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"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.

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

Awake betimes to the raucous call of a bluejay, the feathered rascal who gives warning of his coming with noisy clamor. And a mighty summery sound to me always, smacking of lush pastures, in which the purpling heads of the blue grass begin to nod in ripe readiness for the stripper. And listening, anon there comes the lazy "quirt" of the redheaded woodpecker, betokening still noons in dreaming woodlands and fields golden with rows of wheat shocks. It is the voice of June, the month perfect, the month glorious, that speaks in the call of these two feathered folk and though their voices are rough and lack melody, memory of all the summers that are past speak for me somehow, not without music, in these throaty cries.

Yet are they prophets aforetime of the season, for a tang of autumn coolness lingers in the dewy freshness of this May morning. Ever this hint of a September lying beyond the glorious fecundity of Summer comes when the hills are snowy with the blossoms of the blackberry and folk who regard comfort and cheer more highly than good housekeeping, pull the rolls of old newspaper from sooty chimneys and enjoy the warmth and sparkle of a fire upon the hearth. I being one of those, who when the meticulous drudgery known as "good housekeeping" interferes with comfort, cleave always to comfort (and have converted my wife) dress by a fire that snaps and crackles and roars up the chimney, while outside there comes from a feathered choir the very sounds and songs of June.

And with me is my young blonde fledgling, come two years old this day, and mighty welcome I should think is the glow of a warm hearth to her this tangy morning of our "blackberry winter," for the fine feminine scorn of weather is expressed in her scanty frocks and bare knees. Why they do not freeze is beyond me—and I think they do—despite all their protestations in defense of fashion. Ask the janitor of any school or office building how the feminine tenants clamor for more heat, when the thermometer rages toward eighty degrees and mere wool-clad males gasp in the dried-out air. All of which they will deny and prove me wrong, after the immemorial manner of the sex.

So to dress by the warmth of my hearth fire and take my coffee in the patch of Sunlight that floods in my dining room window. Beside me my two-year-old takes her orange juice and morning porridge and I note that her fat bare knees are warm and my hands are cold, despite the warming sunshine and my coffee, richly brewed and piping hot—a phenomenon that I set down to the further perversity of the sex. Or can it be a mere difference of age, I wonder? And suddenly there comes upon me that unpleasant awareness of the distance and stretches back of me along the path that I have come. Too often, of late, for the comfort of my philosophy comes this consciousness of the travelled path. It is strange, and yet usual, I suppose, how the awareness of the leagues that lie behind upon life's pathway comes to one suddenly. One has need to look to his philosophy if perchance one has not been too busy or headlong in his haste to furbish up a doctrine of sorts.

"Alas! it is not till time with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number."

Depend upon a poet to say it, yes, and too plainly for the comfort of my equanimity. Hohum. Another cup of coffee strongly brewed (which six months ago I foreswore with much vainglorious boastings of resultant well-being) to chase away these doldrums of the moping mind.

* * *

Presently with my young daughter to my new home a-building (Lord help me) and in celebration of her birthday to play in her old sand pile and "see man build Barbara house," (which, Heaven help me! for the money lenders seem disinclined) the man is also building for her daddy. Even the solace that lies in that golden liquid which we extract from a savory coffee bean to warm the cockles o' our hearts i' the morning, lacks the potency to cheer me when I think of the fortitude required of a country editor to build him a house at any time and of the amusing anomaly of such an one undertaking to building a year when even a Republican President is forced to juggle figures to show that only umpty million men wish to work and can't find work, instead of umpty-umpty million as Mr. Jouett Shouse avers. Even Mr. Babson's advice to choose this year of all years for building carries scant comfort, though one knows Mr. Babson can juggle figures with the best o' them and one knows Mr. Babson did forecast the stock market break with scientific accuracy, through the simple expedient of advancing his forecast month by month and year by year, until his prescience was finally confirmed.

Oh, well! one lives and learns. Perhaps the reduction in the Grundy tariff on the importation of live quail will bring the prosperity that Milord Hoover tells us is possible only under the beneficient rule of his party. Or, it is consoling to think, I may prove an old saying to be true—something that is seldom done—towit: "fools build houses and wise men live in them." Which wise saw I prefer to construe thus: that the wise man who lives therein is the fool who blithely started operation thereon. From which I draw a grain of comfort.

