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In Memory of
WARREN R. FISHER
Editor 1912-1937

Mrs. Warren Fisher, Publisher
Gibson Prather, Editor and Manager

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1942

Kentuckians Have No Right to Be Proud.

The primary election is over, and the Democrats have nominated Senator A. B. Chandler, the Republicans have chosen Richard Ice, the Republicans have chosen Richard Ice, the Prohibitionists have given Coulbert. The choices were fairly diverse in election and had been certainties ever since the campaign started.

That "one of the lightest votes on record" should not cause us to feel very proud this week.

We were holding a wat-time election. It was an election which was held to select nominees for one of the most important offices at the disposal of Kentuckians. It was held in the midst of a time when we are fighting all over the world for freedom, and the democratic way of life.

Certainly if there was ever a time when we should have exercised our right of franchise, it was during those critical times.

And we stayed away from the polls as we never did before.

What will the boys feel who are in the trenches? They are battling in order to preserve our rights of civil liberties, of social justice, and they are battling to keep for us the right to cast our ballots secretly and freely. Did we let them down?

There were more people on the streets of Carlisle Saturday night than there were ballots in the boxes which were opened for the counting in the Court House on Saturday evening.

Congratulations to Senator Chandler on his smashing victory.

But certainly not congratulations to the people of Kentucky who weren't enough interested in our government to cast their ballots in an important election.

Dr. Thurber Will Be Missed.

Nicholas county is suffering a distinct loss in the transfer of Dr. Donald P. Thurber to the tri-county area of Carroll, Gallatin and Trimble counties. He has been an effective force for the promotion of public health and the department which he has headed has progressed until it has become a vital, alive force in the county's life.

The work which Dr. Thurber inaugurated among school children, that of conducting inspections among the children of a certain grade during the year, was a sound idea, based upon logic and common sense. He is not a man who ever believed in half-way health measures, as he demonstrated here time and again.

We are regretful that we lose a full time health officer here. No matter what the arrangement in the future, the department is bound to suffer from the loss of an active head. The only consolation which can be found is that it is a situation which has been created by the war, and which can be restored to its former status after the war is over.

Herbert Hoover Out To Dominate G O P.

Former President Herbert Hoover, who has never gotten over the fact that the American people repudiated his bungling of the "depression," his false bolstering hope that "prosperity was just around the corner" and that there would soon be "another chicken in every pot" as well as "two cars in every garage" is back in the political picture again, this time, aiming to control the Republican organization and the Republican presidential nomination in 1944.

According to Drew Pearson, in his Washington Merry-Go-Round column:

"While most people have their eyes glued on crucial events in the Near East, the politicos of the country have their eyes glued on the New York Governorship. They know that the man who gets this key post may be the next President of the United States, and in any event will control New York's big block of votes at the national convention.

"For instance, Herbert Hoover was dining with a friend in New York the other night and was asked what he was doing in the East.

"The ex-President replied that he was working for the nomination and election of Tom Dewey as Governor of New York.

"I thought I heard you say a couple of years ago that in no event would Tom Dewey occupy public office," remarked the friend.

"Hoover replied: 'Yes, but if Tom Dewey should be elected I can, through him, dominate the Republican organization and the Presidential nomination in 1944. On the other hand, if Wendell Willkie prevents his nomination, or if he is nominated and not elected, then Wendell Willkie would dominate the situation. And I am out to do everything I can to prevent that.'"

"An Editor's Random Thoughts"

Editor's Note: For several years readers throughout the State have asked for reprints of the brilliant editorials upon Nature by the late Warren R. Fisher. With this in mind, and, believing that many would enjoy again his editorials, we are presenting reprints under the head used by Mr. Fisher so many times, "An Editor's Random Thoughts." We will try to pick each week one editorial by Mr. Fisher which we believe you will read again with joy, one in which you will find all the beauty of Kentuckiana.

Blackberry Cobbler.

