PANTHER CREEK

Mrs. J. H. Parsons

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hanley of near Little Rock, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mynear.

Mrs. Lou Bishop is slowly recovering from her operation three weeks ago. Her granddaughter is staying with her.

Mrs. Minnie Noe of Cincinnati, spent last week with her mother, Mrs. F. M. Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Minton and grandson, Bobbie Allen, of near Myers, Mrs. Nettie Purcell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Parsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Fryman spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Morris near Rose Hill.

Mrs. Pete O'Neal, Mrs. Robert Maybrier spent last Sunday afternoon with Mrs. James Parsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Crawford of near Myers, spent one day recently with Mr. and Mrs. James Parsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Gaunce visited Mr. and Mrs. James Parsons recently.

Mrs. Pete O'Neal and Mrs. Robert Maybrier spent one day last week with Mrs. Fannie Wagoner and daughter, Miss Dorothy Wagoner, in their new home.

Little Jewel Morris of near Rose Hill, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tony Fryman on the Barterville pike.

ELL CREEK

Thelma Duncan

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Cameron of Hamilton, Ohio, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Snyder of Cincinnati, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Proctor and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith spent Tuesday in Carlisle.

Mrs. W. F. Duncan spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Cameron of Hamilton, Ohio.

Mrs. W. F. Duncan, Mrs. James Glasscock and Violet Leet spent Friday in Maysville.

Mrs. Leonard Stone and little son spent the week end in Maysville.

Miss Margaret Price of Maysville, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Price.

Gilbert Watkins has entered a hospital in North Carolina for treatment.

Betty Lou Darnall spent the week end with her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Darnall.

Billy Joe Proctor has returned home after a few weeks visit with his sister, Mrs. Clyde Snyder of Cincinnati.

OAKLAND MILLS

Mrs. Earl Hamm

Mrs. Minnie Dalzell of near Mt. Sterling spent Friday of last week with Mrs. Hobart Shannon.

Pvt. Kenneth Shannon of Fort Thomas, spent Saturday night with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Shannon and family.

Chester Webb spent Sunday in Paris.

Anna Lee Gates of East Union is visiting her mother, Mrs. Eugene Gaunce.

Several attended church at Oakland Mills, Sunday.

Mack Endicott is getting along nicely. He is able to walk about some.

Mrs. Earl Hamm had for Sunday afternoon guests, Mrs. Gilbert Webb and daughter, Elsie and Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Shannon and family and Katherine Dalzell.

Janie Paris, Mack Endicott and Mrs. Russia Gaunce are ill.

Marion Clay Hamm, who is in the Marines and is now somewhere in Virginia. He is well and likes it fine.

Tip to stockingless women: Now is a good time to put into War Bonds the money that used to go in the ol' sock.

SALTWELL

U. G. Mattox

Rev. C. C. Tanner filled his appointment at Rose Hill Sunday morning and the Fourth Quarterly Conference for Saltwell charge was held in the evening by District Superintendent Rev. J. L. Clark.

Griffith Asbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Asbury, has been discharged from the U. S. Army service.

Mrs. Flossie Asbury and son, Griffith, of near Jackstown, spent Sunday with Mrs. Elizabeth Martin.

Mack Turley of near Georgetown, spent Monday night with his sister, Mrs. J. C. Earlywine and Mr. Earlywine.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hollar and three children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hollar.

Mrs. J. T. Bowe of Headquarters spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kenney and son.

Mrs. Ermine Kenney, who has been ill is better.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Earlywine had a letter from their son, Pvt. Garland Earlywine, somewhere in North Africa. He is getting along all right.

Leslie Cook and family of Hamilton, Ohio and C. M. Jones and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Sosby and family.

BANTA

Emma Walton

Mrs. Will Caswell and Mrs. Hanson Walton spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Russia Gaunce who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walton and family and Mr. Joe Walton of Myers, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Walton and sons.

Mr. D. F. Caswell is not so well.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Caswell and daughter had as Sunday guests, Mrs. Betty Snapp and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Caswell and little daughter, all of Headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly Beaty of Carlisle, spent from Thursday until Sunday with her brother, Mr. John Brinegar.

Mrs. Annie Brinegar was called to Paris to be at the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Ollie Kissick, who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Woodard and two sons spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Woodard.

FLORA

Mrs. John Moore

Miss Ruth Moore has returned home after a visit with her aunt, Mrs. Homer Gordley and Mr. Gordley near Millersburg.

