The Carlisle Mercury

ESTABLISHED 1867

Printed and Published Every Thursday At Carlisle, Kentucky

Entered as second class matter at the post office in Carlisle, Kentucky, under act of March 3, 1879.

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

EMILY ASBURY ..... Associate Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES PER YEAR

In State, $2.00 – Out of State, $2.50

Our Editorial Platform

1. Zoning of city for unswering fire cells
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, NOVEMBER 23, 1950

Thanksgiving

Potent are the memories of childhood. We venture to say that in your mind today come a picture, conned from the thumb-worn books of long ago, of a sturdy band of men with high-crowned hats, of apple-cheeked women, gray-clad and white-capped, who marched behind their devout lords, bearing brawn-muscled rifles or books, the sturdy Pilgrim, bore his trumpet-shaped blunderbus. One supposes the blunderbuss was the origin of an occasional wild turkey, for those who had crossed a stormy sea, seeking freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, though having fallen early and often upon their knees had not as yet "fallen upon the aborigines."

Powerful was this pagent, the march churchward through the snow, the background of sheltering pines, the friendly Indians bearing gifts of turkey and venison to grace the feast of plenty that first Thanksgiving.

This scene you may summon from the realm of childhood memories to bring a savor to your prayers of Thanksgiving and your feasting today. The magic is set beyond the forests of that picture, across mountain heights and low-land wilderness, the haunt of the wild folk and the friendly red folk, soon to be unfriendly, despite prayers and piety, by the last for land.

The actors are of the same race, yet not of the same lineage. Most of us are descendants of those

Who rode with Spotswood round the land.

With Raleigh round the seas.

Or else of those who sought sanctuary in a new land from religious persecution at the King of France. Yet out these types, fused in the great Melting Pot of Ele Nation, a people has been born, imbued with the ideals of freedom—freedom to rule themselves in worship to God according to the dictates of their own conscience to bow the knee to no man and to teach our children free men.

For this we are thankful today, and whether we observe the day by prayers, by feasting or by trampingg the Autumn fields, we must, if we be thoughtful,

"Praise the Power that hath made
and preserved us a Nation."

—By W. R. F., Sr.

"A Stitch In Time"

Carlisle has some sick streets that need doctoring before winter sets in. Main is one hurt.

It is not the surface of the streets to which we refer, but, to the lack of Slow, Stop and Caution signs at several dangerous corners, two of which directly involve the safety of our children going to and from school.

The worst of these danger zones is at the corner of North and Broadway, a much used crossing by school children living in the West section of town, by which motorists speed at a healthy clip. There used to be a traffic light at this corner but that was taken down several years ago and pedestrians now must cross wherever possible.

During the months that school is in session a stop light should certainly be placed there and "Slow-School Crosswalk" painted on Broadway well in advance of the crossing. If not that then a blinker light, with ample warning signs erected.

At this same corner, cars, often trans-porting children to school, also find it a hazardous spot, especially if they are headed East on North street and try to pull out onto Broadway. Visability to the left around the curve is zero, zero, and a driver has to inch out a little at a time in order to see around the curve.

New stop signs should replace the old battered ones at the corner of Chestnut and Walnut streets; a traffic light is necessary at the Cole Hardware corner at Main and Elm and stop and right-of-way signs are badly needed at Chestnut and Locust street. (Christian church corner). Here cars park much too near the corners for safety.

Instead of waiting, until after an accident occurs at one of the mentioned intersections, wouldn't it be far better to sew that stitch now?

Matson Employed As County Agent Succeeding C. B. Elston

Thursday, November 20, 1930

At a meeting of the Nicholas fiscal court, Tuesday, R. J. Matson was unanimously employed as the County Agricultural agent for the year 1931. Matson will succeed C. B. Elston, County agent here since May 1923.

—20—

City assessor George C. Myers has completed the assessment of the city of Carlisle which shows the total value of all property for taxation to be $1,421,790. This is a decrease of $46,355 from last year.

