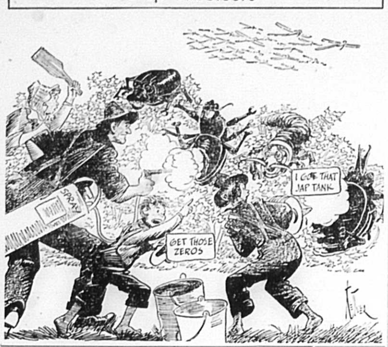
Crop Saboteurs



Abner's Mill
Mrs. Joe Hughes

Miss Geraldine Standiford spent several days last week with Miss Kathleen Paris near Jackstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wagoner and family spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. E. R. Sampson spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bill Kenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Adan Hughes and family spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Hughes gave an ice cream supper Friday night in honor of their son-in-law who has joined the Navy and will leave for service soon. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joe B. Delaney, Mrs. Martha Kenton, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hughes, Jake Darnell, Cecil and Billy Leet, Jewell, Betty and Gleana Hughes and Dorothy Leet.

Mrs. Martha Kenton has gone to Maysville to visit her son, Simon Kenton.

George Campbell of Licking, spent the week end with Clyde Buchanan.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Mt. Tabor church, held their annual picnic at the home of Mrs. Joe Hughes with twenty-three members and their families present. All came with well filled baskets and a delightful lunch was served at the noon hour.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Leet and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Biddle and son, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Overbey, Mr. and Mrs. Ottis Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Leet and family, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Payne and family, Mrs. Onie Leet, Mrs. Robert Leet, Mrs. John Leet, Mrs. Mollie Buckler, Mrs. Annie Standiford, Mrs. Jack Clarke, Mrs. Elgan Humphries and daughter, Mrs. Claude Linville, Mrs. Luther Myers, Mrs. Jesse Hughes and Mrs. Ida Fields, Misses Ruth and Helen Fields, Joyce Ann, Mildred and Clarine Leet, Rowena Clark, Patricia Buchanan, Jewel, Bettye, June and Glenna Ruth Hughes, Messrs. Hanley Stockdale, Roy Payne, David Caywood, Walter Fields, Cecil Leet and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hughes.

BANTA
Mrs. Walls McCowen

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Woodard had as Sunday guests, Mrs. Everett Dale of Montgomery county; Mrs. William Vaughn of Carlisle; Mr. and Mrs. Randel Stevens and grandson of Forest Park, Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. John Bridgeman of Miami Grove, Ohio.

Miss Addie Woodard is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Everett Dale.

Mr. and Mrs. Walls McCowen had as Sunday guests, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Moran of Maysville and Mr. and Mrs. Mason Bryant and little daughter, Peggie.

Miss Addie Woodard spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. John Woodard.

Mrs. I. M. Bryant and little daughter, Peggie Ann have returned home from a short visit with Mrs. Maurice Brothers of Maysville.

We are glad to hear that Mr. John Banta is some better.

Congratulations to the newlyweds, Eugene Honaker and Miss Myrtle Walton.

Gets Land Bank Loan No. 100,000

SALTWELL
U. G. Mattex

BARTERVILLE
Mrs. Bira Snapp

STRINGTOWN
Mrs. Mike Heflin, cor.

Black's Cross Roads
Hester Smoot

BLUE LICKS
Alma Barnett

BAREFOOT
Cerdia Coy

ELLISVILLE
Mrs. Richard Snapp

TUNNELL HILL
Mrs. Anne Henson

LICKING
Mrs. Florene Howard

God Will Hear
By William C. Taggert

LITTLE ROCK
Luther Brierly

PROGRAM
The Nicholas County Sunday School Convention
To be held in The Carlisle Baptist Church Thursday, August 12, 1943
Theme "Building Christian Character"

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY INCORPORATED

FDR says: Curtail spending. Put your savings into war bonds every payday.

Use Mercury Classified Ads.

A LIEUTENANT'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH

Chapel News, Jacksonville, Ill., Jan. 15, '43.

