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In Memory of
WARREN B. FISHER
Editor 1912-1937

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

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THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1942

An Institution That Is Good For Carlisle.

When this issue of the Mercury was dedicated to the Farmers Stock Yards there was no thought on our part of promoting the private interest of any one person or organization. Neither was there any thought in our mind that we might benefit through any direct business channel by attempting to aid the cause of the local livestock sale.

The stock yards company is more to Carlisle and to Nicholas county than an ordinary business enterprise. It is an institution which we cannot afford to lose, and it is one that we must do our bit to aid in its endeavors.

Stock sale day in Carlisle is a big thing. In the course of a year it will bring thousands of persons into our town who would be visiting other towns with their livestock were there no market here. That would mean loss of business and might result in Carlisle becoming, like any ordinary county seat city, just another "Saturday town." We can't afford to let that happen.

The local market has started what promises to be a good season. Farmers from all of the leading companies appear each Tuesday to bid for their firms on the stock offered here. We have compared the prices paid here with those paid on other markets, and the records reveal that we have one of the best sales in the state right here in Carlisle.

As one of us in the community prospers, so do we all prosper. Money that is left so do we all prosper. Money that is left here by visitors has a way of finding itself spread around. Money which is taken from here will have a harder time getting back—may never return.

So as an institution which is bringing business to Carlisle, let's all get in and pitch for our local yards. As far as The Mercury is concerned, it will do everything in its power to assist in this matter.

The Communists and the United States.

This is indeed a mixed up world in which we are living.

President Roosevelt gives executive clemency to Earl Browder, erstwhile Communist nominee for the Presidency, then along comes Attorney-General Francis Biddle and orders Harry Bridges, west coast CIO leader, deported on the ground that he is a Communist.

Over in Europe we are pulling for the Communists to win the war they are waging against the Nazis, yet we are going to deport a member of that party from these United States.

We have never had the slightest leaning toward Communism, being both Democrat and Baptist. We have always thought in the past that Bridges was an undesirable element in this country, just as the bean beetle, the Egyptian corn borer and John L. Lewis.

So we take no side in this matter.

We only say that this world is a trifle mixed up.

Our Attitude In Martinique.

Developments in Martinique testify to the hardening of our war effort. We ignore the Vichy Government in our negotiations dealing only with the local authorities of the island from which Napoleon's empress came.

At this writing the whole question of the agreement as to the status of French possessions in this hemisphere has not been written, but enough has been published to tell that the French navy craft in the harbors are to be immobilized, which probably means that their guns will be removed and their machinery put in such shape that they cannot slip out. This precaution is the view of the possibility that under Nazi pressure the Laval Government might yield the remnants of the French Navy to the Nazis.

True such a transfer is understood to contravene the armistice terms of France's yielding to the conqueror, but experience has taught the world that a Hitler treaty or other obligation goes up in smoke whenever it suits the Feuhrer. One thing this country has learned is that it cannot afford to wait.

We are full of sympathy for distressed France; we recognize that she is under the heel of the invader and that the penalties for disobedience are ghastly, but we cannot lose track of the fact that those who aid our enemy are attacking us. We know, for example, that troops dragooned from vanquished countries are among the soldiers who are fighting Russia. The bombs and shells fired at the Nazi forces take no count of the personal feelings of the elements of Hitler's army.

So it is in the French situation. We know that if the present government of France had succumbed to the pressure of her masters the French Navy would be firing broadsides at our vessels and making the task of getting our men and our supplies to where they would be of use in destroying the common enemy more difficult. We could not take chances on the Gallic Carribean lands, any more than the British, with our accord, could risk Madagascar becoming a monster naval and air base from which Japan could harry our communications with our troops and Navy in the antipodes.

France had to consent to the Japanese invasion of Indo-China and thereby gave Nippon the stepping stone to the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. The fact that it was under compulsion, though masked ostensibly, did not lessen the resulting damage to us.

Not so long ago a German submarine appeared in one of their harbors and landed a sick or wounded sailor. They dared not intern for fear of reprisals on the home folks. That may have been a simple mission —or it may have been a trial balloon.

We cannot afford to have any Nazi havens in that part of the world. So we did the forthright thing. Perhaps had the local authority been adamant we might have had to occupy Martinique. Fortunately, that contingency did not eventuate.