Mrs. Charles Ishmael is visiting her mother, Mrs. Cleaver, who remains ill at her home in Oklahoma City.

Naomi and Billie Linville spent Sunday afternoon with little Dorothy Moore.

Mary Katherine Moore spent Sunday with her grandfather, Mr. L. H. Sparks at Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moore and family spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Homer Gordley and family.

Mr. L. H. Sparks of Carlisle, spent from Saturday until Tuesday with John Moore and family.

ELLISVILLE

Mrs. Richard Snapp

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith and daughter of Louisville, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Vaughn and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Fryman had for Sunday guests, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond King and children, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Snapp and daughter and Mrs. Richard Snapp.

J. C. Smart spent a few days recently with friends in Cincinnati.

Use Mercury Classified Ads.

CONCORD

Hester Smoot

Mrs. Marion Davis spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. Herbert Hamilton.

Mrs. George Bell spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. Boone Hamilton.

Mrs. Stella Watkins and daughter are guests of her son, Dorsey Watkins and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Grimes Smoot and Carrie Mae Flora spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smoot and family.

Mrs. Katie Swartz and sister of New York, visited Mr. Ed Swartz Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Owings spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Farrie Alexander and family.

Miss Herma Ruth Hamilton spent Friday night and Saturday with Miss Louise Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Moreland and son spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Newton Smoot and family.

BUFFALO TRACE

Mrs. Evelene Sexton

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Kenney and sons of Cross Roads and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kenney spent Sunday with Mrs. Mollie Reeves of Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Feeback of Lexington, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd A. Gaunce.

Mrs. Ada Gaunce is on the sick list, having had her teeth extracted a week ago.

Ivan Sexton has concluded his visit with his aunt, Mrs. Rennie Brierly of Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Gaunce of Maysville, spent the week end with his parents at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Kenney and family spent Wednesday with his sister, Mrs. Floyd Gaunce who is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sexton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sexton and sons of near Jackstown.

HOOKTOWN

Daisy Ritchie

Stanley Courtney, wife and two children of Harrodsburg, spent from Thursday until Saturday with Clay Berry and family.

Dorothy Wiggins of near Milford and Dorothy Trailer of Cynthiana, spent the week end with Everett Wiggins and family.

Celey Ritchie and wife were in Cynthiana Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Wiggins spent from Monday until Saturday with her aunt, Mrs. Sam Smith.

Misses Lena Katherine Smith of Louisville, and Jo Nell Smith of Colville, left Thursday for Washington, D. C. to visit their sister, Mrs. Dock Hill.

Daisy Ritchie spent a few hours Thursday with her sister, Mrs. Alvin Heflin.

PLEASANT VALLEY

Mrs. Leonard Hunt

Mrs. Adda Hunt, Mrs. Leonard Wilcoxson and children and Mrs. Leonard Hunt spent Tuesday in Paris with Mrs. Robert George and family.

Mrs. C. F. Letcher, Mr. and Mrs. John Letcher and little daughter spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Hunt and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wilcoxson of Ravenna.

Mrs. Leonard Wilcoxson and children spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Earlywine and family spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Maybriar.

Jimmie Wilcoxson spent the past week with Mrs. Adda Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alexander and family spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Adda Hunt.

Mrs. Hazel Biddle and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Letcher.

Mr. and Mrs. Hack Mitchell and little daughter spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ishmael.

EAST UNION

Mrs. Essel Barr

Mareese and Nellie Downing of Paris, spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Barr and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith of Indiana, spent one day last week with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Haney and family.

Mrs. Annie Scott was a Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. McLean.

Charles Sapp of Hoopeston, Ill., and William Newell of Wenatchee, Washington, have returned to their homes after visiting their mother, Mrs. Margaret Newell, who is recovering from pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Blount were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ham near Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Toy were guests of Earl Haney and family a few days last week.

LICKING

Mrs. Florence Howard

Mr. and Mrs. Oney Curtis had as Sunday guests Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Graves and family of Fairview, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hamm and family of Barterville and Mrs. Lloyd Jackson and baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Linville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Linville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henson spent Sunday with his parents at Moorefield.

James Mitchell of Indiana, spent Sunday afternoon with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Buchanan of Snow Hill, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mastin of Ewing, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Humphries.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Campbell and family spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt near Snow Hill.