* * *

So to watch my blonde fledgling play in her sand pile and to wonder if some Wisdom that transcends man's mental smattering looks upon our futile little undertakings which we pursue with such intent with the same amused tolerance that I bestow upon my young daughter building bootlessly in her sand pile. I hope it is all seen with tolerance; surely it must be with immeasurable pity, if our hopes and yearnings are the totally futile gropings of mental infants on one tiny whirling planet in infinite space. Heigho! I muse too much; it is a recalcitrant liver perhaps, as well as my house a-building, that plagues me into gloomy mental maunderings.

Better to be glad of the sun and season and think not at all. In their little grey house above my baby's sand pile, the purple martins are building. The cheery chatter of the females is punctuated ever and anon by the softly whistle "pee-a-wee" of the solicitous male. Busy, happy with the work at hand, joying in the sun and food and nest-making—unthinking and content. So the song sparrow who sings above her nest in the honeysuckle hedge, the trim wren leading her early brood in a search for spiders—all moved unwittingly by the urge of Nature, living, loving, happy for today. Happy birds! from them the Nazarene drew his picture for the teaching of the simple folk who followed him:

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns."

and from the insenate loveliness of the flowers:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin."

And then the lesson to be learned from little wild folk and the flowers of the field:

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

I would that there had been graved on the tablets of my mind from childhood that closing line: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." There is to be found in it I think a philosophy of comfort, an aid to successful living—all the wisdom that is to be learned from Nature, if one listens and interprets aright.

* * *

And now my infant brings to me an old-fashioned clove pink, that, of my garden run wild and unkempt this summer, alone gives fragrance and color to its corner. And I tease her to sit in my lap and listen to the song of the catbird that sings to his fledglings this year in the thick covert of a bush honeysuckle. Almost, if not quite the equal of his cousin, the mocking bird, is this slim and beautiful bird and always will his song bring to me the Maytime when my blonde fledgling came to my aviary. Then the blue-green eggs were hatched in the climbing honeysuckle on the lattice of my porch and there was, for me, a meaning in the gentle sweetness of his song at twilight. It is pleasant to me to think of my youngster's birth being heralded by the twilight song of the catbird. And it is my whimsy to think that her aptitude for remembering the names of birds on the colored plates of my bird books is somehow fitting to the season of her birth.

I hope that I shall not bedevil her youthful mind with too much bird lore, but a love of the feathered folk, I have found, can prove a balm to hurt minds, a very pleasure as a hobby and I think a source of much wisdom and comforting philosophy.

* * *

Presently home to dinner and then to ride, on as beautiful a day as ever ... It is typical of Kentuckians, I think, to appreciate fully the loveliness of this region of the Bluegrass, despite the fact that such beauty is constantly seen and that nearness to natural wonders and beauties frequently dulls the edge of a proper valuation. Certainly to me there is nothing more lovely in Nature than the rolling fields of this region, the rich auburn soil contrasting with the myriads of green tints in the fields of wheat and rye and oats, of turf and tree. There is something fitting to the picture in the woodlands, now all too few, of ash and oak and sugar tree, hickory and black walnut. There is beauty in the roadside planting, spared the mutilation that the march of industry brings; there is loveliness in roadside elms, in hackberries and haws and wild cherry that have withstood the axe of the linemen. There is typical beauty for me in the old stone fences, their weathered grey faces contrasting with the green of the wild five-leaved ivy which creeps across them; there is beauty in the slender symmetry of a roadside vine that throws a slim finger up the straight boll of a tree; there is a charm in the call of the meadow lark from the pastures, of colts a-frolic in the paddocks, of fat cattle in peaceful ash woodlands—all of these parts of the picture upon which the hand of the Master Artisan faltered not in the making.

How painful then to see great forest trees ringed to wither and die, that tobacco may wax into velvety maturity; that a few paltry dollars may perhaps be gained. And that I saw, in my own county, as I rode, on one of the most beautiful slopes of auburn soil that I know. Some day, the penalty of that slaughter will be enforced and this fertile soil will show ruts and washes; its fertility will be gone and a naked ridge will lie where once was the beauty of protecting, soil-guarding trees. Foolish the man, financially foolish, aside from all sentimental consideration, who destroys the timber on his pastures.

