# The Carlisle Mercury

ESTABLISHED 1867

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WARREN R. FISHER JR.................Editor-Publisher

EMILY ASBURY.................Associate Editor

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## Our Editorial Platform

1. Zoning of city for answering fire calls.
2. Consolidation of city and county schools.
3. Installation of natural gas lines.
4. Better lighted business district.
5. Establishment of a Board of Trade.
6. Location of an evaporated milk plant In Nicholas County.
7. Full support of the Nicholas County Community Chest.
8. An industry for employable males.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1950

## " Come Into My Parlor "

Kentucky has always been noted for her "fast horses and beautiful women". Fact is, mention the word horse and immediately Kentucky is associated with it.

And yet, probably 47 other states have more public riding stables than Kentucky—horse haven.

Samuel Wallace, travel editor for the Chicago Tribune wrote an article "There's Gold In Those Hills" for the January issue of Kentucky Business in which he evaluates tourist trade. He lists top quality resort and recreation facilities such as good swimming pools and beaches, well stocked lakes and streams, fine tennis courts and golf courses and excellent riding horses as necessary drawing cards for prospective tourists.

According to Mr. Wallace some 90 million Americans traveled for recreational purposes this past year. They spent in the neighborhood of $14 billion, of which $200,000,000 was dropped in Kentucky. This figure represents the third largest industry in Kentucky, preceeded by $450 million in farm receipts and $250 million in minerals and coal.

**In other words, tourist trade receipts were above those of tobacco and livestock** ($35 million more than its total tobacco production in 1948 and $25 million more than livestock industry produced for "Kaintuck" in the same year.)

The old saying goes that "you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink". How true! Name me a prettier state than Kentucky . . . . one more centrally located . . . . one with more historical shrines . . . . and yet you've got to have a magnifying glass to find the road sign pointing the direction to Mammouth Cave when you get to Cave City. If facilities were adequate, that $200 million figure should read $400 million at least.

What's wrong? Road conditions for one thing. Below par tourist accommodation for another and a lagging tourist promotion campaign for still another. The magic name of Kentucky yearly brings thousands of tourists to the Blue Grass section to see the heralded thoroughbreds that grace the horse farms near Lexington and outlying communities. But, instead of holding these prospective spenders, we lose them to Tennessee, Ohio, Virginia, North Carolina and bordering states.

One good thing about the road conditions however, once tourists invade the scenic beauty of our state, the bumpy, winding roads rather impede their too-fast exit. But . . . . we're doing better.

## Tossing Orchids

April 15, 1943 . . . . . Anybody recall the date? Doubt it. Probably rained—it usually does 29 out of 30 days in April.

Anyway, rain or shine, it was a good day in Nicholas because a very good man took over the office of county agent. Since that time, William T. Straw, better known as Bill, has done a tremendous job towards improving farming in our county.

His job has not been an easy one—that goes without saying. But through the co-operation of the local agriculturists—co-operation for which Bill has been largely responsible, many worthwhile farming feats have been accompanied and still others furthered.

Recently Bill, a native of Kerrmore, Pennsylvania, was elected director of the State County Agents Association. Last Thursday, he was named vice-president of the Community Recreation Council by acclaimation.

During his seven year niche here, he has given unselfishly of his time and energy in promoting measures beneficial to the community.

Good will can't be measured in dollars and cents, but, were it possible, one William T. Straw would be a very rich man.

## The Faith Of A Child

A group of boys anywhere from seven to nine years of age were playing a game of baseball one day some months back—August, possibly.

The wind was stirring slightly, just enough to cool the hot, dripping faces barely visible beneath shocks of matted, dusty hair. Otherwise, the day was boiling hot—like August days usually are.

The pitcher wound up, Bob Feller style, and let go a wobbly pitch. The raveled, lopsided ball came towards the plate . . . crack! and a base hit riffled into the outfield. The batter, rounded first base and started for second, but the alert outfielder more or less rolled-tossed a throw to the outstretched hands of the second baseman that beat the dark haired runner by a stride or so.

