Opinion

Plugging those White House leaks

Shades of Deep Throat.

President Reagan wants to muzzle staffers who come out of private White House meetings and spill to the press what they have heard. The president has ordered his staff to get clearance before talking to the news media.

Seldner or later all presidents express grave concern about what they read in the newspapers and see on television news. Negative news has launched gag orders on more than one occasion. When things got really bad in the Nixon White House, there was even a "plumber's squad," organized to tap the telephones of staff members and suspected reporters to see where the leaks were coming from.

"I've had it up to my keister with these leaks," President Reagan said. And, after that gem appeared in the nation's press, Mr. Reagan said: "I didn't expect to be quoted. I would like to go back to the days when the press never quoted the president without permission." That would take us back to the FDR era.

The president is especially angry about some of his budget decisions making headlines before official administration announcements. He also is miffed about one aide telling the media that Mr. Reagan's suggestions on a summit meeting with Soviet President Yuri Andropov were really only meant for effect on "public relations."

Possibly a statement made by his chief of staff, James Baker — that Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan should leave the Cabinet — helped bring about the clearance requirement. Baker's statement was made off the cuff to a reporter sharing a blind with the president's man at a wild turkey shoot in Texas. It appeared in the Dallas Morning News. The following day Baker said his opinions of Donovan were not shared by the president.

It all sounds like Family Feud, but it is dangerous for the president to try to stop gossip about what's going on in the White House. This self-governing nation is founded upon the principle that the public has the need and the right to know what the government is doing or is about to do.

The publication of trivialities cannot be limited without censors' deciding what is important and what is trivial, a distinction no government official can be trusted to make, except when national security is at stake. Limiting the press won't work. Trying to limit it is a sign of insecurity.

Worth its weight

With deserved fanfare, the Golden Gate Bridge is celebrating the first of its golden anniversaries. Fifty years ago, work commenced on the 8,981-foot-long, 90-foot-wide, single-span suspension bridge connecting San Francisco and Marin County. The opening-day anniversary won't be until 1987, but why wait until then to celebrate one of the modern-day wonders of the world?

Nowadays, it's hard to visualize the Bay Area without the orange-colored engineering triumph of designer Joseph B. Strauss, who died shortly after its completion, and some 500 workmen, including 11 who gave their lives building it. But throughout the 1920s, there was opposition to construction from environmentalists who feared the bridge would turn the Golden Gate into an eyesore and from geologists who predicted that earthquakes would topple it.

Instead, it has become a true bridge of humanity and, if not worth its weight in gold, at least a treasure to motorists, tourists and toll-takers. More than 900 million vehicles have crossed the bridge since its opening. More than $30 million in tolls were collected from motorists alone last year. The $35 million construction cost and its 4 bargain by today's standards; a deck reconstruction this year is expected to cost twice that amount.

The Golden Gate Bridge no longer has the longest span of any suspension bridge in the world. Since 1961, that honor has gone to the Verrazzano-Narrows bridge connecting Brooklyn and Staten Island (which soon will be surpassed by a bridge in Hull, England). Yet as landmarks go, it's hard to think of one more entrancing.

Letters from our readers

Letter writer Kerns overcomes fears, recalls old times again!

To The Carlisle Mercury:

After you printed a couple of my letters last summer, I got letters from people I hadn't heard from in 45 or 50 years, thanking me for bringing back old memories and, in some cases, saying they hoped I would write more. I've been almost afraid to, fearing I'll ruin my reputation or wear out my welcome or something. But I do like to recall old times and people, so here I go again.

When I was a boy, one of the most important men within my narrow world was Mr. Minor Judge. He lived about a mile from Moorefield on the Upper Licks Road, but it seemed to me that he owned about half the land in the county. He was a highly respected man and a progressive farmer. It was on his land that I first saw terracing for erosion control, and he was among the first out there to raise cattle instead of growing tobacco on the steeper hillsides. I thought that was a smart idea. He had a wise consultant in his wife, and one of his famous sayings was, "Well, I guess I'd better go and insult Molly first."