Willie Fleming McCord of Covington, is visiting his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McCord.

Rev. J. D. Henson filled his appointment at Daysons Chapel Sunday night.

400 EASTERN KY. MEN HARVESTING BURLEY CROP

Approximately 400 men, chiefly from Eastern Kentucky, have been brought into the burley tobacco belt during the last 11 days to help harvest the 1943 crop Bruce Poundstone, state farm labor supervisor, announced. The demand for labor is rapidly reaching a peak, Poundstone said, due to the early cutting of tobacco in certain sections.

RUBBER

Rubber Director William M. Jeffers says his program will produce 5 million synthetic tires, and 7 million pre-war tires, and 30 million new tires in 1944. Jeffers appears to have "bulled" things through.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP PREFERRED

There are powerful political factors in the government favoring government ownership after the war. In many industries the government investments in manufacturing plants far exceed those of private capital. The arrangements existing between the government and private business have been as carefully stated and agreed to as could possibly be expected. But when it comes to balancing the accounts, and reconstructing private business and private management, and freeing it from restraints and control by the government, the matter will be found to be complicated and filled with headaches for business leaders. That's when new plans for government ownership will become a national political problem.

It is not true to say "WE DID EVERYTHING FOR HIM" unless CHIROPRACTIC was included

DR. P. R. MYERS

CHIROPRACTOR

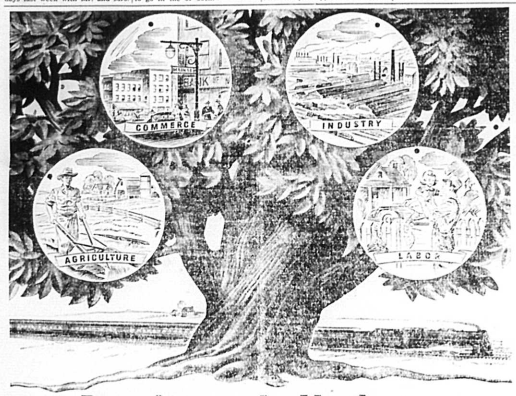
712 Main St., Paris, Ky.

A CIVIL WAR SONG

Composed by Charles P. Singer, Member of Company B., 34th O. I. V., at Camp Hastings, Cumberland, Maryland, February 27, 1865.

The composer was the grandfather of Mr. Charles R. Scheffler, Barterville, who requested publication of this Civil War Poem.

When I recall this bloody battle
Well do I remember
How the fatal guns did rattle
On the 22d of last September
We were camped upon a hillside,
Lying at our ease,
When an order came from "Little Phil"
A sound came through the trees.
It seemed to say "Fall in, my boys,"
And then we moved our line,
The object was, as I supposed,
The Rebels then to find.
We moved our lines into the woods
And there we laid a spell,
We did the very best we could,
But many a brave boy fell.
Then came an order on double quick
For us to change our place,
Then we moved clear on the right,
The Rebs we soon did face.
There was a line of dirty Rebs
All along our front;
We opened out with powder and lead,
Their holes we made them hunt.
We charged the Rebs and broke their line,
And many a prisoner took,
And then their works our boys did climb,
And gave three cheers for General Crook.
The day was hot and the bullets flew fast
And death was on many a brow.
"Your Rebel lines we have broke at last
Your artillery we'll have now."
The guns we captured on that day,
They numbered twenty-two,
We occupied the battle field,
We Yankee Boys in Blue.
That night we camped on Fisher's Hill,
Our soldiers needed rest,
The Rebs had left our noble "Phil,"
Their rear he closely pressed.
I lay upon the battle field,
My wound the pain was great,
I had no friend or comrad found,
So there I had to wait.
Up came a man to where I lay
[illegible] "What can I do?"
[illegible] "I'll carry you away
And a friend I'll be to you."
He took me to a farmer's house
And laid me on the floor,
Such pains as I endured that night
I never had before.
My writing now I'll have to close,
As it is getting late;
Musket balls and canister,
My friends, is what I hate.
My friends, I'll bid you now adieu,
As I can write no more;
Dear Mother, I'll return to you
When this bloody war is o'er.



By its fruits ye should judge it . . .

THE L&N, "The Old Reliable," is about 90 years old. Originally it was to run from Louisville, a town of 40,000 to the Tennessee state line . . . a distance of 140 miles. Now the L&N, covering almost five thousand road miles, connects the great cities of St. Louis and Cincinnati with Atlanta and New Orleans, as well as with Gulf Coast towns and many other intermediate cities in the South.