"Safe!" shouted the self appointed umpire, smallest boy on the field.

"He was out a mile," screamed the second baseman gesturing wildly with the ball.

"You had your foot off the bag," the runner insisted—and then the fight began.

A tall pleasant looking man who had been watching the game unnoticed by the players, mounted the fence and walked onto the field.

"What's the trouble here, fellas?"

At the sound of the deep masculine voice the scuffling stopped.

"Did you see it, Mister? He wuz out, wuddn't he?"

After hearing both sides of the story, the visitor, wearing a remembering smile, asked if anyone else had noticed if the second baseman had his foot off the bag when he caught the ball.

"Naw, but that little squirt wouldn't know straight up," said one.

"Seems to me you fellas are losing a lot of good playing time." An awkward silence followed. Then—

"Yeah, let's play ball. We'll put him out at third."

"Hurry up, I gotta cut the grass at home and I wanna nother bat."

Pretty soon the boys were playing again and the incident all but forgotten.

The 'tall man with the deep voice' paused for a moment as he swung a long leg over the much climbed over low place in the fence row. That had been a big decision and major problem with those boys, he mused, but they had accepted his judgment in the matter without question.

A child's faith is unexcelled in all the world, he thought, looking back once more. The "little umpire" stood glued to the spot not more than a foot from the second base. He was going to make **sure** he was right next time a close decision was to be made, or the other fellas wouldn't let him play with them again . . . . they had a way of taking care of that.

Monte Stratton smiled and limped on. It had been an awful hot day . . . . .

## Eloquence Of Chimney Smoke

(from The Harrodsburg Herald)

In going around in places where we were not acquainted we have often fallen into the state of musing about the people of the homes, both large and small. There are places we know that must have children by what we see as evidence. Toys, swings, see-saws and the like.

We can estimate the character of a farmer by his farm gate and care of his implements.

We can be certain that there is a good housekeeper where window shades and curtains are correctly hung. The front porch and stoop inviting. The closely drawn window shades speak as audible as a loud "No! I am not at home."

We took the following from Good Housekeeping an another angle:

Next time you see smoke coming from a neighbor's chimney, consider how many things it can tell you. Writer Donald Peattie has long known the significance of such apparently prosaic sights. Here's what he says in the January issue of Good Housekeeping magazine:

"Everyone knows you can tell the weather by the behavior of chimney smoke. If it blows down from the chimney and slinks along the ground, rain is coming; if it stands straight up, dry, crisp weather is promised. Moreover, if the smoke is piling out of the chimney in sweet-smelling, dense billows, then the master of the house is in; he has just started the fire. If the smoke is spinning out in a long, hazy, bitter-smelling twirl, then he may have gone out, for the fire is dying. A hearth fire at its height shows only a transparent violet wraith of smoke dancing on vigorous heat waves; at such a time, probably the whole family is gathered around. A friend's hearth smoke is like a crooked finger, beckoning you in. The perfume reaches out and greets you before your friend comes to the door."

## A Great Tragedy

By Dr. Gordon Wilson

Superficially we have come a long way from a time when all of us could be classed as of the folk. In a single generation all sorts of inventions have lessened distance, have brought bodily comforts, have prolonged life. From tallow candles to electric lights is a long way to cover in a half century. From oxcarts to supersonic planes is equally far. And it is an odd thing that the gadgets that only the most daring scientists knew a half century ago are now mere playthings of anybody. All of this we have been told over and over. Sometimes we almost believe that we have come as far in our thinking as we have in mechanical invention. If you will stop and think a little, you will see that we are often riding in modern air chariots when our poor brains are doing no more thinking than they did when the county seat was the farthest place that we had ever seen.

A great tragedy of our age, and I am not merely a man bordering an old age when I say it, has been the inadequate leadership to help bridge the phenomenal gap between yesterday and today in our lives. The atom bomb is not the only thing that has suddenly found its way into our lives before we have worked out ways to combat its influence. When our educational system needed reforms, who could lead except those who had grown up without the very systems that were being inaugurated? Our towns and cities, built on horse-and-buggy lines, are now crowded to bursting with the automobile traffic. The narrow, one-way streets of nearly every town are plain evidences that we have outgrown the horse and its days. But how could any one have foreseen the tremendous change and built for it?