(Note:—Herewith is presented a letter from a Lieutenant in the United States Army in some far-off battle front to his sister in Pennsylvania. The original is in possession of Rev. Ray B. White, of Zaraphath, New Jersey.)—The Editor.

A Letter From a Soldier

The Wilds of No Where
The land of Death and Destruction
Received September 3, 1942.

Dear Sis:

In writing this letter to you, I don't know where to start first. So many things have happened since last I wrote. Well, to begin with, I have escaped death at the hand of an enemy in a way so amazing I am still in a daze. You remember I told you when I knew I was going over, I was going over armed with the Bible? . . . That Bible is the reason I am still here and able to write this letter to all America. . . .

Here is the story: My buddy and I were sent out on duty with our equipment in the work I told you before was our job. We had just received information. The most important for weeks. When we were discovered by the enemy, I gave my buddy the information we had collected, told him to beat it with it, prepared myself to face them. It was the first time I'd been faced with the necessity of pointing my gun at a man and blasting the life from his miserable body. I thought fast; then I said, "Lord, it's Your responsibility now." My buddy had not obeyed my order. He had no such scruples. As I reached for my carbine, a shot from one of them struck me in the breast and blasted me down. Thinking I was dead, my pal jumped for me, grabbed my carbine as well as his own, stood astride my body, blasting away with both guns. He was blasted, too, his knees with three bullet wounds, but when he finished, there was not a one of them left. He was amazed when I rolled over and tried to get up. The force of that bullet had only stunned me. Dazedly, I wondered why. I pulled that little Bible out of my pocket and in utter muteness looked at the ugly hole in the cover . . . It had ripped through Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, on through the Pentateuch, on through the other books, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, and kept going. Where do you think it stopped? In the middle of Psalm 91, pointing like a finger at this verse: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked." Sis, when I read that verse it raised me three feet off the ground. I did not know there was such a verse in the Bible. I'd been reading mostly in the New Testament. I read the rest of that chapter—the first part was ripped apart. In utter humility I said, "Thank you, precious God," and felt like a little boy that had escaped the mouth of an enemy of prey . . .

When I got my buddy back to the post, he said, "Lute (he calls me Lute), I've had enough. This convinces me. Come on—I want to get right with God, starting right now." He wouldn't let them tend his wounds. He said, "Nothing matters now but this." He stayed on his knees sixteen hours with three wounds. His body became so numb he couldn't move it. But he would not give up. When the Lord finally came in he moved! That soldier went crazy for God. He jumped over chairs (I mean boxes). He jumped over bunks. He even ran outside and shouted to the whole camp.

Since I've given my heart to God, and talk with the boys, hold meetings and pray with them, God has given me 25 souls . . .

. . . Must be hearing things in this dead place."

So, pray, everyone. It will have to come from afar. No one prays in this land of utter desolation. God has turned His face away from the horror and destruction man has brought on himself.

Again, I plead, tell America to pray. This war will not end until nations and people have paid in blood and tears for thrusting God out of their hearts, out of their nations, out of their lands. And tell them for God's sake to send Bibles, and more Bibles, and more Bibles. A Bible will give him the confidence that God is with him. I'd like to have this letter broadcast from every radio station in America. Try to get it on the air, in the papers, in anything that is printed. Make copies of it. Send it from coast to coast. Tell them the Army wants prayers and Bibles.

And you complacent, bridge-playing, fox-trotting, cocktail-drinking mothers, why didn't you teach your sons about God instead of handing him a cigarette, a cocktail glass and a dance program. Get on your knees and ask God to forgive your sins. Then pray for the Army—pray, pray, pray! And you great, dignified preachers! Why didn't you teach your people to pray? To follow God instead of standing before them in your silken robes and reading them a ritual. Only atonement for sin can stop the shelling, the killing, the murdering. Even the shells that come whizzing through the air scream only one word—"Atonement!"

. . . I could go on, but I am so tired, so weary. But in all so happy to see them coming to God one by one. So tell them to pray, atone for sin, and keep praying. And when you send things to your boys, send Bibles. They want Bibles.