Just now the question of whether they will turn over to us the merchant ships, and the planes that were stopped there when the mother nation succumbed, is in abeyance. The story is that instruction from Vichy are to destroy these if we insist on getting them. Whether this is fact, fancy or a threat we must guess.

The episode as a whole illustrates how far we have advanced in our realization of what this war means.

Instead of parleying and negotiating indefinitely we did the swift and effective thing. Martinique is no longer a nightmare, and the American people are reassured that the strong arm of America will not hesitate to strike when it is time to strike.

"An Editor's Random Thoughts"

Editor's Note: For several years readers throughout the State have asked for reprints of the column written upon Nature by the late Warren B. 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 print several of the editorials by Mr. Fisher which we believe you will read again with joy, one in which you will find all the beauty of Kentuckiana.

Essay on Father's Day.

Saturday, we are told by the public prints, is Father's Day. Useless, we guess we, useless. Most fathers have had their day, just like every dog has hism. If you give the average father a "Day" these days, the poor dub doesn't know what to do with it. The old boy's sinful amusements have been curtailed by the ring ceremony and the Eighteenth Amendment; monthly bills pass from the grocer, the garage man, the butcher, baker and female shops, to say nothing of the money order to Fears, Sawbuck and Co. have dazed the old lad to such an extent that he makes motions toward his check book and his safety razor, a galvanized frog, whenever mother and the kids are about and he isn't busy with some other collector.

Time was when every day was Father's day. But that was back when the old man wore a patch of whiskers like a shredded mop and shoved his face between a tangled mop of sideburns. He sat, when he had a picture taken, while his consort acknowledged the supremacy of the lordly male by timid hand on his shoulder. The kids, when children were "seen and not heard," and maw shushed the youngsters into mummified silence until Pop had properly stuffed with hog meat and Arbuckle's coffee, when he would pull up the brass cuspidor, put his feet on the mantel, and fall into a state of coma. Then the kids would creep out of the corner to safety and read the stirring novels of Louisa M. Alcott or play "Old Maid" in decorous silence. Pop was as much of a king in his own home as he was in the corner saloon in those days. And rightly so, for then, if you are old enough to remember the talk they stifled as they clung to the mahogany. The old boy even reigned in the church to the right of the preacher for themselves, carrying out the Scriptural allusion to the sheep and the goats, one supposes.

Maw sure was the goat along about the time Sweet Rosie O'Grady and the Two Little Girls in Blue met After the Ball and sang Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay. That was before the female of the species made the discovery that she was headier as well as deadlier than the male.

Chances are she had known it all the time but dassent spring it on the sturdy oak to which she clung. But when she sprung it Lord how she did spring! Byron says:

"And her revenge is as the tiger's spring.
Deadly and quick and crushing."

Well, she crushed that lord-and-master, as-the-bow-unto-the-spring-is stuff out of the swaggering male. She doesn't place a timid hand on his shoulder in picture galleries these days. They both sit, as equals, mind you, and no one ever sees the old man—the display of hosiery stops the roving eyes before it gets to the male member of the group. In the dear old days they sang "Father, dear father, come to us now." Now dad sings, "Where do we go from here?" and the mater tells him. The poor dub isn't even allowed an opinion. And now they have given him a day. What will he do with it?

Ask mom, she knows!

The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, D. C.

WAR FLASHES

Belgian anti-Nazi saboteurs have blown up one of the largest synthetic fertilizer plants in their country. This is a serious blow to the Nazis, who have been counting on this plant for food production in Germany.

For more than a month there have been no retreats of any kind on the Sofia market. Also the lack of feed, commandeered by the Nazis, is so severe that thousands of horses have died of starvation.

Four small Buffalo concerns are demonstrating that where there is a will there is a way to aid war production. Three of them, tombstone manufacturers, have obtained contracts to make shells—and one, for battleships and machine gun mounts. The fourth, which formerly made swing turn signals for trucks, is now making armament parts.

When Nazi stooge Quisling recently issued a call for volunteers in a select "Quisling Guard" only 35 in the whole country responded. The labor shortage in Italy has become so acute that all males between 14 and 70 and all females between 16 and 60 have been required to register for war work service.

* * *

CONGRESSIONAL GRAB

Even Washington, where congressional boodling is an old story, was startled when a group of senators and representatives took "X" rationing cards going down an unlimited supply of gasoline.

The capital will known that few members of congress have sufficient "official business" to warrant the "X" ration, after the way the boys got their fingers burned in the attempted grab by congress" pension grab, it was thought they had learned their lesson —for this session at least.