A paragrapher in the Louisville Times:

The only trouble with blackberry cobbler is that there isn't enough cobbler if you have any room left, and there isn't room enough if you have any cobbler left.

Here's a writer who stirs up and takes notice. We had wondered frequently why and from whence came that phrase, and here with which we have more than often confront a cobbler weltering in its crimson gore. We should not have been left behind all fortified with fried chicken and cream gravy and salt risin' and corn pone and tomatoes and butter beans and cucumbers sliced to a gnat's heel, when the cobbler was brought on. One should feel glad at such times and in harmony with Nature and in tune with the Infinite. But now we know that the cobbler was an anti-climax. Being itself a midsummer's masterpiece of the art culinary, it is not fit for blackberry cobbler to play second fiddle, even to fried chicken and cream gravy.

Now our upstate neighbors to the west and south, having clothed the hillsides of old with blackberries of the nonesuch and nonpareil varieties, through the medium of song and story and pert paragraph, and this newspaper being duly appointed arbiter of forms and fashions and things au fait in the matter of blackberries and of the products thereof by said paragraphers pert and pertinacious, we do hereby lay down the following arbitrament, rejecting all judgments, recipes and dictums of such authorities as Will Ardery, Mrs. Johnson and Emily Post's etiquette book.

And we do allow that cobbler should be eaten or et or otherwise taken only at first and foremost, before a man has his interior anatomy all gummed up with chicken and old ham and hoe cake, turnip greens and cumbers and tomatoes, buttermilk iced tea and what have you. All these have a tendency to maintain squatter's rights over the domain so occupied, to have and to hold, and to resist any invasion of their freehold by other tenants. This is no way to treat a blackberry cobbler!

No, sir! A cobbler a real cobbler, its blue blood shining away through the pie dish, martyred by an artist culinary to make a poem for the palate of an epicure, deserves only of forms as well as top notice in the next to this matter. It should be flanked by trenchers of golden honey, pitchers of thick milk, tankards of foaming buttermilk, waiting goblets in which the ice tinkles. It should be taken preferably at high noon on an old back porch, where the climbing roses riot and the honey-suckle wreaths its favors, where the breeze comes laden with the heavy sweetness of mid-summer and one may hear the musical drip of water from the buckets of a pump.

With such an atmosphere one may proceed at once to loosen his collar, roll up his sleeves, pin back his ears and get a firm grip on fork, spoon or his pet means of food conveyance, and honey to taste and fall to. There can be no question of room when the cobbler constitutes the bill of fare from soup to nuts; there can be no question of room for cobbler if you live in these parts. Just shove up your chair and eat hearty.

Tomorrow? Well, tomorrow you may be yourself with yesterday's ten thousand years, as the poet has it, or you may be talking to someone and suddenly there will come a dreamy look in your eyes and you will fold your arms rather suddenly at a point south of the lower ribs and you will bow gracefully to the memory of that pastry par excellence, that poem culinary. You will feel like going away somewhere and lying down and being alone to commune with your thoughts. But it won't be the cobbler that did it. You can blame it on the honey. And think, you will have settled the question of how much cobbler a man can eat, given the necessary amount of anatomy to wrap around it!

The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND by DREW PEARSON

Washington, D. C.

U. S. FOREIGN LEGION

Most people don't realize it, but there are many foreigners living in the U. S. army. In fact the army, true to the American tradition of making us citizens of almost every national and racial background, including 2,720 German aliens, not to mention 2,700 Germans who are naturalized citizens.

The Italian total is 2,475 aliens and 2,781 naturalized. In addition, there are 644 Japanese in the army, plus 3,000 Japanese-Americans, formerly of the Hawaiian national guard, most of whom are assigned to the 100th battalion at Fort McCoy, Wis.

The army goes on the assumption that any man who is willing to fight can be a good soldier. Of course, the "enemy aliens" are checked and double-checked before they are admitted for enlistment. The men who pass these tests are found to be even more zealous for the defense of this nation than the average American.

