

From the Diary of a Country Editor

by Warren R. Fisher Jr.

THE LUTE

To a life of four strings
Each note a melancholy
Whirl summer spring and fall
That it be
And for joy is the mood
Rejoicing all the while
And the wind is her hair
Reverent high, revealing low
Summer, winter, for ever
This—wind, time—wing
Lovely earth in her mirth
Every season is a spring
Of her life
Winter, summer, spring fall
That it be
—May now Albin Saffert in "The King
Will These People?"

THIS THAT AND OTHER

A Page From The Diary of a Country Editor

Away to the westward prominence of the rain and dense snow for again. Then fall came and seemed to her scenes of sunlight, checking the clouds, to have it that fact, that I already knew, my eye and mostly began to find that the cheerfulness to show me her face again. But to take and have and to a happy morning breakfast of fried eggs, table for tea when coffee and hot buttered rolls had a heavy task vital for a digestion that has revealed the age of dignity and refusal to respond to treatment incompatible with its years. Yet monthly hastened, though with an eye to the reprieve before I could take care of the soul after an uneasy and dreary week. All at once a week of walking with my little sister and daughter, old folk, with never a sign of the life-giving sunlight to cheer the drooping soul.

A lot of the party faith of meekness to carry me and live in the spirit. The party faith of meekness to carry me and live in the spirit. The party faith of meekness to carry me and live in the spirit.

From then when the world of man was going on dead, and he continued covering in the lackness of days of night, stress and pain have come down on the rural memory that bring error of the oak, faded of sun-day days, how the little feathered fall for it and that morning a Christmas eve, a glowing Christmas bonfire of silver misery all week, beside the building, raising one to greet the sun.

"Truly the light is rising, and a pleasant thing is in for the eyes to behold the sun."

So to breakfast sleepily and well and to sleep with my young daughter, a little fleecing who does now begin to try for ways mainly patiently, to reach out feelings with the memories of her mind and take hold on the strange world that grows up, many and new words. Come another spring and these words, to some mysterious alchemy of the brain, will have been translated into words of halting childhood sentences. She will not stop, my happy daughter, as she reaches the possibility of that Christmas two years ago but mainly take a note it will be to her.

When I was a field hand a male servant, as when he is to look and what I have produced, he can talk to me.

To read the morning papers identify with my childhood home with positive and a conviction ready of it, as being as I had never before seen to be identified to see an expression and looking to my many years here and there. For one must look to such a story, actually when the mind is busy with the scenes of remembrance. Even have I forgotten to put out the fat lamp of

The Carlsle Mercury ESTABLISHED 1847

Printed and Published Every Thursday at Carlsle, Kentucky
Second class postage paid at Carlsle, Kentucky
WARREN R. FISHER, JR., Editor-Publisher
Miss Katherine T. Fisher, Assistant Editor
Subscription Rates: \$1.50 a Year
Rate Anywhere Else \$2.00 a Year

A Little Yappin' by Nellie Crump

Christmas 1942
Nothing I can do, say or think this Holy Season could mean so much as the following lines on the greeting card sent personally to me by the author—and my dear friend, Helen Steiner Rice, of Cincinnati. It has been read by Aladdin on the Lawrence Welk TV program. Maybe you would like a copy

Faith is a Mighty Fortress
We stand more sure at the end of the year
With thoughts of our emotions of hope and fear
Hope for the Peace we long have sought,
Fear that Our Hopes will come to naught.
Unwilling to trust in the FATHERS WILL,
We count on our logic and shallow skill
And in our arrogance and pride,
Man is no longer satisfied
To walk in confidence and love
And say "I thank thee much."

And as if I could, I would enjoy only the beauty that is all about me in the Autumn, the color in the fields, the dancing glory of the trees, the orderly assurance with which Nature sets about her preparations for winter. The leaves drift to earth, the birds are here. Yet where the leaf peeped is a tightly wrapped bud, sealed against the wind and sterile draughts across the waste months of the glories of another spring. In the fields winged seed pods drift, like tiny balloons, to prepare for resurrection in other pastures. Whirligig spirits of life are earned to life, by soaring through the heavens, looking, reasoning to rise toward the wares of winter, by May-time. It is all very beautiful, and the light-wrapped bud in the drifting seed pods holds up to live again, there that it seems to me for man, a sign that the spirit-wrapped bud in the advent blossom for him into a flower of hope.

And then there are the creature comforts of the Autumn—the refreshing sense of warm sun, the crisp, sweetest sweetness of golden autumn, the flavor of the field in baked turkey and turkey pumpkin pie. And there is something about the season, when a new family and the season's crabbiness, when Thanksgiving comes. Ah, so all delicate are taken by the marvelous life of Time!