* * *

Home through the cool twilight to sit again by my hearth fire. Tonight the fireflies are beginning to show and the quavering call of the little brown owl comes softly. Hand over mouth I try to teach my infant to make this quavering call, but her golden head is not for bird lore tonight, but rather for human song. "Sing," says my infant, "Annie Gal." And straightway there comes back to me a picture of an old house in a grove of forest trees, a white house with green shutters. There were old-fashioned red brick fireplaces and andirons. About the parlor there was the musty, closed-up smell of parlors in that day. At the piano in this parlor, a piano slightly out of tune, sat an aunt, who played for the boy at her knee. The song she played was my infant's "Annie Gal," which being interpreted, is the old song, "Susanna," or I think that is its title.

So in a voice that shows lack of cultivation; is, in fact, a trifle unharrowed but not harrowing I hope, I sing:

I dreamt a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I dreamt I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill.

Oh-h, Susanna! don't you cry for me,
I'm going to Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee.

It rained so hard the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun's so hot, I froze to death,
Susanna, don't you cry.

"Away back along the path! and yet how close it seems. Wax flowers in musty parlors, horses drawing rockaways, linen dusters, doilies on chair backs, sandal wood fans from the World's Fair, all sign posts along a path that stretches, stretches—Hohum!

Oh-h! Susanna, don't you cry for me,
I'm not so young as once I was,
Nor old as I might me.

So to join my little golden head in that forgetfulness, which "knits the ravelled sleeve of care."

50 YEARS AGO

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Bob Robinson, a daughter.

Charles W. Wood appointed tax collector for the Carlisle graded school district.

Eld. Thorpe, of this city, preaches baccalaureate sermon at Sharpsburg Sunday night.

Winfield Buckler, of Robertson county, announces as a candidate for circuit judge in this district.

Marshall John W. Barnett dismissed before Judge Norvell on charge of shooting Presley Kookendoffer.

State Sunday School Convention to be held in this city on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Prof. Leonidas Robertson returns to Carlisle to spend the summer from Wilmore, where he has been teaching in Asbury College.

Dr. M. Dills, wife and little son, leave for Washington to attend the meeting of the International Homeopathic Medical Society.

Died—Mr. William Shipp, 27, at his home near town on the 12th—Mrs. G. F. Smith, 43, at her home near Headquarters on the 9th—Mr. Nathan Young, 65, at his home in the county on the 13th.

At a meeting of the Prohibitionists of the county Monday, S. W. Hopkins was nominated as a candidate for Sheriff, with Perry McClanahan, as Deputy, and Walker S. Durrum was nominated for Circuit Clerk.

40 YEARS AGO

W. T. Parker appointed Constable to succeed Rolla Ratliff, who resigned.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Keller and children leave for several days trip to Torrent.

Work begun on construction of a telephone line from Carlisle to Headquarters.

Rev. G. W. Young to have charge of the program for the thirty-first annual meeting of the Parks Hill Chautauqua.

Residence of W. M. Mathers on Tureman Avenue, completed, and Mr. Mathers and family will move this week.

Married—Miss Zora Dotson and Mr. William Shaw, both of the county, at Flemingsburg, on the 14th—Miss Blanche Ratliff, of Bracken county, and Mr. J. E. Sellers, of this county, at Cynthiana on the 11th.

Twenty-three pupils of Miss Maude Dacres' music class give recital at her home Thursday evening. Miss Zaltsburg was awarded medal for most proficient pupil.

Extensive improvements being made on the Pioneer Pharmacy, and, when completed, Carlisle will have one of the most up-to-date Drug stores in the state.

Large crowd attends the annual old settlers meeting at the court house Tuesday. The following officers were elected, G. R. Keller, president; I. B. Ross, secretary; Rev. Milton Mann, chaplain.

20 YEARS AGO

Clifford Griffey, aged about 21 years, of Flemingsburg, was drowned in Licking river, about 20 yards from the Blue Lick Springs bridge, between five and six o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

Married—Miss Elizabeth Gallagher and Mr. Everett Tucker, both of the county, on Monday.—Miss Virginia Westfall and Mr. Julian S. Burns, both of this city on Monday evening.—Miss Hazel Kerr and Mr. Frank C. Henry last Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of the bride near Millersburg.

Mr. Howard Veach has installed a radiophone in the clothing store of Sam K. Veach and another in his home. The machines are the first of the kind installed in Nicholas county.

OTHER EDITORIALS

We Must Look Ahead.

"American history is full of unpleasant surprises for voters who failed to look ahead."

This quotation is from the Chicago Sun's editorial page that discussed the importance of primary elections referring to local politics. Actually the warning applies to every state in the union.