Latin-American Battalions.

To make the melting pot more complete, the army has a number of infantry battalion, and is forming a battalion of Latin-Americans. Also U. S. and Norwegian-Americans. Instruction and conversation in the unit will be in the Norwegian language.

Equally eager to fight are thousands of Latin-Americans, especially from the nations of Central, such as Cuba and Mexico. The office of the U. S. military attache in Havana is flooded with applications from young Cubans who want to fight for the cause of Uncle Sam. Most of them would renounce Cuban citizenship if necessary.

But what they do not realize is that if they enter the army of the United States, they are likely to be swept into the U. S. army, whether they like it or not. Within five days after entering this country, aliens must register for the draft, lest they lose better leave the country pronto if they don't want to be inducted.

Not yet arranged, but highly desirable, is a Latin-American battalion. There are now ten Latin-American countries which have declared war on the Axis, and thousands of their young men want to fight for that declaration by something more than police duty at home.

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BACK-BREAKERS

An American diplomat returning from Italy tells this revealing story about the true sentiments of the Italian people.

In his office at the U. S. embassy in Rome he found a clerk, an Italian girl, crying. When he inquired what was wrong, she replied: "Oh, I'm ashamed to be an Italian. You remember when Mussolini came here and did about the Greek campaign? They said: 'We will break their backs,' But everybody knows who really beat the Greeks; it was not our army, it was the Germans. But now—have you seen the poster on the streets this morning?" And the girl broke into tears again.

The diplomat looked outside at the poster, which that day was appearing all over Italy. It showed a Greek soldier lying on his back, with a steel bar across his back. On top of the bar was the Fascist insignia, and on the side, the words:

The caption read: "We said we would break their kidneys. Mussolini is always right."

Note: All reports from Italy tell of a growing disgust with the Mussolini government, and a growing hatred of the Germans, who have become the top cowed to revolt.

NO-CHAUFFEUR ARNOLD

Trustbusting Thurman Arnold hails from the small town of Laramie, Wyo., and he doesn't see any reason why he should have a chauffeur to drive his car. So he drives it himself.

One evening, after he and Mrs. Arnold had been dinner guests of Mrs. Evalyn (Hope Diamond) McLean, they were going out the front door, when the doorman said in his most elegant manner, "Shall I call your car, Mr. Arnold?"

With a dour expression on his face, Arnold said, "You can call it, but I don't think it will come."

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CAPITOL CHAFF

¶ The Thurman Arnolds are mourning over the fact that Angelica has eaten Henry Wallace's corn. When the vice president heard about it, he having given the Arnolds a present of Iowa hybrid corn, he remarked: "I hope the corn did Angelica some good." Angelica is the Thurman girls' cow.

¶ Mrs. Claude Pepper, wife of Senator "Nock-Out" Pepper of Florida, is back in social engagements or takes the street car.

¶ There may be a gasoline shortage, but you would never know it at Washington's Congressional Country club. On a recent Sunday there were so many golfers that caddies had to double up and carry two or three bags each. . . . On the same Sunday, motorists so jammed the highways between Washington and Eastern Shore beaches that cars were lined up for three hours waiting for the Chesapeake ferry.

50 YEARS AGO

Miss Sallie McIntyre of Millersburg, elected teacher in the city school.

Thomas George, the tailor, leaves for Denver, Colorado, for the benefit of his health.

Wallace Howe and J. M. Mordoff lease the Kimbrough hotel and will take possession September 1.

Twenty-second annual meeting at Deering Camp Ground begins today under very favorable circumstances.

"Wink" Garrett, son of Robt. Garrett, off near town, sustains badly mashed foot when farm wagon runs over it.

At the Sharpsburg fair last week, Jas. L. Donnell, Chas. T. Donnell and Jno. M. Donnell take prizes in the fancy horse rings.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pumphrey of this city, on August 8, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Myers, of Myers, on July 15, a son.