The L&N has grown from a 3 million dollar capitalization to an investment of 519 million dollars. It has been a major factor in the commercial development of the cities it serves and in the industrial and agricultural growth of its territory. The great coal fields of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama speak eloquently of its constructive efforts.

Long before the nation's present program for agriculture, the L&N successfully fostered and promoted such a program. Tremendous industrial development followed this railroad's solicitation and sympathetic aid.

As one of the South's largest taxpayers, the L&N helps substantially in the maintenance of government and schools. The purchasing power and stable citizenship of its employees plus the company's purchases, make it first rank among Southern business enterprises.

The L&N does not boastfully tell this story . . . it is only informative. While its management has been by men of Southern sympathies, business purposes alone were sufficient to prompt their efforts.

Now what has been the L&N stockholder's reward for his investment . . . for the surplus earnings he plowed back into the property . . . for the risk he takes in providing an essential service that develops that territory, raises wages and living standards and for other great accomplishments? Read the surprising answer!

Since the beginning of this railroad, all the cash dividends paid to the stockholders have amounted to an average of less than five per cent per year.

Here is the record for the past 50 years:

Paid for labor	$1,499,769,616
Paid for taxes	218,263,5[illegible]9
Paid for cash dividends	171,568,733

The stockholders received less than the public (in taxes) and about one-eighth of what Labor received.

If the misinformed refer to the railroad company, or its investors of capital, as exploiters of the community or as oppressors of Labor, should not the facts and accomplishments of the L&N put these men to shame? By its fruits ye should judge it.

When the big job of transportation for this ghastly war has been finished, "The Old Reliable" wants to step right in with modern, friendly service for its patrons, its prime purpose being the further development of the South.

J. B. Hill
PRESIDENT

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD

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PRIMING BURLEY TOBACCO

By Russell A. Hunt

Priming, if done the right way, is the answer to the question growers often ask, "What can be done if the bottom leaves are burning badly while the rest of the plant is still immature," according to Russell A. Hunt, Field Agent in tobacco, and William T. Straw, County Agent. Most growers faced with such a condition cut the tobacco—all of it. By so doing they get 6 to 8 excellent leaves per plant, 4 to 6 leaves of passable quality, and 6 or 8 immature leaves hardly worth marketing. If instead of cutting at this time they would go through the field and pick off 2 to 5 bottom leaves per plant, and wait to cut until the middle and upper leaves were mature, they would get a total of 16 to 20 good-to-choice leaves per plant.

The reason for such priming (removing leaves from the standing stalk) is that the leaves of tobacco plants do not ripen all at the same time. The flying and trash leaves ripen before the middle and upper leaves, and by the time the lug and bright leaves are ready for harvest, the lower leaves often are burnt and damaged badly, especially in dry seasons. By priming, the bottom leaves are removed as they mature, while they are sound enough to produce the best smoker grades. Usually one priming is enough; but if the crop is quite immature and burning is severe, two or more primings may be profitable.

Does Priming Pay

Because priming causes extra work, the first question a grower asks is, "Does it pay." In most years it is definitely profitable. Though farmers generally have not yet adopted the practice, those who have tried it have found that they can save on an average 300 to 400 pounds more leaf per acre than where they do not prime. Moreover, the average quality of the crop is higher where priming is done, and it therefore brings a higher price. In 1940 and 1941 primed leaves of burley have averaged about 25 per cent above the season's average market price. Returns of $50 to $100 more per acre where priming is used have been common. The amount a farmer can earn per hour for time spent in priming of course depends on how fast and skilfully he works, on the amount of tobacco needing priming, and on the price of tobacco. It has not been unusual, however, to make $1 to $1.50 an hour in this way.

Especially Important To Growers With Small Tobacco Acreage

Though priming is practical for all tobacco producers, it is especially useful to those growers who have only 2 or 3 acres, or even less. It enables them, by putting in a little more work on harvesting, to definitely increase their income from tobacco. Of the 120 farms in Kentucky producing burley tobacco, some 81,000 grow less than 2 acres per farm, and only about 14,500 produce more than 4 acres per farm.

