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BIBLE THOUGHT THIS WEEK

By faith Abraham, when he was called—obeyed, and he went out, not knowing whither he went.—Hebrews 11:8.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1945

EDITORIALS

The taking over of the reins for the staging of the annual horse and dog show here this year by the American Legion should be a matter of great comfort to the foxhunt organization since the capabilities of the Legion for "putting things over" has been demonstrated across the length and breadth of the land for more than two decades.

The American Legion, one of the greatest organizations ever formed in the nation, has more potentialities for service of this type than any other agency, consisting as it does of the rank and file of American citizenship. Its influence, when exerted in the direction of accomplishment, as it generally is, can be a powerful factor in gaining any objective sought. It can be, and in many places is, the most active and most forceful of community-building organizations because of its common bond of membership.

Emerging as it did from the valiant, if sometimes roistering, paths always trod by the armed services of the nation, the first-rank American Legion—the boys of '17—has grown up. As a stalwart and important part of the country's most virile citizenship, today it is welcoming into its membership like a big brother the youths who have now completed the service for the nation which is its membership qualification and who must carry its patriotic course onward.

Any American who subscribes to the preamble to the constitution of the American Legion is a Good American for in its following words are embodied an inspiring creed:

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our associations in the great wars; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

* * *

The watch cry now heard over the country at this time urging the unification of the people in warding off the great and grave danger of runaway inflation is a clarion call to patriotism, the practise of which is as needed now as before the end of the war.

The City of Carlisle, working in conjunction with the merchants and business men of this city, does well to sound the warning tocsin. The time to throttle inflation is now before the dread spector, which can bring ruin and depression in its wake, shall stalk over the land as an aftermath of the war.

The public is earnestly requested to give full cooperation to agencies and to local merchants to see that prices stay in line with measures taken to assure a proper balance for the nation.

The danger is real and imminent if the check-rein of price control is thrown off too suddenly and prices are allowed to soar to extravagant levels. Let's hold the line all along the line. In this way only can the sustained prosperity of the people of the country hold any promise.

GLANCES HERE AND THERE
By I. D. Zern

Two elderly ladies were on a Greyhound bus the other day and as the big vehicle rolled into Carlisle one said to the other: "Looks good, don't it?" The other replied with conviction: "Yes, indeed. It's nice to be here."

And without exception in my experience that is the way all natives feel about Carlisle and Nicholas county. No matter how long they have been gone or where they may be, all of Nicholas countians seem to carry in their hearts a deep love for the native ground here which surpasses anything I have ever observed anywhere.

I have been in every county in Kentucky at one time or another but I have never found the pride of nativity or the kindliness generally felt by the human race for the hearth-stone manifested in any of them to such a marked degree.

Force of circumstance may have removed many of its residents throughout a long period of years but nothing has ever removed from the breast of the native Nicholas countian the nostalgia for the green hills of the countryside here or the glow of affection for the friendly streets of Carlisle.

* * *

It is something that can be definitely sensed by the outlander upon the approach of public conveyances to Nicholas county now when this mode of travel is so generally in use. It is the lift of the head when the county line is finally reached, almost a sniffing of the air through which the native gives the impression that it is sweeter and cleaner; the murmured exclamation of the old lady visitor: "It's always a thrill to get to Carlisle;" the eagerness of the service man getting home from the wars.

* * *

Surely Scott, must have envisioned the Nicholas countian when he wrote "... this is my own, my native land." For the sentiment of its natives, particularly those in exile, certainly transcends in its quality anything I have ever observed elsewhere.

From the barber in Paris, the saleslady in Lexington, the merchant in Louisville, the farmer in Ohio, it is always the same: "Oh, I work here to make a living but I'd rather live in Nicholas county. It's a grand place to live."

Since coming to Carlisle I have thought that I have noticed more superannuated people in Nicholas county than at any other I have abided. Maybe people do live longer here. Indeed, there is much evidence that they should. Certainly if they really do not, it does appear that they get more out of life for they seem to understand better the Art of living.

I have seen places of which it is said that their people don't really live longer, it just seems longer to them, but this can not be said of Nicholas county —life here never seems too long.

* * *

This column is not the maudlin meanderings of an interlopee seeking to curry favor but the actual result of something that might appear amazing in other sections of the country.

If the statement rings as improbable among those who have never stayed at any length of time in Nicholas county, let them meet the former residents as I have done and they will learn the truth.

They will learn that if the counties of Kentucky were listed in accordance with those which the love of its natives has blest that list, the name of Nicholas county would lead all the rest.

* * *

Edmund Powers, a fine Kentucky gentleman by any standard applied, an authority on field and stream and a long-time friend with whom I formerly enjoyed an intimate association, is the first foxhunter to write in from his home in Frankfort to seek accommodations for the coming hunt here.

Among other talents, he is a writer of no mean ability. The Mercury is in this issue reprinting an article he wrote for Chase, national foxhunter publication, dealing with the hunt here last year in which he expressed appreciation for the hospitality of Nicholas county hosts.

The interest of the Franklin farmer and sportsman bids fair, with that of others, to make the big fall event here of which Roger Womack is again the general chairman, one which will establish it as one of the leading foxhunts in the nation.

* * *

Among old letters, I recently found one from James Tandy Ellis, late famed Kentucky raconteur and minstrel, who was formerly Adjutant-General of the Commonwealth. Of many talks with him in his last years, I remember a story he told me of how he made keen acquaintance in Kentucky towns where he was scheduled to appear on Chautauqua programs and otherwise.

He said that when he alighted from the train or buggy after reaching his destination his first remark to the committee meeting him was: "Where did they hang that man?" Invariably they would take him and show him where they hung him.

* * *

There is at least one fellow who has wanted to throw off restrictions with a bang. He drove into a local gas station and when asked his needs said: "Fill her to the brim and then put five gallons on the ground."

25 Years Ago
THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1920

Littlejohn United Shows exhibiting here.

* * *

Martin's Garage entered and $35. taken from safe.

* * *

Baker Smith purchases interest of Gatewood Confectionery in Paris.

* * *

Sixty-seven teachers enroll for first day session of Teachers' Institute.

Motorcycle of trucks to entertain farmers to "get-to-the-farm" visits Carlisle.

* * *

James Howard, of Chicago, visiting parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Howard and sister, Miss Ida.

* * *

BORN—To the wife of John Sanders, a son—To Mr. and Mrs. Harry McDougle, of Lexington, a son.

* * *

Over 2,000 attend Parks reunion at Bell Scott Park—Mrs. W. H. Harris, wife [illegible] Harris, 63 years old.

* * *

[illegible] Sunday, 23, at the home of her father, Dr. [illegible] Burden, 65 years old.

* * *

[illegible] Mrs. Ida Belle Hall, 64, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. [illegible] Hall, 64, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. [illegible] Hall, 64, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. [illegible]