At the Democratic Primary held Saturday, the following candidates were nominated: For Sheriff, D. A. Ratliff; Circuit Clerk, Solomon Robertson; Constable, Melvin Crupp.

Wm. J. Kennedy, J. R. Long and George W. Wilson, who were appointed a committee to redistrict the county into magisterial districts, announce that four districts have been made.

Mason Hamilton purchases the Davis Coal Yard and will continue the business.

Married—Miss Lillian Waller of Paris and Mr. Henry L. Judy, of this city, at Paris.

Dr. B. F. Reynolds chosen Democratic campaign chairman for the November election.

Prof. and Mrs. Wm. F. Ramey leave for several weeks visit with relatives in Virginia.

31st annual meeting at Parks' Hill closes Sunday after the most successful meeting ever held.

Nicholas County Oil and Gas Company puts pump on their well at Kimbrell water recently discovered near the camp ground.

Died—Miss Cora Ham, 20, at her home near Oakland Mills. Married—Miss Ida Florence Fisher, 63, at her home in this city on the 12th.—Mr. Jno. T. Dunn, 32, a native of this city, at his home at Russell, Ky., on the 7th.

While digging a hole for a telephone pole near Flat Rock Mr. Stanley Florence was instantly killed. Marvin Crawford was fatally injured and Walter Goode was seriously hurt by a premature explosion of dynamite.

20 YEARS AGO

Married—Miss Ida Florence Plummer of Covington, and Mr. Sidney Dewill of Cincinnati, at Covington, on July 31st. The bride is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. J. M. Plummer, formerly of this city.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hison of the county, on August 3, a daughter, Nona Frances.—To Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Blount, of Leesburg, formerly of this county, on August 2, a son, H. C. Jr.

Died—Pauline Barbee, aged 2, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barbee, near Headquarters, Monday night.—Mr. Jno. W. Ralls, aged 85, at his home in Sharpsburg, last Friday morning.—Mrs. Ella Sanderson, aged 89 years, at the home of her son-in-law, J. S. Wills, near Moorefield, on Monday.

OTHER EDITORIALS

Take a letter to dmitri Shostakovitch.

By Carl Sandburg

(Copyright, 1942, Chicago Times, Inc.)

All over America goes your Symphony No. 7, millions listening to your music portrait of Russia in blood and shadows.

You sit there in Moscow last summer a year ago writing music —and into the time of the falling leaves and the blowing snow writing music.

Sometimes as a fire warden you run to the streets and help put out a fire set by Nazi Luftwaffe bombs—then you walk home and write more music.

When the Moscow radio tells the world what is news it reports Prime Minister Stalin, Marshal Timoshenko—and the composer Shostakovitch.

On a long battle front sagging toward Moscow the Red army fights against the greatest war machine that ever marched into any country.

Dive bombers howl down like desperate steel hawks forbidden to ever sing any song unless it says death, death, death.

The flack, the ack ack, the anti-aircraft guns send a rain of steel upward into the sky swifter than downward ever fell snow or rain in wild wind.

The tanks come roaring like elephants and land whales with hides of steel and a poison spit of lead meant to kill and kill.

Against these killers the Red army sets its traps and sends out its own tanks, artillery and anti-tank rifles meant to cut down Nazis and feed them death on death.

The outside world looks on and holds its breath and the American General Douglas MacArthur far over in Batavan radios Stalin "Magnificent! Matchless!"

And we hear about you, Dmitri Shostakovitch—we hear you sit there day after day doing a music that will tell the story.

These people, your people, named by the Nazi leader as "bestial barbarians," with no culture, no higher lights—your music is to speak of them.

So we are a people, near the awful trial of losing their capital city, telling the world they have a composer who writes music while the bombs fall.

In Berlin no more symphonies, in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Athens, Oslo, Prague, Warsaw, wherever the Nazis have mopped up and made new laws, no new symphonies.

