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Black's Cross Roads
Elizabeth Smoot

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Houtz of Dayton, Ohio, announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret, to P. F. C. Jess C. Wasson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Wasson of this community, April 5, at Dayton, Ohio. After a short visit with the bridegroom's parents, they returned to Ohio where P. F. C. Wasson is stationed with the U. S. Army at Patterson Field.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. DeAtley, Mrs Charles Thomason and little daughter, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Bramblet.

Mrs. J. M. Wasson and little son returned home Sunday after spending a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bell and son.

Eva Wasson spent Friday with Mrs. Leonard Wasson and children.

Mr. John B. Stewart remains critically ill.

Mrs. Charles Thomason and daughter, of Cincinnati, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. DeAtley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Buzzard and daughter were last week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Buzzard near Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gillispie and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Noble Gillispie and sons at Ishmael Chapel.

Pvt. Raymond Garrison, Camp Gordon, Fla., and Misses Pearl and Teal Garrison, of Ohio, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stewart Sunday afternoon.

Pleasant Valley
Alice Campbell

Mrs. Emma Hammond, Mrs. Helen Hunt, Mrs. Carl Ishmael and Mrs. Leonard Hunt spent Sunday with Mrs. Leslie Valandingham.

Mrs. Tom Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jolly and Mrs. Adda Hunt spent Sunday with Mrs. Leonard Wilcoxson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Alexander spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Flora.

Mrs. Fannie Barnett spent Friday with Mrs. C. F. Letcher.

Mrs. Allen Hall and son, Mrs. Jewell Hendrix and children spent Sunday with Mrs. Bertha Throckmorton.

Silas Campbell spent a few days with his mother, Mrs. Mary F. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Barton and family spent Sunday with Henry Zornes.

Mrs. John Letcher left Saturday for Detroit, Mich., to join her husband who is employed there.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Earlywine and family, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Jones and baby spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Maybriar.

BALD HILL
Mrs. T. F. Dotson

Since our last appearance in the Mercury many things, local, national and international have taken place.

Raymond Jackson has been in on a furlough. Mason Miller is in now and Leslie McVey is expected soon.

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. William Miller entertained the Conrad family and G. T. Sellers.

Mr. and Mrs. Walk Flora had as their guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Dotson and daughter, Nelma Rose, Leroy Dotson and son of Bourbon County, Mr. and Mrs. Hamer Miller of Carlisle, J. M. Dotson and family, Mrs. Heavy Selby and two small sons, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Dotson and Norma Ritchie of this community, and

Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald and daughter of Lexington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Herndon came in Saturday night from Lexington, preparatory to moving to Detroit where Mr. Herndon will be employed.

J. M. Dotson and Jesse Herndon were in Lexington on business Saturday.

There was quite a heavy rainfall in this community Friday, deferring the getting out gardens and preparing the ground for crops.

The health of the community seems quite normal at present, after the epidemic of flu subsided.

Mrs. Mamie McVey is at her daughter's, Mrs. Bernice Ritchie's near Paris, at present.

G. W. Shepherd and family went to Burika to see her brother, Jess Stewart, who has been quite ill for some time.

Thompson Anderson has bought the late B. M. Hamm farm.

SCRUB GRASS
James P. Minton

Mrs. A. C. Bowen of Myers spent Thursday with Mrs. C. L. Tapp.

While hauling rock on the farm of Taylor Bowen, George McCord's team and wagon loaded with rock went over a 25 or 30 foot embankment but the horses were uninjured.

Mrs. C. L. Tapp spent Saturday at Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Davis spent one day recently with Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Minton at Locust Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Minton spent Sunday with Mrs. James Sadler and son, Raymond and attended Sunday school and church at the Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Bowen, Miss Judie Hill, Mrs. Lutie Cronan and son, John H., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George McCord at Myers.

We welcome Mr. and Mrs. McCord to our community.

Russell Bowles and son, Bobby, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bowen and Roberta Farris of Carlisle, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCarty.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCarty spent last Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Anderson at Bethel.

Mrs. Sophia Bowles spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Lillie Bowles.

TUNNELL HILL
Mrs. Anne Henson

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Cannon spent Monday in Maysville.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Standfield returned to their home Friday in Indianapolis, after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Standfield.

While drenching a horse recently, Lloyd Hunt sustained a broken leg and was taken to Hayswood hospital in Maysville. The horse died.

Mrs. R. W. Boone, Mrs. Anne Henson and daughter, Mrs. Elberta Boone spent from Friday until Monday with their brother, C. M. Maxey in Ironton, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hammond and daughter, Miss Edna Hammond, were in Maysville Monday.

Mrs. Charley Balke is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Smart and baby daughter of Lexington, were week end guests of Mrs. Smart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Alexander on Eastern Avenue.

Mrs. John O'Connell returned Sunday from spending several weeks in San Antonio, Texas, and an enjoyable trip to Old Mexico.

James D. Patton has been confined to his bed for the past week from illness.

CHAPTER I

High up on the long hill they called the Saddle Back, behind the ranch and the county road, the boy sat his horse, facing east, his eyes dazzled by the rising sun.

The snug, huddled roofs of the ranch house, way below him, began to be red instead of just dark and the spidery arms of the windmill in the gorge glinted and twinkled. They were smiling back at the sun.

"Good morning, mister!" shouted Ken, swinging his arm in salute; and the chunky brown mare he rode gave a wild leap.