The business of choosing candidates is under way and during the next few months the personnel of the next Congress—probably the most important Congress in our history—will be determined. Republican and Democratic names will be before the people and their choice will be limited to one or the other. It should be that the opposing candidates are the best the two parties can nominate, but because of popular disregard of the significance of primaries, even their careless indifference compared with their active, positive interest when it comes to election day—this does not always happen.

In the Illinois primary only about 1,800,000 citizens voted, out of four million who could and should have participated. Perhaps had the Illinois people turned out the Republican ticket would not contain the name of the sitting Senator who said as part of his isolationist creed that the war would never happen and a couple of Representative incumbents who were turned up in the Grand Jury investigations as associates of paid Nazi agents. It is evident that ordinarily only the most active politicians, and those they can influence vote for the selection of candidates, so the result is commonly only a test of the relative strength of the opposing political machines and not of the relative adequacy of the candidates.

The primary system is perhaps the best that can be devised; the fault lies with the voters and not with the process.

It has been pointed out that we must win the war twice—once when we march into Berlin, Tokyo and Rome, and again when we sit in on the peace conference and try to work out a plan that will insure against the next generation having to face the same desperate and destructive problem in which the present generation is engaged. We need far-sighted statesmanship in the Seventy-eighth Congress, more than we ever needed it before. The tasks that lie ahead transcend the abilities of dull partisanship or amiable mediocrity.

Even assuming that the devotion to winning the war by those who hampered and delayed the war preparation and those who trafficked with people like George Sylvester Viereck, is sincere, these would hardly appear to be the best the country could send to a Congress faced with responsibility for the fate of the nation.

There is another factor of danger in Congressional elections. A good many people figure that with 96 Senators and 435 Congressmen in Congress it isn't going to make much difference what any individual state may do. So they vote their party ticket, though their sentiments may not approve on the theory that one vote, one way or another, is not going to affect the national course. They forget that like-minded people in other states may come to the same easy conclusion. Moreover, matters of the utmost importance may hang on a single vote—for example, the draft extension bill, got by the House by only vote. Had that measure failed it would have made grave delay, at least, in putting together an army fit to cope with what lies ahead of us.

This is no time to take chances. Every state election is of vital consequence, every voter must wrestle out the problem with one objective in mind—the welfare of his country—that should be the only thing he thinks of when he casts his ballot at the primaries and in November.

If he fails in this duty he fails in loyalty to our nation, and to the brave men who have fallen in their effort to preserve our national life.

DISPELLING THE FOG

A minor singer in the hate-Roosevelt chorus finds fault with a recent statement in these letters to-wit: "Had our martial departments been permitted to fortify Guam adequately, for instance, that Pacific outpost would still be an American base in a section of the world where it would be of the utmost consequence in checking the Japs."

People are naturally little concerned in a debate between publicity agents, but facts are facts.

Mr. George Rothwell Brown, for many years one of Mr. Hearst's trigger men, was apparently loaned to the Chicago Tribune group of newspapers for this occasion, hence I quote this from the record of the proceedings of the Senate when the Guam business was before that body. Senator Barkley speaking: "I listened last Saturday to a very interesting talk by Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune. . . . In his talk last Saturday he seemed to me to emphasize his belief, at least, that if Guam had been fortified years ago the Pearl Harbor incident would not have occurred on December 7."

On that same day in the Senate, Senator Tydings, who introduced the original for the Guam appropriation, said: "If we had at that outlying base, 2,500 miles away fully fortified where the Navy could have kept at least a scouting fleet and some small number of vessels, it would have seriously interfered with Japanese strategy for a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. . . . I believe that the Japs would have had a great deal of difficulty in getting by it because they would have had to go back by it again."

Mr. Brown uses another quotation to buttress his assault on the veracity of my statement, thus: "There was no request from the President, the Commander-in-Chief, to fortify Guam.

"The Navy Department did not recommend the fortification of Guam."

I quote from the New York Times report of the House proceedings that resulted in the elimination of the Guam appropriation from the "Administration's National Defense bills." That report set forth that "The authorization to dredge Guam Harbor, construct airplane, ramps, etc., was recommended by the Navy Department in connection with President Roosevelt's emergency defense message of January 12."

