THE CARLISLE MERCURY

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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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MEMBER KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1942

More Boys Are Leaving.

On the 25th day of this month another contingent of Nicholas county's finest young men will be leaving their homes for the Army of the United States.

Last month, Carlisle showed a similar, if smaller group just how much she appreciated the sacrifice that is being made by these boys who are going into the grimmest war in world history. The band played. There were speeches. There was a huge crowd, estimated at a thousand persons by many, out to see the boys board the special bus.

We said then and we say again that there is no cause for tears at such a time. It is dependent upon the ones left behind to see to it that these lads are given a joyous farewell because it is not a time of sorrow but a time of gallantry, of bravery, of derring-do.

There may be no band this time, because the band is a school organization and school is closed for its summer vacation. But there should be a crowd, a crowd that gathers spontaneously to bid farewell for a little while to the boys that are going.

It is the least we can do, and we feel confident that the crowd would gather if this little reminder had never soon the light of day.

The Situation at Eastern State Hospital.

Attorney General Hubert Meredith is very probably activated by motives which he deems in the interest of the public weal when he sues to question the validity of an 11 million dollar appropriation which the 1942 General Assembly made and left with the governor to administer.

The facts in the case are too involved to be brought into discussion here. General Meredith and Governor Johnson have been feuding ever since this administration started and each would be the last to deny the fact.

But included in that 11 million dollars which was allotted to be spent was an outlay of more than two hundred thousand dollars to rehabilitate the physical equipment at Eastern State hospital in Lexington, which is a haven for those poor persons whose mental faculties are not of the average.

Tales of overcrowding come from Eastern State. Tales of suffering this winter may come from there, if the necessary work is not done there this summer when it must be started in order to be effective when cold weather comes.

We believe that General Meredith, himself, would not favor the curtailment of this appropriation for the relief of those that there must be some manner in which these funds can be released so that these blameless persons may be properly cared for. We are, after all, our brother's keeper and there is a higher law than the constitution of Kentucky.

Thanks.

We were happy indeed when The Mercury was adjudged the third best weekly newspaper in Kentucky at the Kentucky Press Association meeting last week. We were also happy for the honor which was given the newspaper in placing its front page as the second best in the state's weeklies.

We were glad not so much for ourselves, but for you people who subscribe to our newspaper. Impartial judges have decided that we are trying our best to give you a paper that will be worthwhile—one that you will enjoy.

It would not have been possible without our subscribers. It would not have been possible without our advertisers. It would not have been possible without our county correspondents. It would not have been possible without Bill Power, our shop foreman, and Miss Annie Barr, our linotype operator. And Sam Reynolds, who came on as a rub a few weeks ago.

Everyone who reads the Mercury or who helps with it in any way is to blame.

And we thank you, on behalf of Mrs. Fisher and ourselves as Tiny Tim would put it, "each and every one."

—G. P.

Let's Have An Auction.

Down in Logan county, which was variously referred to as the Free State of Logan and as Ethel county in a political campaign that is not too far removed to be verdant in our memories, the good people had upon a plan to raise money for the USO and other agencies which were needing ready cash.

We hasten to mention that all of this happened in Logan, because we wish to put into the record that the idea is not original with us. Also, we wish to get it in here that the thing raised the little matter of two thousand dollars in Logan for these various agencies.

To be brief, they had an auction. They sold stuff. They sold stuff higher than a cat's back, and then turned the entire proceeds over to the agencies for which they were plunging.

We wish to submit that the same thing will work here, and that the USO at one fell swoop, can raise much of the remaining ever necessary to fill its quota.

If there are three things that leave their impressions on small towns, they are fires, auctions and weddings. Just mention any one of the three and you can get an audience; just put on any one of the three and you can draw a crowd that will let out the View Hallo and come running. (A circus will do this too, but it is generally composed of outside talent and cannot be classified in the same category with the other three. We never have understood why we home folks couldn't exhibit our own fat ladies and charge, but that is beside the point. Let's just call a circus an outside institution and let it go at that.)