To keep his seat, riding bareback as he was, he clapped his heels into her sides, and she leaped again, this time with her head down. Stiff-legged and with arched back she landed; and then bucked.

Once, twice, three times; and Ken was off, slung under her nose, hanging on to the reins.

She backed away and pulled to get free, braced like a dog tugging at a man's trouser leg.

She jerked her head viciously from side to side. Ken's teeth set in anger. "If you break another bridle—"

This thought made him crafty and his voice fell to a coaxing note. "Now Cigarette—be a good girl—thatsa baby—good girl—"

Ken got warily to his feet and went to her head, still talking soothingly but with insulting words.

"D'you think I'd ever ride a ornery old plug like you if I had a horse of my own like Howard's?"

The frown faded from his face and his eyes took on a dreamy look. "If I had a colt—"

He had been saying that for a long time. Sometimes he said it in his sleep at night. It was the first thing he had thought when he got to the ranch three days ago. He said it or thought it every time he saw his brother riding Highboy. And when he looked at his father, the longing in his eyes was for that—for a colt of his own.

He must get on Cigarette again.

First he had an apology to make. In all fairness, he must tell Cigarette that the fault had been his own. He had put his heels into her.

He knew exactly what his father would say if he told him about it.

"Cigarette bucked and tossed me."

"What did you do? Put your heels into her?"

"Yes, sir."

He and Howard had to say Yes, sir, and No, sir, to their father because he had been an Army officer before he had the ranch, and believed in respect and discipline.

He took hold of her withers and back, jumped and pulled [illegible] well up against her, held stiffly [illegible] by his arms, then carefully [illegible] his blue-trousered leg over [illegible] slowly, just like his father, [illegible] to her back, legs hanging straight down.

Cigarette was calm. He [illegible] his rein, squeezed the calves of his legs a little, and she moved off.

One of the exciting things about coming up from school in Laramie to the summer vacation at the ranch, was the weather. Always something doing. Winds and rainbows and calm sunny days, then an electric storm; or frosts or even blizzards. People said it was because of the eight thousand foot altitude.

He put his head back and sucked in the smell of the cleanness and the greenness and the snow and the windiness—all as sharp and heavenly.

This was what he had been waiting for. All through the last unbearable months of school, the endless classes, the examinations—

At this an uncomfortable feeling gripped him. His and Howard's report cards had arrived in yesterday's mail with a letter from the Principal of the school addressed to their father, Captain McLaughlin. And McLaughlin had slung them on the desk with some papers and bills to open later. By the time Ken got back to breakfast surely his father would have opened them. There was that examination — Ken knew he hadn't done very well—

He wondered what time it was now. He looked down at the ranch. It wouldn't be long before breakfast. Everybody was awake. Going downstairs, his mother would call, "Time to get up, boys!" His father was sitting up in bed with his hair rumpled, pajamas rumpled, hand reaching out for a cigarette.

Gosh—if his father had read the reports! And that wasn't all, there was the saddle blanket too, the lost saddle blanket.

He turned from looking at the ranch house and let his eyes sweep the hillside. Saddle blanket, saddle blanket—every time he asked his father for a colt, McLaughlin said, I'll give you one when you deserve one.

A jack rabbit sprang up almost underfoot. Cigarette jumped, but Ken sat tight, and as the rabbit sailed away, he gave a yell and chased after.

Cigarette loved a good run.

Leaning back as Rob McLaughlin had taught his boys to do, feet forward and out, reins free, Ken rode like a steeple chaser.

Rabbit, pony and boy disappeared over the crest of the Saddle Back.

Nell McLaughlin pulled the drop-leaf cherry table out from the corner, opened the leaves so that it would comfortably accommodate four people and flung a red-checked cloth over it.

The roomy kitchen was full of bright sunshine from the windows which opened on the front terrace. It made squares of gold on the painted apple-green floor; and in front of sink and stove and baking table there were hooked oval rugs with gay flower patterns. A little brown cat sat by the stove washing her face.

Neither motherhood nor the hard living at the ranch had deprived Nell of her figure or her maidenliness. At thirty-seven, she looked not much older than when she had won a silver cup, at Bryn Mawr, for being the best all-round athlete of her class.

Of medium height, with a long slender waist, her curves were held where they belonged by trained muscles, and, as she walked, there was a lightness about her which came partly from natural vigor and partly from the way her narrow head lifted from the shoulders to face whatever was to be faced, a danger, a storm, a loved one, a hope or a fear.

Ken was late to breakfast.

Coming in, he looked first at his father to see if he had opened the report cards.

Then he said, "Good-morning, Mother, good-morning, Dad," pulled out the one empty chair—a green-painted ladder-back chair with seat woven of rawhide thongs—and sat down. His heart was beating hard

Stiff-legged and with arched back she landed.

because his father's face had its glaring look and Howard was smug. Howard always got good marks.

McLaughlin picked up a card and a letter which was lying open beside his plate. "I suppose it will be no surprise to you to hear that you have not been promoted," he said. "You might like to see your marks."

He tossed the card over to Ken.

Nell McLaughlin handed Ken a blue bowl full of oatmeal covered with cream and brown sugar and said, "Let him eat his breakfast first," but Ken took the card and tried to focus his eyes upon it. He hated so to look, it was hard to see anything at all.

