Hunting Dragons With an Eagle

Meet a pair of principals in the cast of a new motion picture. Filmed in Mexico, movie stars "Tequila," a golden eagle obtained as a fledgling by Dan and Jule Mannix, well-known naturalists and explorers. (1) "Tequila" alights gracefully on the wrist of Jule Mannix. (2) "Tequila's" enemy—the Iguana lizard. The eagle is five feet long, with a well-armored back, whip-like tail and is a dangerous foe. (3) Following a furious encounter "Tequila" has pinned his leathery adversary to the ground with a powerful claw to show him who's boss. (4) Closeup of the conqueror "Tequila."

TIDBITS of Kentucky Folklore

By Dr. Gordon Wilson
Western Ky. State Teachers College

BLACKBERRIES

This is being written in July, 1943, just at the close of one of the best blackberry seasons I have ever known. Because of the war and the consequent need for saving everything edible, people who never dreamed of doing so before have picked blackberries and canned or jellied them. Regardless of the points necessary to acquire a can of berries next winter, some people, in town and country alike, will have berries stored away in the closet or the cellar. The mad scrambling to get every available berry this summer has brought back some of the choicest memories of our earlier days, when we picked blackberries almost as persistently as the people of today. There was always a prospective famine at our house, for Father and Mother were old-fashioned people who did not take too literally the W. P. A. maxim that the Lord will provide. The provision was there, all right, in the berries themselves: it was our sweat, tight and bounden duty to see that the Jutesboro and the -tinkhorn and the birds did not get more than their share. The farm gave a sort of lull about that time, especially for the younger children and the women folks to harvest this bounteous, free crop. It was a visible proof of the presence of a Great Provider. We went forth with buckets, not strawberry baskets, as the pitiful do now. We may not have the satisfaction of knowing that we would be paid, but picked because the berries grew and because parental authority said they must be picked, just as in the raw cold of early spring we picked turnip greens from the lately-frozen ground.

As was often true in those days, we made a great event out of work. We vied with each other in our adventures in berrying. We rarely took precautions against getting chiggers, which seem to like blackberries quite as much as we, or at least stay around in the neighborhood. After we acquired our full quota of chiggers, though, we hitched in salty water and rubbed our bumps with bacon rinds. If anybody ever succumbed to chiggar bites, I have not heard of it, but I have often felt that one more bite would have the same effect on my physical self that the last straw is supposed to have on the back of a camel. Many things of my childhood seem far away and slightly mythological, but chiggar bites are just as real now as then. No amount of toughening of my skin seems to drive the pesky critters away; I actually believe that they sense my coming and jump to grab me even in the most barren path or road. Of course, I give them plenty of opportunity to eat me alive, because of my fondness for birds in their native habitats.

Every neighborhood seems to have a certain place that attracts berry-pickers: Our was an abandoned farm up the creek, where the better part of the soil had washed away during intense tobacco cultivation in slave times. Gullies, persimmon bushes and blackberry briars grew there in abundance. Sometimes we organized a whole wagon-load of pickers and went for the day, taking our lunch with us. Lard cans, churns, and other containers were filled and overflowing when we returned. Looking back at it today, when the thermometer is hovering around 100, I know that we got dreadfully hot and sweaty, that we scratched ourselves abominably, that we collected an abundance of chiggers; but the association with other sufferers and the strangeness of being four or five miles away from home made up for the inconveniences. When you think of it, the idea of money never entered our heads. I doubt whether the idea of having jam or jelly or berries in jars did, either; we worked with a sort of routine that would have been about as good if we had been gathering acorns or sawbriers or berries or pebbles. It was a part of the bottest season to have been scorned it would have been flying in the face of Providence, with all its boundless gifts to us in the form of fruits of the earth.

The American Way
ARE AMERICANS STILL AMERICANS?
By George Peck

Editor's Note— The Reverend Norman Vincent Peale, D. D., Author of this article, is pastor of Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

What kind of country will the boys find when they come home? Will it be the type of land for which they fought, or something different — a left-wing, socialized, made-over America? They will return from winning a victory over fascism. Will they find a country well on the way to being conquered internally by communistic influence?

Fascism is our recognized enemy. Communism, however, is in a position to infiltrate our society. Basically being our ally, and a good one, the communist: try to make us think it isn't good form to be suspicious of the "comrades" in our mid-t.

There are some people whose "humanitarianism" is so easy as to look kindly upon communism. Some have even attempted to identify it with Christianity. But that, of course, is impossible, for Communism is definitely opposed to all forms of religion. Lenin said, "Religion must be abolished. The best country is a Godless country."

Stalin declared, "Keep children away from religious training until they are eighteen years of age, then they will be good communists."

Christianity stands as a natural barrier against communism, for it emphasizes the worth and significance of the individual. Under communism a man loses his individuality in the State, which also is sacred. Earl Browder says, "The individual finds his development plotion only as a part of society." Emerson saw clearly into the essence of Christian teaching when he pointed out that Jesus Christ was the first in all history to recognize the significance of human personality.

Communism, on the contrary, turns men into servants of the state. Democracy, the political child of religion, makes men masters of the State. The present tendency toward "big government" in whatever form it may appear, is fundamentally a denial of Christian philosophy. It is the natural result of the infiltration of both fascistic and communistic thought. In a society strongly dominated by Christian thought, with its emphasis upon a man's essential greatness, there is always a suspicion of entrenched power.