Anyway, they had an auction down in Logan. They must have had an awful big auction. They bought and they sold and they traded. And when the last gentleman had retired, satisfied as it started down over the Purchase, they had money that had been shelled out in the heat of the moment for articles which the buyers had no idea of purchasing when they came to the sale. Auctions affect people like that.

So let's have an auction here, say we. Let's have a great big auction. Let's have it on a Saturday afternoon in the court house square so that we will be sure to have a crowd. Let's get everyone who will to contribute something to sell at the auction. Maybe the Future Farmers will give a pig. Maybe some store will donate a ham. Or a bushel of corn. Or chickens. Or maybe there'll be chairs, and tables, and all manner of merchandise. It really doesn't make much difference about what you sell. You can sell it at a public auction when the dullest tones of the auctioneer assuage the collective ear and the populace is lulled into opening its purse in the open market place.

This is just a suggestion, mind you. If no one cares to take the matter up, then we will just let it die a natural death. But we hasten to repeat that they did it in Logan.

And shall we admit for one moment, we inquire, that the people in the erstwhile free state are bigger suckers at a public auction than the good people of Nicholas?

Never, by the eternal, never!

The Congressional Election Is All-Important.

This nation is about to go to the polls again and elect another Congress. In many instances, the primaries have already been held, the nominations made. In other instances, the elections are imminent. No other election in the history of this nation, as far as Congressional personnel is concerned, has been so important.

To say that members of our present Congress have been woefully shortsighted is to speak with the tone of charity. Many of them were ostrich like in their refusal to see that a world war was brewing and that this nation could not possibly escape its destiny to enter that maelstrom. Others have actually been lured by covert testimony to subversive agents and their activities—whether unwittingly remaining a moot question.

On February 15, 1940, Representative Springer, (R-Ind.) said: "I hope the appropriation for the harbor of Guam will be defeated in the House. If you pass this unnecessary appropriation the day will come when you will regret it. Let us stagger the buildup of a Navy over a period of years—and immediately—not for war, but for peace."

Other fine feathered ostriches spoke in like manner until Guam was left defenseless and the answer came two years later at Pearl Harbor.

These isolationists are now all out for war, and rightly. But should men who had no more vision, who took no more trouble to ascertain the facts of the case, who were no better able to see the world revolution is store be entrusted with the reins of this nation's government in a time when this nation is at death grips fighting for its existence? Had the Pilgrim fathers had no more vision than this would this country have been settled?

It is the absolute duty of every person who is called to the colors to go and fight; it is the absolute duty of those who are remaining at home to vote and to see that a Congress is seated which will uphold the war effort and the war aims of this nation. We want no more groups of men who would block the aims of peace after the war as did the Henry Cabot Lodges in the "war to end wars."

War may come, tires may be rationed, sugar may be doled out and gasoline may be curtailed. Only one thing remains the same —the Yankees are making a show of the remainder of the American League and the Phillies are in the cellar in the National.

The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, D. C.

WAAC ENLISTMENTS

Thousands of determined women, eager to don the WAAC uniform, are driving WAAC officials wacky.

The campaign for enlistments in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps has succeeded too well. Maj. Oveta Culp Hobby and her chief lieutenants, Mrs. Arthur Woods and Mrs. Genevieve Forbes Herrick, have a bear by the tail and they know it.

Sad truth is that there cannot possibly be more than 500 WAAC officer-candidates taken in now. No "auxiliaries," that is, noncommissioned WAAC's, can be recruited until the officers have been trained, possibly around September 15. The greatest number of WAAC's that can be taken in this year is estimated at 25,000, and all of these will be subjected to a minimum of four weeks' training. That leaves some 275,000 disappointed would-be WAAC's out of an estimated registration of 300,000.

Toughest job of all falls upon the chief Corps officers in the nine army corps areas. It is their job to weed out the "hot" registrants and select the lucky women. Those chosen must then face a series of very stiff aptitude tests.

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BOND LOTTERY

Rep. Adolph Sabath of Illinois, genial chairman of the house rules committee, startled the last session of President on government-sponsored lotteries when he called at the White House. However, he was given a new idea on how to use the lottery principle for the sale of war bonds.

Sabath contended that a legalized lottery, conducted monthly by the Treasury, would be a big boon to the loving taxation and raise billions in extra revenue for the war.