While he studied it there was a silence, Howard eating his bacon and smiling. Nell's face was troubled. She looked down, buttering her toast.

Ken read his marks through and finally came to the English examination.

He looked up and met his father's eye.

McLaughlin leaned forward. "Just as a matter of curiosity," he said, "how do you go about it to get a zero in an examination? Forty in history? Seventeen in arithmetic! But a zero! Just as one man to another, what goes on in your head?"

Ken had no answer. His face burned, and he bent over his plate and began on his oatmeal.

"Fortunately," he said reaching for a match, "there are almost two and a half months before school begins again. You'll do an hour a day on your lessons all through the summer to make up this work."

Nell McLaughlin saw Ken wince as if something had actually hurt him, and his eyes went to the wide-open window with a despairing look.

"Well," said McLaughlin, his voice like the [illegible] have you got to say for yourself?"

"I dunno," answered Ken.

"What were you doing in that English exam? What were the questions you missed?"

"We were supposed to write a composition."

"What did you write?"

"I didn't get started."

"Didn't write a word?"

Ken shook his head.

"Couldn't you think of anything?"

"Yes, I had it all planned. I was going to write the story about how you lost your polo mare. How the Albino stole her from Banner—" Ken's eyes went to his father's. "We could write anything we wanted, it had to be at least two pages—"

"Well, what happened to you?"

"I—I—got to thinking about it. Thinking about Gypsy and the Albino—and what it was like, when he took her away—where he took her to—and all the wild horses in his band—and where they were all that time. All of that. I thought there was time, I thought the hour had just begun, and then the bell rang—"

There was a knock at the back door and McLaughlin shouted, "Come in."

Gus, the Swedish foreman, came in, carrying his big felt hat in his hand. His thickset body bent in a sort of bow aimed respectfully at Nell, and he looked first of all at her as he said, "Gude mornin', Missus," and then, "Mornin', Boss."

He did not come clear into the room, but propped himself by a hand on the door jamb, leaning there in his shy manner, a little smile like a child's turning up the corners of his mouth. His round pink face was framed in a mop of tight gray curls.

"What's today, Boss?"

Weather always entered into the plans. So before McLaughlin answered, he glanced out the window, noting the clear deep blue of the sky, and that the big white cumulous clouds were sailing across at a rapid pace.

Finally he said as if to himself, not looking at Gus, "A good day to move the horses."

"Ja, Boss. It's time de horses were off de meadows. De grass is growin an we should have water on 'em soon."

Howard couldn't keep still. "Could I help you move 'em this year, Dad?"

Ken didn't ask because he had no hope.

McLaughlin turned to look at Howard, but he wasn't thinking of him and did not answer. He smoked and Gus waited. At last he said, "Yes. We've got a month before Frontier Days. I've got to get four of the older horses in shape to rent for the Rodeo. That means fool proof. And those three-year-olds will have to be broken. I can't let them go any longer."

"Ja, Boss."

"And catch up Sherty and saddle him for me. I'll be [illegible] at the stables in a half hour or less."

"Ja, Boss."

Gus went out.

McLaughlin put down his pipe and pulled his coffee cup towards him. There was a moment's silence, then Howard asked Ken, "What horse did you ride this morning, Ken?"

"Cigarette."

McLaughlin looked up. "You've been riding Cigarette?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you manage to catch her and tie her up without her breaking anything?"

"[illegible]"

"What did she break, a bridle?"

"No — that [illegible]. She broke a bridle yesterday."

"What did she break today?"

"The [illegible] catch on the halter rope."

McLaughlin paused a moment and looked down at his small son. "You're going to have to buck up, Ken. I don't know what to do with you. You never have your wits about you. Always woolgathering. You lose a saddle blanket the first time you go riding—"

"But I found it again—"

"Yes, found the blanket and lost your horse. Trouble is, you don't try."

"I do try."

"I'd like to see some proof of it. Come, Howard. You can ride with me as far as the [illegible] and open the gates."

Ken pushed his chair back too. "Can't I help?"

"Certainly not. You have your study to do. Every morning right after breakfast. Remember that."

McLaughlin's scarred boots and heavy spurs clattered across the kitchen floor. Howard strode after, nobly refraining from casting a patronizing glance at Ken.

CHAPTER II

When Ken left the kitchen the alarm clock on the wall shelf beside the spice closet pointed to twenty minutes to nine. He wondered if he should time himself right from then or from the moment he went into his room, or from when he set his books on the table. This was a very important point, but as he could not decide, he went upstairs as slowly as he could, just in case it was all part of the hour.

He paused on the landing in front of the picture of the duck. If he stood there looking at the duck picture he could get into another world. He knew how to do it. To get into another world you had to make yourself the same size, in your mind.

But he felt misgivings, standing there. His mother would hear, from the kitchen, that he hadn't gone all the way upstairs. He went on up, down the hall, into his room, and noisily closed the door. Possibly she would time him too.

He stood a few moments looking around. He and Howard each had a small room to himself.

Ken loved his room. The walls were white-washed, and there was a big window opening out front over the terrace and the Green. He could see everything from it. Sunshine poured in.

Best of all, Ken loved his little walnut bed, because that was really home.

It wasn't very tidy. He and Howard had to make their own beds, and he had made his in a hurry, before he went out riding. Now would be a good time to straighten it up. That was a good dutiful deed—about as good as studying—it probably could be counted in the hour. The quilt, which was light green with sprigs of pink and blue flowers on it, was crooked and humped over the bedclothes underneath. He threw it back, then paused, his eyes on the wall at the head of the bed.