—20—

Arthur Mullikin, president of the Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Company has called a meeting of the board of directors of the company for Saturday afternoon at which time it is hoped definite action will be taken concerning a tobacco market in Carlisle.

Mr. Mullikin stated to The Mercury Tuesday that in his opinion Carlisle has a good chance for a market this year if farmers will deliver their tobacco here.

—20—

At a called meeting of the city council Monday night, sealed bids were opened for a new truck to be used as a fire truck. The bid of W. R. Buntin for furnishing a Dodge one and one-half ton chassis for $715 was accepted by council. The present Buick fire truck has been in use since 1915.

—20—

Mayor Howard K. Veach read to the city council a communication from Joseph Greenspoon Sons, Pittsburg, asking for information concerning a franchise to supply Carlisle with natural gas. Upon motion of Dr. A. T. Gardner, Mayor Veach was instructed to ask the company to send a representative to Carlisle to explain the proposition.

—20—

Mrs. America Tarr, 89, widow of Robert Tarr, prominent Bourbon county farmer, died at the home of her son, Layson Tarr in Millersburg Monday morning at the result of injuries sustained in a fall several days ago.

—20—

Joe Hughes of the Licking section, brought to this office Saturday a "Siamese Twins" squash. Two squashes were of normal size and almost identical, being joined together on one side.

—20—

Miss Lurline Alexander and Mrs. Leonard Alexander narrowly escaped injury at Blue Licks Saturday afternoon in an automobile accident.

—20—

Allen Hopkins has gone to Oklahoma City on a business trip.

—20—

The bridge club was entertained by Mrs. Hiel Asbury on Tuesday afternoon at her home on the Paris pike. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Lewis Robbins, Mrs. Ernest Piper and Mrs. John M. Wells. Other players were Mrs. Frank Reynolds, Mrs. Milford Berry, Mrs. Ralph Burnett, Mrs. Foster Cox, Mrs. J. W. Howard, Mrs. James Patton, Mrs. Stanley Hutchings, Mrs. Willon Harper and Mrs. Frank Powell. Mrs. Asbury's mother, Mrs. L. L. Johnson of Mayfield, assisted in the hostitalities.

—20—

MARRIED—Miss Ella Henry, Lexington and Mr. Richard Dixon, Lexington, July 26 in Frankfort. Miss Lizzie Taylor Whitson, Bath county, and John Taylor King on the 13th.—Miss Alma Riley, Flemingsburg, and Robert Allen Cook, Maysville, on the 16th in Maysville—Mrs. Josephine Threlkeld Haitlip and Mr. John J. Lee, Saturday afternoon in Lexington.—Miss Elsie M. Jones and Mr. R. C. Reid, both of Lexington, Sunday afternoon.

DIED—Mr. Edward Reming-ton, 71, in St. Louis, Mo.—Mrs. Nannie Hardin, 77, Monday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Walker Hellar.—Joseph H. Wood, 52, Thursday at his home near Sharpsburg.

—20—

Thursday, November 22, 1900

Dealers here paying six cents per pound for good quality turkeys delivered.

—50—

J. H. Stewart closs Brent Brothers pens here after killing and shipping 3,500 turkeys.

—50—

Warder McDonald completes new residence on Upper Main town pike and moves family into house

—50—

Census report just issued puts Nicholas county a population of 11,952, an increase of 1,188 since 1890.

—50—

In the division of the land of Mrs. Ann Wright, Mrs. William McRohan is given 116 acres and Mrs. George Smart 108 acres.

—50—

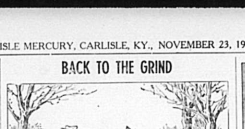
BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hopkins of Little Rock on the 18th, twin sons.—To Mr. and Mrs. Nat Rails of Moorefield on the 16th, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Jake Hopkins of Moorefield on the 12th, a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Ora Wagoner of the county a son.