Under a bill he is sponsoring, the Illinois said, the government would redeem every bond worth $100,000 from the sale of a billion $1 lottery bonds. It would do this at this amount at 3 per cent for 20 years, the interest alone would total $525,000,000.

"It wouldn't be the first time our government has resorted to lotteries," argued Sabath. "We did it in 1776 to help finance the Revolutionary war.

"Yes, I know," said the President, adding that he favored the advisability of lotteries at this time because of the strong opposition of religious groups. Instead, he proposed a compromise.

"Why not apply your lottery ideas to the sale of war bonds?" he suggested. The Belgian government held bond lotteries for a number of years."

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SHAKY CHINA

Chinese leaders in Washington are not shouting it from the housetops, but behind closed doors they are doing some tough talking to the effect that an increasing number of Chinese are getting discouraged about the war and would like to see some kind of appeasement with Japan. Chinese leaders give this as the reason why China must have airplanes—and have them immediately.

The Chinese don't demand a lot of planes. All they do say is that even a small fraction of the munitions going to Russia would work wonders in bolstering Chinese morale.

Here is the Chinese picture now being presented to U. S. war strategists. After five years of war, the Chinese are warweary. Most discouraging thing is the ironical fact that the Chinese are worse off now, with Allies, than they were before. Japs slow down their offensive when they cheered her with his song. So I brave the shaft of the light and peep in upon her nest. This time she dips silently away and venturing nearer I find four gaping mouths, where a few days ago were four blue-green eggs. Another adventure! I wonder if I but imagine a fuller note from the sweet minstrel in my plum tree?

So to breakfast of cantaloupe on which I did gamble grandly, and then to my sunrise that I have won, and fresh eggs and cream and coffee with golden crusts, which does make me better content with my lot. And as I eat my catbird sings from the plum tree. I was sure that he does not live there.

Soon to the cemetery to see a "brown mockingbird," of which I have been told and the superintendent knows the nest and pointed out several comes and it is a brown thrasher, a cousin of the mockingbird and of the catbird, but not a thrush, for the thrasher is no mean performer and it is not strange that one should call him a "brown mockingbird." And I am also look back about the beautiful ridge where all about the dead lie sleeping and gather into my lovely sheaf many flowers, greens in tree and shrub, there comes upon me that poignant feeling of being unable to enjoy enough, to get enough within me of this beauty. A queer feeling and I wonder about it.

• • •

Up into the town to be shaved by Fulton, the chirotonsor and right silent he is for a bright spring morning and tells me not a tale of his wondrous deeds or hair-raising experiences, though I bait him to tell of his winter in Alaska, a story he does relate remarkably well for one whose farthest North is Cincinnati. And while he lathers and scrapes, I am reminded of a letter from Holland Dills by yesterday's post, in which he pays respects to the power of our "tale spinning barber to evoke mental pictures of the "old home town," even amid the roaring rush of the metropolis. He writes:

Dear old Ed:

For although you may be no older than you feel it's a cinch no man can have been marched upon by a lifelong set of lines without feeling no younger than he should. (From the looks of that sentence I believe the Noes have it.)

So Sunday, feelin' em somewhat myself and seeking anodyne in anecdote, which all good news is, I humbly submit, I had at a bushel of saved-up Mercuries. You can't beat the scribbler's instinct; for had I no sooner got started on the home pilgrimage than came the tonic; not little by little, in, shall one say, Homeopathic doses, but all of a sudden, like a sunburst, or a yellow house met at a sharp bend in the road, it came in one paragraph of the "Diary" and it packed a mean Hans Anderson. It was, of course, about that flock of frozen birds that rose to the sky and started a blizzard.

I rejoice to learn that Troubadour Fulton has opened his Spring diapason in characteristic color, perhaps even a shade quicker than common, but then this is an Age of progress, in the arts as well.

So I chose it to our good Munchausen of the Sheets and he laughs right merrily, though "troubadour" and "diapason" stumped him. But he will ask about these later, I know.