My home town, and probably yours, is beset with a traffic problem that seems incapable of solution by any known means. Problems of food have grown unbelievably, also. When forward-looking citizens wanted an ordinance prohibiting the sale of unpastured milk or milk products, many prominent people, including some of the town's wiseacres, came to the meeting to protest. Fortunately, those who had the matter in hand knew enough to silence even the most moss-backed old-timers. Later, however, a pure-food law dealing with public eating places met defeat, largely because of a lack of organized public opinion. On this occasion one of the city fathers is reputed to have said that people should eat at home. There spake an old-timer, one who should go roll out his rubber-tired buggy and hitch his high-stepping horse to it. Which reminds me of the remark one of our ex-faculty-members made when extracurricular activities were being discussed: "Students don't need any recreation; they are not here for that." Horse and buggy, here I come!

As the son of a doctor and a life-long supporter of medical science, I often wonder at the thin veneer of moderness that most of us have when we suddenly get sick. Quick remedies are just as plentiful as when doctors knew just about one tenth of what they are required to know today. The only difference is that the quackery so often offered us costs more and has a worse taste. I do not mean that the doctors themselves are victims of this situation but that the die-hards of the old school refuse to believe the findings of scientists and go back to their herb tonics or modern representatives of them. Of course, the scarcity of doctors in some places helps this pathetic return to asafoetida bags and burdock bitters or whatever else we seem to have outgrown. The very fact that smallpox breaks out every season in a great many places is proof positive, as the advertisements say, that we have failed to take advantage of what has been proved many times that only the very [illegible] would deny it.

As a middle-aged man who has lived up his small voice always for progress, I want to say that the hardest thing we have to face is plain laziness. We know enough to reduce much of our misers; folk thinking and foolish loyalties to an impossible past often leave us not appreciably better than our remote ancestors. Mark Twain said very wisely that the parts of the Bible that he did not understand did not trouble him; the parts he did understand worried him most.

As I may have hinted before, the winding up of the Committee for Kentucky's wonderful job does not mean the end of my self-created stint. Thousands of people and more than 100 newspapers in the 120 counties have been aroused by the work of the Committee and will go right on working for better communities, for a better State, and I hope to string along with them as long as the newspapers print my stuff.

The announcement early in 1949 that around March this year the Committee for Kentucky would call it a job well done was a shock to me. I thought the organization should at least keep one man and a secretary employed indefinitely but President Harry W. Schacter and the directors thought otherwise. I bowed to their judgment, with some reluctance, and then hatched a plan for carrying on with this newspaper column.

In the three years I have been writing about scores of community projects that have been finished and many others definitely planned, I believe more civic progress will be made in the next three years than since I started writing the column January 1, 1947. And I am sure that by reporting what communities are doing, my job will be worth continuing indefinitely, provided most of the newspapers that ran my stuff as coming from the Committee for Kentucky are willing to print it as coming from an individual writing exactly what he pleases—one reporting the truth as he gets it and with nothing to gain but the satisfaction of seeing Kentuckians make the Commonwealth as good a State as its neighbors.

I have five times as much confidence in the progress of Kentucky as I had when I joined up with Mr. Schacter and the fine group of men and women in the Committee for Kentucky.

When the Committee began to expose Kentucky's shortcomings there was much hostility from people responsible in varying degrees for the backwardness of the State. To some of the people satisfied with Kentucky as it was, everybody connected with the work of putting out dirty linen on front-yard clotheslines was a Communist. But now most of the reactionaries have cooled off—many of them

## The Bible Speaks

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson

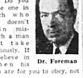
By Dr. Kenneth J. Foreman

SCRIPTURE: Acts 8:4—11:18. DEVOTIONAL READING: Romans 3:21-30.