Mr. Brown tells us Guam was cut out by Democratic votes. The actual figures tell the story. One hundred and fifty-two Democratic Representatives voted to retain the appropriation. Had they been joined by any considerable number of Republican votes, Guam would have been made ready, but only 15 of the G. O. P. voting strength of 164 stood up against the argument that the work on Guam would offend Japan. It was the votes of 138 Republicans that left Guam defenseless.

The Only Thing That Counts

Apparently the time is approaching—if it is not already here—when the American output of war planes equals or exceeds the production capacity of the Nazi powers.

One great automotive company announces that it is six months ahead of schedule, and others indicate a similar success in the vast work of translating peace-time activities to war purposes.

(Continued on Page Three)

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

The state public service commission, Frankfort, have on file the applications of Bowling Green, Hopkinsville, Murray, Mayfield and Russellville to purchase electric systems and issue bonds to pay for the properties.

Defense testimony was offered Friday in the murder trials of Wallace Bailey and Amos Jarrell, Inez, charged with the killing of Bailey's 18-year-old wife, Gladys, in April, 1941. Seven commonwealth witnesses testified that Elsie McCoy, another defendant granted a separate trial, told them Bailey killed his wife because he was in love with Elsie.

Daviess county conducted its affairs "in strict accord with all the provisions of the uniform county budget law" during the year ending last June 30, State Auditor David A. Logan said. His report followed an audit of the county's records. He recommended the employment of a county engineer.

M. M. Botto of Munfordville is the new president of the Kentucky Teachers of Vocational Guidance. Other officers elected at the annual conference at Hardinsburg were G. H. England of Campbellsville, vice-president, and J. P. Truitt of Lexington, secretary-treasurer.

Students and teachers, many of whom plan to be out of school during the summer months, were urged by Mora E. Helm, manager of the Louisville field office of the U. S. Employment Service, to help relieve the farm labor shortage. Helm asked that they assist in the "Food For Victory" program.

Under $5,000 bond on a murder charge, Police Chief John E. Rice, Jackson, awaits his circuit court trial on June 16. He is accused of slaying Fred Deaton, former deputy sheriff, on Main street in Jackson.

The new public relations officer of the State Active Militia is Capt. Robert J. Meyer of Louisville, who was promoted from first lieutenant and assigned to his new duties. Also promoted to captain was First Lieut. Thomas M. Fleming of Frankfort, who was assigned as adjutant at headquarters of the second regiment.

The state capital presented its Sesquicentennial program with Gov. Keen Johnson serving as master of ceremonies. The program was offered under the "governor's oak" on the old capitol grounds. Col. Edgar Erskine Hume of the U. S. army medical corps spoke.

City Manager James P. Smith has appointed Frank Gholson chief of the Paducah fire department. Ernest Hannin was named assistant chief.

The city board of commissioners of Paducah discussed plans at its Tuesday night meeting for removal of abandoned street car rails, Mayor Pierce E. Lackey said.

Mt. Vernon Police Chief C. T. Sigmon was shot in the abdomen and his brothers-in-law, Tom Parsons and Cecil Rimel, were injured in an altercation near the farm homes of the latter two. State Highway Patrolman Ben Bray said the fight, in which only members of the family were involved, resulted in a skull fracture for Parsons and facial cuts for Rimel. Bray said Sigmon told him Parsons did the shooting. The police chief was taken to the Berea hospital.

Searching parties struggled through the jungle-like Greenbrier section of Nelson county for 30 hours before they found four-year-old Tresa Hardin of Louisville, who had wandered away from the home where she was visiting her family. Although she apparently was unharmed except for numerous scratches, the child was placed under treatment for shock.

Lieut. Com. T. H. Excott, Frankfort, swearing in naval recruits as "avengers of Pearl Harbor," said that "for her population, Kentucky has contributed more volunteers than any other state in the Union."

W. B. Atherton of Livermore was elected commander of the second district Kentucky Department of the American Legion.

A 17-year-old Oldham county girl, Miss Irish Shannon, has been selected by a national magazine as the nation's outstanding 4-H Club girl, it was announced at the Junior Week convention at Lexington.

A swim in the Big Sandy river at Catlettsburg, resulted in the drowning of Tom Enyart, 62. Donald Hazlett, a companion, almost lost his life in an attempt to save Enyart, officers reported.

DISPELLING THE FOG

(Continued from Page Two)

That represents the first step in winning the war—but it does not mean that the war is won, or that from now on we can contemplate with equanimity the future and let down on our effort. The war will not be won by planes or tanks or guns—unless these things are put in the hands of adequate forces in the places where military endeavor insures victory.