There were these pictures—one on each side — about eight inches square, with a flat wooden frame an inch wide.

And inside the frame—

He dropped the quilt, moved up to one picture and stood minutely examining it. What people! Peasant people, his mother had told him, probably Swiss.

Down at the end of his room was the strangest picture of all.

Ken went to look at it. There was a verse written in the corner which he knew by heart.

"Intreat me not to leave thee,
Nor to return from following after thee.
For whither thou goest I will go,
And where thou lodgest I will lodge."

It was a picture of a desert land. And a man stood as if waiting to go, looking at the maiden for whom he was waiting. But she had run back to throw her arms around a woman, and there they stood, arms about each other. And the verse in the corner was what she was saying. They were dressed in long draped, brightly colored shawls.

"Intreat me [illegible]." He jumped and ran back to the [illegible] when he heard quick steps across the kitchen floor [illegible]. Outside the kitchen door his mother's voice called, "Here, Kitty —Here, Chaps—"

This time he really finished the bed and smoothed the quilt. It looked very nice. He stood regarding it, thinking that now he must take down his books.

Resolutely he picked out his arithmetic book, sat down, opened it and began to think.

Suddenly Ken heard the sound of horses coming near the house and started up so quickly that the leg of his chair tangled with the leg of the table and he went sprawling on the floor, then scrambled up and over to the window.

Ken leaned out the window as far as he could to see the last of them as they went down the Green, just [illegible] and disappeared around the end of the house—

"Ken!" Nell's voice came floating up from the open window below. "What are you doing?"

He scurried back to the table and made it true before he answered. "I'm doing my arithmetic."

"What was that crash?"

"My chair fell over."

"What made it fall over?"

"It just fell over—"

Nothing more from Nell, and Ken summoned all his energy and frowned at his open book. He must make a plan. He would do cancellation over. He liked cancellation. It was fun crossing out the figures above and below the line and turning everything into nothing.

He hunted for his pad, opened all the drawers, and found it.

Then he hard Nell coming up the stairs, and she opened his door.

She had some fresh bureau scarves over her arm, and came in briskly and went to his chiffonier to change the scarf.

"I was thinking, Ken, it would be a good idea if you spent your study hour on that composition."

"The composition?"

"Yes, the one you didn't write. If you write it nicely we could send it to Mr. Gibson and tell him how it was you came not to write anything—that you were thinking about it—and he might let you have some credit for it."

"The one about the Albino," said Ken, and his eyes went thoughtfully to the window. "How would I begin it?"

"Have you got paper there?"

"Yes."

"Well, just pretend you're telling someone about it—someone who doesn't know. Me, for instance. Perhaps I've forgotten. Who was the Albino, anyway?"

Ken grinned, and said, "A big white stallion—just a bronc—who came over the border from Montana when they had a drouth there. Dad called him a big ugly devil but a lotta horse—"

"That's fine," encouraged Nell. "And what did he do?"

"Stole everybody's mares, and when they had a spring round-up six years later they caught him and the whole bunch of mares and everyone around here found some mares they had lost, and the Albino had taken Gypsy—"

"Who was Gypsy?"

"Dad's polo mare that he had in the Army and he had put her in the brood mare bunch and he was counting on getting a lot of good colts from her—"

"Yes?"

"But the Albino stole her, or she ran away to him. And when they caught them both in the round-up, Gypsy was there too, with four colts, and Dad brought 'em all back to the ranch. And the colts were beauties, and fast and strong, but wild as anything. And [illegible] the two horse colts and [illegible] the fillies to the brood mare bunch, but he never could break them. He said the Albino was bad blood. [illegible] one of them. She was the best of the four."

"And what about Gypsy? Is she still alive?"

"She's [illegible] years old, and she hasn't got many teeth and she's kinda poor now 'cause she can't chew so well, but she has a colt

She snorted in terror and went straight up on her hind legs.

[illegible] every year and good ones [illegible]."

"Now you see, Ken, that would [illegible] And you could call it 'The Story of Gypsy.'"

She came to the back of his chair and stood there.

"[illegible] nearly up?"

"You can finish it tomorrow."

Ken sighed deeply, and wrote, "The Story of Gypsy," carefully at the top of the paper.

[illegible] down the road. He'd take the short cut. They'd been gone about an hour and they were on horseback. He'd meet them about halfway coming back maybe, and see the whole bunch moving. He'd find a good place and hide so his father wouldn't see him.

He trotted along in the irrigation ditch. It was dry because the water hadn't been turned in yet. This way he would avoid the road and the gates. Howard might be stationed at any one of the gates.

He left the ditch and climbed up a hill. From here he could see Gus and Tim working in the ditch in the Crooked Meadow and could hear their voices. Tim was swinging a pick; the sound of the blow reached him after he saw the pick land.

And a mile or more away he could see Castle Rock, the great beetling rock, jutting up seventy feet high, with peaks and parapets and turrets shaped like a castle. It overhung the aspen grove at the far end of the meadow.

That was where they were, down there near the rock. His father was rounding up the mares with their foals, getting them out of the woods, bringing them back through the meadow slowly. He never ran them.