### Unto All Men

Lesson for January 29, 1950

"MARK TIME, Christian Soldiers," is not a Christian hymn. The word is "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" The command was given by no less a person than Jesus himself: "Go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them . . . teaching them . . ." (Matt. 28:19, 20) Do you know some one in the church who says he doesn't believe in missions? Such a man does not take Christ seriously. If you do believe in Christ then his commands are for you to obey, not to ignore.



Dr. Foreman

. . .

**When Men Delay**

UP TO NOW, the church has been playing around with Jesus' command. Very few denominations are actually putting any large amount of money or manpower into obeying Christ's command to go into all the world.

One fairly typical American denomination contributed last year to all benevolences, that is to all causes not in their own local congregations, the sum of $9,137,065. That sounds like a lot; but divided by the total number of members it boils down to $14.60 per member for the year, or less than five cents a day.

**And of course not all that big sum of five cents went to missions of any sort. Yet that denomination gives more per capita to missions than most others do. When a man who gives less than five cents a day to carry the good news of Christ into the wide world sings "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" or prays "Thy Kingdom come!" how much does he mean it? Not a nickel's worth!**

Or take the question of manpower. This same denomination sends out as missionaries, every year, as many men and women as are sent by some denominations three times its size. And yet, even so, the total number of ordained ministers in that denomination who are foreign missionaries is only 4 per cent of their total number of ministers.

"Go into all the world," said the Master. "Four per cent of us will," we reply, "the rest of us will stay at home."

. . .

**When Men Obey**

AS A MATTER OF FACT, even the earliest church was slow to pay real attention to Christ's command, Forward! Men are strange creatures. And one of the strange things about us is that we often have to be scared into doing our duty.

It took the persecution set off by the death of Stephen to move the Christians in Jerusalem out along the roads south, north, east, anywhere to get away from the city of death. Everywhere they went, they told the story of Jesus.

**But at first it was all rather breathless and informal. "Why are you here?" one of these DP's would be asked, as he was passing through Samaria or Antioch or Alexandria, perhaps in the bread-line, perhaps looking for a place to work and settle down. "I'm a refugee from Jerusalem," he would say. "But why?" "Well, I'm a Christian." "What's that?"**

So the story would be told all over again, the good news about God's grace in Christ. So the church spread. Today, though an enormous part of the world's population is still unwon, there are Christians in so many lands that the Bible—all or parts of it—has had to be translated into more than one thousand different languages and dialects.

. . .

## WEEKLY CROSSWORD PUZZLE

WRITER

Here's the Answer

## The Center of Attraction

## Two Fire Alarms Sounded Here Sunday; Little Damage Caused At Either Place

Thursday, January 23, 1930

Two fire alarms were sounded here Sunday, one in Henryville and the other at the residence of R. L. Kirkland, little damage being done at either place. Both fires were caused by sparks from chimneys falling on the roofs. The fire in Henryville was at the residence of John Washington and was discovered by Robert Snapp, lineman of the Kentucky Utilities Company who was working on a line near the house. The fire was extinguished with buckets of water.

—20—

At a special meeting of the Carlisle city council last Thursday night, Dr. A. L. Gardner was elected by the members to fill the vacancy on the council created by Harry Kennedy who declined to qualify after being elected to the office.

—20—

The February term of the Nicholas circuit court will convene here on Monday, February 3, with Judge James C. Dedman presiding.

—20—

The new x-ray outfit purchased for the Johnson Memorial hospital several weeks ago, arrived Monday and has been installed in the hospital.

—20—

Real estate agent Dan Westfall this week sold for Mrs. Lena H. McCracken her farm of 75 acres to Nick Smoot at a private price. This farm adjoins Mr. Smoot's farm.

—20—

The thermometer here Saturday registered as low as six degrees below zero, the coldest January day since the cold winter of 1918.

—20—

City authorities have closed Walnut street to traffic during the coasting season so that the hills on Chestnut and North streets may be used.

—20—

MARRIED—Miss Lillian Fite, 22, of Bourbon county and Samuel Lemons, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lemons, of this

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Everett Gifford, of the county on the 9th, a son—To Mr. and Mrs. David Clark, of Ellisville, on the 3rd, a son.