When to Prime

Priming may be done at any time after the bottom leaves or flyings mature and begin to yellow thoroughly or burn at the tips. To get the greatest number of leaves in the best possible condition, they should be primed before they are badly burnt. Many growers wait until the bottom leaves are practically cured or until the plants are harvested, then go through the field and pick up leaves. In a dry season this may prove satisfactory, but in a damp season it may result in serious loss of leaves and in impaired quality. Cured or partially cured leaves attached to the growing plant or lying on the ground, darken rapidly and may be entirely lost in three or four days, if the weather is warm and rainy.

Method of Housing

Priming should be done when the bottom leaves are in case, to prevent shattering. Experience indicates this may best be accomplished in the early morning or on a cloudy day. The leaves are pulled from the plant and removed to the barn where they are sorted according to soundness and quality and tied to tobacco sticks with light twine, 2 to 6 at a place. The tie shown in the drawing is satisfactory for fastening leaves to the stick. After the sticks are filled, they are housed at the rate of 15 to 20 sticks to the tier rail. If only a few sticks are housed, they should be hung high in the barn where good curing conditions prevail. If several rails are filled at a time the housing should be done in such a manner as to facilitate the use of heat.

A common practice with many farmers is to keep the primed leaves in piles for one or two days and then spread them on the barn floor, or on hay or straw, to cure. This practice is not recommended as the leaves quickly heat when piled, and when spread on the ground, or on other materials such as hay or straw, one side of the leaf dries and the other remains in case. It is practically impossible to have satisfactory curing under such conditions.

Method Of Curing

Curing primed leaves is easier than curing the entire plant. The important thing is to keep the leaves dry most of the time. Since primed leaves are well yellowed, or even partially cured, when harvested, there is practically no danger of setting a green color, or of too rapid curing. Ample ventilation should be provided and heat may be used to advantage if the leaves stay in case longer than one day. Usually curing is finished in ten days to two weeks. The tobacco should then be taken down, tied loosely in hands of 20-25 leaves, placed on sticks the same as other tobacco and bulked in hollow bulks, covered but not weighted. If the leaves are permitted to hang indefinitely in the barn they fade, losing the bright, high-quality smoker leaf. If freshly harvested tobacco is hung under cured primed leaves the moisture soon causes the primed leaves to discolor or even to houseburn.

Primed leaves may be mingled with comparable grades from the crop or marketed separately. Either way is satisfactory, according to reports of farmers, as well-handled leaves saved by priming are equal in value to leaves harvested in the regular way.

ECHO OF WORLD WAR I

The following letter has been received by the parents of Roy McGinley, one of Nicholas county's World War I heroes, as a result of an inquiry by the writer at the local post office, after a 25 year search for the parents of his "buddy" in France.

Hastings, Mich.
July 29, 1943

Dear Mr. and Mrs. McGinley:

I received your letter this evening when I returned from work, so I am answering at once.

Well, this is one of the happiest moments of my life, in that I have been able to fill Eddie's last request.

Eddie was transferred into my Company K., 126th Inf. 32 Div. at Prey Le Grand in April and we became buddies from that day. We ate, drilled and bunked together, and there were never two fellows not even brothers, that were any closer than we were.

When we moved into the lines at Alsace, in the little town of Wecken, Eddie, myself and 19 others volunteered for the "Raiders" which was our duty to go out into "No Man's Land" every night at 8:30 p. m. to 4:30 a. m. and do whatever our mission happened to be that night. I might add here that on the big fronts we were used for "Runners" to carry orders from G. H. Q. to the officers in the front lines, also for advance patrol to find the enemy ahead of the main body.

We had many close calls together, a good many good and pleasant times also. On the morning of Oct. 19, 1918 Eddie was hiking just ahead of me and he turned to ask if I was going to carry orders with him that day. I replied, "Sure," because it surprised me that he should ask, then he said, "Henry, if anything should happen to me will you take my watch and money and send it to my mother and get in touch or go and see her some time?" I told him it would be impossible for me to take anything off him for I had that feeling, and that the burial party would see that you received it. Well, we hiked along about two miles when we came across McMaster. He was one of our "Runners", and was sick with trench fever, out of his head—so I took charge of him so he wouldn't get hit. We moved in through a strip of marshy road into Bantheville Woods.

We weren't there much more than five minutes before the Germans began giving us a terrible shelling. Eddie said to me, "Let's go up here about 12 feet and get in this shell hole." I said, "No, let's dig in here back of this big tree." He never answered me. In the meantime I was trying to keep McMaster down so he wouldn't get hit with flying pieces of shell. Well, Eddie just stepped into the shell-hole when a shell exploded just in front of him. I rushed up to him but it was too late. There was no earthly help for him. He never knew what happened. So I know that his grave is there in Bantheville Woods on the side hill facing east.