There was a story of a time when Mr. Minor kept some young bulls in a lot near his house. They were quite rambunctious, as bulls are wont to be, and addicted to rampaging up and down the roads. Mr. Minor lost a lot of sleep trying to keep them under control. On one particular Saturday night, he missed most of his sleeping time because of those bulls, and in church on Sunday he dozed off.

It was the minister's custom occasionally to call upon some distinguished member to lead the congregation in prayer, and on that Sunday he called upon Mr. Minor Judge. Mr. Minor was snoozing blissfully, so his wife, Miss Molly, nudged him with her elbow.

"Minor! Minor!" she urgently whispered to him.

Mr. Minor quickly straightened up in his seat, his eyes wide but out of focus, and cried, "Hush? Hush? What's the matter, Molly? The bulls out?"

In spite of all their troubles, I think most people in Nicholas County have always had lots of fun, and I doubt that anyone has had more fun in life than Leslie McFarland. I've had the pleasure of knowing Les Mac much longer than most people have, and he was already like an older brother to me when he worked for my father and lived with us for a while in 1927. Les was an expert teamster. His whistle could raise a horse right off the ground, and his blacksnake whip could crack like a rifle shot. He was a hard pull, his vocabulary would make an oldtime freight wagoner hang his head in shame. And on a cold, still, moonlit winter night when he was out on a high lonesome, Les could yell like a Rebel soldier. It just seemed to be a natural talent in him.

Many nights that winter I sat by the fire listening to Dad and Les talk while they smoked their pipes, and it was Les who persuaded Dad to grant my wish to smoke his pipe. The condition was that I had to smoke a whole pipeful of tobacco, so I learned a lot about smoking that night. Les loved to tease my mother, who was about eight years older and his second cousin. Her usual defense was to back the scrawny teenager Les Mac into a corner and wash his face with a dirty dish cloth. (I hate to tell this on Les, but when I took Mom out to see him in 1981 for the first time in many years, he got tears in his eyes — and so did I.)

Les had a keen wit that never let up. Everything seemed to him worth at least one funny remark, and while his joking was sometimes just a little bit shady, he was discreet and never offensive. One icy night as we sat by the fire, Stanley Lyons knocked at our door. When Dad let him in, Stanley stamped and flapped his arms as if he were about frozen.

"What's the matter, Stan?" asked Les Mac.

"It's cold!" Stan shivered.

"Well, 'y gar, Stan," said Les, hospitably, "Come on over here by the fire and warm it."

One night about 1933 Les was riding along the highway near Bethel when an exuberant young fellow in a fast car knocked his horse out from under him. The car also passed under him, and Les "came" down behind the whole shebang. The horse was killed, but Les survived and showed up shortly thereafter at my father's home in Bethel to wash off the blood from his injuries. Aunt Minnie was horrified and shocked at his narrow escape and marvelled that he was not more seriously hurt.

"Why, Leslie," she asked, "Did you land on the asphalt?"

"No," Les soberly replied, "No, ma'm, I landed on my head."

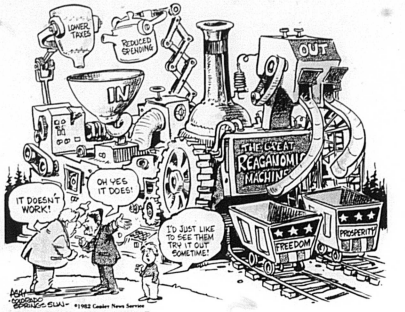
It must have been about the first of October in 1927 that a tornado went up through Mr. Dick Lyons' place, destroying one of his barns and a small granary. Mr. Bob Hardin's that stood beside the Dixie Highway a short distance from the Hardin home. Planks, rails, tin roofing, and half-cured tobacco were scattered over the fields all about. The tornado missed our tiny frame house beside the Parks Ferry Road by only a few hundred yards, and we huddled fearfully there as the old shack shuddered and shook and popped and cracked, lashed by wind and rain, lit by vicious flashes of lightning in the night, while thunder crashed and rolled. At what seemed to be the height of the storm, the cast iron latch flew off the kitchen door and banged against the opposite wall as the door burst open, letting in a violent blast of rain-laden wind and a sodden human figure that fell sprawling on the linoleum. It was Les Mac.