MARRIED—Miss Mollie Allen and Mr. Charles Poisal, both of the county, on the 23rd—Mrs. Laura B. Collins and Mr. Herod Shrout, both of the county, on the 17th—Miss Lucy McCann and Mr. A. M. Garrison, both of the county, on the 18th—Miss Sarah L. Barnett and Mr. Emanuel Wagoner, both of the county, on the 25th—Miss Mary L. Reid and Mr. Nathaniel Ralls, both of the county, on the 25th—Miss Mamie B. Johnson and Mr. Walter Wilson, both of the county, on the 22nd—Miss Emma Foor and Mr. Walter Watson, both of the county, on the 23rd.

DIED—Mrs. R. P. Sparks, 39, at her home in Carlisle on the 23rd—Arthur, 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Ockerman, at their home near Taylor's Creek, on the 17th.

## JEST AMONG US . . .

By Jack Wild

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

My friend Seymour Goodman of the Hardin County Enterprise, in answer to the lament voiced here that it is well nigh impossible to procure a plain ham sandwich nowadays, declares that practically everybody around Elizabethtown likes the gooey kind better. He even gives a recipe for making same:

"First we take about a quarter of a loaf of sliced sandwich bread and place the pieces around on the counter in strategic positions. Then we haul out olives, sweet and sour pickles, ham, Swiss cheese, rat cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, tomato ketchup, mayonnaise, mustard, French dressing, chili sauce, a special salad dressing which we always





## Scrub Grass

By James P. Minton

It was a sudden shock to us last Saturday of the passing of Mr. O. D. Hamilton, our neighbor. This community wishes to express its deepest sympathy to the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Catlette G. Everette Jr., spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Everette Sr.

Mrs. O. D. Hamilton spent Monday night and Tuesday with Mrs. Onie Sears.

Mrs. Dee Bowen spent a few hours Thursday with Mrs. Marshal Walton.

Mrs. Ruth Minton spent a few hours with Mrs. Billie Hamilton Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Walton spent Friday with Mrs. Walton's mother, Mrs. Van Jones of Maysville.

Mrs. A. C. Crawford attended the funeral of Mrs. Mary Barnes Thursday.

Donald Bowles spent Saturday with Bobby Bowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bowles and son, Bobby, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Flerry Bowles.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Hollar, Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Walton and Mrs. Dee Bowen spent Sunday with Mrs. John Cronan and son, John H.

... Ellington and children Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harney of Lexington spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. George Harney and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Burke and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ring and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Burke Sunday.

Mrs. Floyd Harney visited her sister, Mrs. Nannie Wagoner from Thursday until Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Smith and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Hermie Clark and sons Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Burke and two daughters, Jackie and Betty, were in Cherry Fork, Ohio, Monday.

Paul and Harrison Ellington and Clyde McFarland were in Paris and Cynthiana Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Hunt visited Mrs. Paul Ellington and children Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Kash Clark and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smoot and family.

Shirley Burke spent one night recently with Patsy Curtiss.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Hunt spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harney and son visited Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Harney Sunday.

## Hooktown

By Miss Daisy Ritchie

Mrs. Jimmie Bowles spent Tuesday with her daughter, Mrs. Taylor and family at Cynthiana.

Mrs. Dora Harney spent a few hours Friday with Mrs. Mollie Ritchie and daughters.

## Wilson

By Miss Della Mae Terrell

Mrs. S. T. Terrell and Della Mae, spent Monday in Paris with Mrs. Della Banta.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thompson spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Terrell.

Mary Elizabeth Skeen of Covington visited her aunt, Mr. and

## Sprout

By Mrs. Paul Ellington

## Cane Run

By Mrs. C. A. Hopkins

## Tunnel Hill

By Mrs. Anna Henson

## Saltwell

By U. G. Mattox

## Bald Hill

By Mrs. Elmer Ritchie

## East Union

By Mrs. Essel Barr

## Headquarters Homemakers

COLOR TV DEMONSTRATED—Actress Faye Emerson participates in a color television test in Washington, D. C. Miss Emerson, who appears regularly before the television cameras, is sighted into the color TV camera by cameraman Hugh Lynch. Demonstration was for the purpose.