Men in this great tradition sailed to these shores over stormy seas because, believing they were sons of God, they could not live under tyranny. They felt instinctively that they were rulers in their own right. Setting up their own country, they devised a severely limited government. They kept control firmly in their own hands. They hedged the executive about with all manner of restrictions. They had seen one-man government, had suffered under it, and were determined to have none of it. But that was a long time ago and it is easy to forget.

Now we, the descendants of these wise men, are faced not only by a king as they were, but by the threat of super-government and so arrogant that not even a business man is safe on his promises, the Fifth Article of the Bill of Rights notwithstanding.

Whether Americans still possess the insight to see the subtle development of big government, and whether they still have the moral force to limit their government as their fathers did before them, is in many respects, the greatest question of this generation. If their religious faith is still strong they will have the manhood to remain free men. If communistic and fascistic thought has breached their minds there is room for no doubt. Coming events will tell the story. As for us, we believe the American people are still American, and will return government to its proper place in our national life, as the servant and not the master of our citizens.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE
Nicholas Circuit Court
William Price, Adm'r.
Stella Watson and
Frank Watson, Zelda
Brubaker, James Brubaker,
Laura Dotson, Hattie McKee, widow,
Vs.—Notice of Sale in Equity
Exparte: On Petition

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nichola.-Carlisle Court, entered at its February. 1944 term, in the above styled action the undersigned Master Commissioner will on Saturday, June 17th, 1944, at the court house door in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Ky., being the time directed in the judgment herein, offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder on a credit of six and twelve months on the purchase described in the judgment herein and ordered sold, property bounded as follows: Said property will be sold as a whole.

A certain tract of land lying in Nicholas County, Ky., on the waters of Big Branch, a tributary to Licking River, and bounded on one side by the lands of Robert McVey Now Stone and Taylor; on the other side by the lands of Chas. McVey Now Hedden and the other two sides by the lands of J. R. McVey, now owned by Wm. Tucker and B. W. Wilson, containing 20 acres more or less. Also two acres more or less adjoining the above 20 acres on the side next to Tucker and Wilson and containing in both parcels 23 acres more or less being the same land conveyed by deed from Lena Duncan Fleming dated May 1916 to Noah McKee, deceased, and of record in D. B. 46, page 247, Nicholas County Clerk Office.

The purpose of the sale is to settle the estate of Noah McKee deceased, and to divide the proceeds of his land among his heirs at law. The purchaser will be required to execute bonds for the purchase price with approved surety, said bonds bearing 6 percent interest from date until paid and security by lien retained on the land sold, and having the force and effect of replevin bonds.

Wm. Conley
Master Commissioner Nicholas Circuit Court.
C. W. Fulton, Flemingsburg, Ky.
Attorney for Plaintiffs. 22-2t

AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666
666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS
Buy More War Bonds.

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
(© The Standard Bible Committee, Inc. Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for June 4

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

PAUL IN EPHESUS

LESSON TEXT—Acts 19:8-10; Ephesians 2:4-10; 3:14-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God afore prepared that we should walk in them.—Ephesians 2:10.

Not peace—but a sword! With such graphic words Jesus indicated that His coming into the world would set men against each other and against Him (see Matt. 10:34-42). The gospel is the only power of redemption for all mankind, but the attitude of men toward the gospel divides them sharply, into the saved and the lost. Which are you?

Our lesson, telling of Paul's ministry at Ephesus and giving part of his prayer for the Ephesians, shows that the gospel does divide, but that it also gives quickening grace and strength for Christian living.

Doubting (Acts 19:8-10).

Paul had a fruitful ministry at Ephesus and a very successful one, but at the same time it was a stormy, trying experience. After all, do not all successful ministries so appear?

Paul began in the synagogue. That was the proper way, and his custom. There he preached boldly for after three months he had to seek another place to meet the people. But notice, he did not give up and run away.

The teaching of any truth results in a division of those who hear it that is true of the gospel. It was found true long (vv. 23-41) that winning people to Christ always results in unbelieving hostile interests, and then in open opposition.

One wonders why modern business and the destruction of men's souls by rotten plays, movies, books, amusements and by the saloon is so content to let the church alone. Is not because our testimony does not harm them that we do? Is it not certainly not walking in the footsteps of Paul by the Spirit.

Christ is a divider of men. Yes, but those who stand on the right side of that divide also receive

Understanding (Eph. 2:4-10).

Dead men, unable to see with a view when they meet Christ and believe on Him. They are made alive by the Spirit and given understanding of spiritual truth. It was and is for His glory, a showing forth (v. 7) of the exceeding riches of His grace, through the ages to come.

Saved saved, then, is not fas some describe it) a foolish thing of little import, that takes place in some session or little crossroads Sunday school. Rather, it is something here, there, God for that, but it takes place up to the highest heavens, and on all eternity. It is a matter of bringing men and women, boys and girls to Christ and to a new life of consecration. Let's be busy about it.

Saved by grace through faith, and it is all of grace. No works can enter into salvation (v. 9). It is a workmanship," not the result of a cooperative enterprise or creation.

Yet, while salvation is not by works, it is stress that we are created unto good works" (v. 10). Herein, lies the Christian who talks about being saved by grace, but who does not live it out in the good works which God has ordained that we should walk in. A profession of salvation by grace, which can not be surprised if the testimony of the life is dead in trespasses and sins, entirely unable to help others to find the way of salvation and grace quickened us.

He did this for us, but also for His own glory. That really is the most adequate explanation of grace