Les had been riding behind Henry Burgess on a horse, going to the Roost, when the storm caught them. Just up the road from our house, a great gust had pinned them and their horse against the roadside fence, and a stack of hay had blown out of Uncle Jones Robinson's field and covered them up. With much difficulty, they got free and remounted. They struggled on down the road until another blast blew Les off of the horse. Henry hung on and just kept going. Les saw our light and made for the kitchen door, which burst open before he touched it, and the wind literally blew him into the house.

That little house, which we thought was a goner that night, stood for more than 50 years after that, but in 1961 I saw a new house being built on the site. And Les Mac is still with us, too. He lives out at Buzzard Roost in a house that in 1927 was occupied by Mr. Bascomb Jacobs and his wife. If you drive by and see him you probably won't think he looks much like a hero, but when I was six years old he had been my heroes. They were: General John Pershing, "Lucky" Lindbergh, Noble Jones, Jack Dempsey, and Les McFarland. In my life I have managed to become an Army officer and have learned to fly. I've even flown the Atlantic and the Pacific both. But I sure can't drive a four-horse team like Noble Jones and haul logs up the Buzzard Roost hill, and I couldn't box my way out of a paper bag. As for emulating Les McFarland — I don't think anyone on earth could.

The Les McFarlands are like trees: Only God can make one.

Sincerely,
Clyde Kerns
10300 Aspen Street
Austin, Texas 78758



Agree or not

Republicans need slate writer says

by S.C. Van Curen

If the Republicans don't get a gubernatorial and list of state-wide candidates in the field soon, they may as well concede to the Democrats.

In a state where the Democrats outnumber Republicans more than 2 to 1 in registration, the minority party must take advantage of every opportunity if it is to have a chance in winning top state offices.

Republicans need all of the public exposure and name recognition they can get even to have a ghost of a chance at winning the governor's office. And coupled with this, it certainly doesn't hurt to have a factional split in the opposition which doesn't appear to be the situation at this time.

It is hard for a candidate to win if the majority of voters don't recognize his name on the ballot that brings some favorable reaction. While a lot of political observers now contend that blind party loyalty is a thing of the past, it still pays to have strong name recognition and a program that voters can support.

Money for a prolonged and concentrated media campaign has become increasingly important in recent years. Democrat candidates spend more than one million in a primary campaign and it will take about twice that much to make a successful race against the Democrats in November.

The folly of the Republican situation at present is there isn't a contending candidate in the field. It looks like there are some on the fringes waiting for an invitation to be handed the nomination and then a big campaign war chest for the November race.

Political history in Kentucky has shown that it is too late to wait until after the Democratic primary for Republicans to wage a successful campaign in November.

The three viable Democrats for the gubernatorial nomination already have raised more than two million dollars in campaign funds with Lt. Gov. Martha Layne Collins leading the pack with a cool million as of mid-January.

Louisville Mayor Harvey Sloane has just under a million and, Dr. Grady Stumbo has about half that much. This is a bundle in comparison to zero for the Republicans and a blank list for candidates.

On top of this Republicans are letting opportunity slip while the Democrats are getting pledges and allegiances from the electorate, promises that will not be broken after the primary. The victorious Democrat in May will have the election won before the Republican can get started.

What the Republican Party needs is a red-hot primary to acquaint the voters with their candidates and gain loyalties and pledges for independent voters who are registered Democratic for the advantage of having a say in local county races. There are literally thousands of these out there just waiting to oust a lot of municipal chair Democrats from their places at the public trough, and along with them elect a Republican governor just for a change.

Present Democratic Governor John Young Brown Jr. may have tried hard to throw old-time partisan politics out of state government, but he might have created a demand for its return.