But it seems that, in the face of the gas grab is only part of the rationing ducking story.

OPA has said nothing about it, but the inside fact is that a number of the congressmen who originally privately demanded that the drastic tire restrictions be lifted for them so that they can get tires for campaigning purposes.

Further, because of these politicos said anything about extending such a concession to their opponents. They want tires for themselves, but their rivals must abide by the regulations without any special favors.

So far OPA has turned a deaf ear to the tire demand.

Note: Our curious why "X" cards were dished out so freely on Capitol Hill was that a number of congressional wives acted as registrars.

* * *

FAST THINKER

Popular pastime at Selective Service is sweeping aside draft draftees. Here is the latest making the rounds:

A prospective draftee was taking his physical examination and the doctor directed him to "look at the chart on the wall and tell me what numbers you see."

"What wall?" asked the draftee blankly.

After looking him over a few minutes the doctor the registrant for army couldn't use him. He put on his clothes and went home. But he didn't stay there, he stopped off to see the way things were going at the places. a movie. When the lights went on at intermission he was startled to find the examining physician seated beside him.

But the draftee was equal to the occasion. Nudging the doctor he asked innocently, "Can you tell me if this is the bus to Alexandria?"

* * *

JAP OIL

Navy experts are closely watching Jap efforts to rehabilitate the destroyed oil wells and refineries in the Dutch East Indies and Burma.

Orders have been issued that samples of thought fuels—gasoline and fuel oil from captured Jap equipment be rushed by the fastest route to the Engineering Experimental Station, Annapolis, where analysis will attempt to ascertain from what region, and even from what well, the original crude was obtained.

Nearly all oil wells and refineries were destroyed when the Allies were forced to retire from the Netherlands Indies and Burma, but the Japs are working feverishly to get the fields back in production. So far there has been no sign of any Jap use of this oil.

Note: A quart is needed for a thorough analysis, but no more than a smear can be found, the navy wants it.

* * *

MERRY-GO-ROUND

The hens of the nation are doing their part for the war. This year's egg haul is 31,000,000 cases, 10 per cent more than in 1941. And so far this year egg production has been running around 16 per cent greater than 1941.

Although one of the oldest men in the senate, Senator George Norris, "father" of TVA, is at his desk every morning by eight o'clock, never misses a meeting of the committees of which he is a member, and rarely goes home before 7 p. m.

Give to the USO!

50 YEARS AGO

Nicholas county had rain 26 days during the month of May.

John G. Powell purchases the redware store of Thos. A. Webster in the Mozart Hall building.

Thomas Waller returns from Florida where he has been spending the past winter.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Metcalfe, of this city, on the 4th, a daughter.

At the regular meeting of the city council Monday night the tax rate for 1892 was fixed at 50 cents on the $100.

Taylor Brinegar fired upon from ambush near Ellisville Sunday night. One bullet strikes him in the right arm.

Mrs. W. F. Burnaw falls from stepladder while hanging paper at her home and fractures both bones in her left leg.

R. C. King, of this city, elected delegate to the National Prohibition convention in Cincinnati at the State convention held in Louisville last week.

"The appearance of a traction engine drawing a thresher through our streets one day last week created some little stir and made horses prance around considerably.

30 YEARS AGO

Destructive wind storm visits this section Sunday and does considerable damage to barns, fences, etc.

John W. Powling painfully injured when he attempts to board a limp. The blaze burned him about the eye.

Married—Miss Bertha Conway and Mr. Kelley Cameron, both of Parks Ferry, at Maysville on June 7th.

First National Bank closes contract with George Erion to rebuild their banking house on corner of Main and Locust streets.

Jno. N. W. P., H. E. and I. B. Ross in Morgan county several days the past week looking up some land belonging to their father, the late Judge W. P. Ross.

Jno. I. Fisher, secretary of the Brackett Bridge Co., of Cincinnati, here Saturday to confer with citizens regarding the building of a bridge over Licking river near Parks Ferry.

As Harry King and Miss Lucy Waller were leaving Blue Lick Springs last Friday evening their buggy was run into by another carriage and they were thrown out. Mr. King was painfully injured.

20 YEARS AGO

Bids will be received Tuesday for the treatment of 7.12 miles of highway in the county.

Nicholas summer school to open here for a four weeks' term, with 45 teachers expected to attend.