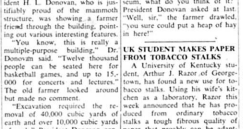
—50—

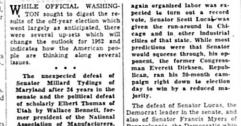
MARRIED—Miss Elizabeth B. Spencer and Dr. Charles F. Norton of El Paso, Texas, on the 21st.—Miss Roxana Thompson of Headquarters and Mr. W. W. Boyce of Yorkville, S. C. on the 22nd.—Miss Mollie Morris and Mr. Minor Ritchie, on the 15th.

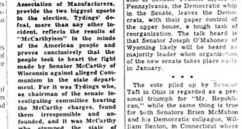
DIED—Mr. George W. Clark, 79, at his home near Moorefield on the 18th.—Mrs. E. J. Masterson, 76, formerly of this county on the 7th.—Miss Alice Jane Thomason, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Thomason at their home near Headquarters on the 16th.

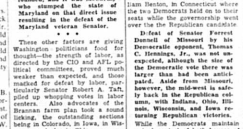
BACK TO THE GRIND

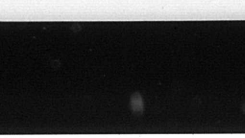












Jest Jingles

Soon the last football of the old season will be booted and the first basketball of a new season will be heaved hoopward. On December 9, the University of Kentucky's majestic Memorial Coliseum will be dedicated as a sports center when Mr. Rupp's lads tangle with the roundball boys of Purdue.

And that brings to mind a story about the Coliseum. Shortly before it was completed, U. K. President H. L. Donovan, who is justifiably proud of the mammoth structure, was showing a farmer friend through the building, pointing out various interesting features.

"You know, this is really a multiple-purpose building," Dr. Donovan said. "Twelve thousand people can be seated here for basketball games, and up to 15,000 for concerts and lectures."

The old farmer looked around but made no comment.

"Excavation required the removal of 40,000 cubic yards of earth and over 10,000 cubic yards of rock," President Donovan continued. "About 11,000 cubic yards of concrete and 500 tons of reinforcing steel were used." Still the farmer said nothing.

"The whole project, but 3,500,000 brick were needed," the U. K. president went on. "When winter comes it will take enough heat for approximately 250 average sized homes to keep it warm. There are over 1,300 light fixtures in the building." The farmer rolled his eyes as they crossed the gleaming hardwood playing floor, but still he had nothing to say.

"There's half an acre of flooring on this floor alone," Dr. Donovan declared, "and from here to the ceiling the distance is 90 feet. The span of the main roof trusses is 225 feet. There are two acres of glass in the roof, and the roof is 2.3 acres in area." The old farmer seemed impressed by the formidable statistics, but continued to gaze silently around the huge room.

"Now that you've seen the Coliseum, what do you think of it?" President Donovan asked at last. "Well, sir," the farmer replied, "you sure could put a heap of hay in here!"

THE BIBLE SPEAKS

By Dr. Kenneth J. Foreman

SCRIPTURE: Psalm 19:10-12; Proverbs 3:13-18; Matthew 5:3-6; Luke 12:13-21; John 6:24; Philippians 4:14; Philippians 4:19.

DEVOTIONAL READING: James 1:9-11.

Cheerful Giver

Lesson for November 26, 1950

TAKE a good look at a piece of money. Let it be any form at all: "hard money," "folding money," a check, a money order, any-anything you can shove across a counter and get something with. Let us say it is your own money, and that you earned it yourself. Just take a look at that piece of cash. Do you recognize it? You may find it to be nothing less than a piece of your own life.

Money is Life

You get rid of something quite valuable to get hold of that piece of money. Time, certainly, you gave up some time to get it. Years ago, poorer in time, for you have less time left than you have then, time but you are richer in money. Or you may have had more time, which in turn spells life.

Look at it in another way. You put out a certain amount of energy for this bit of money. You plowed a field or you raised some children or you laid some pipe or you taught some children or you sold a lot of goods. Whatever you did to earn the money, it took you a bit, to put out the work, — and the money came to you. Money is time, money is energy.

Furthermore, money is knowledge.