Our people are hungry for retribution on the Nazis, the Japs and the rest of the Axis forces that have disrupted the work, halted civilization, and brought back the terrors of savagery. They are smarting over the disasters of Pearl Harbor and the Bataan Peninsula, and the cry is universal that we take the offensive.

That cry is evidence that the American people are awake and imbued with the spirit that will ultimately reverse the course the war has taken so far. It far outclasses the carping criticism, the fault-finding, the sniping and snarling of sensation hungry broadcasters and columnists or of anti-administration newspapers which proclaim themselves eager for success in the war, but with the reservation that any hypothetical advantage must be made the most of.

It is a matter of wonderment if anybody expected that such a stupendous undertaking as that in which we are engaged would proceed in perfection, without errors or mistakes. Innumerable citizens who had achieved eminence in civil life had to be drafted to fill the posts created by the emergency. Did anybody expect that each should prove flawless in his new environment and responsibilities? It is well, of course, that definite criticism should be directed where a constructive improvement is possible, but the critic should be sure of his facts and cognizant of the circumstances that not infrequently spell that the lesser of two evils has been accepted.

Those Inter-Departmental Clashes

The people in the key posts of production, distribution and the thousand and one other agencies inseparable from the great task of winning the war are stout fellows—possibly, and naturally, jealous of their authority, and reasonably resentful of any other branch trespassing on their territory. Such clashes are bound to occur where duties may overlap, and judgments may not be in accord. But how important are these things? In the normal course of events, these differences are ironed out—not only those that have received public attention but others in the routine of streamlining. It is something like the creation of a battleship that does not go into complete service until it has had a shake-down cruise.

Meanwhile the guns and planes and tanks are rolling off the assembly lines in huge and steadily increasing volume. Warships of all classifications are coming off the ways in every available shipyard. Our martial forces are being assigned to the posts the military authorities deem best for the conduct of the war. Just where they are and in what numbers, is of course, a tactical secret, but we do know that we are training and equipping the greatest army the world has ever seen.

These are the things that count; the fussing and fuming that make headlines in the newspapers, or incite breast-beating Congressmen to violent speeches, are little more than froth. Not all of it, of course, for while we may deprecate the undue emphasis, and the subversive implications, that sometimes accompany the presentation, it is better that even less important faults should be brought into the open than that criticism should be stifled.

GIBBERISH

(Continued from Page One)

even get in the same building with a dentist.

He was a funny fellow, anyway. When rabbit time would come around, he'd ask for the day off to go hunting and say he was going out after speed meat. I always thought that was one of the most apt expressions I ever heard.

But that is wandering and getting away from that tooth pulling I was talking about.

I don't care how brave a fellow is, there are bound to be some things that scare him. Dentists do that to me. It's a phobia, I reckon, like some people are scared of tall buildings. I think it's acrophobia when you get scared of high places. It's agoraphobia when you are scared of crowds and want to be by yourself. Claustrophobia is when you are afraid of being by yourself and you feel as though the walls are closing in on you. If there is such a thing, then I guess I have dentalphobia. An appendectomy doesn't scare me, although I'm not sure I can spell it right, but you let me get into a dentist's chair and I get like a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

So I got Roger Womack to take time out from his grass cutting and go with me up to the dentist. He went along and we made it up the stairs all right.

Doc laid me back in the chair and after looking at the tooth he said it had to come out. I asked him the second time just to be sure I heard him right, and I had. So I said let's pull her, although I wasn't saying it in a very strong voice. I wasn't singing bass, if you know what I mean.

He stuck the needle in my jaw and asked me if I felt it, and of course I felt it but he was pretty gentle about the whole thing. Pretty soon the whole side of my face got numb and then he pulled out those wicked looking forceps. By that time, I didn't care if he took out all my teeth on the side that the medicine was in, and I stayed still while he yanked it. It really didn't hurt a bit, but I had dreaded it so much that I was a little bit disappointed that it wasn't any worse than it turned out. I made it out under my own power but I took the rest of the day off.

I heard one time of a fellow who was the stubbornest person in the world, except for the dentist he went to.

He wasn't speaking to the dentist and he wouldn't tell him which tooth it was that was aching. This dentist was too stubborn to ask, so he started jerking teeth, and he pulled all of the fellow's teeth but one. The way I heard it, the aching tooth was the one left and that was eight years ago. The tooth still hurts but the fellow is too stubborn to admit it.