McMaster is a Major in th Air Force.

I have a history here I am sure you people would be interested in reading so I will mail it to you. The pages tha twill be of most interest to you are as follows: 55, Percy Le Grand; 193, Bantheville Woods; 155, Les Terribles. Would you please mail the history back when you are through with it.

Well I must close for this time for tomorrow is another work day and it's 11 o'clock p. m. and I must get up at 4:30 a. m., drive 27 miles to work at Battle Creek.

Please write again soon.

Respectfully yours,
Henry J. Eggleston

To keep bread or cake moist, put a piece of apple in the bread box.

What Do You Know About Radar?

(This is one of a series of articles on Kentucky's home front war centers designed to show the scope of effort in the commonwealth. The author, John E. Murphy director of Radio Station WCKY, Cincinnati, wrote the series during a press and radio tour conducted by the U. S. Army Air Forces—Editor.)

With the Army Service Forces, Lexington, Ky.—Clinging to a bucking Jeep rambling cross-country is a suitable prelude to the fearful and awsome defence weapon radar.

All I know now about radar after being in the Signal Corps Depot field with it can be written without censorship, but I have seen it in operation under conditions similar to battle—without the guns and soldiers.

The military radar sets in use at the depot, about so many miles from here, can detect a plane flying over Covington like a top or the top itself for that matter if the top has a metal spindle.

I looked in the radar receiver and saw the "planes" the set was picking up, say at Dayton, O., if you don't mind. The Signal Corpsman operating the machine was able to ascertain the position of the plane, its speed, direction, and other revealing facts save the color of the pilot's hair.

Radar men talk in millionths and high frequency farther above the average head than the plume of a Gay 90 hat, and the ginks whiff only at the slow pitches through the middle. Even so Radar is wonderful.

It's no secret anymore, of course, and what you might read here will have passed the expert scrutiny of Capt. Joe Deutschle and Lieut. H. R. Johnson so no one need hurry to the phone book or the F. B. I.

To me Radar is in big black boxes, and all power. The business and revealing end is like the glass of a diver's helmet. One looks into it like a fish looks into bathysphere ports fathoms under the sea. In this small visual field, however, is magic propelled on the angelic wings of radio impulses.

They bounce but are telltale. If you had a radar set in your livingroom, and your guests were arriving by helicopter from Chicago, you could determine to the minute what time to begin the preparation of the grilled steaks you promised them. If your flying guests stopped for gasoline, you could determine that, too and chide them for snatching a snack before vaulting the first meal course at your house. That's an indecent aspect of it.

But the Signal Corps Depot near here is working with more currently realistic features of Radar. They are learning about it from stationary and mobile units. The results, like the image of God, are within the ken of laymen. . . .

The Army doesn't disclose much about this former secret weapon. Some of the radar buildings I saw were indeed inner sanctums and were maliciously avoided. The buildings looked commonplace enough, except that they had higher than usual roofs. Maybe radar's a phoney, like the inside of a paper bag, but I don't think so.

During an inspection of one of the Signal Corps repair shops, after looking at the huge radar equipment, I happened across a workman monkeying with what looked like a part of a radar set. I asked him if he could pick up a plane for me. "I could if I had an . . ." he started to explain, but an officer put his arm around my shoulder very gently and began extolling the glories of some twisted wire he had handy.

Some complete field units of radar were visited. They were equipped with giant searchlights, etc. A lieutenant told me the searchlight and the radar set could be synchronized, together with the necessary guns, and planes knocked down with automatic precision on a moonless, starless, foggy night.

All this—and more, by Heavens,—goes on in the rolling knolls of Kentucky's bluegrass, veritably in the shadow of Man O' War's shed.

But wartime things are built on big scales in this area. The Signal Corps Depot, largest in the nation, handles 46 carloads of merchandise every day. Five miles of railroad run through and around its innards. Warehouses stretch into morasses of corridors and loading platforms. Sips of girls drive little rubber-tired trains through the warehouses, and pick 6000 pounds with "forks," the warehouseman's Jeep.

Paint put on boxes to be shipped to war dries before you can get your hand to it—almost. "Twenty-seven thousand items" is a by-play phrase.

