The Carlisle Mercury

Established 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

In Memory of WARREN R. FISHER Editor 1912-1937

Mrs. Warren Fisher, Publisher

E. W. HAMM, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year (in advance) $2.00
Six Months $1.25
One Year (Men in Service) $1.75

Member Kentucky Press Association and National Editorial Association.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1943

We Make Our Bow
As Editor of The Mercury.

We make our bow as editor of The Carlisle Mercury. Forty years ago we stood into the office of The Carlisle Mercury, the first and only kind of such an office we had ever been in, when entering we found one of the owners, Stanley Kellar. Young Mr. Kellar, whom we learned to love as the veil of mysteries pulled back in the years to come, offered us a chance and we accepted the chance. Today, even a fuller measure of love goes out from the depths of our heart to the memory of our friend—a real friend—a time tested who was never found below the standard of a true American gentleman. We shall ever cherish his memory. He was our friend.

The other expatriate, father and Senior editor of The Mercury, Green R. Keller, appealed to our very soul. He was a great man. He was the editor then, what, after many years, we are today. And what we are today in-so-far as is or may be accepted in newspaper fraternities, we give credit where credit is due, to our friends who gave us a chance when it did the most good.

In our feeble efforts we shall, at all times, so long as we remain editor of our first love, The Carlisle Mercury, give credence to those two friends, Green R. and Stanley Keller, and may nothing ever come from us by word of mouth or pen that would not be acceptable to those two friends. Nor may the time never come when we will be forced to pour forth in any manner, vitriolic expressions which during the course of our learning, we have been compelled to acknowledge our ability, so to do. But from the depths of our soul may there come the expressions of the higher ideals, the beauties given from God to man that His world may be made a better place to live, where virtue shall reap its reward, and, may He give us strength to unflinchingly do our duty as we see aright. May we ever strive to serve again; may we build but never destroy and in all things we pledge our best and hope never to be found wanting. We are as proud today of The Carlisle Mercury as we have been of it in the past—we shall ever be proud of The Mercury.

In making our bow we would feel in unpardonable error if we did not go all the way in our sincere and heartfelt expressions concerning a former editor of The Carlisle Mercury, one who was loved by many and hated by none, an editor with a master mind, one who was truly understood, one who could and was ever spreading the beauties of life and the universe, making each editorial a greater masterpiece than the one he had written before.

That editor was Warren R. Fisher who was editor from 1912 to 1937—one quarter of a century. His capabilities were far reaching. He was superior to all untold numbers of editors but excelled by none. Fisher; but, we shall never be found doing our best.

There is still much left undone until love to say at this time, but we are constrained to believe that serious consideration of both moral and proper things in the future, and these a greater force than anything we could ever write, and, so we say. We are proud to aspire to be numbered among you who promise our best at all times.—E. W. Hamm.

55 YEARS AGO

Thursday, January 25, 1888.

A. C. C. Sharp qualifies postmaster at Saltwell.

Legislature passes an act to abolish Antioch town of the Nicholas town of Carlisle.

Died—Mrs. Dorothy Thomas, 27, formerly of Nicholas at Bethel in Bourbon on the 19th.

A Lifemaby gentleman of a city county since here, Lighthouse interest, to Shakespeare, Kentucky, Mrs. Lucy Clark.

The Carlisle Natural Gas Company made $12,000 on their privilege to bore for gas. They turned the money and didn't bore.

James B. Campbell retires from Nicholas Tavern, where he has been for several months parading, preparatory to his Goes into the mansion.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hughes of Carlisle, on the 23rd, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hall of Carlisle, on the 23rd, a daughter.—To Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McCracken, of Carlisle, on the 22nd, a son.

Died—Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, 27, formerly of Nicholas at Bethel in Bourbon on the 19th.

A Lifemaby gentleman of a city county since here, Lighthouse interest, to Shakespeare, Kentucky, Mrs. Lucy Clark.

The Carlisle Natural Gas Company made $12,000 on their privilege to bore for gas. They turned the money and didn't bore.

James B. Campbell retires from Nicholas Tavern, where he has been for several months parading, preparatory to his Goes into the mansion.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hughes of Carlisle, on the 23rd, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McCracken, of Carlisle, on the 22nd, a son.

43 YEARS AGO

Thursday, January 25, 1900.

Negro family at Moorefield developed smallpox and quarantine is placed on the house.