Ken ran down the hill and headed for the big rock. He ran as far as he could and then stopped to get his wind again and make a calculation.

From where he was now, on the grazing land which sloped down to the barbed wire fence around the meadow, he could see the wide gate open and fastened back. That was so the mares could come through up to where he was. There was a sort of road here, and the mares would follow it naturally and stay right on it.

If he could hide somewhere near here, where he could keep his eye on the gate, he'd see them pass quite close.

(To Be Continued)

MYERS
Mrs. Jesse Parsons

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Davis and [illegible] spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Parsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Eaton spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCarty.

Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Ava Bird and daughter spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Smith.

Several friends spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Smith, it being Mr. Smith's 38th birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bowen and children spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Ockerman.

Mr. A. C. Bowen of Indiana spent the week end with his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bowen and Mrs. Pauline Farris and two children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCarty and children.

Houston George spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Bowles and baby.

Mrs. Leroy Bowles and daughter and Russell Bowles and son Bobby spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bowles.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCord spent a few hours Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCarty.

Misses Wanda and Thelma George spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Bowles and baby.

Little Silvia Ruth McCarty fell at her home Sunday and cut her arm.

Trimble Theatre
MT. STERLING, KY.

Sunday, April 18
"Reveille With Beverly"
Ann Miller, William Wright
News — Air Crew
Ladies Day in Sports

Thursday & Friday
April 22-23
"Immortal Sergeant"
Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara
News
Six Hits and a Miss

"'U' Boats Are a Menace — Help Us Destroy Them"

"One of the biggest tasks facing our Navy in this war is the building of sufficient escort vessels to protect our ships in convoy, against the torpedoes of prowling 'U' boats.

"The long distance telephone plays a vital role in the building of these sturdy ships that help keep our shipping lanes clear. From keel to top deck and from bow to stern, thousands of telephone calls assist the speedy launching of each powerful vessel — calls to suppliers and shippers in all parts of the country.

"How important it is then, that long distance telephone lines to war-busy centers be kept free of unessential calls.

"Those who build the tools to destroy our enemies are counting on you to help free the lanes of communication, that the seas may be freed for safe shipping."

Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company
Incorporated

Program

WED.-THURS., APRIL 14-15
"Bashful Bachelor"
Lum and Abner, Zasu Pitts
And A Short

FRIDAY, APRIL 16
"Manila Calling"
Lloyd Nolan, Carole Landis
Also
"Private Smith of U. S. A."

SATURDAY, APRIL 17
"Riding Down The Canyon"
Roy Rogers, Geo Hayes
"The Secret Code"
"Superman"
Don't Miss Our Matinee
Every Saturday At 2:30

SUN.-MON., APRIL 18-19
"Andy Hardy's Double Life"
Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone
Esther Williams
And A Short

TUESDAY, APRIL 20
"Priorities On Parade"
Ann Miller, Betty Rhodes,
Jerry Colonna
And A Short
COMING
"Shadow Of A Doubt"

Lyric Theatre

Farm Machinery
NOW AVAILABLE FOR
Now Available For
Nicholas County Farmers

1—Black Hawk
Check Row Corn
Planter
For Tractor or
Horses

Cole Fertilizer Drills
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L. C. McLoney
Cynthiana, Ky.

Marriages

RITCHIE-ALEXANDER

Mrs. Hayden Small announces the marriage of her niece, Miss Serena Ritchie, to Mr. Cecil F. Alexander, at 2 o'clock Saturday, April 10th at the home of the officiating minister, the Rev. C. C. Tanner, near Saltwell.

The bride was attractively gowned in navy blue sheer, with shoulder bouquet of pink roses. The only attendants were Mr. Leonard Alexaander and Mrs. Allen Rule.

A wedding supper for the immediate family was given by Mrs. Small.

The bride and groom will reside with Mrs. Small, where the bridegroom will engage in farming.

J. Bernard Linville, who submitted to an operation two weeks ago at the Good Samaritan hospital, Lexington, is improved, but still unable to come home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wright of Flemingsburg, were guests of relatives here, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Matson of Augusta, Ga., are spending the week at their home in the west end.

Mrs. H. C. Caswell of Lexington, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. George Honican and Mr. Honican, Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Mary Elizabeth and Gweneth Sellers of Covington were week end guests of Miss Sue Scott.

Mrs. William Henry returned Sunday from the Good Samaritan hospital, Lexington, where she submitted to a successful operation ten days ago. Mr. Henry went to Lexington to accompany her home.

Mrs. Sophia Fryman, widow of James Fryman of the Bald Hill road, was moved from the local hospital Saturday to Lexington, to be under care of a specialist.

Mrs. Russell Boyd and baby daughter of Bath county, are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kash Hostetler, for the week.

Mrs. Pickett Schnedegar and daughter, Miss Emma Schnedegar of New York City, visited at the Feeback hotel last week.

Miss Opal McElfresh, a student at Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind., spent the past week with her aunt, Mrs. Pat Hammonds. Her sister, Miss Irene McElfresh, a senior at K. F. O. S. Midway, was here for the week end also.

Mrs. C. B. Huffstetter is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mae K. Daily in Lexington.

Mrs. Floyd Dixon has been ill for the past ten days at her home on Locust street.

Mr. R. T. Kirkland, who has been suffering with rheumatism for several weeks, entered the Good Samaritan hospital, Lexington, Thursday for treatment.