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To the shop and at this, that and t'other until noon, when home to a mess of jowl and greens, some corn dodgers and a mug of buttermilk, mighty tasty. With which refreshed, we take coach, my young son and I, and are away in the fine mellow sunlight to see my new daughter, Mistress Barbara, lately come to this world with the least blessing. And I am minded of a ballad of old England that yet lives along the creeks and coves of our Kentucky Highlands:

"Oh, what is the matter, my lord, son?"
When the green buds they were swelling.
Sweet William came from the western states
And courted Barbara Allen.

A quaint old fashioned name and I think my wife has chosen well in this, as I find me dote in all things.

So I sit well content with my thoughts and the chatter of my boy, beneath the green roof upon which God smiled with loving tenderness in the making. I am sure. For here blooms in the Elmerian grape at me with a poignancy that is almost pain and this fine spring it seems to me never did I see the Cumberland so beautiful, never so rich a profusion of greens in soil and leaf. Chlorophyll brings the coloring, me boy tells me, having learned it in school. And little Jack pick up in school these days. Sure a sawmill check in the Cumberland must be mighty like a—

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And now we are [illegible] This pasture, dotted with giant oaks, and here by the shade of which shall be cast subtle making a picture of such surpassing loveliness that I am speechless. And I am also thankful I am not a poet, for I should be driven to drink this cup of beauty deeply enough. And it comes upon me that perhaps all this is why I am so very sunny in the presence of my new daughter. And a good sister does ask if I am my wife's father, which takes the wind out of my sails completely, but is commitment to my wife, in a manner of speaking. And so I look and marvel at this baby and it comes to me that here too is the hand that sends the sunkissed egg back to mate that has woven her nest in a dentil bush at my back door. There she has been sitting these many days, except for a little bob shaft over her eggs, while her mate cheered her with his song. So I brave the shaft of the light and peep in upon her nest. This time she dips silently away and venturing nearer I find four gaping mouths, where a few days ago were four blue-green eggs. Another adventure! I wonder if I but imagine a fuller note from the sweet minstrel in my plum tree?

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"An Editor's Random Thoughts"

Editor's Note: For several years readers throughout the State have enjoyed the reprints of the brilliant editorials upon Nature by the late Warren R. Fisher. With this in mind, and, believing that many would enjoy again an editorial, 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.

Up before breakfast, mighty betimes for me, and out into the garden where, Spring burgeons, though the chill in the air is that of late September. And there stroll, admiring the gorgeous beauties of a shell-pink peony just come into its full glory, the loveliest I think that ever I saw. In truth my garden dazes into colorful life since the rains, with the white and gold of shasta daises, the misty blue of delphinium and the deeper azure of anchusa. And there are flares of white and ivory and purple and hidden away behind the ranker foliage of slumber flowers, a little bed of old-fashioned china pinks performs the air with a scent not to be in itself a memory of "old fashioned, far off things." Wee, modest flowers. Its a quaint and old-fashioned garden, kiss breeches and pantaloni hair, as sweet as old lavender, as graceful as a minuet.

A garden I am minded to sing, God wot, sing the poet and indeed it is. My garden is a tiny plot but it will bear a host of memories within. For the Universal Mother bestows impartially the beauties of her ever-changing face upon the humble as well as the proud, formal gardens alike and though I have frequently envied the rich their hothouse blooms, their acres of lawn and lily pools, one may being beauty enough in a backyard garden—a cool little spot, shaded and secluded decently, with not that sense of insufficiency which I feel when in the enjoyment of my own modest garden I have an opportune boarder.

So to sit a moment in my summer house, the gift of my daughter, and to look upon the planted mosaic that mean flowers and soon Japanese morning-glories and over the little arbor upon which I sit hollyhocks shall bloom. I have here me an antre roof by day and it by night. Now through the leaves of the honeysuckle vine, which, thirty-two in all, busy with the cares of family, shoving it the sun, I see the sky, blue as the eyes of a child when a beautiful crested bird comes to rest in a weeping willow for a moment, then away, and I envy it its hold lover an adventure and that before breakfast, for I know by the drops of cherry red on his throat that a sugar waiver has visited my garden and I have seen him. He is a restless bird and is soon away, but the perfect time so sweetly from the plum tree, that I quickly forget the jaunty crested waxwing and rethink me of my singer's mate that has woven her nest in a dentil bush at my back door. There she has been sitting these many days, except for a little bob shaft over her eggs, while her mate cheered her with his song. So I brave the shaft of the light and peep in upon her nest. This time she dips silently away and venturing nearer I find four gaping mouths, where a few days ago were four blue-green eggs. Another adventure! I wonder if I but imagine a fuller note from the sweet minstrel in my plum tree?