Why a skilled workman paid more than an unskilled one? Not because he works harder or sweats more. He is paid more because his work is better, and his work is better because he knows more. Now, what would life be without time, energy or knowledge? Not much! So if a robber ever says to you, "Your money or your life!", you would be quite correct (even if ungrateful) if you said, "My dear friend, you repeat yourself; money is life!"

Life Comes from God

MUCH of the many differences between a Christian and a non-Christian is this: the Christian knows too much to say, "My life is my own, to do with as I please." Consider those three elements of life: time, energy, knowledge. Treat itself is certainly God's gift, the greatest gift. None of us can waste a moment of it. We can accept it use it, or we can waste it, but it was given us in either case.

Energy cannot be created by you or me. Each of us has a certain kind of a certain amount; we inherit it, we are endowed with it; but only God in the long run is the source of energy. To make a long story short, life is God's gift, not our creation. It is a blank page on which we write, an empty field in which we can sow as we will. But though the writing and the sowing are our own, the page and the field are God's, so the Christian recognizes this as the central fact of his life: I belong to God.

Now if that is true it is also true that our money is also, just as much as our life itself, ours only as a trust from God.

• • •

Stewardship

"STEWARDSHIP" is the word which recognizes God's right to our lives; it is the word which describes the principle of life for those who honor God as source of all they are and have. When the steward-writer says, "Honor God with thy substance," he has just said, "Do all thy ways acknowledge him." So man is likely to do what is right with his money who habitually does wrong with his life. No man is going to admit his partnership with God in money matters who does not confess God to be the Lord of all his life.

Now there are two principles brought out in our Scripture about stewardship of money in particular. One is this: God looks on what we have, not on what we haven't. A widow who gives one tiny coin, if that is all she has, is more generous than a millionaire who has just given half a million to charity. Second is the principle of willingness. The Lord loves a cheerful giver, your grievers, regretful givers, stingy givers, no. But the Lord does love the man who gives with a smile.

It isn't how much you give, it isn't the fact that you give, it's HOW you give. Is your heart generous in the first place?

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Mercury Advertising Pays!

THIS PETTY PACE

By BROWN LEE YATES

ATE IT'S EAT OUT!" Oh, what a world of mystery and enchantment these words foretell—and disenchantment and stomach ache!

One doesn't hope the invitation lightly, but even in the best regulated families, time comes when some members must wend their way restaurantward. So we're going to advise you how it's done. A novice would not survive three lunch hours.

First — find a restaurant. Those usually are designated by huge neon signs proclaiming, BEER, LIQUOR, WHISKEY, or in the classier sections, COCKTAIL LOUNGE. Some old fashioned joints still cling to calling themselves restaurants, and a few unashamedly fly the "eat" sign—manifestations for which a hungry man has no time to look.

Walk into the front door just as if you weren't hungry. Although eating is only incidental in the modern cafe, they do serve food, and if you weren't too much the eager beaver, you can persuade someone to bring you some. Drooling over the menu will avail you nothing. No rigmarole is supposed to serve what is listed on its menu—they are just there to tempt you with mouth-watering visions.

Sooner or later, the waitress will drop by with a glass of lukewarm water, but don't envision, "Ah ha, I'm in!" Wash resignedly until she brings the knife, spoon and fork. "Why bother?" look on her face. Don't mention your order. Assume a psychological opening — dropping dead from malnutrition provides the ideal cue for her to ask "May I serve you?" Then you're ready to be coaxed, and will bring nutritious fare. Don't think it impossible or promised in m a k e her your task. At last, she may withhold the butter.

When she brings the food, eat it. Sounds as radical as a third party, but the greatest difficulty in the American mind is that a restaurant food is not to be eaten. Remember, progress up to the point where you actually have the food before you has been a drag on your strength. You have to eat now to preserve your interest.

The stuff probably is nourishing but it doesn't look it. Hopefully it will get you back to the street.

UK LIBRARY RECEIVES COLONEL COLLECTION

In a trade with the Emory University library, the University of Kentucky's Margaret I. King Library this week obtained one of the oldest printed books in existence, a 453-year-old Bible, identified "The Egyptian Mysteries." Printed in 1497 by one of the 15th century's greatest printing craftsmen, Aldus Manutius of Venice, the book is still in a remarkably good state of preservation. The text remains clearly legible, and its eight-by-twelve inch cover shows little more wear than does a modern-day spelling book after a year in the hands of the average fourth-grader.