Mrs Bruce Sexton is visiting relatives in Georgetown.

LOCAL PERSONAL SOCIAL

Alumni Meeting

A meeting of the Alumni officers and members is called for Monday night at 7:30 o'clock to discuss important matters. The meeting will be held at the home of the President, Mrs. Taylor Mathers. Jimmie Barr, Sec.

Home On Furlough

The following young men from the county are at home on furlough: Tech.-Sergt. Alton E. Earlywine, from Camp Howze, Texas; Pvt. Joe Allison, Camp Shelby, Miss.; Pvt. Myrl Hollar, Camp Gordon Johnson, Fla.; Pvt. Hallie Hash, Camp in California.

Mrs. Littlejohn Falls

Mrs. Nannie Payne Littlejohn fell at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Brooks Henson in Arnold Heights on Tuesday afternoon and suffered a fracture of the left hip. She was moved to the local hospital for x-ray and is resting as comfortably as could be expected.

Receive Promotions

Private First Class, C. D. Owings Jr., of the East Union road, has been promoted to Corporal, and is located at Camp Livingston, La. His brother, E. K. Owings, has been promoted from Private First Class to Corporal, also, at Morris Field, Charlotte, N. C. The third son of Mr. and Mrs. Owings, Samuel Owings, who is stationed at Camp Livingston, will come home this week on furlough. He has been a Corporal for over a year.

P. F. C. George N. Dale has been sent from Camp Robinson, Ark., to West Chester College, Penn. for training in mail service. Dale is the son of Mrs. A. A. Hale of Myers, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hardesty spent the week end in Louisville.

Mrs. Everett M. Smith visited Mrs. Frank Mathias in Lexington this week.

Mrs. C. M. Mathers, Mrs. A. B. Tilton and Miss Clara Frances Tilton of near Millersburg, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Vaughn, Tuesday.

Mrs. Cecil Crabb was called to Brownsville, Tenn., Tuesday, on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. J. A. Dupree.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Smart of Lexington, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Roberts and son of Paris, visited Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Roberts, Sunday.

Oliver T. Berry Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Berry, received his appointment as instructor at the Army Air Force Gunnery school at Las Vegas, Nevada. Berry began his new duties March 29, according to word received by his parents.

Mrs. Willie Junior Ritchie of Moorefield, left Thursday morning to join her husband, a Marine, stationed at Oceanside, California.

Mr. Robert L. Parker continues very ill at his home near Jacksontown.

Mrs. Clyde Allison of the county, is a patient at the local hospital.

Mrs. Elgin Clark of Moorefield, is convalescing from a recent operation at the Good Samaritan hospital, Lexington.

J. Bernard Linville returned Monday from the Good Samaritan hospital, where he submitted to a minor operation two weeks ago.

Misses Lille Martin and Anna M. Howe were in Lexington Tuesday to see Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Kirkland at the Good Samaritan hospital.

Miss Ada Ritchie of St. Francis Hospital, Cincinnati, who has been ill for the past two months, is improving.

Miss Kathleen Sudduth of Cincinnati, spent the week end with her parents and grandmother last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Will Sudduth and Mrs. Russell Sudduth spent Sunday with Mrs. Matt Tapp in Lexington.

Mrs. Lodema Greene of Dayton, returned home Wednesday after a two weeks visit with her mother, Mrs. Ada Morgan. Mrs. Morgan accompanied her home for a visit.

Elva R. Kendall spent a few days in Georgetown last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Scott, Sr. spent Thursday of last week in Louisville.

Bobbie Griffin of Covington, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Griffin, left for army duty last week, and is stationed at Clearwater, Florida, where he is receiving his basic training in the Air Corps.

Mrs. Verna Stone of East Main street, is a patient at the Good Samaritan hospital in Lexington, since last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wilson of North Middletown, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Onie Sears.

Mrs. Ernest Hamilton has been confined to her room for the past two weeks from illness.

DUERSON

Funeral services for Frank C. Duerson, prominent Mt. Sterling druggist who died unexpectedly at his home Thursday night, were held at 10:30 o'clock Saturday morning at the residence on West Main street, Mt. Sterling. The Rev. B. Orland Beck, pastor of the Mt. Sterling Methodist church of which Mr. Duerson was a member and chairman of its board of stewards, officiated. Dr. J. E. Moss assisted. Burial was in Machpelah cemetery. Mrs. Duerson was formerly Miss Anna Bright Crates and lived in Carlisle, where her father was a minister of the Methodist church.

Club To Meet Friday

The Literary department of the Carlisle Woman's Club will meet at 2:30 Friday afternoon with Mrs. Frank C. Henry. The program will be given by the Millersburg club, with Mrs. Zed Layson reviewing "The Cup and the Sword" by Alice Teasdale Hobart, and Mrs. Ward Rees will render vocal selections. Assisting hostesses will be Mrs. Grimes Caywood, Mrs. Thomas C. Johnson, Mrs. M. T. Ruddell and Mrs. F. J. Hardesty.

Rigg-Hamilton Betrothal Announced

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Rigg of Nicholas county announce the engagement of their daughter, Nancy Helen, to Corporal John Thomas Hamilton, United States Army Air Corps, Chanute Field, Ill., son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hamilton of Nicholas county.

The wedding will take place in the Urbana, Illinois, Presbyterian church, April 17 at 5 p. m. Miss Maureen Savage will be the brides only attendant and Corp. Charles Creech of Chanute Field, will Mr. Mr. Hamilton's best man.