The Republicans may already have waited too late to start this time with money pledges and loyalties already being aligned.

Down Memory Lane

Carlisle has surprise blackout

Thursday, Jan. 31, 1963

The Moorefield Christian Church, Nicholas County, the Rev. Larry Miracle as minister, received a certificate of merit for outstanding community service programs, Tuesday at the special awards session of the 31st annual Farm and Home week in Lexington.

Julian Rogers, livestock broker in Lexington, has donated $15,000 for construction of a curator's residence at the historic Cane Ridge Meeting House, built in 1791 and considered the birthplace of the Christian Church.

Dr. and Mrs. W.R. Kingsolver and family will be leaving Carlisle late in the special awards session of the Belgian Congo, to do medical missionary work. He is going under the auspices of the Congo Protestant Relief and will be working in a Methodist hospital.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. James Howard Jr., a daughter, Jamey Denise, Jan. 22. — To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mitchell, a daughter, Rebecca June, Jan. 24.

MARRIED — Miss Carolyn Sue Coffey, Montgomery County, and Glen Prather Hamilton, Bourbon County, Jan. 5 at the Somerset Christian Church.

DIED — Dr. G.T. Cowan Sr., 70, Monday at the Nicholas County Hospital. — William C. Hicks, 62, Sunday. — Oscar Haggerty, 97, of Paris, Wednesday at Bourbon County Hospital.

Thursday, Feb. 4, 1943

Mrs. Virginia Reynolds, postmaster, rated No. 1 in Civil Service exam with H.K. Veal@ second and Lee B. Osborne third.

Carlisle held a surprise blackout and those in charge declared it to be 95 percent perfect.

The Rev. La Verne Taylor delivered his first sermon at the Carlisle Christian Church. Mr. Taylor is a very noted evangelist of pleasing personality, unburnished character, high ideals and a fluent speaker.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. W.J. Mays, Denver, CO, a daughter, Mary Ann, Jan. 24. — To Lt. and Mrs. Everett Stephenson, a daughter, Thursday at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Bertha Ledford and Cpl. Mike R. Berry, Jan. 21.

Thursday, Feb. 1, 1968

John D. McRoberts and Dan Cummins purchase the grocery of James George Jr. and have taken charge of the business.

William Willett sells 60 acres of the W.E. Willett farm to Ab Lynam at $60 per acre.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. James Burden of Ellisville, a daughter.

MARRIED — Miss Matilda Cole and James M. Hankins, both of the county, on the 25th.

DIED — Miss Elizabeth Bosley, 65, at her home in Carlisle on the 27th. — Mrs. Margaret Parker, 76, native of Nicholas County, at her home near Lexington. — Infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kerns, at their home in the county on the 27th.

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Op-Ed page

She'll thank me . . . for making her fiscally sound — and an orphan

"In order to teach our daughter, Malphasia, how the real world works, we gave her a monthly allowance of $100 at the age of seven," Arthur Hoppe was saying the other day. "Actually we didn't give it to her. We told her about it."

"In the real world, Malphasia," I explained to her when she demanded the loot, "you are paid, not at the beginning of the month, but at the end. Moreover, we will be withholding $19.78 for income taxes, unemployment insurance and old age survivor benefits, which you wouldn't want to do without."

"But, because you are a member of the family, your room and board will be a modest $72 a month. And if you budget $1.49 for clothes, $5 for carfare and $1.17 for school supplies, you will find 58 cents left over for extras. Spend it wisely."

"But I don't have any money to spend," the little tyke wailed.

"Naturally, you don't, dear," I said, patting her head. "Nobody does. Instead, everyone has one of these!"

Well, I just wish you could have seen the way her tiny eyes lit up when I presented her with her very own plastic credit card.

Gosh, she certainly had lots and lots of fun with it. The very first day, she came home with a $6.95 E. T. t-shirt, a $4.89 "Hello, Kitty" lunch box, a $1.50 pair of fluorescent Deely-Bobbers and a Darth Vader lip gloss which she said was a steal at only $1.50.