I walked through mountains of vacuum radio tubes, and wondered how Hitler ever expects to defeat the production of America, Great Britain and Russia.

Although there are about 2500 persons employed at the depot, the lieutenant-colonel in charge of supplies knows, through the medium of a dispatching board where every employe is, civil or military, at every minute of the day or night—or at least where he or she is supposed to be.

An officer with a "handy-talkie" hand-carried radio transmitter and receiver, ordered a locomotive at Door 28. There was a carload of cases to be picked up. The locomotive arrived, hooked on and fled with the loaded car. A major, who also had a handy-talkie, handedd the thing to me and said "ask the locomotive (No. 7610) where he is taking that car." I did. He, the man in the locomotive, answered on his handy talkie that he was taking the car to siding No. 5. We all grinned.

Just before we left the supply depot, we were taken into a large auditorium where a mine detector was set-up. The lieutenant-colonel accompanying us showed us how it worked over steel plates hidden in the stage floor. He asked if anyone wanted to try the mine detector. Victor Portmann, professor of Journalism at the University of Kentucky and secretary of the Kentucky Press Association, volunteered.

Prof. Portmann was strapped up in the harness of the detector and started looking, in the fashion of a housewife carpet cleaning for the hidden metal plates under the stage.

The detector hums when metal is encountered, but when Prof. Portmann found the plate, the detector blew up, scaring everybody half to death. The Army Signal Corps was having a little joke with minor explosives concealed under the stage floor.

NEXT: The Bluegrass Ordnance Depot.

A POEM TOUCHING ALL PRESIDENTS

The following poem was handed in by Mr. U. G. Mattox, of Carlisle Route 3, who is the Mercury's correspondent at Saltwell. J. W. Rogers, Cynthiana, furnished the material completing the poem from Grover Cleveland to the end. Mr. Rogers is a former Nicholas county school teacher.

Washington first of the Presidents stands.
Next placid John Adams attention commands,
"Tom" Jefferson third on the glorious score;
And square "Jimmy" Madison counts number four.
Fifth on the record is plain James Monroe,
And John Quincy Adams is sixth, don't you know?
Next Jackson and Martin Van Buren true blue,
And Harrison, ninth, known as Tippicanoe.
Next Tyler the first of the Vices to rise,
Then Polk and then Taylor the second who dies.
Fillmore a Vice takes the President's place
And small Franklin Pierce is fourteenth in the race;
Fifteenth is Buchanan, and following him
The great name of Lincoln makes all others dim.
Next to Johnson comes Grant with Laurels and boys,
And next after Grant comes Rutherford B. Hayes,
Next Garfield, then Arthur, then Cleveland the fat,
Next Harrison wearing his Grandfather's hat.
Adroit little "Ben" twenty-third on the train,
At last on the list behold Clevelands again.
Then William McKinley whose death we deplore,
Was killed by an anarchist as others before.
When Gallant young Roosevelt assumed duties and cares
And bravely dispensed of our Nations affairs.
Next William H. Taft, strong, manly and firm
Took charge of the office for a four year term,
But on nearing the end of political dissension
Gave rise to notable "Bull Moose" Convention
Woodrow Wilson of distinction and learning
With fame and good name rapidly earning,
Came in for two terms, then yielded the place,
To Warren G. Harding who stepped in with good grace.
Death suddenly called him to a sunnier clime,
Just as he had finished only half of his time,
Calvin Coolidge filled out the rest of that reign
But he didn't choose to seek office again.
So Herbert Hoover of gentlemanly mien,
Was next in the President's Chair to be seen,
While seeking prosperity a better firm base,
Franklin D. Roosevelt rushed up in his place.
Quite noted for New Deal movements galore,
A great many of them unheard of before,
His three terms of office is now nearing a close,
Just who'll be the next one nobody knows.

—J. W. Rogers

EDUCATION

"The history of the United States is the best advertisement for Private Enterprise ever written." I don't know who said that first, but I wish I did. It is a ponderous truth. The phrase, in a very attractive form, caught my eye anew in a magazine advertisement a few days ago. I am glad a great many other people saw it and I wish every American old enough to read could be impressed by it as deeply as I was.

People who know the truth are not influenced by falsehoods. Propaganda planted in the minds of American youth by apostles of foreign philosophies would be ridiculed out of countenance if all the students trained in American schools knew how great America is among countries, and why it is great. Two recent surveys by the New York Times exposed how little the average young American knows about his own country.