The inside of a metal salt-shaker cap will not rust if it is coated first with clear fingernail polish. When the polish is dry, the holes are opened with a needle.

KENTUCKY ON THE MARCH

Assistant Attorney General J. B. Browning's ogling the days that jurors in police court must be paid the statutory fee of fifty cents whether they convict or acquit brings to mind a legalized racket in Kentucky courts that try petty cases. By that I mean all courts in which officials, particularly the judges or justices of the peace, get trail fees or a percentage of the fines or both instead of fixed fects not contingent upon conviction.

One of the earliest principles of American law is that judges and juries must be free from prejudice. Yet a Kentucky legislature enacted a law giving judges of the peace and police judges the right to collect fees from persons convicted before them and not allowing them pay for conducting trails in which defendants are acquitted.

My first personal experience with the infamous fee system dates back to the 1900s. I had just been admitted to the bar and a farmer hired me to defend him against a claim, in a village police court, for alleged assault and battery. On examination of the plaintiff the judge dismissed the case. It was the last case on the docket, so he soon adjourned court and court and left his bench. Then, all of a sudden, he thought of his fee. The farmer had to pay it.

"Hey, wait a minute!" he said. "Who's going to pay my fee? I'll have to re-open this case."

"Oh, no, Judge, you can't do that," I told him. "You'll have to collect from the plaintiff."

The judge was not wise in the ways of fee-getting. If he had been he doubtless would have ruled against my client in the first place. The incident illustrates the evil of the present fees law which is the rottenest thing in the statutes of Kentucky.

Some years back the legislature, upon hearing many complaints that justices of the peace and police judges in small towns fined many alleged traffic offenders in private, passed a law giving defendants the right to have their cases removed to county judges' courts where fees fee convicting were not assessed. The change in the law was a distonest evasion. Dishonest because overland truck drivers, always in a hurry, wouldn't ask for changes of venue. They would pay the fines.

In west Kentucy I heard of less than half a dozen alleged traffic offenders asking for a change of venue.

The present fee system is even more odious than debtors' prison, which was repealed a century ago.

When the legislature meets again **every effort must be made to have representative**, demanding the repeal of the fee law and the substitution of straight salaries for magistrates and for police judges in small towns. If I'm still writing for the papers, I'll do another piece on the subject.

—Syndicated By
The Union County Advocate)

Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

8 Gift's name
9 Bird
10 Number of us
11 Ireland
12 To anoint
13 Framework of timbers
14 Pertaining to Latium
15 To arrange
16 Literary scrap
17 Let us see
18 Fiction
19 Fuel
20 To decay
21 Asserts
22 Aquatic mammal
23 Asian river
24 Ocean
25 Arabian tribal capital
26 Cereal grass
27 Pronoun
28 Note in scale
29 Note in scale
30 Note in scale
31 Note in scale
32 Fruits
33 Fetish

VERTICAL

1 Lively
2 To employ
3 Exception
4 Rajah
5 Indian river
6 Exact
7 The Harp
8 To correct
9 Wolfish
10 Be in a

11 Divisible
12 To navigate
13 Fish
14 Dominion
15 Ocean
16 Pertaining to the ear
17 Person of another sex
18 Ancient Roman magistrate
19 Cleopatra's river
20 Sailor
21 Mountain pass
22 Italian measure
23 Pertaining to Ireland
24 Beer mug
25 Lamb's name
26 To impair

Puzzle No. 106

Answer to Puzzle No. 106

A	L	A	R	M		A	S	S	E	S	S			
L	E	N	A	E		S	T	E	R	E	O			
A	N	T	I	S		P	E	R	S	I	A			
R	E	S	I	N		E	R	I	E					
M	A	I	N											

Letters To The Editor

Carlisle, Kentucky
November 17, 1950

Dear Sir:

In the fall of 1949 Rev. Goodwin came to Carlisle to be pastor of the Henryville Methodist church. On his arrival he found a church in debt, a discouraged congregation, who felt they could never come clear again. Rev. Goodwin with a mind to work, and a band of faithful members determined to hop with every person in his place, began to organize for the task. A number of groups were appointed and with their pastor to direct them, they went to work in earnest, and though

Mr. Dan Goldsmith, 2024 Curron Road, Louisville, Ky., owner of Coughs Cut Rate Drugs, 1000 West Broadway, says there just aren't enough words in the English language to praise HADACOL enough. He says he knows many folks don't realize what a change HADACOL can make in their lives, and if their systems are deficient in Vitamin B-1, HADACOL will do more than they think they can quibble and quarrel about anything and everything and still retain the same feeling for one another! It certainly will be done before—it can't be done after!

A smart wife was cited as the most insane fancies of her husband. Remembering that when she was your forgetting the oars and pouring molasses into that extra can of fuel."

"Matt, anyone who oward that tantrum of yours when they came home from the fishing trip must have thought you were the most

straight-laced old biddy that ever wagged a tongue over a cup of tea. I really thought that you overdid it."

"I did overdo it a little," he admitted, "but they were so startled that they just stood there aghast at seeing me. I don't think they had ever realized the possibility of my relationship between them and me except that of a couple of roughnecks who by chance had grown up next door to each other."

MATT AND I sat down on the lawn and leaned back against the big maple that shaded the yard, swing between our two houses. Matt

filled his pipe and puffed contentedly while I daydreamed about the possibility of a grandson named Edward.

Some time later I heard the creaking of the swing and Mary's low throaty laugh. I opened one eye and glanced at Matt. His pipe had gone out and he seemed to be asleep. I just sat there in the dark. Matt and I had engineered that thing so maybe we were entitled to know how it was turning out. With this thought to ease my conscience, I strained my ears to catch the low murmur of the youngsters' voices coming from the swing.

"Johnny," Mary was saying, "are we going to let those old frauds get away with that trick they played on us?"

Johnny laughed. "It was pretty obvious that they were trying to throw us at each other. I thought that Dad's talking was wrong when Dad didn't check to see if the oars were in the boat. He never did put much faith in these newfangled outboard motors. Then when I noticed the molasses while checking for water in the gas can and felt sure I knew that it was a put up deal."

"I'll say it was. The speed of his mouth and the moonlight reflecting from his wide spread ears, I closed my eyes and I think he wouldn't notice I was awake.

Mary laughed again. "If they ever find that thing that took those oars and were a double-feather movie before returning it, whether they were walking, they'll furlough."

When I cautiously opened my eyes, I nearly burst out laughing. If ever a man looked sheepish and angry at the same time, Matt was the man. He looked as though he already had my hands and knees, which seemed like a pretty good idea to me.

Wildcats Basketball Schedule Announced

Kentuckians are going to see a lot more of Coach Adolph Rupp's University of Kentucky basketeers this winter.

Athletic Directors B. A. Shively said a near-sellout is anticipated for the approximately 5,500 season books allotted the general public, which would assure an almost capacity crowd of 12,000 students and general public at each of the Wildcat's 13 home contests in new Memorial Coliseum. The deadline for submitting mail orders for season books is November 19.

The complete 1950-51 schedule of the U.K. cagers is as follows: Dec. 1, "West Texas State; Dec. 9, "Purdue (Coliseum Dedication); Dec. 12, "Xavier; Dec. 16, "Georgia; Dec. 16, "Kansas University; Dec. 23, St. John's (New York); Dec. 29-30, Sugar Bowl Tourney, Kentucky Bradley, Syracuse and St. Louis U.; Jan. 5, "Auburn; Jan. 8, "De Paul; Jan. 13, "Alabama; Jan. 15, "Notre Dame; Jan. 20, Tennessee; Jan. 22, Georgia Tech; Jan. 27, Vanderbilt; Jan. 29, Tulane; Jan. 31, Louisiana State;

Feb. 2, Mississippi State; Feb. 5, Mississippi U.; Feb. 9, Georgia Tech; Feb. 13, "Xavier; Feb. 13, "Tennessee; Feb. 19, DePaul; Feb. 23, "Georgia; Feb. 24, "Vanderbilt; March 1-2-3, Tournament in Louisville.