And off she went to see "Flipper Goes to Zamboabwe" for $2.50, while consuming $2.15 worth of warm cola and butter-flavored popcorn.

By month's end, she was not only $142.12 in arrears, but she couldn't pay the rent. I was forced to add handling charges, transaction charges, carrying charges and a stern notice that "We trust we may count on your payment in the near future" to her tab.

She might have done better the second month if her bike hadn't been towed away, her lunch box hadn't been lost and her new rocker spaniel puppy hadn't been inoculated with $88 worth of distemper, pellagra and beri-beri shots. But what broke her financial will to resist was the announcement six weeks later by her grandmother that a decent smile would cost her $5,000.

Poor thing. I helped her file for bankruptcy under Chapter XI. What are Daddies for? Then I repossessed her t-shirt, Deely-Bobbers and what was left of the lip gloss.

It was a touching moment when I handed her the eviction notice. Oh, I didn't want to do it. But I know that when she grows up and gets out of the foundling home, she'll thank me for it.

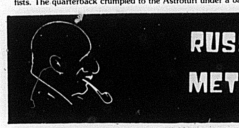
Yes, sir, it may be easy to teach kids to handle money. But what requires Draconian measures to prepare them for the real world is teaching them to handle credit cards.

— RM —

The coach I'm telling you about is rumored to have given nasty lessons to both Frank Kush and Woody Hayes. There were only second to go in the big game between traditional rivals. The score was tied. The coach's team was deep in its own territory and there was time for only one play. "Just keep the ball and fall on it," the coached ordered his quarterback. "Don't take any chances."

But the quarterback had his own ideas. He took the snap and faded back. "No, no!" screamed the coach. The quarterback got the ball away in a long wobbly pass but it was intercepted by an opposing back who then galloped into the end zone to score the winning touchdown just as the gun sounded.

As the dejected quarterback came off the field, the coach charged, howling with rage, and fell on him with wildly swinging fists. The quarterback crumpled to the Astroturf under a barrage



of thunderous blows. Making harsh gutteral sounds deep in his throat, the coach began dragging the senseless body by the heels around the field, pausing from time to time to hurl it to the ground and stomp on it.

Assistants and officials tried to restrain the coach. He brushed them aside like so many pigmies. His teeth were bared in a snarl and foam dripped from his jaws. His face had turned an unattractive shade of puce. The veins had popped out on his neck and forehead.

Suddenly, he clutched his chest and fell to the ground. Everything turned black and there was a great roaring in his ears. He lost consciousness. When he awoke again, he was all alone in a dark, hot, smoky, thoroughly unpleasant place. He smelled brimstone. Then a door flew open and a horrible looking figure loomed over him. The coach passed. "Y-y-you're . . . ," he stammered. "I," the figure roared, stamping its cloven hooves and thrashing its pointed tail, "am the devil. You are dead. You now belong to me. Come. We have special accommodations for football coaches."

Shivering with horror, the coach followed the fearsome demon down a smoky corridor. The devil stopped in front of a door and pushed it open. A stench so vile that it made even Satan recoil

rushed out. Inside there was a vast noisome cesspool. Heads could be seen thrusting out of it here and there. The coach gasped. He recognized the heads as belonging to his fellow coaches.

"Oh," he moaned, "this is really hell."

One of the heads turned slowly to look at him, moving as little as possible so as not to dislodge any of the offal that rose to his chin. "If you think this is hell," it groaned, "Wait until the alumni come by in their motor boats!"

— RM —

It seems that God was holding a news conference. The first question was asked by a Polish reporter.

"Lord," said the Pole, "I can't tell you how delighted we Poles are that the Pope is Polish. Do you think there's a chance that a future pope might also be Polish?"

"There certainly is a chance," proclaimed the Lord.

"What about an Irish pope? — We have never had one," said a reporter from Dublin. "Is there a possibility of that?"

"There's certainly a possibility," said the Lord.

"What about an American pope?" asked a reporter from New York.