And in Moscow you, Mr. Shostakovitch, 36 years old, having written six symphonies and seven others.

The spring sun of 1942 melts the last of the snows and frost oozes out of the ground and the battle of Russia flares and cries again in the upgushing of steel and blood.

Summer comes and you, Dmitri Shostakovitch, see your music in your script, just on microfilm, a symphony held in a tomato can.

From Moscow across old Persia to still older Egypt, from Cairo and round and roundabout to New York goes this little can of film.

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Then what? Then the maestro Toscanini tells the NBC orchestra what to do with it and they put it on the air for the listening millions.

And how does it go and what do our ears make of it and what is it saying across the oceans and the convoys, the subs and planes?

Well, nothing like a fat man's race at a summer picnic, nothing like what a sugar daddy buys at a night club nor any certificate that guarantees comfort and convenience.

It begins calm with the good earth and with plains and valleys naked for the feel of man seeking crops and bread.

It goes on with touches like people in peace time having a chance to hunt for themselves their personal birds of happiness to listen to.

Then come drums and guns and evermore drums and guns and the war is on and the test of a nation and a people—an ordeal for the whole family of man.

The music marches and fights, it struggles and kills, it stands up and says there are a thousand terrible deaths, it is better to die than to live Nazi; take over your homeland and tell you how you must live.

What you say sometimes, Dmitri Shostakovitch, is the same as the message MacArthur sent by radio to Stalin: "Magnificent! Matchless!"

The people of Russia may fall back and lose and lose and the years go by and the time be long yet in the end they will win.

They know when to be silent and when to speak, when to fight and how to sing while fighting, and how to say in the ashes and blood lose: "Neetchevo—it is nothing, what of it? It is for our Russia!"

So some of us listened to what came in the tomato can from Moscow to Cairo to Manhattan, we salute you and speak thanks, Dmitri Shostakovitch.

Your song tells us of a great singing people beyond defeat or conquest who across years to come shall pay their share and contribution to the meanings of human freedom and discipline.

What Editors Are Saying

Important Election Year

If peace should come during the next biennium, certainly we want in Congress individuals of capacity and independent judgment. This is a year when all voters who think seriously about the future of America must make a special point of voting and of promoting interest among others. It is part of the great test for democracy.—Cleveland News (Rep.)

Don't Change Horses

The people will elect no man to Congress this year who has failed to do everything possible to advance preparedness in 1940-41 and promote American war efforts since Pearl Harbor. This means the "ins" who have voted right for the vigorous prosecution of the war will stay in. It will deny election of some good men, just as patriotic as those in office, maybe more so in some instances. But the voters seem resolved not to change horses as the war waves ris and in most instances they are right.—Raleigh News & Observer (Dem.)

Politics Preconvened

Remember those fine words in the first weeks after Pearl Harbor when leading Republicans were announcing solemnly that politics must be adjourned for the duration? But now months have passed and an election campaign is coming up. And so politics, instead of staying adjourned, has reconvened, and the boys are back at the same old stand, trying to hack the Republican party as the party of Americanism.—Madison Times (Ind.)

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

State employes whose homes are far distant from Frankfort were excused from work Friday in order to reach their homes to vote Saturday. And others were off Friday, Governor Johnson's office announced. All returned to work Monday.

William Ira Jenkins, 30, of Paducah, who is serving a ten-year term at Springfield, Mo., on charges of the Dyer art violation, has filed his second habeas corpus proceedings. Assistant District Attorney L. Dudley Inman said Thursday.

Soldiers from the fire fighting company at Fort Knox were among those attending the annual firemen's school at Lexington.

Virtually all non-defense WPA projects in seven central Kentucky counties were suspended Monday and the workers assigned to a semi-defense project, Jack Locklin, WPA area engineer, announced.