Mayaville had the Blue Grass league team with twelve wins in 13 games.

The Carlisle City Council ordered two sidewalks laid.

ON THE OFFENSIVE AMERICA!

* * *

Wars are won by attacking, not by sitting in a fort!

And today America is taking the offensive against the Axis with hard-fighting, non-stoppable men and materials!

We're taking the offensive, too, against the enemy at home—with inflationary 6th column that blows prices sky high.

You can help in both fights by saving at least 10% of your money in U. S. War Bonds every pay day. Attack the Axis with your dollars today.

You can start with as little as a 10c War Stamp and you can get a $25.00 War Bond (maturity value) for only $18.75—at your local post office, bank or other convenient sales agency.

U. S. Treasury Department

Keep 'em rolling! We mean dollars! Buy U. S. Savings Bonds and Stamps.

OTHER EDITORIALS

Rubber—Handle With Care.

Any American motorist who burns extra miles off his tires in expectation of getting some of those substitute tires President Roosevelt talked about Tuesday stands an excellent prospect of driving on the rims. The facts about-rubber, like rubber itself, deserve to be handled with extreme care these days. By his press conference casualness, the Chief Executive unfortunately created confusion, of the kind he often deplores, about a situation his lieutenants have labored to present with the seriousness it deserves.

That seriousness is renewedly confirmed in a searching and comprehensive report by the rubber investigating committee of the United States Senate. The committee, after months of studying the problem, avers there is nothing to encourage the average motorist to hope for new rubber for his car within the next three years at least. Any probable development of synthetic rubber during that period will be more than swallowed by military needs.

The report emphasizes that the reserve of rubber which exists within the country should be conserved and used more effectively. There is an estimated 200,000 tons of rubber on the wheels of motor vehicles or lying around in unused or discarded tires. This is an important source of material for purposes other than tire-making or for recapping of tires that would stand low or moderate speeds in essential civilian use.

As yet no adequate salvage campaign has begun to draw out the resources of scrap rubber which exist in the United States, though the Committee considers it "a greater wealth of rubber than our enemies could assemble from all the sources available to them today." Yet the rubber-reclaiming industry is operating at only about half its 24-hour capacity. It could process about 225,000 tons a year or an equivalent of approximately half the peace-time consumption.

Doubtless Government officials are working on plans to bring out the rubber, either new or old, that is lying around unused. These plans should be matured quickly and Americans be told what they can do to marshal the resources of rubber that they have. Use of essential tires must be kept as long as possible while the stockpile of natural rubber and the new supplies of natural or synthetic rubber are earmarked for war.

—Christian Science Monitor

DISPELLING THE FOG

Not so very long ago some of our hate-Roosevelt newspapers were soberly complaining because of the exercise of the President's war powers was in danger of being curtailed by congressional election this year.

The idea was, of course, to secure the return of a Congress dictatorship was on the way and that the American system was being torpedoed. This slopping over in the effort to discredit the Commander-in-Chief was only a political maneuver intended to help the fantastic design to bring about the phenomenon of a House of Representatives hostile to the Government. The authors of the doomsday tidings failed to take account the Yankee sense of humor. The suggestion was received with a ration-wide grin.

We have gone about our usual pre-election business in our usual way.

The Republicans renominated their isolationist Senator Gillette. Democrats defeated one farther West. The customary hectic primaries in California went off with the regulation fire works and there were no hayseeds in the reception places anywhere. The rest of the procedure of choosing candidates for Congress going along just as it always has gone before. Voters are expressing their own virtues in the manner they believe to be pleasing to the Almighty and the most satisfactory to the political organizations that handle the primary machinery.

One of the Chicago Tribune satellite newspapers launched a campaign to have Governor Dewey is a dictator now," and intimated that a sympathetic Senate in congressional elections was on the horizon. Thereafter the editorial that a sympathetic Senate section of the press consistently editorialized with such phrases as "If the regular Congressional elections are held."

The publisher of the New York Post thereupon offered to bet the publisher of the New York Daily News $10,000 to $1,000 that the elections would be held—and the McCormick-Patterson papers tweered away, substituting the hypothesis that the administration would cancel them with "the implication that you are some kind of a traitor, Quisling, Benedict Setter or Benedict Arnold if you think or say that the administration can make mistakes in its conduct of the war."

Just an Editorial Shift

The basis for this theory, it explained, was that the President at a press conference said that he felt the next Congress should be made up of members, regardless of party, who would support the Government.