Your loving brother,
LIEUTENANT ——

WARTIME ADVERTISING

(Cincinnati Enquirer)

It was fairly widely supposed that newspaper and other advertising media would play a very minimum role during wartime. On the contrary, however, newspaper advertising merely has changed its function somewhat, has continued to play a role of major importance in the economic life of the nation and has taken on new wartime responsibilities.

We need not elaborate upon the latter. Advertising has been of incalculable aid in the promotion of bond sales, recruiting, conservation, scrap collection and many other essential war undertakings. The newspapers have been the instrument by which the various governmental agencies have reached the public with detailed instructions and requests for cooperation. More frequently than not, public-spirited business and industries have footed the bill for the advertising space.

But in addition to this role, newspaper advertising has continud to play an essential part in long-range business planning. As was emphasized in a recent speech before the Chicago Federated Advertising Club by Kenneth B. Elliott, Vice President of the Studebaker Corporation, newspaper advertising is being used by alert manufacturers—even those with nothing to sell to the public—to maintain the bridgeheads in public favor built up over a long period of years.

As Mr. Elliott pointed out, there were some businessmen in 1917 and 1918 who said: "Rubbish. Why advertise now? We have nothing to sell. Uncle Sam is all the customer anybody needs." Those were, the automobile executive adds, "famous last words." Many manufacturers failed to come back in public favor after the war, because they had neglected to keep their trade names and products alive in the public memory.

Using a homely illustration, Mr. Elliott declared that it takes more coal to steam up a cold locomotive . . .

FAIR PLAY

SEVERE STORM BLAMED FOR TRANSPORT PLANE CRASH JULY 28th

SOCIAL SECURITY UNSOUND

191 AMERICAN AIRMEN BURIED IN RUMANIA

THE INFLATIONARY GAP

6,000 PHYSICIANS NEEDED BY MILITARY

Corners and Canyons
By Frank Edwards Henckel

New York—In a kind of show-minded exaltation induced by an afternoon with Spangles, glamorous section of Ringling Brothers left behind when John North took the main show on the road, some of us decided to make a Night of It, and went to the Movies. . . . Playing at the big houses were Mission to Moscow, Action in the North Atlantic, and Five Graves to Cairo. But we crossed the river to Olympic park, to sit where numberless feet of old-time film fluttered through an ancient projecting machine in a continuous progression of silent scenes, while a long-haired piano player thumped out appropriate lumpty-tums of forty years ago. . . The manager had wanted more middle-agers paying at the turnstiles; so he resurrected Rudolph Valentino and the youthful Mary Pickford, Snub Pollard and Mabel Norman, Ben Turpin and Theda Bara in things like Great Lover and Punctured Romance, the Great Train Robbery, and the Vampire, to retrieve for us from thieving decades the joys of vanished years.

• • •

Two full-ponoplied circuses now run continuously in the New York mid-town district. The three-ringer known as the Big Show plays under a tent in the rear of Roxy's theatre, around the corner of Fifty-first street from Spangles. Thousands of New Yorkers will pass all the stage and moving picture shows in town to sit for a while where trapeze artists and clowns bring back for them some of the thrills and chuckles of other days.

• • •

Near where the thousand electric globes of Roxy's in other-than-dimout times turn night into day, a middle aged man stands at an ever-open door, with extended hands beckoning you in. From beyond the door come strains of soft music, by turns sacred and classical, played always by a well trained orchestra. It is the Tourneau mission, famous along Sixth avenue as a place where people of all religious faiths may foregather of evenings to hear a new telling, in distinctive setting, of the Story of Old. There are the usual readings, and quiet talks, but the music goes on and on. So harried humans linger under the spell, finding an hour's retreat from materialism's carks and cares.

• • •

The Visitor from Arkansas says the only difference between a Little Rock policeman and a New York cop is that the Little Rocker can always tell you how to get somewhere you want to go. . . . Here a man on a Brooklyn beat may live in the north Bronx thirty miles away; and about the time he has learned the difference between Brooklyn Heights and Flatbush he may be shifted over to Richmond or up to Queens, and have to learn his locations all over again.