All of which is pretty silly, I guess.

Get Tokyo!

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

Ships of the Destroyer type comprise the bulk of our fighting ships in the American Navy. Their average displacement is about 1800 tons, and they are fast, powerful, and hard hitting. They have been particularly effective in convoy duty and gave a good account of themselves in the Coral Sea engagement. They cost approximately $3,600,000 each.

Every Navy shipyard is turning out Destroyers in record time. They are essential for our two-ocean Navy. Purchase of more and more War Bonds will assure all-out production of these vital units for the Navy. Buy every pay day. If everybody invests at least ten percent of his income in War Bonds we can do the job. *U. S. Treasury Department*

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 14

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SUNDAY: THE RISEN CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES

LESSON TEXT—Luke 24:33-48.
GOLDEN TEXT—Ye are witnesses of these things.—Luke 24:48.

The glory and gladness of the resurrection morning drove back the darkness of the tomb and replaced the disciples' sadness with holy gladness. God's message to His people is one of assurance and hope. The night may be dark, but the dawn will surely come.

Two of Jesus' disciples had been walking sadly along the road to Emmaus when suddenly a stranger was with them, telling them what the Scriptures taught about the Christ—His sufferings and His glory. Their hearts burned strangely within them (Luke 24:32), but they did not recognize Him until He broke the bread of their evening meal—and then He was gone.

But now they had a joyous message which sent them hurrying back to Jerusalem to the eleven who had gathered behind locked doors to discuss the reports which had also come to them of His resurrection. And suddenly—

I. "Jesus Himself Stood in the Midst" (vv. 33-43).

What a blessed and conclusive confirmation of their report. He, their beloved Lord and Master, stood there before them, alive and speaking His tender message of "Peace."

The disciples, however, were bewildered and slow to believe. Observe how kind and patient He was with these frightened and unbelieving men. And note what a splendid testimony it is to the truth of the resurrection that they who knew Him best expected proof before they believed.

Before we condemn them for lack of faith let us ask ourselves if we would have done better, and let us be thankful that their hesitation made assurance doubly sure. He was really there—alive. Partaking of food (which He did not need), and giving them opportunity to touch his body, He demonstrated the reality of the resurrection.

He next gave them a sure foundation for faith.

II. "Then Opened He Their Understanding" (vv. 44, 45).

This He did that they might "understand the scriptures." Their minds had become confused and He literally "disentangled" them. We need to have the knots and kinks taken out of our thinking about God's Word. Then we too will understand.

Dealing with the entire Old Testament (divided by the Hebrews into law, prophets, and psalms), He thus gave it His endorsement. Men may deny, but Jesus approved the Scriptures of the Old Testament—and we are ready to take His word. "All things must be fulfilled" is His statement concerning Himself. There is our Lord's guarantee that the promises of His second coming, and all that is associated with it, as well as with His future reign, will be fulfilled.

This time of fellowship with the Lord around the Word of God was strengthening to their faith, but it had another purpose. The blessings of God are not for our own satisfaction alone, for it is His will that there be—

III. "Repentance Preached in His Name" (vv. 46-48).

There is a message to go out through His disciples to all nations. He died for the sins of the world. He arose for the justification of those who believe. There is remission of sin for those who in repentance and faith turn to Him.

Fellowship with Christ and an understanding of His Word which does not result in aggressive witness for Him is quite useless. We meet Him and study His Word not only that we may grow in grace, but that we may be witnesses to all nations.

To be a witness involves knowledge of a fact, to the truth of which the individual can bear testimony. The disciples were called to be witnesses "not speculators, philosophers, moralists or legislators. They had neither to argue nor to dissertate, nor to lay down rules for conduct, nor to ventilate their own fancies. They were witnesses, and their business was to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" (Alexander Maclaren).

The Christian by life possibly more than by word is to "adorn the doctrine of God," as Paul put it (Titus 2:10), commending it to those round about him. Observe that such a witness is to start right at home, "beginning at Jerusalem" (v. 47).

It may be difficult in our times to send witnesses to distant lands, for ships are busy carrying the men and implements of war. But right in your Jerusalem there is a spiritual need, in your little town or rural community, in the city where you live, in your home, office, shop, or school. You who read this who are in the service of the country will find a "Jerusalem" in your camp or on your ship.