Whenever other editorial topics become scarce, some editor starts clamoring about the liberty of the press. But it has been going on ever since George Washington was President. For a century and a half they have been shadowboxing with a mythical threat against freedom of expression. Nobody in authority has ever suggested control of the press. Occasionally, through the years, some Congressman, stung by attack by the newspapers, has introduced a measure being translated into license, but nothing has ever been done about it. I presume that a legislator has the same right to talk about the "unbridled press," as the press has to publish its disapproval of the statesman.

I just now was being at war, newspapers have been asked—and have complied, with the request that they publish nothing that would disclose military information, or otherwise furnish aid or comfort to the enemy. This mild censorship is voluntary. Naturally the newspaper folk and the army and navy do not always agree on what is helpful and what is not, and the decision of the martial departments must prevail.

Actually it would require an amendment to the Constitution to infringe on the freedom of the press.

It's Safe to Blaxpidrat a President

Critism, however acute, is outside the realm of censorship, as is fairly evident from the investigations of the war administration by the isolationist press. President Roosevelt has been accused of everything from treason down. However, there is nothing new about that. Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln all had to face that sort of barrage—and nothing was done about it.

During the dark days of the war between the States, one great newspaper demanded that we let the erring sisters go. That must have come close to giving aid and comfort to the enemy, but the paper went right on publishing—and yelling about the threat to journalistic independence.

We had something of the same sort when the rubber shortage resulted in a limitation to the frequency of newspaper delivery, or when priorities called for a possible raising of print paper. Those war necessities were denounced as a covert attempt to destroy hostile journals—though as the rule must apply to pro-administration equally with anti-administration publications, it

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FOR YOUR WATCH
REPAIR WORK
Pitman's
FOR YOUR LIVESTOCK
The Farmers
Stockyards

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

N. P. Rhineheart, chief of West Virginia's state department of mines and minerals, was named president of the Mine Inspectors Institute of America, succeeding Thomas Moses of Pittsburgh. The institute's next convention will be held in Columbus, Ohio.

Gov. Keen Johnson is to purchase the first of Kentucky sesquicentennial commemorative stamps to go on sale at the post-office at Frankfort June 1. He will donate some to the State Historical Society and send some to President Roosevelt for the chief executive collection.

Dean R. T. Hinton will serve as acting president of Georgetown College until a successor is named for Dr. Henry Noble Sherwood, whose tenure ends June 1, trustees announced.

Open house this week end will be Pineville's contribution to the state sesquicentennial celebration, and hundreds of residents of neighboring states have been invited to "visit the Cumberlands in laurel time."

Citing progress made in recent months by drys of the state, who have voted bans on liquor sales in half of Kentucky's 120 counties, C. M. C. Porter, member of the state alcoholic board, warned retailers that the drys' successes were brought by "liberal, unfounded citizens who were outraged by the disgraceful nuisances operated by some beer and liquor dealers". Unless the retailers mend their ways, the nation is headed for prohibition, he said.

Because evidence showed that a river boat built like the "Island Queen" could not stand with a jerk, the state court of appeals set aside a $1,000 judgment awarded Mrs. Sherman Brown, of Kenton county, who had claimed personal injuries were received when the boat jerked away from the Cincinnati dock in September, 1938.

Constable Tony Gilliam, charged with the slaying of Dee **Manning near Olive Hill last** Friday, was held to the Carter county grand jury under $5,000 bond after he waived examining trial. Manning was shot after Gilliam went to investigate a card game at Soldier.

About 15,000 maps showing Kentucky highways and a booklet describing the state's scenic interest have been approved by army intelligence headquarters after revision to eliminate references to defense plants which might give vital information to the enemy.

A probated sentence was denied Sam Roberts, convicted of embezzlement at Cadiz, despite a petition presented by 500 residents of the bank where he formerly worked. He was sentenced sent to the Eddyville prison to begin serving a five-year sentence.

Richard C. Miller, University of Kentucky agricultural expert, called upon sheep producers of the state to shear the lamb pelts this year, enough to provide warm clothing for 28,000 army fliers.

Stockholders of the Boyle County Fair and Pinehurst Horse Show, Inc., voted to dissolve the association for the duration of the war after they had failed to obtain a field for the horse show planned for July 9-11.