"Definitely a possibility."

"What about a Jewish pope? asked still another reporter. "Is there a possibility of that?"

The Lord pondered the question. Finally he replied, "Of course there is always a possibility — and I really shouldn't speak for the Catholic Church. But I'd say probably not in my lifetime."

— RM —

A friend wrote Dorris Gainder asking for her Christmas Rum Cake recipe. Dorris responded thusly: Dear Betty: Before you start my Christmas Rum Cake, sample the rum for quality. Select a large mixing bowl, measuring cup, etc., and check the rum again. It must be just right. Better sample it again and be shure.

With an electric beater, beat one cup of butter in a large mumy bowl. Add one teaspoon of shugar and beat again. Meanwhile make shure the rum is of the besht quality . . .

Add 2 lage eggsh and 2 cupsh dried fruit and beat until very high. Shample rum again. Next shift in 3 cups of paking bowder, add a pinch of rum, one seashpoon of toda and one cup of pepper.

Next shift in pall hint of lemon juisch. Fold in chopped buttermilk and add strained nuts. Shample rum. Now one tablespoon tugar and mish well. Greash over and set cake pan at 350 degrees. On second thought, forget the cake, shample rest of rum and bo to bed.

That shounds perty good, ain't it? Love, Dorrsh.

Onward, upward.

This that and 'tother *a page from the diary of a country editor.*

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
September 16, 1926

Up to find the sparkling, amber sunshine of a September morning,Very grateful after the days of mist and rain. And yellow-coast castelcoupes for breakfast, a fruit I do love, its taste and fragrance somehow typical of the cool mornings of early fall. And as I breakfast there comes the scolding of chickadees, busy at the drying seed pods of the zinnflower heads. Little bundles of black-capped energy these, who have come in from their summer retreats in the woodlands and I note that ever and anon they lisp their spring song, which to my ears seems to say, "O me — O me!" the last note falling plaintively, though there be no whit of sadness about this jaunty little tomtit, for he does face the days of bare trees and snowy fields right cheerfully and valiantly.

And I think of the sad, whispering plaint of the blue birds, which I heard the other day. These earliest and gentlest harbingers of spring now begin to flock and last week I stopped for an hour before sunset and watched them as they fed on the rich seeds in a field of hemp and they did seem to me to whisper warnings of the Change, even though the green be still in the hemp shocks and the fall grass very rank and the woodlands never so gloriously verdant.

Anon there comes a call from Robert Wilson, who tells me that he has shot a turd, mighty strangely marked and of a kind he and his neighbors have ever seen before. And I do hunt up my Chapman and other bird books and do ride out with my little son, very hopeful that we may identify the strange visitor of the air. And being come to his farm we find the poor creature with a broken wing, but though wounded still valiant of eye and beak and talon, and from the pure white of the tail coverts I do find it to be a marsh hawk, "the harrier," which Linnaeus the famous Swedish ornithologist has called "circus hudsonius," whatever that may mean, my poor smattering of the Latin language being sadly inadequate. But it is a beautiful bird and right sorry I am that she cast covetous eyes on Mr. Wilson's chickens as she did journey from her nesting site in the far North, forsaking her preference for field mice and frogs — and alas! other birds. And I think that this wounded pilgrim of the skies might answer Will Shakespeare's query:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

For though there be many who can tell a hawk from a handsaw," a hawk's a hawk to most of us, being taught from childhood that the only "good hawks" are dead hawks. And I do urge Mr. Wilson to put the valiant bird out of her misery, which he said he would do.

Back home and to a lunch of my own preparing, very plain, but filling, and so away again with my son into the pleasant autumn sunshine out the lane to Miller's Station, a mighty pretty road, where the wild grape festoons the trees and clambers over the old stone fences. And we do mark the harsh cry of the little blue heron, the "shite-pcte" of boyhood, and watch him alight and stand very silent and upright on a water-gap, seeming a part of the rail. And the thought came that Nature does nothing uselessly. The beautiful fuscious markings on the marsh hawk, the slatey blue of the little heron, like a log lichened and weathered, the protective coloration of the quail, which merges so perfectly into the brown of drying leaves — these beauties does the Universal Mother lavish but to protect her own.

