on the 11th.

## FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

### "PLEASE DON'T RUN OVER MY LITTLE GIRL"

(The letter below was written by Phil Braniff of Oklahoma City to Insurance Field).

Dear Driver:

Today my daughter, who is seven years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. She wore dark shoes and wore blue mittens. Her cockerspaniel, whose name is Scott, ran with the front porch and whined his canine heart in the folly of education as she waved "good-bye" and started off to the halls of learning.

Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her, her girl with yellow curls—and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, whose name is Miss Jones, and about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a little of everything mundanely vital, unimportant and then she asked me how to spell reading and arithmetic—and then we talked.

She's back there now—back in the nursery—sound asleep, with Dorothy Elizabeth (that's a doll) cuddled in her right arm. You guys wouldn't hurt that pet, would you? You see, I'm her daddy. When her doll is broken or her finger is cut, or her head gets bumped, I can fix it—but when she starts to school, when she walks across the street, then is your hands.

She's a nice kid. She can run like a deer and darts about like a humming bird. She likes to ride horses and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I can't be with her all the time—I have to work to pay for her clothes and education. So please help me look out for her. Please, you guys, wouldn't hurt a hair of her head