M. D. L. Harris appointed postmaster at Headquarters to succeed C. I. Hopper who resigned.

F. E. Berry buys Jessup Piper farm on the Jacksboro pike for $6,500. The farm contains 156 acres.

George Smith buys the B. W. Smith farm of 70 acres near Jacksboro at $2.00 per acre.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Everett Gifford, of the county, on the 20th a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Dave Clark, of Ellisville, on the 3rd, a son.

Died—Mrs. E. J. Shields, 58 at her home in Carlisle on the 22nd.—Arthur, ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Ockerman, of their home near Locust Creek on the 17th.

25 YEARS AGO

Two sets of foley in Carlisle to shorten the past three weeks is not a bad.

Mrs. Fred Grantor and family will move within the next few days from their farm to their property in the city.

Fodder is selling in Nicholas at a dollar a shock and when it is delivered it is being sold for $1.25 the shock.

Several accidents have occurred during the coasting season. Last week Virginia Martin and Nealya Burgess, children of Dr. J. Cray Martin and Huffy Burgess, were painfully injured and Wednesday morning, Kenneth Toddell, the ten-year-old son of M. T. Ruddell was badly bruised.

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Letters from Our boys In Service

Northern Africa
December 25, 1942

Lesson for January 31

JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE

GOLDEN TEXT—John 6:48. I am the bread of life.

LESSON PASSAGE—John 6:24-35.

Jesus is the bread of life—John 6:35

Jesus was the bread of life, because under-standing, as we see it in the language of our daily life. Jesus was the bread of life, because He met and made use of it. ... ...ctures to represent the message of ...

In spite of the ... under, and in the form of bread. Jesus a child knows about such things and understands the good news. Bread is still the staff of life. It spends of life and health, of satisfaction and strength.

Beginning with the five small barley cakes (and two fishes) which a little boy had with him, Jesus fed a multitude into the wilderness. Jesus provides by miracle the ... except of eternal things. One is glad ... Christ did too more than feed that ... all the adults that day, for He provided the occasion for the miracle and the message.

II. Daily Bread (vv. 26-27).

The great multitude had followed Jesus to the other side of Galilee where He had gone to rest. They sought Him and He had compassion on them—these sheep without a shepherd (Mark 9:36). That interest was not entirely spiritual, for He was glad to teach them many things, but it was not entirely on the spiritual realm of daily life, for He saw that they were physically hungry.

His appeal to Philip reveals the lack of faith which at times was that of the disciples. They knew they had the Son of God in their midst, and yet they were bound by the matter of dollars and cents, of portions and —well, they just wished Jesus would send those people away. That would solve the problem. Oh, yes, "there is a lad here," but what he has amounts to nothing.

All this was perfectly natural. They talked just like most of us do when we are up against a similar problem. But the point is that they loved the Lord so much and knew so little is much when God is in it. If we let Christ have all that we have and are, it will be more than enough for every need.

Are you worrying about your lack of money, your inability to do things as you like? Are you worrying for what you have to take what you can get and manage to get by on that way?

Right there is where I received a few days ago. I certainly did enjoy that letter. It was just like receiving a Mercury. You may add tell me plenty of news. That is the best letter I have had. I like to receive from home. It makes one forget, for the time being everything that is going on over there and concentrate on home for awhile.

As you can see by the heading on this letter, now I am in Northern Africa. It is an altogether different place from the last place we were and we are under altogether different circumstances. This has been ... We have had our moods, and ... but we are hoping that it will be all so soon. It would be a warm here if it wasn't for so ... We have had some pretty ... weeks now that speak a different ... Christmas. Over here we have ... different languages are spoken ... I hardly find two men who speak ... I am sorry that I didn't take ... French in High School for I can't understand a word they are ... saying. They use always ... bringing oranges ... bargaining around to sell to us and you ... should see us bargaining with them. We usually make a trade ... The oranges and tangerines that we get over here sure are good. We get them quite often they are picked off the trees and they really are sweet. I have eaten so many of them lately that it is a wonder that I haven't turned into a tangerine. All of the natives wear turbans on their heads and they seem to ... it is hard to tell the men from the women unless we get real close to them. They are all very friendly, in fact a little bit too friendly for they are always wanting our American cigarettes. We are very liberal with our cigarettes, though, for most of the days have more of them than they need. We get them in our rations each week and most of the boys get some from home ... We are all picking up French words here and there so we can talk a little to the natives. It is hard telling what kind of language you will be speaking by the time we return to the States.

I am sorry that I missed the ... Christmas Dinner. I ... that I would be ... days before Christmas. That is ... I expected. However, I ... still is pretty well spaced out ... I am sure that I will ... next month. ... Christmas ... Christmas ... Christmas