The bride-elect will be accompanied to Urbana, by her parents, and Mr. Hamilton's sister, Miss Annabel Hamilton, and her roommate, Miss Maurine Savage of Rockfort, Ind.

Community Study Class

The Community Study Class held its third session Tuesday night, April 6th at the Armory with Mrs. J. R. Thompson's committee in charge. The meeting was opened with a prayer by Mrs. Lawrence Taylor, after which Mrs. Thompson introduced her subject, "National and Local Aspects of the Task of Making Peace."

The meaning of Economic Nationalism was discussed by Mrs. A. B. Smithers. Mrs. A. V. Allison told about Colonies, in the absence of Mrs. Henry Peters. Mrs. A. T. Gardner pointed out that the survival of political Democracy requires the establishment of economic democracy, while Mrs. Ben Pumphrey presented the chief difficulties in securing the right ordering of economic life. Mrs. Frank Henry discussed whether the basis of peaceful adjustment among nations is strengthened by the development of a just social order within each nation. Other questions brought up were, "Do people want to create a contributive society or will they revert to the old pattern of an acquisitive society?" And "Just how desirable is the restoration of the old order?"

On Thursday night the class held its final session, featuring a Round Table Discussion led by Mrs. O. C. Seevers.

Statistics were presented to prove that much of the propaganda concerning the predominance of the Jew in financial circles and in dispensing news is false.

The seven Dynamic Forces that make for Peace and War were listed and discussed. They are:

1. Ideologies
2. Economic pressure
3. Nationalism
4. Militarism
5. Imperialism
6. The complexes of fear, hate and revenge
7. The will to peace

At the close of the session, a committee representing all the churches was appointed to keep in touch with current developments.

Birthday Dinner For Son

Mr. and Mrs. Onie Sears entertained with a delightful dinner Sunday in honor of the birthday of their son, Donald, who was nine years old.

The table was decorated with a large birthday cake. Several relatives were guests.

Mrs. Cannie Sanderson who is recuperating from her recent illness, is confined to her room with a sprained ankle, received in a fall this week.

Mrs. Joyce W. Peterson of Cynthiana, is at the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Floyd Dixon.

Attend Presbyterial

Mrs. C. V. Crabb, Mrs. M. C. Blair, Mrs. J. M. Pitman, Mrs. Stanley Blake, Mrs. Everett Smith and Miss Lucy Norvell were in Lexington Tuesday to attend the meeting of the Presbyterial at the First Presbyterian church.

Deaths

FUNERAL RITES FOR BROTHER AND SISTER

Double funeral services for Mrs. Mollie Bothman Snapp, 73, wife of Owen Snapp, of the Myers section of Nicholas county, and her brother, Fred Bothman, 79, who died one hour and forty minutes before the death of his sister at the Harrison Memorial hospital, Cynthiana, Thursday night, were held at 2 p. m. Saturday at the grave in the Carlisle cemetery, conducted by Rev. O. C. Seevers, pastor of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Snapp is survived by her husband, Owen Snapp, and six children, Mrs. Elizabeth Cassity, Paris; Mrs. Sallie Hubbard, Cincinnati; Mrs. Minnie Lynam, Carlisle; Millard Thomas and Claud Snapp, Nicholas county; two sisters, Mrs. Sue Johnson, Missouri; Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan, Carlisle; 17 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren.

Mr. Bothman is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Duncan.

GREEN

Funeral services for Mrs. Laura M. Green, who died Tuesday at her home near Barterville, were held at 11 a. m. Thursday at Barterville, the Rev. Dan Insko officiating, assisted by the Rev. C. C. Tanner. Burial was in the Barterville cemetery.

Pallbearers were Alvie Green, Reynolds Green, Frank Green, Bill Earlywine, F. Gaunce and George Richie.

HILANDER

Levi Hilander, 74, well known retired Nicholas county farmer, life member of the Locust Grove Baptist church and one of Maysville's most esteemed men, fell dead of a stroke of apoplexy last Wednesday, April 7th, in Maysville. He had been in failing health for the past two years.

Mr. Hilander was born in Nicholas county on August 13, 1868, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Hilander, both natives of this county. He had been engaged in farming here for many years but after the death of his wife Mrs. Jennie Stone Hilander, in 1922 he went to Maysville to reside with his daughter, Mrs. W. E. Yarber.

Besides his daughter, Mr. Hilander leaves one son, Arthur Hilander of Harrison county; eleven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Also surviving are two brothers, John and George Hilander, of Carlisle, and one sister, Mrs. John Huddleston, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Funeral services were conducted Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the Locust Grove Baptist church in Nicholas county with burial following in the cemetery there.

The following grandsons were named pall bearers: William Hilander, of Georgetown; Ansel Hilander, William Yarber, of Maysville; Howard Yarber, Pvt. William Dougan, of Buena Vista, Va., and William Butcher, Dayton, Ohio.

BARR

C. S. Barr, native of Nicholas county, aged 62 years, died suddenly at his home in Lucedale, on March 31st from a heart attack. He had been at his post of duty at the Sheriff's office all day and apparently in good health. He was stricken at 5:40 p. m., passing before his physician arrived.

He moved to Mississippi in 1899 settling at Estabutchie, and in 1903 moved to Lucedale, where he was employed by the K. C. Lumber Company.