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DISPELLING THE FOG

Impatient Americans are asking why we do not forthwith recognize General de Gaulle's organization as the real Government of France and cut out the Vichy regime altogether in our transactions and negotiations.

These same people want us to take possession of Martinique and the other French possessions in this hemisphere—particularly Martinique because of its position relative to the Panama canal, and the suspicion that it affords a haven for the Nazi or Fascist submarines that have been plaguing our merchant ships, and especially our tankers in the Caribbean.

Having no more information about the State Department's viewpoint than anybody else who reads the newspapers, it does not seem difficult to deduce the answers to these questions.

The Laval Government is under tremendous pressure from Hitler, who wants the resources of the French Navy and other collaboration by the conquered nation. The demands of Italy for Tunisia, Corsica and Nice and Savoy is supposed to be part of the pressure from Berlin—the idea being that Berlin might save France from this extortion by her acceptance of Vichy would do as Berlin directs—just another gangster process.

If Hitler could accomplish a break between France and the United States he probably feels that Laval would go the route for him—or at least go more further than he has felt able to go in defiance of the people's sentiment.

Hence the position of our State Department told at a recent press conference that the United States would be one of continuing to aid French elements that are resisting military aggression, but that we were not projecting ourselves into other phases of the French situation, beyond what the war effort required.

A Few Hand Translation

In this diplomatic language this would seem to mean that we accepted General de Gaulle's authority insofar as the war effort is concerned, but that the French people themselves would have to determine ultimately what Government they would live under.

The Martinique situation in a measure comes under the same ruling, for there we insist on dealing with the French Admiral who is in command of the French Antilles fleet. He is High Commissioner of the French Islands and not with the Laval administration. The last reports, as this is written, are that the French are complying with our demand that their warships be immobilized, which means that they cannot be moved from the harbor and therefore cannot be delivered to the Germans.

The other points embraced in our demands are fairly clear. Among these is the provision that the French cargo ships, etc., be turned over to the United States—by purchase or other equitable arrangement, and that American authorities should control the wireless and telephone facilities to prevent else censorship over the mails, etc.

In short, we insisted that during the war we should have such authority in the islands that they could not be used to aid the Axis. We made no threats, but the concluding paragraph, according to the translation made public by Vichy, stated that "it is recognized that if the High Commissioner ceased to have control of the situation, the status of these possessions might be modified, and the United States could no longer guarantee their possession by the French people."

We Want Martinique?

In rougher language this might be, and perhaps has been, interpreted as a notice that while our present program called for the return to total French dominion at the conclusion of the war, if France refused to play ball we would take possession with no specific obligation to give the islands back when the fighting is over.

Opinions are at variance as to whether we need Martinique, or whether by taking it over we would simply acquire some real estate of no military value, in view of our other bases in the same vicinity. It us urged that by simply eliminating it as a threat, as would be done under the terms of the pending negotiations, our object would be attained.

There is a diplomatic front, among various fighting fronts in this war. So we string along with the Commandant of the Free French forces, giving him all the aid we can send him to help in the fighting but balk at recognizing his organization as the government of France, which has a government at Vichy. That may be a puppet government, but it is the present ministry at the Father's right hand (Mark 16:19; Heb. 7:25), prepared them by giving them a divine commission, which they accepted and acted upon with the assurance of His power and blessing. The lesson is summarized in the words, "Go ye" (Matt. 28:19); "They went forth" (Mark 16:20); "And he . . . blessed them" (Luke 24:50).

To "Go" Unto All the World

God's plans are never small plans. World evangelization, nothing less, was the goal He had in mind, and to which Christ commissioned this little group when He left the earth. His disciples. It was not only a great task but it was a glorious one.