Mrs. Maud Collins Jett, 36, died at Maysville Thursday of injuries received when struck by an automobile as she walked along the highway. Funeral rites will be held Sunday for the husband, Betty Jett, was arrested and placed in the car and charged with voluntary manslaughter. Coroner C. D. Wright of Robertson county, said.

WPA projects similar to that in Graves county for collection of scrap material which has brought in 1,814,000 pounds of metal and 4,500 pounds of rubber in little more than a week, are being planned for eight other west Kentucky counties.

Ranson Coleman, 23, charged with robbing Mrs. Ora Belle Johnson, Taylor Dotson, 23, and Saturday, waived preliminary examination and was ordered held without bail by County Judge Hi Pauley at Pikeville jointly charged with Dotson.

Regrets Failure to Set 1,000 Walnuts

Had W. H. Polly of Letcher county set 1,000 walnut trees instead of one, 17 years ago, he would have $20,000 worth of timber now. He recently showed County Agent Hugh Hurst a tree 21 inches in diameter which he had refused $30. "I have decided not to let it go," he told the county agent, "I might have had $20,000 worth of trees now, had I set 1,000 instead of one."

4-H'ers Collect Nearly Million Pounds Rubber

Reports received at the College of Agriculture and Home Economics at Lexington show that 411 club boys and girls in 90 counties collected a total of 940,628 pounds of scrap rubber.

Reports included Ohio county, where 48,746 pounds were collected; Rockcastle, 22,120 pounds; Hart, 28,674 pounds, Franklin, 20,750 pounds; Hickman, 15,020 pounds, and Jackson, 23,850 pounds.

Each county has a 4-H club salvage committee, the chairman of which is a member of the county's general salvage committee. Practically every farm in the 90 counties was visited by a 4-H club member, according to the report.

A dime out of every dollar we earn IS OUR QUOTA for VICTORY with U. S. WAR BONDS

FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Director of Education, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for August 9

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

ABRAHAM'S INTRUCNSORY PRAYER

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 18:23-33.
GOLDEN TEXT—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James 5:16.

Prayer has been the subject of thousands of sermons without end; yet how little it is actually practiced. Conferences are held to discuss it, and they attract large audiences, but at prayer meetings we find only a handful.

We are sure that "prayer changes things," and we agree that it is the most powerful force at man's disposal, but we go right ahead trying to change things in our own strength "O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer!"

Our lesson from the life of Abraham stresses one important phase of prayer—prayer for others.

I. The Nature of Intercessory Prayer.

1. It Is a Privilege.

We speak of the burden of prayer, but let us also think of it as a privilege. Abraham had been honored by a visit from the Lord. The covenant had been renewed and a son promised (Gen. 18:1-16). Then the Lord, because of His friendship with Abraham, shared with him (v. 17) His purpose of judgment on wicked Sodom and Gomorrah.

How glorious to be on such intimate terms with God—to know Him and to know His plans and purposes. Would you enjoy having such friendship? You may through Jesus Christ. Begin today the study of God's holy Word.

2. It Is a Duty.

Privilege brings corresponding responsibility. It was Abraham's God-given duty to instruct his children, our friends' The deeper the need, the greater the wickedness, the more we need to pray. If we as Christians do not pray, who will pray?

3. It Is a Reality.

Some modern religious leaders would take all reality out of prayer and make it a sort of spiritual exercise which operates only on the mind of the one who prays, giving him new strength and a sense of well being. Undoubtedly we have fellowship with God which is interpreted in true prayer; it is spiritually beneficial; but prayer is objective, not merely subjective. It is for nations and cities, for men and women, problems and sin and sorrow. It concerns every area of human life—social, mental and spiritual.

II. The Spirit of Intercessory Prayer.

1. Unselfish.

Abraham had the assured blessing and promise of God, but instead he were wicked and unrepentant. If he had taken the attitude of many church folk, he would have said, "He serves them right. Wipe out their wickedness." But Abraham prayed for them in complete unselfishness. Can those who know the spirit of Christ be selfish in prayer?