Mr. Barr was married June 23rd, 1907, to Miss Mae Graves at Oakdale, Ya., and since that date he had made his home in Lucedale. He was prominent in civic affairs, and at the time of his death was Worshipful Master of the Lucedale Masonic Lodge, and Worthy Patron of the Eastern Star, and trustee of the Magnolia cemetery. He was formerly a trustee of the Lucedale city school, a member of the Board of Stewards of the Methodist church, and at the time of his death, was chief deputy clerk of George county.

Funeral services were held at 2:30 Sunday afternoon at the Methodist church and burial was in the Lucedale cemetery.

He is survived by his wife, three sons, Robert Barr, Springhill, La., stationed at Arcadia, Calif., and Edward Barr, stationed at Tampa, Fla., who is on detail at Cleveland, Ohio, and Butler Barr, who is in the U. S. Army camp in California; one brother, J. W. Barr, Paris; three sisters, Mrs. Clay Crouch, Carlisle; and Mrs. Lafe Mann and Mrs. George Kokendoffer, Blackwell, Okla.

Churches

SERVICES AT MOOREFIELD

Rev. C. V. Crabb will not be at Moorefield Thursday evening the 15th, but is inviting the members and friends of Moorefield, to attend the Pre-Easter Service at the Christian church that evening. They will be given a special welcome there.

LOCUST GROVE BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday school 2:00 p. m.
Preaching 2:45 p. m.
Subject: "The Cross of Jesus."

STONY CREEK CHURCH

Preaching next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Every member of the church and all friends urged to be present if they desire services this spring and summer.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

LaVerne Taylor, pastor.
Bible school 9:30 a. m. (Classes for all ages).
Communion and preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sermon, "The Mystery of Godliness."
Junior and Senior Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship service 7:30 o'clock. Sermon topic, "Seeds and Sheaves."
Wednesday, Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m.
A kind invitation is extended to all who wish to worship with us.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

"Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father." These words from Galatians comprise the Golden Text to be used Sunday, April 18, 1943, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The subject of the Lesson-Sermon will be: "Doctrine of Atonement." Included among the Scriptural selections will be: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (II Cor. 5:17).

The following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy will also be included: "The Science Jesus taught and lived must triumph over all material beliefs about life, substance, and intelligence, and the multitudinous errors growing from such beliefs." (p. 43).

Mrs. L. M. Clark and daughter, Miss Anne Clark of Lexington, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Cecil V. Crabb, Pastor.
Attend all the pre-Easter service this week. This is the best service you can render your God, your country and your church.
Our church program:
10 a. m. Sunday school. Help us build it up.
11 a. m. preaching by the pastor. Theme, "Hidden Meat."
5 p. m. vesper service. This will be a special Palm Sunday program. The theme, "The Meaning of Palm Sunday Today." We welcome you.
6 p. m. Young people of the church.
Be Loyal to Your Church.

BAPTIST CHURCH

James R. Thompson, pastor.
Everyone welcomed to the Baptist church tonight to hear Bro. Seevers. Thursday and Friday night Bro. Crabb and Bro. Sweazy bring the closing messages at the Christian church. Support this city-wide revival.
Sunday, April 18, 1943:
Sunday school 9:30 a. m.
Morning worship 10:45 a. m.
Sermon: "The Crucifixion of Jesus."
Baptist Training Union 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship 7:30 p. m.
Sermon: "The Power of Darkness."
Baptismal service.

HEADQUARTERS CHURCH

The Rev. E. F. Burnside will preach at the Headquarters church next Sunday, April 18.
Morning services at 11 a. m. and evening services at 8 p. m. Everyone invited to come.
Sunday school at 10 a. m. Mr. O. R. Gaffin, Supt. of school.

Christian Church

B. J. Alexander and George Rankin Carter, were ordained deacons on Sunday morning in the Christian church.

Miss Martha Taylor and Miss Mary Grace Schmink, students at the Cincinnati Bible Seminary, delighted the Sunday evening audience at the Christian church with a beautiful duet, and Miss Taylor, a solo. They were in Lexington Sunday morning and sang at the First Christian Church.

METHODIST CHURCH

O. C. Seevers, pastor.
Revival services April 18-25.
Services every night at 3 o'clock.
Day services at 10 a. m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.
Sunday services:
Sunday school 9:30 a. m.
Worship service 10:45 a. m.
Youth fellowship 7:00 p. m.
Preaching 8:00 p. m.
Come to these services and let us pray earnestly, sing the old songs together and receive a blessing from the Lord.
"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." 2 Chr. 7:14.

for Easter
and many months to come

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Mr. Humphrey Smart returned to his work at the Dayton golf grounds after rspending a week with his wife, Mrs. Nannie P. Smart, at Carlisle and Paris.

Corp. James K. Beck of Camp McCoy, Wis., and his wife, Mrs. Beck, of Durham, N. C., arrived Sunday for a furlough with his mother, Mrs. B. E. Beck and sister, Mrs. James R. Thompson, at the Baptist parsonage.

Mrs. Robert T. Fisher left Saturday for Ripon, Wis., to be with her mother, Mrs. Dahlke, who submitted to a major operation this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Rose and son, Charlie of Myers, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Holland of Headquarters, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Darrell and daughters of Miranda and Mrs. Chess Tapp were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Will McRohan.

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