" Denotes home games.

A Friend

Democratic Campaign Committee
Louisville, Kentucky
November 9, 1950

Mr. Warren Fisher, Jr.
The Carlisle Mercury
Carlisle, Kentucky

Dear Mr. Fisher:

Now that the campaign has come to a close I want to take this opportunity to thank you for your handling of news releases and other material sent to your paper. Your prompt and only such material as I felt the Kentucky newspapers would be able to carry and I know that many times you printed more than you were prompted for space.

This publicity job was a new experience for me and I want you to know that I appreciate all the suggestions offered and the generous amount of free space given the candidate I represented.

Governor Clements has asked me to express to you his personal appreciation of the fair treatment given his candidacy and to thank you for the space that you alloted to his campaign talks and statements. Some may have disagreed with him politically but that did not prevent their giving him fair treatment in their news columns.

Yours sincerely,
Herndon J. Evans
Publicity Chairman

IS HE READY TO EXPLODE HIS PROWESS—Many local gridiron fans will soon be leaving Carlisle for Knoxville, scene of Saturday's Kentucky football battle, for the answer to that question. Here's Clark, above, who says he'd rather be sitting in the stands if he can't be out on the field playing, has been limited action this season due to a reoccuring leg injury. However, local observers are in hopes that the junior scatback will recover his old form and pace the Wildcat attack to its first victory over the Volsunteers since 1935.

Ellisville 4-H Club

By Jackie Thatcher, reporter

The Ellisville 4-H club held its monthly meeting November 14 in the seventh-eighth grade room. The meeting was opened by club pledge and flag salute. Sara Soloman Levi.

Roll was called by naming a state that ends in A. The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting.

The program was as follows: Audubon Park near Henderson, by Marian Grace Anderson. How to be a champion, by Jackie Fincher. A trip to Natural Bridge, by Martha Ann Flora. A new State Park on Wolf Creek, by Lena Spencer. Cumberland Falls, a park you must visit, by Gerldine Mitchell. New vacation colleges, Elanie Ritchie.

Some other parks we should know about, by Sue Jones.

Miss Crump gave out metals to the girl that entered their sewing at rally day, and took names of the ones who completed their projects. The meeting was adjourned to the second Tuesday in December.

Moorefield Homemakers

The home of Mrs. Elgin V. Clark was the scene of activity Tuesday, November 14 as the Moorefield Homemakers met for their lesson "Care of Skin". There were 16 members and one visitor, Mrs. Charles Whaley present as Miss Betty Crump gave the lesson for Mrs. Clifton House who was ill.

Mrs. Howard Campbell gave the devotional. Mrs. Joe Wilson read a poem and a homemakers song. Mrs. Howard Irvin gave a list of books for January. Mrs. V. E. Clark presided at the business meet. It was decided to join the girl that entered their sewing at rally day, and took names of the ones who completed their projects. The meeting was adjourned to the second Tuesday in December.

HEADS STATE GROUP

Jack Atkinson, instructor in science training school at the Flemingsburg High school, has been appointed president of the Kentucky Teachers Association. He will represent the state at the national convention in Miami, Fla., the latter part of February. He is a native of Carlisle and has been a teacher there for several years.

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A small magnet will retrieve steel pins and needles from the floor.

Notice

I will be with the Independent Tobacco Warehouse, Company of Paris this season.

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Harold Mitchell

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ABOVE THE HULLABALOO

By LYTLE HULL

HOW OFTEN have Beatrice Fairfax and other matrimonial experts warned the young? not to "take marriage for granted," but to consider it a "job" like everything else; not to think that once "tied" they can forget the attentions they formerly lavished upon each other?