Neglected Education

After examining 7,000 graduates of American high schools, as they were about to enter 36 different universities and colleges, the "Times" made public some startling percentages. Of those examined, 97 per cent couldn't name the Atlantic saboard states, and 94 per cent were not able to list the original 13 American colonies. Ninety-six per cent couldn't remember ever having heard of the "Homestead Act," a fundamental factor in developing the West.

Eighty-one per cent were found unable to mention two accomplishments of Theodore Roosevelt and 85 per cent knew nothing of the "Open Door" policy in China, sustained for years by American influence. More than half of those examined could not name the four freedoms guaranteed by the American Bill of Rights. And get this: 24 per cent of them thought George Washington was the Civil War president of the United States.

As An Empty Tale

Education, especially industrial history and the science of self government, have been terribly neglected in America for fifty years. Teaching has been done too extensively by professional instructors with only theoretical knowledge: knowing industry and government only from books. Government itself has been left largely to professional politicians who didn't fail to look out for their own interests, catering publicly to popular notions, often admitting privately that they were wrong.

Elementary history too long has been treated as a catalog of dull dates and difficult names, too often made silly by balmy efforts to float a halo over some hero's head. It has been taught without emphasis on the American ideal, without encouragement of individual effort, commercial success or scientific achievement. Small wonder so many Americans (natives as well as immigrants) think this country's greatness is a myth, or an accidental discovery of fabulous wealth in natural resources.

Labor Plus Capital

Free Enterprise, the economic system in America, is responsible for its riches. Natural resources, however great, do not make wealth until they are put to work. Capital and labor are the two legs of wealth. To the uninformed America's economic system may look like an avaricious tug-of-war between entrenched greed and organized covetousness. Even a very superficial investigation, however, disproves such ideas.

Hitler has a strategy of divide and conquer. No spy could do him a greater service today than to foment a three-cornered squabble in America among laborers farmers and investors. People who know America's greatness and know why, will be hard to divide. But for neglecting instructions in Americanism for so many years, we may still pay dearly in sweat and blood.

Interesting Railroad Facts

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad moved 537,164 tons of animals and animal products in 1942, an increase of 142,572 tons over 1941.

Railroads in the first year of World War II handled in special trains and special cars alone 11,-000,000 troops and their equipment, or more than four times as many as were carried in the first year of World War I.

As of December 31, 1942, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad had 57,986 freight train cars in service, an increase of 5,117 cars over December 31, 1940.

Freight carloadings on American railroads in the third quarter of 1943 are expected to be 1.5 per cent above the actual loadings in the same quarter in 1942.

Total taxes paid by the L. & N. Railroad in 1942 amounted to $48,-370,589, an increase of $30,158,462 over 1941.

Railroads are moving daily to the Eastern Seaboard approximately 42 million gallons of petroleum and petroleum products.

NO ICE?—MAKE A FOOD COOLER.

An ice substitute for the duration—for the duration of the ice emergency, is a Cottage Cooler. We figured it out for a summer cabin in the mountains, and have utilized the idea since, in various modifications.

Take an apple box, knock off the bottom boards and cover the bottom with screen, instead. Make a door of screen for the open side, hinging it to one edge. Put a screw hook and screw eye on the other edge.

Stand the box up on the small end, put a shelf in,—planning for the height of the milk bottle—and you have a cupboard with a screen door.

Now set it on the north side of the house, or under a tree where the sun strikes least. Place on top a dishpan of water. Take two gunny sacks; place one end of each sack in the pan of water and weight it down, leaving the two free ends to hang down, one covering the screen back, the other covering the front.

As long as the pan is kept filled with water, the burlap sacks will keep dripping, milk will keep sweet, eggs fresh, butter firm, vegetables crisp. Try it.

And for the apartment that has no mechanical refrigerator, a stone jar is ideal. However, a dishpan will do. Put butter, milk, etc., in the pan. Set this in a larger pan of water. Wet a large, heavy turkish towel. Place it over the pan of food, tucking the edges around the inside of the pan of water so that the towel will contact the water. Through capillary attraction, the towel keeps saturated. Here again, it is necessary to keep water in the pan, in order to keep up a continuous evaporation.—A. S. K. in Christian Science Monitor.

When you burn a kettle, just scrape the surplus food away and place in a warm oven. You will be surprised at how quickly the burned food will curl away from the pan. A brushing will then leave your once charred kettle spotless.

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