Back of such marching orders there must be probably feeling that Laval would go the route for him—or at least go more further than he has felt able to go in defiance of the people's sentiment.

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Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Editor, Word Bible Press, Cincinnati.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for June 21

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

THE TASK COMMITTED TO THE DISCIPLES

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 28:16-20; Mark 16:15-20; Luke 24:50-53.

GOLDEN TEXT—Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark 16:15.

Witnesses of the resurrection—that privilege of the disciples carried with it the responsibility of declaring the good news of completed redemption to all the nations of the earth. In doing so they were destined to meet opposition and unbelief, to flee from cities and to know discouragement. So the Lord, before leaving this world for His present ministry at the Father's right hand (Mark 16:19; Heb. 7:25), prepared them by giving them a divine commission, which they accepted and acted upon with the assurance of His power and blessing. The lesson is summarized in the words, "Go ye" (Matt. 28:19); "They went forth" (Mark 16:20); "And he . . . blessed them" (Luke 24:50).

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A Few Hand Translation

In this diplomatic language this would seem to mean that we accepted General de Gaulle's authority insofar as the war effort is concerned, but that the French people themselves would have to determine ultimately what Government they would live under.

The Martinique situation in a measure comes under the same ruling, for there we insist on dealing with the French Admiral who is in command of the French Antilles fleet. He is High Commissioner of the French Islands and not with the Laval administration. The last reports, as this is written, are that the French are complying with our demand that their warships be immobilized, which means that they cannot be moved from the harbor and therefore cannot be delivered to the Germans.

The other points embraced in our demands are fairly clear. Among these is the provision that the French cargo ships, etc., be turned over to the United States—by purchase or other equitable arrangement, and that American authorities should control the wireless and telephone facilities to prevent else censorship over the mails, etc.

In short, we insisted that during the war we should have such authority in the islands that they could not be used to aid the Axis. We made no threats, but the concluding paragraph, according to the translation made public by Vichy, stated that "it is recognized that if the High Commissioner ceased to have control of the situation, the status of these possessions might be modified, and the United States could no longer guarantee their possession by the French people."

We Want Martinique?

In rougher language this might be, and perhaps has been, interpreted as a notice that while our present program called for the return to total French dominion at the conclusion of the war, if France refused to play ball we would take possession with no specific obligation to give the islands back when the fighting is over.

Opinions are at variance as to whether we need Martinique, or whether by taking it over we would simply acquire some real estate of no military value,

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

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50 YEARS AGO

Dr. Jerry Foster, native of Nicholas, to locate in Harrodsburg to practice his profession.

Grover Cleveland nominated by the Democrats for their president.

Julian Adair of Millersburg visiting here. Saturday fell into an old well while playing hide-and-seek and nearly lost his life.

Perry McClanahan asked that his name be omitted from the Prohibition ticket as a candidate for deputy sheriff saying that he was a "Democrat and expected to be a Democrat always."

William E. Knox was elected mayor of Carlisle. Councilmen elected were W. I. Dorsey, M. V. Bostain, Dr. Harry Munger and John Conley. Charles W. Wood was named city attorney

20 YEARS AGO

W. H. Frey, W. J. Reed and James Gardner, elections officials, learned judges, clerks and sheriffs to officiate at polls and places in first general registration of voters to be held here.

The marriage of Miss Willella Hance of Walton and Dr. Albert T. Gardner of Carlisle was solemnized at the home of the bride's aunt in Covington.

Rev. H. E. Lamore, Professor Dunky Shelton, Howard K. Veach were named as judges in the Mercury Puzzle contest which closed this week. (Winner next week).

General crop conditions in Nicholas county were reported to be 11 per cent better than the average for the preceding ten year period.

THIS WEEK IN THE WAR

The European Front:

Libya, in the Crimea and in the Kharkov area north of the Sea of Azov, the Germans are on the offensive. In Libya, Rommel's armored forces have turned the southern end of the British line and are now advancing upon El Gazala and Tobruk from the west and seek to win as both or either holds out, an advance against Egypt, before winter would seem to be impossible. In desert fighting the victory is won in the end by the army which has most tanks and planes left when the battle is by with both sides determined the land gained or lost. The British line has been turned but not broken. Rushing counterattack by tanks and planes might yet force enemy last week the situation so fluid is desert fighting.