In reality three attentions—small and large alike—are far more essential after marriage than before. If the "boy friend" was in the habit of sending red roses, what is unbelievable when —as husband—he picks a few dandelions? If he just forgets the whole thing, that's the wife never saw him suddenly—and that—after to dispose of the morning egg while complaining, as he always did of dismal chickens. A sad—as the dissatisfied sides—a money sufferer and a sloppy wrapper scarcely enhance a husband's once gleeful picture of "the girl of his dreams." Little things mean a lot—in fact, they count!

For more essential however to connubial bliss, and much less discussed, is the little matter of "thinking". When most youngsters are married—at least pretend to —respect each other's idiosyncrasies and don't mind the argument every time one or the other disagrees with them. They do so, because they think they can quibble and quarrel about anything and everything and still retain the same feeling for one another! It certainly will be done before—it can't be done after!

A smart wife was cited as the most insane fancies of her husband. Remembering that when she was your forgetting the oars and pouring molasses into that extra can of fuel."

"Matt, anyone who oward that tantrum of yours when they came home from the fishing trip must have thought you were the most

straight-laced old biddy that ever wagged a tongue over a cup of tea. I really thought that you overdid it."

"I did overdo it a little," he admitted, "but they were so startled that they just stood there aghast at seeing me. I don't think they had ever realized the possibility of my relationship between them and me except that of a couple of roughnecks who by chance had grown up next door to each other."

MATT AND I sat down on the lawn and leaned back against the big maple that shaded the yard, swing between our two houses. Matt

filled his pipe and puffed contentedly while I daydreamed about the possibility of a grandson named Edward.

Some time later I heard the creaking of the swing and Mary's low throaty laugh. I opened one eye and glanced at Matt. His pipe had gone out and he seemed to be asleep. I just sat there in the dark. Matt and I had engineered that thing so maybe we were entitled to know how it was turning out. With this thought to ease my conscience, I strained my ears to catch the low murmur of the youngsters' voices coming from the swing.

"Johnny," Mary was saying, "are we going to let those old frauds get away with that trick they played on us?"

Johnny laughed. "It was pretty obvious that they were trying to throw us at each other. I thought that Dad's talking was wrong when Dad didn't check to see if the oars were in the boat. He never did put much faith in these newfangled outboard motors. Then when I noticed the molasses while checking for water in the gas can and felt sure I knew that it was a put up deal."

"I'll say it was. The speed of his mouth and the moonlight reflecting from his wide spread ears, I closed my eyes and I think he wouldn't notice I was awake.

Mary laughed again. "If they ever find that thing that took those oars and were a double-feather movie before returning it, whether they were walking, they'll furlough."

When I cautiously opened my eyes, I nearly burst out laughing. If ever a man looked sheepish and angry at the same time, Matt was the man. He looked as though he already had my hands and knees, which seemed like a pretty good idea to me.

Wage Reports Checked to Effect Benefits Claims

False Insurance Claims

It does not pay to try to collect unemployment insurance benefits while working. Not unless you keep the Unemployment Division of the Department of Economic Security fully informed as to your each week!

Word that is the experience of more than 100 claimants who have filed claims for benefits in the county Teachers Association. He will represent the state at the national convention in Miami, Fla., the latter part of February. He is a native of Carlisle and has been a teacher there for several years.

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A small magnet will retrieve steel pins and needles from the floor.

I just didn't know there were so many smart folks

Surprise" how much overtime there is to get when prices are high. Instead of buying hats of costly gadgets, save and earn money. Many pairs are giving practical, usable dungarees. And the overwhelming favorite in dungarees is Happy Jack for boys and men. . . . Happy Jack for girls and women. . . . You can buy Happy Jack Dungarees at most anywhere, and thousands of smart folks . . . more than ever before in history . . . are doing just that.

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Wage reports checked by the unemployment division will be reported to the claims-taker. Employers are kept currently informed of all payments made to the worker and of his status as a claimant. Because these payments constitute withdrawals from the unemployment reserve account with the agency (basis for computing his annual unemployment tax rate), employer is vitally interested in the claim. If he does not believe the claim is legitimate, he is the one to report any case