Buy U. S. Defense Bonds

WPB RULING ON PHONES EXPLAINED

Interpreting the War Production Board's recently revised order on the subject of telephone service, Telephone Company Manager H. M. Mitchell said here today that limitations contained in the order will not affect the majority of present local subscribers immediately.

But in certain restricted areas individual-line users may be asked to change to party lines to make service available for persons in essential war-need categories set up by the WPB, he added.

"Non-subscribers not among the essential categories might not be able to obtain telephones in the future, since the WPB has decreed that only persons or organizations engaged in direct war work or are charged with the responsibility of public health, welfare, or security can be certain of obtaining new telephone service under its revised order. Likewise subscribers who move from one place to another and are not in essential categories might not be able to obtain a telephone or might be asked to accept party-line service."

The essential categories set up by WPB are:

The Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and civilian defense services; official Federal, State, County and municipal government services; official agencies of Foreign Governments; recognized organizations serving the health, safety or welfare of the public, namely, utilities, common carriers, pipe lines, press associations, newspapers, radio broadcasting, hospitals, clinics, sanitoria, including ambulance services, physicians, surgeons, dentists, nurses, drug manufacturers and distributors, burial services, Red Cross, recognized philanthropic agencies, USO, churches and clergy, food processing, storage and distribution; business concerns furnishing materials or facilities under direct or subcontracts to the Federal government and suppliers, producers and processors operating under government contracts, building management offices located in new housing developments; and temporary residence extension telephones essential in case of serious illness. The order also permits the installation of public pay telephones to meet the demand for service in certain areas.

In general, the new WPB decree goes much farther than the March 3 order in limiting telephone central office and outside plant enlargement, as well as the amount of facilities available to the civilian public, with the anticipation of much greater conservation of desperately needed materials. The new limitations are expected to result in conserving for war purposes annually 53,000 tons of lead, 35,000 tons of iron and steel, 43,000 tons of copper, 6,500 tons of zinc, 1,890 tons of crude rubber and large amounts of other materials.

"As in the case of the original order, we will comply with the restrictions to the letter. We anticipate the full cooperation of the public in this plan which will divert such large quantities of the material to war use," Manager Mitchell said.

There are no "rookie" dollars. Send yours to the front!

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How the New Order Limiting Telephone Installations May Affect *You*

To turn out more and more weapons for our fighting men, our Government has called upon the telephone industry and the telephone-using public to limit new telephone installations to an extent that will divert annually thousands of tons of vital metals and rubber to war production.

If you are a new applicant for service or a business or residential subscriber, the limitations of the War Production Board order may affect you, depending upon how much equipment is now available to serve the future requirements of essential individuals or agencies in your community.

Specifically, this is how the order may affect you:

***NON-SUBSCRIBERS*, business or residential, may not be able to obtain telephones in some instances.**

***BUSINESS CUSTOMERS*, particularly those with private branch exchanges and other large service installations who move to new locations or who wish other changes, may not be able to obtain the desired arrangements.**

***RESIDENTIAL SUBSCRIBERS* who move may not be able to obtain telephones or may be asked to accept a different class of service.**

We shall observe the order to the letter, confident of the public's full cooperation. We look forward to the day when we shall again be able to give you the kind of service you want, when and where you want it—but now, and for the duration, the one big task of winning the war comes first . . . with us, as with you.

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
INCORPORATED
HARRY M. MITCHELL Manager

8 out of 10 of These Neighbors of Yours Were Born Right Here in Kentucky!

FOLKS: The 1,138 men and women who operate our power plants, keep the electric lines repaired, read your meters, run our offices, etc., are actually the Kentucky Utilities Company. The president used to string wires on poles in Bell County. Eight out of ten were born in the State. All but a handful work in small towns today.

They are your neighbors, lodge brothers, fellow Rotarians, Kiwanis, church members, Legionnaires. Over 500 have been with us more than ten years; over 250 more than five years; over 190 more than two years. They make up a dependable organization—always on the job day and night, trying to give the best service possible. And they're giving you better service at lower cost every year.

Politicians who want to put themselves in business are trying to break up this organization and wreck the company. They want to replace business management with political management. Politics in business destroys private enterprise. It fosters un-American socialism. It is dangerous.

Do You Want the Politicians to Take Over Your Business?

Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps Today!

KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY
INCORPORATED
F. J. HARDESTY, Manager