• • •

The same with a subway conductor. Today he is on a local train from Washington Heights to lower Manhattan. Tomorrow he will be running an express. You will ask him the nearest stop to Sixtieth street and he will tell you to get off at Fiftieth. Then the train rips on down to Times Square station, ten blocks below, and you have to walk back or take a bus.

But the most impressive thing about New York, says Hall of Hagerstown, is "the joyful abandon with which all morning subway passengers read the tabloid papers while rapturously riding the necks and shoulders of all morning subway passengers."

• • •

(The writer of Corners and Canyons invites correspondence. He may be addressed in care of New York Feature Service, 507 Fifth avenue, New York.)

DADE PARK RACING OPENED SAT. AUG. 7

Dade Park, Ky.—Everything was in readiness for the first day of the 26-day summer race meet which got under way at this Western Kentucky racing establishment, Saturday, August 7. Horses continue to arrive daily. More than 600 horses are expected to be quartered in the stables here.

Eight high class races were carded for the opening day, the program being headed by the Inaugural Handicap. This event was for three-year-olds and upward for a purse of $1,00',000. It was a six furlong affair.

K. S. Cleveland, trainer for Jack Rogers and C. F. Buckley, was on hand wtih seventeen horses and Frank Clelland has twenty-two horses in his stable. D. E. Holman who has had much success with his horses at Arlington Park, Chicago, has fifteen horses at Dade. Among other trainers and owners at Dade this year are: L. W. Marks, H. G. Shoemaker, Tom B. Young, Allen C. Young, A. M. Creech, M. B. Goff, J. L. Chesney, Mrs. E. Denemark, L. V. Bellew, M. J. Dant, Dan Howell, Balbreath and Moore, J. Glenn, H. C. Dodson, Al Gaal, Olin Johnson, George Maxwell and C. W. Moore.

"Uncle Phil" Buried; Shakertown Figure

"Uncle Phil" West, ninety-year-old Negro who was born a slave and reared by a religious colony at Shakertown, near Harrodsburg, was buried last week. His death, attributed primarily to old age, marked the passing of one of the most widely known characters in that section.

His mother was owned by Dr. Gabriel Minter of Jessamine county, and "Uncle Phil" was born a slave of the same master, old-timers recall. He went to Shakertown after he was freed and learned the art of making corn-shuck seats for chairs. He became proficient in this type work.

"Uncle Phil's" courtly manners and wide vocabulary made him an interesting character around the one-time famous Shakertown Inn.

When the religious colony was closed, "Uncle Phil" and his wife went along with the property transfer so they would have a home, and were retained with the property each time it changed hands. His wife's health failed with advancing age, however, and she was transferred to a state institution some time ago.

NATURE'S HELP

In Massachusetts, it is estimated there are not less than five insect-eating birds per acre, or some 25,600,000 in all. Ornithologists agree that 100 insects a day is a conservative estimate of the quantity consumed by each insectivorous bird. Thus the Bay State furnishes some 2,560,000,000 insects daily to the bird population.

A recent writer to the Rural New Yorker discusses the question of natural pest control. The writer explains how plum and prune trees in a chicken yard were free of curculio and that apple trees in which bird feeding stations were maintained were remarkably free of worms.

Mankind has much to learn of Nature's processes. It has a fruitful experience in store as it learns to harness her services more fully. On the surface, American agriculture has made great progress with chemicals for fertilizers and improved plant varieties and methods of cultivation. It can also help food production by encouraging the cooperation of feathered allies.—Christian Science Monitor.

Some men have such a conscience that they are not in good company when they are alone with their thoughts.

Tell It To
THE MERCURY
As It Happens

In Order To Make This The Finest Community Newspaper In America We Must Work At It

6 Days a Week

You Can Help Us By Telling Us Daily The News You Know About

Carlisle Mercury
"A Newspaper Read By The Entire Family"