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GIBBERISH

(Continued from Page One)

behind their fountains last week with "Swamp Water" written on it, and it made a fellow wonder just how far this business of substitutes for liquids was going. It turned out that they had let the Lyric Theatre put the sign there to advertise a coming show named "Swamp Water," but it was enough to scare the daylights out of a fellow until he found out.

Cut the grass, Womack.

Let it be recorded here and preserved for posterity that the younger generation in Carlisle is turning its thoughts to the more serious matters of life.

It was standing up on the corner the other afternoon just about dusk, when a car pulled up and stopped for the stop light. Inside were about fifteen children and a man driving.

A high school boy standing next to me whistled sort of low and pointed, "Look yonder."

Together we studied the prophetic scene.

"That man," the lad remarked, "certainly can get a lot of sugar."

Get the sickle, Roger.

Most terse letter to the editor received in ages was one from J. T. Clay, Jr., who resides in Paris, and it read: "Where in hell is my paper?"

P. S. This is to report that the work of rounding up the stars at Womack's home has started, some busybody having told the young attorney he could "count" the stars in the flag. It looks like espionage and I am investigating. Incidentally, the inventory of the stars found in the tall grass will be started as soon as the grass is cut.

"Shab"

"Shab" died Sunday afternoon.

No one, except few of the older residents, knew him as anything but "Shab," which is the name he was christened. Some thought his last name was Nottley. But everyone in Carlisle and in most of Nicholas county knew "Shab" or "Shab" by.

His age, as it could best be determined, was 67, but that made little difference. To practically everyone he was just a shambling negro who had been such a familiar figure on Carlisle streets for the last fifty years had changed but little.

Almost every day, would see Shabby, sometimes two or three times not, but always harmless and honest as the good Nicholas county soil.

He was the general factotum of R. L. Norton's drug store, refuling His claim. But here is the marvelous thing about his life. A rude and wicked person that he was, saw in Christ a Saviour to whom he could look and when his work quickly and fully honored (ve. 42, 43).

The picture is thus complete. The Rejected One is the "one way" to acceptance for all who believe (John 14:6). He said, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John 10:9).

III. Rejection—Bringing Light (Luke 23:44, 45; Mark 15:33, 34).

Physical darkness fell over the earth at the cross, as though all nature would go into mourning, or fought to veil the suffering Saviour from the curious and hateful eyes of men. Then, too, it was God's sign that this was not the death of any ordinary person, even as it spoke of the judgment of those who had laid violent, sinful hands on His Son.

Georgetown College has announced the appointment of Ray Miller as athletic director and head of the school's physical education department. He succeeds Bob Evans, who recently resigned to accept a post at Auburn.

A hit-and-run automobile driver was blamed at Ashland for the death of Charles Longmon, about 70, retired railroad worker. He died a few hours after he was struck by the automobile on U. S. Highway 23.

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for June 7

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

FRIDAY: THE DAY OF SUFFERING

LESSON TEXT—Luke 23:33-46; Mark 15:25, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT—But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.—Isaiah 53:5.

Dark and distressing days have often come upon the earth, but the darkest day of all history was that day when cruel men with wicked hearts and unholy hands spat on the Son of God and crucified Him. And yet, by the grace of God, it was a day of bright hope for the sinful sons of men, for on that day redemption was wrought out. The veil was rent and the new and living way into the holy presence of God (Heb. 10:20) was opened for you and for me.

The cross is popular as an ornament in a church or as a golden chain, but it is far more than that. It speaks of the black hour of the Saviour's cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and it also tells of the One who died for me!" And yet it was not for us alone that He died, but for the whole world. So we turn to our unconverted friends and direct them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1: 29). He was rejected that they might live eternally. He who had only a plea for mercy received for His persecutors (v. 34a) tenderly offers His forgiveness to men today.

I. Rejection—Bringing Acceptance (Luke 23:26-42).

Those who were gathered around the cross afford an interesting and striking picture of humanity. Some were the indifferent ones, those not interested at all in who was being crucified, but only eager to share in the division of His garments.

There stood the people "beholding"—perhaps with curiosity—as the miracle-working Christ was about to die. Verily, they were as sheep without a shepherd.

Then we see those who scoffed. They knew His claim to be the Son of God and hated Him for it. Now at last they had their chance to nail at Him, to ridicule and taunt. More ignorant and yet equally derisive, were the mocking soldiers.