Form & Home

By Edith J. Nuffenger, County Agent, Manly, Wisconsin.
Home Agents, Manly, Wisconsin
HOMES WHERE THE HEART IS
Mary D. Browder
The best part of vacation, though far and wide we roam,
Is when it's time to travel back
The trail that leads to home
Strange roads and ways are thrilling
And mighty time to see,
But when vacation is over
At home we long to be
Oliver Weaver Ridenour
Have you ever been home-sick? If not, very pleasant feeling. No matter how much fun and excitement we may have on a trip or vacation, there is something that comes home. Home may not be a fine house filled with beautiful furnishings, but home is where people live together who love and care for each other.
We may sometimes get a little angry, or find ourselves longing for home with the boss of our friend or neighbor. When this happens, we need to take a close look at our values.
What brings us the most happiness? Although we perhaps shall never be in a beautiful surroundings, material things do not necessarily bring happiness.
A happy home comes from family members working together to make every person in the family feel a part of the home and converse with the well being of all. A happy family might be compared with a bushell full with corn and a bushell full with wheat, but every one getting a turn at but

Twenty and Forty Years Ago
20 YEARS AGO
Thursday Dec. 22, 1942
Twenty one distress report to Armed Forces.
Reverend LaVone Taylor accepts patron of 10-11 church.
Shipments of yarn to be received by the local Red Cross to be used in making sweaters for our Armed Forces.
Certificates of merit were presented to 116 men of the Nicholas County Draft Board.
W. H. Fey, aged 81, received insurance mat, at his home on Tammam Avenue.
Mrs. Franz Davis, 37 years old at the home of her sister, J. F. (Dick) Mason, aged 42, Burkes county farmer at his home near Millersburg.
40 YEARS AGO
Thursday Dec. 22, 1922
Officers seized 50 gallons of liquor in raid conducted here Saturday, Sheriff James Gaunce led the raiding force.
Twenty-two farmers in Ky. were sent for violating Prohibition pool agreement.
Catholic prepared to open its basketball season, opposing the Lewis Pirates.
Robbers entered the post-office at Newport and took \$300.

Letter to Editor
Carlsle Mercury
Mr. Fisher
Will you please renew my paper for 2-years from March 1946—to 1966—find check for \$3.00 to pay for it.
I have been receiving the Mercury for about 30 or 35 years and it is like seeing someone from my home state.
Thank you,
W. J. Dorton
Box 134
Cedarville, Ohio
Follow The Mercury each week for all the happenings of Nicholas County—with pictures, too.

The Best Gift of All
Is a priceless gift
Which only you and you along can give
Enclosed in the golden spirit of sharing
It is the gift of oneself
Like a rare jewel it has many facets
Which give shape and beauty to the core within
Respect for the beliefs of others
Time for reflection and sharing.
Serenity in the face of daily pressures



Compliments of

First National Bank



Compliments of

Home Hardware

Home Hardware

Letters to Santa
Dear Santa Claus,
I have been a good girl all year. But I have had some teeth pulled and that made me pretty fretful. Please bring me a Chatty Cathy doll and all the fruit and candy you can spare.
Your little girl,
Margaret Ring
Dec 18, 1942



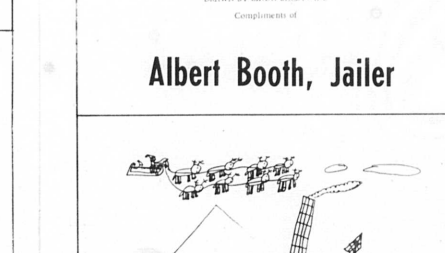
Compliments of

Baker's Dept. Store



Compliments of

Albert Booth, Jailer

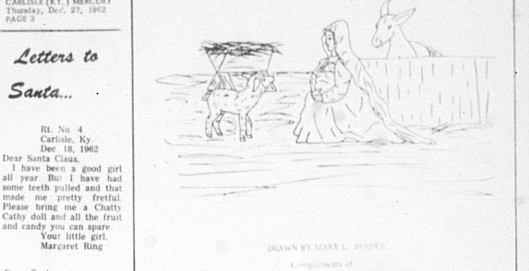


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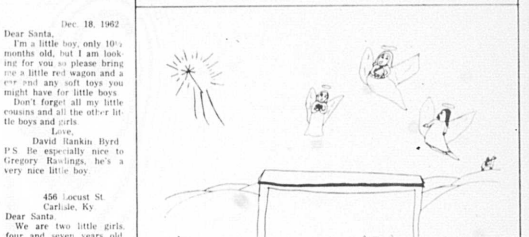
Garrett's Furniture Co.

Letters to Santa
Dear Santa,
I am 3 years old and my name is Donna Martha Swire and I live with my mother & little sister Pat we live in Georgetown Ky. I & my little sister would like a doll & some other toys for Christmas would you please bring them to us. We have been good girls this year. My little sister is 13 months old.
Thank you Santa
Donna & Pat
Georgetown, Ky
Dec 18, 1962



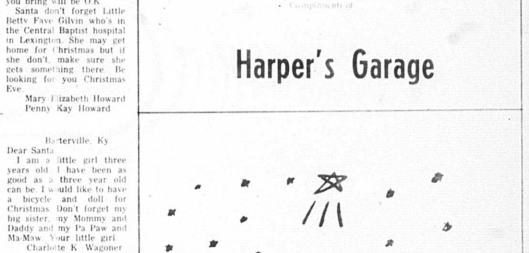
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Harper's Garage



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Neal's Grocery

Neal's Grocery