Presently we come to a hill from which a great pasture of blue grass slopes away to the willowed margin of a little creek, its rolling surface dotted with giant forest trees, the most beautiful pasture, I think, in this county. And there we stop awhile and listen to the little fiddlers of the grass, whose turn now comes to take up the orchestration in Nature's great Festival of Summer. From the dead top of a great ash the flickers chatter and make clownish antics, showing for a moment the dark crescent of their neck-cloth over the edge of a limb, to scramble back again, as if in mock affright. And we note the mocking birds sailing here and there, the white harrings of their wings mighty like the markings of the airplanes of war time. The mastersinger is silent now during the long afternoons, but I heard his song in all its fullness, as the sun rose over the hills, while I sat (Lord forgive me!) in a blind at a dove field last week. And as we linger there comes the hope that my young son will learn to read from the book of Nature and to know the "various language" that she speaks, for of a surety I do find, later than I might have done, that one may read with everfreshening interest and draw comfort from every page of the book of God's Out-of-Doors.

So on after awhile to the creek, where giant sycamores arch gracefully, their mighty limbs like curved columns of flecked ivory and we do see a humming bird dart among the leaves but cannot find his tiny nest. And as we look a Carolina wren begins his ringing song so near that we may see the throbbing of his throat and across the creek his lady does make answer. And if there is not love and tenderness that would shame us humans in the songs of wrens, then do my ears deceive me. Presently on under the willows and sycamores, with now and then an arching elm, which fringe the creek banks and the trees are vocal with small voices. And we sit and watch a still pool and I do see the eternal tragedy of the feeding of the wild folk. For there a valiantly swimming bug dips suddenly to make a supper for a minnow that in its turn will make a banquet for a larger fish. Beautiful is Nature, yet in her laws of survival inexorable. And I wonder if this same old cruelty extends to us of the human brotherhood, hidden somewhat in its workings by the veneer of civilization, the unceasing search for food having its counterpart in the scrabble for money.

As we return we pass along a field of corn, where the kershaws white and striped among the rows foretell the rapidly approaching days of fields tented with the shocks, of piles of white and golden ears, of nights when the wild geese go over and the first fire of autumn crackles on the hearth. And one may scarce believe that where all is so verdant and colorful will be brown leaves and bare branches, for truly Nature is never beautiful than these days of the maturity of Summer.

Soon we come down to an open pasture where the iron weed blossoms are as pretty as a bevy of the fall, and were it rare and not a weed, many would think so. And I am minded that a flower bed with a few stalks of iron weed is not an iron weed, but the Joe Pye weed, yet I am but half convinced, for even the botanists may err and one pair of eyes is as good as another in reading Nature's book.

Home through the shadows to supper with that peaceful feeling which the open fields always bring to me and a candlelight to hear the lessons of my young son. Very laboriously, it seems to me, he toils at his stint and seems mightily discouraged and I fain would show him sympathy, having known the tribulations of stuffy school rooms, after a glorious, vagrant summer out of doors, but dare not, for one must have tools wherewith to work, would he survive amongst his fellows. For without them one is like a hawk without talons.

Yet after he has fallen asleep I sit and muse of the unsullied page of a young life, of a mind plastic and ripe for impressions and I think that perhaps the sounding jargon of the schools is not so important after all and that mayhap in this day's strolling through the golden sunlight of the early autumn, there may have come a lesson in the reading of Nature's book. And if he but reads well and observingly, must surely will there come whisperings of "the still voice," healing, consoling, pointing the way to man's greatest boon — contentment.

A sweet content
Blessing all wisdom or its fairest flower.
So presently to sleep.

Tell It All!
Tell It Well!
That's the Easy Way to Sell!

FINAL
JANUARY CLEARANCE
Thurs., Fri., Sat. 3 BIG DAYS January 27, 28, 29

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