2. Bold and Persistent.

Note the reverent boldness with which Abraham pleaded the cause of the cities. God is not unwilling to have us press our cause in prayer; in fact, He has promised that He frequently answers according to the earnestness with which men pray. He has always honored and used men of holy courage. Be persistent.

No one—not even God—likes a "quitter." Remember how writers were heard for their importunity? (Luke 11:8; 18:1-8). Many pray like the little boys on Halloween. They ring the bell and run.

Abraham persisted; fifty, forty-five, forty, thirty, twenty, ten—perhaps he should not have stopped even there. God who saw his persistent faith must have the rest of the way and saved the only four who could be saved, and even of those, three were infected with the wickedness of the place.

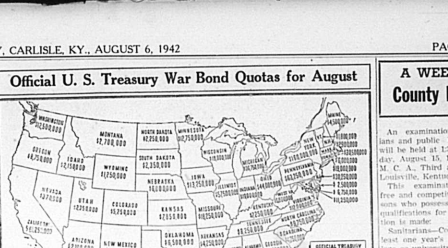
"Let us not be weary in well doing" as we pray, "for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. 6:9).

III. The Result of Intercessory Prayer.

God had to destroy the cities. There are some kinds of violent infection which must be destroyed by fire for the sake of others. Out of the destruction, however, God did deliver the righteous Lot.

God hears and answers prayers. That is not only the testimony of His Word, but the countless Christian men and women down through the ages even to our day. The one who would deny the efficacy of prayer must face an overwhelming flood of authenticated answers.

Official U. S. Treasury War Bond Quotas for August



Washington, D. C., August 5—While maintaining a tentative annual level of twelve billion dollars as its goal, the Treasury Department today fixed the August quota for the sale of War Bonds at $413,500,000 as shown by the accompanying map by states.

In lowering the quota from a billion dollars to July to $815,000,000 in August, the Treasury has given recognition to certain factors which may be expected to result in variations in sales over the 12-month period, such as the seasonal character of farm income.

These factors have been taken into account in determining each state's share for the national quota for August and will be given consideration in fixing quotas for subsequent months.

In addition to the state quotas as set out in the map there is a federal payroll allotment quota of $3,750,000 and territorial quotas as follows: Alaska, $750,000; Canal Zone, $315,000; Hawaii, $4,800,000; Puerto Rico, $410,000, and the Virgin Islands, $15,000.

U. S. Treasury Department

GIBBERISH

(Continued from Page One)

word, just wiped it on the side of the man who was doing all the dictating.

It stopped the whole business of traffic talk.

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Take it from Rollie Kavanaugh, Sunday school can be a dangerous place if you are sitting in front of Paul Garrett. A week or so ago, Dr. G. T. Cowan gave members of his class reports to make and after Rollie made his and Paul Garrett behind him was making like Rollie started tickling Paul on the knee. After standing it awhile, Garrett whaled away with a song book and that was the end of the knee business.

• • •

Roger Womack has brought me a book on fox hunting. I am thinking about stuffing it down the throat of one of his hounds if they don't stop howling at night.

• • •

Verna Stone, the groceryman, is certainly giving service these days.

Just the other day, Mrs. Ben Pumphrey had a bunch of eggs she was desirous of selling and she took them down to Stone's store. He bought 'em.

As it happened, Mrs. Pumphrey had been boiling some eggs and someone at her house got the boiled eggs mixed up with the ones that were to be sold.

Mr. Stone was sort of perplexed when a customer who had bought some eggs came back and told him that although he had been trading there for a number of years, that was the first time he had ever found any eggs that were already boiled.

The Republicans really fell off fifty per cent of their vote at the City Building. They got just one vote there.

Anyone who knows anything about an election knows that there should be at least two, because you have two Republican election officers. The Republican officers there were H. C. Norton and Harry Hamm. But they failed to sign one of the ballots which they cast, and the party came up there with only one vote.