Each member gave fifty cents which finished our quota for furnishing a room at the new county hospital.

The next meeting will be February 15 at the home of Mrs. John Fryman.

### Ellisville 4-H News

The Ellisville 4-H Club held its monthly meeting January 12, at 1 p. m. in Room 7 and 8.

The following program was given:

Pledge to the flags; roll call, answered by naming your 4-H Project for this year; son, "Solomon Levi"; business; minutes of last meeting; "The Animal That Clothes Us", Janice Faye Flora; "Peculiar Sheep", Bradley Logan; "Feeds Needed for Success With Sheep", Paul Lawrence; "Sheep for Wool or Sheep for Meat", Bonnie Lou Price; "Breedes of Sheep," Merrill Mitchell; "Uses of Wool," Ann Curtis.

The meeting adjourned after discussing units in sewing project. —Donnie Hillock, Reporter.

## Ellisville

By Mrs. Richard Snapp

Several persons from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Mattie Lawrence at Carlisle Saturday. The friends in this community express their sympathy to her sister, Mrs. Walls McCowan, and her brothers and all of the relatives.

## Colored Notes

By Aurelia Hamilton

Miss Hattie M. Rice of Springfield, Ohio, spent the weekend with her aunt and grandmother. She

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wilson are the proud parents of a daughter born at the St. Joseph hospital, Lexington.

Presenting a transcribed program of Sister Marie Knight, Rosetti Thorpe, St. Paul Choir, Friday night, Jan. 27 at C. M. E. church.

### Answers to TEST YOUR I. Q.

1. Conservative and Labor.
2. No, skyscrapers act as their own lightning rods; such buildings are frequently struck by lightning, with the occupants being unaware of it.
3. Yes; porcupines have quills at birth, but they do not become stiff until later.
4. No; according to Encyclopedia Britannica, some dinosaurs were no larger than chickens when full grown.
5. Statistics show your chances of dying in an auto accident are only 3600 to one. But, be careful!

## CAPITOL COMMENTS

By David M. Porter

In government as in life, many things hang by a thread and the balance for or against a bill or crusade may be a series of small things that are intangible but taken together will make or kill its purpose. In our present legislature a battle is now being waged, the most important one of any legislature in years. The teachers of the public schools of Kentucky are underpaid. Because of this, they have crusaded for larger appropriations for themselves and the schools of Kentucky, and no one can say that they do not deserve it, but public opinion is turning against them and they may not get an increased appropriation.

The battle lines have been form-

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Pretty slick, too, the way these new Buicks snuggle neatly into tight parking places—thanks to inches saved by that perfectly swell new idea in front-end design.

But know what the sweetest news of all is about this 1950 Buick line?

Mister, you can *pick and choose!* With nearly a score of body types to choose from—four wheelbases—five power ratings—Coupe, Sedan, Convertible, Riviera and Estate Wagon models—there's a car here for just about *every* taste.

Nor does it stop there.

You can have the *equipment* you want, too. Get these 1950 swifties with a whole host of accessories which you specify to suit your own taste.

As for prices—good sir, just go *look* at them!

They literally cover every price bracket above the very lowest.

This year's Buicks range from eights that are priced like sixes to majestic fine cars that are the value-sensation of their field—some even cost *less per pound* than certain versions of the lowest priced cars.

Yes, it's really a grand treat to visit a Buick showroom these days. You can pick and choose as you haven't been able to for years.

Get quick delivery, too, on many models.

Why not go see about signing up for one right away?

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| | |
|---|---|
| Model 46, 3-passenger Coupe (illustrated) | $1876.00 |
| Model 56-S, 6-passenger 2-door Sedanet (not illustrated) | $2116.00 |
| Model 76-S 6-passenger 2-door Sedanet (not illustrated) | $2608.00 |

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