Even one of the thieves by His side "railed on him" (v. 39), reviling His claim. But here is the marvelous thing about this thief. A rude and wicked person that he was, saw in Christ a Saviour to whom he could look and when his work quickly and fully honored (ve. 42, 43).

The picture is thus complete. The Rejected One is the "one way" to acceptance for all who believe (John 14:6). He said, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John 10:9).

III. Rejection — Bringing Light (Luke 23:44, 45; Mark 15:33, 34).

Physical darkness fell over the earth at the cross, as though all nature would go into mourning, or fought to veil the suffering Saviour from the curious and hateful eyes of men. Then, too, it was God's sign that this was not the death of any ordinary person, even as it spoke of the judgment of those who had laid violent, sinful hands on His Son.

Georgetown College has announced the appointment of Ray Miller as athletic director and head of the school's physical education department. He succeeds Bob Evans, who recently resigned to accept a post at Auburn.

A hit-and-run automobile driver was blamed at Ashland for the death of Charles Longmon, about 70, retired railroad worker. He died a few hours after he was struck by the automobile on U. S. Highway 23.

Kentucky

The following poem was contributed to the Society Editor of the Mercury by Mrs. Maud Sparks Crawford of Newport, Ky., who will be remembered here as a former resident, leaving here after the death of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Sparks. Her father was engaged in the drug business here, of the firm of Sparks and Grimes, and he was also a Sheriff of Nicholas county.

Mrs. Crawford sent a number of her poems, and this was chosen from toe list.

"KENTUCKY"

Once I said Kentucky Spring-time was the fairest time of all,
But I over-looked the matter of
Kentucky in the Fall.
I have roamed around the country—North and South, and East and West,
But I always found Kentucky was the place I loved the best.

When I crank up my Tin-Lizzie, an' I'm ridin' jest for fun,
It's a sight to see the turkeys flap their wings and start to run
Through the fodder, that I notice is a lookin' plenty tall—
Say—they jest ain't nothing sweeter, than Kentucky in the Fall.

There's a smell of old tobacco that completely fills the air
When I'm passin' by the big barns—you kaint beat it anywhere,
An' I know they're makin' sorghum from Kentucky sugar cane;
For I see the smoke a risin' over yonder in the lane.

Take Kentucky in the Winter, when the snow is on the ground
An' the North wind's a whistlin' an' a swirlin' all around
Til it makes us hug the fireplace, when the nights is cold and long
An' we sit around and argy or maybe spin in song.

When our neighbors from the farm come to set 'til time for bed
An' we talk about the old days, an' the whackin' times we had,
An' we pass along the apples, then Ma brings the popper 'round

An' pretty soon the pop-corn is a-hoppin' up an' down.
The flicker of the wood fire scatters shadders—an' the gloom
Thats been lurkin' back there in the corners of the room;
When I think of all thats pleasant 'bout Kentucky Winter time,
Why, I come to the conclusion, that the Winter's mighty fine.

Then there's Springtime—with the fragrance of the blossoms of the trees
An' the little wooly new lambs, is a picture that will please.
An' the fussin of the old hens, as they cluck and scratch away.

When the smell of new plowed furrers sets me dreamin' like a boy
An' the mockin' birds is singin' fit to bust themselves with joy—
Then I 'low that Springtimes sweetest—til I think of Summer rain
As it patters in the clover an' the fields of golden grain.

It's a mighty happy feelin' when the crops is doin' fine
And you know you're in Kentucky, in the good old Summertime.—

Say—I looked this matter over —take it Summer, Spring or Fall
Deemed if I don't like Kentucky when it's any time at all.

—Maud Sparks Crawford

Sharpshooter

Camp Robinson, Arkansas—In recent firing on the rifle range at Camp Robinson, where he is receiving his basic military training, Private George E. Lowe, son of Mrs. Sue Snapp, Route 3, Carlisle, Kentucky, qualified as a "Sharpshooter." To do so, it is necessary to make a score of 168 or more out of a possible 200.

Pvt. Lowe was inducted into the Army on April 3rd of this year and arrived at Camp Robinson on April 15th. Prior to his induction, he lived with his mother in Carlisle and was employed in railroad bridge work with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

Forget Pearl Harbor—Let's Get Tokyo!

—

tucky, in the good old Summertime.—

Say—I looked this matter over —take it Summer, Spring or Fall
Deemed if I don't like Kentucky when it's any time at all.

—Maud Sparks Crawford

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