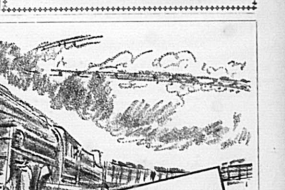
The Crimean naval base of Sebastopol is still beating off heavy German attacks after months of siege. Latest word is Russians admit that their situation is precarious. The loss of a little facility on the Black Sea fleet would be a disaster and might open the way for the Germans to overrun eastward toward the Caucasus oil fields. Both Germany and Russia's heavy bombers raided Rumanian oil fields and refineries and probably other bases at or near Odessa. These planes based either in Syria or Egypt may be able to disrupt German plans in the Black Sea area. In the Kharkov area the Germans are hammering at the Russian lines again and further north the fighting has become sharper upon the Moscow and Leningrad fronts. The German spring and summer drive now seems to be aimed at the Caucasus oil fields. But the while in general result is certain to be engaged in a battle to the death before long. The prospect for Russia holding her lines without too great loss of territory and men and equipment until winter comes, now seems to be good. They have the man-power and they seem to have received great quantities of materials from the Allied nations through Murmansk and Archangel. Their air force seems to be adequate too.

While the weather has prevented the continuance of the great air raids on German industrial areas, the RAF has bombed the channel coasts of France and the Netherlands, by day and by night. French men have been warned to evacuate those areas because of the early invasion of France, promised by the Allies. That invasion will have to be started soon if it is to accomplish results before winter.

The War in the Pacific: The significance of the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway island lies in the loss by the Japanese navy of more than half of its strength in aircraft carriers. It is thought that all six of their newest and largest carriers have been either sunk or so badly damaged as to be useless for months to come. The Midway battle was a fight between planes based on carriers and the Midway Islands. Henry bombers from Midway and from Hawaii, which refueled at the Midway fields struck and destroyed the Japanese carriers, cruisers and transports. But the real importance in the American naval victory was that it was fought by American planes against enemy ships and that the Japanese lost their aircraft carriers. The eastern Pacific seems safe from another attack. The Japanese landings on the islands in the Aleutian group some 800 miles west of Dutch Harbor is not considered important. The Japanese have landed on American soil. That may satisfy Japanese pride but it does not endanger either Alaska or our west coast.

In China the Japanese drives against the Chinese-held railways and the airfields from which Japan might be bombed by Allied planes, are making progress. Their operations in and from Burma seem to have been stopped either by the monsoon or by stiffened Allied forces or by both. Port Darwin in Australia has been raided several times recently. The Japanese raids were broken up before they could do much damage. The Australians think that the danger of invasion is over and are even talking of a big MacArthur soon taking the offensive against New Guinea.

The Shape of Things: With the addition of Russia and the United States and the Latin American nations the Allied cause appears infinitely stronger than it was a year ago. The



FOLKS: Last year we paid $1,036,224.90 for 397,035 tons of coal. It bought enough fuel to fill 7,941 modern coal cars that would make a train seventy miles long!

This is two days' average output of all Kentucky mines. It would take one mine 360 years to dig so much coal. Or 90,100 miners one day. It requires the part-time services of several hundred railroad men to haul the fuel to our various electric generating stations.

These miners and railroaders spend their earnings locally for food, clothing, rent, taxes, medical attention, and, in similar ways, a large part of every dollar you pay us for electric service flows directly back to hundreds of local communities to benefit everybody one way or another.

We are glad we can contribute so much to the welfare of these two, and other, Kentucky industries and their employees. We are glad that we have the facilities to turn so much coal into millions of kilowatt-hours to make airplanes, guns, tanks, clothes, food, etc., to help win the war.

In the face of rising costs we have been able by good business management to give you better service at lower rates. Those policies also tell you otherwise are working to take over the electric power industry. They aim to replace business management with political management and all its evils. Political management of one kind of business sooner or later means political management of other kinds. It is un-American in principle. It spells the end of free enterprise.

Do you want the politicans to take over your business?

Have You Bought That War Bond Yet?

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