This is just to inform them so that they can double the vote there in November, by being careful.

AMONG THE COUNTY AGENTS

Eight hand seed strippers are being used in Boyd county. These are the first ever used in the county.

Forty-three farmers in Union county are growing an average of 22 acres of hemp each.

Much of the burley in Hickman county had crimson clover in it, and the seed of both was harvested at one combining.

Several farmers in Estill county saved considerable quantities of orchard grass, rye grass and vetch seed.

Sam Banks of Adair county sold a litter of six pigs that weighed an average of 250 pounds each when six months old.

New alfalfa hay is thought to have caused bloat among 4-H club calves in Nelson county.

Eight 4-H club boys in Allen county are growing an acre each of hybrid corn.

Thomas Darnall of Fleming county threshed slightly over 500 bushels of Pahwahgata from 10 acres.

A two-for-one gilt project is being sponsored in the Kirksey county livestock committee.

Fulwin oats made high yields in Muhlenberg county, and many farmers are in the market for seed.

During the infertile egg campaign in Caldwell county, one merchant bought roosters weighing 8,000 pounds.

Fifty-two ewes owned by Howard Moore of Boyle county produced 109 pounds of fine wool in seed with a small trailer threshing machine.

George Mildon combined 10 acres of rye grass in Harrison county, the first to be produced in this county.

Remember Batavan Invest A Dime Out of Every Dollar in U.S. War Bonds

Give to the USO!

A WEEK IN County Health

An examination for sanitarians and public health nurses will be held at 1:30 p.m. Saturday, August 15, 1942, at the Y. M. C. A., Third and Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky.

This examination is open, free and competitive to all persons who possess the minimum qualifications for which application is made.

Sanitarians—Completion of at least one year's work in a college or university of recognized standing.

Good character references.

Ability to deal successfully with people.

Not eligible for induction in the Army—(for duration of War).

Citizen of the United States.

Resident of Kentucky for at least one year.

Age limit 55 years.

Nurses—Graduate and public health nurses to fill vacancies in the county health departments.

In writing for information or application blank, state educational qualifications and name of school of nursing.

Application blank and details may be obtained from the Merit System, State Department of Health, 620 South Third Street, Louisville, Kentucky. Completed application must be returned to this office not later than August 12, 1942, for admittance to the examination.

This examination will be conducted by the State Supervisor of the Merit System of the State Department of Health, Louisville, Kentucky, to establish registers of eligibles from which to fill vacancies in the State.

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To Relieve Misery of COLDS 666 tablets LIQUID, TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

REDDY KILOWATT says—

Folks, This Looks Like—

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DURING the last thirteen years—from 1929 to 1942—your home electric service could have been cut 52%. If you are our average domestic customer, you get more than twice the amount of service today that you got for your money in 1929. Your service costs you less than half what it cost thirteen years ago. In the same period have you had any comparable cut in the cost of your food, fuel, rent, clothing, gasoline or taxes?

AND SPEAKING OF TAXES—During the same thirteen years our yearly taxes jumped 200%. In 1929, we paid the government in taxes 7½¢ out of every dollar we took in. In 1941, we paid in taxes over 21¢ out of every dollar you paid us . . . much of which comes back to you in benefits: schools, hospitals, roads, libraries, police, fire and public health service, defense, etc.

DO YOU WANT TO PAY MORE TAXES?—In spite of our low-rate and good-service record, socialist-minded politicians want to take over our industry and replace business management with political management and all its evils. If they had been running our company in 1941, the taxes on our electric properties would have been only $579,470, instead of the $2,295,936 tax expense we incurred last year. The difference of $1,715,956 would have been saddled on other taxpayers. Remember, with government ownership of the utilities—

You would have to pay still higher taxes!

KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY INCORPORATED

F. J. HARDESTY, Manager

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