Opinion

New Chicago politics

There are some solid political explanations for how Harold Washington, an underdog 66-year-old black congressman, managed to win Chicago's Democratic Party mayoral primary, a victory that virtually assures his election in April in a Democratic stronghold. The rivalry between Mayor Jane Byrne and state attorney Richard M. Daley split the white vote. That, combined with an effective black voter registration drive and a lopsided black vote for Washington, gave him the upset victory he so confidently predicted.

But the most remarkable thing about the election was its illustration of how rapidly one of the most powerful city political machines in this country's history — a machine founded by Daley's legendary late father, Richard J. Daley — has lost its grip on Chicago's electorate. First Byrne four years ago and now Washington have shown that someone outside the city's political inner circle can challenge and beat it at the polls.

Unfortunately, this kind of electoral revolution doesn't necessarily translate into more effective government. The urban ills that beset Chicago and other major cities have resisted the most energetic efforts of reformist administrations and political machines alike. The solutions, if they exist at all, lie not only in greater financial resources for cities, but in comprehensive cooperative efforts among different levels of government and, not incidentally, among racial groups. The fact that Washington received 84 percent of the black vote and only six percent of the white vote in the Chicago primary can thus be seen as an ominous sign. Part of his task, and that of his defeated white opponents, will be to procure that such figures ultimately mean less than they now appear to mean.

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Agree or not

GOP finally has a candidate

By S.C. Van Curen

Lights lit up all over the political pinball machine last week, particularly in the Republican Party, when Lester Burns filed his candidacy for governor.

While Burns may not be in the best graces of the hierarchy of his party, voters all across Kentucky probably can thank him for keeping it a two-party state. From all appearances, a party that had planned to roll over and play dead in the statewide races this year has been goaded into new life.

State Senator James Bunning, who had bowed out of the race earlier, was having second thoughts last week at the urging of some party leaders who have ignored three announced unknowns.

Franklin Circuit Judge Henry Meigs II has been giving considerable thought to entering the race and some party leaders have been talking with him about the possibility.

Like Bunning, Meigs wants to be assured the party will give him full support with financing as well as with lip service. Neither Bunning nor Meigs is in strong enough financial position to wage a statewide campaign. They know that it will take at least two million dollars to wage a campaign against the Democrats this fall.

The debt Kentuckians will owe Burns is that he is likely to force a primary race that will get the Republican candidates known to the electorate for future references in the finals in November.

Without a Republican primary, this column always has maintained that their party candidate is unknown because the Democratic primary has drawn all of the attention and the voters consider the race over after the primary. It's too late then for the Republican to win.

Republicans understand that it takes a lot of Democrat votes to win the governorship, but there is a reluctance to admit that a great many of these will vote for an attractive Republican candidate because many are at heart Republicans and registered Democrats only for the privilege of voting in local races in counties predominately Democratic.

Burns had indicated that he intends to spend some of his own money and the effervescent attorney is remembered by some for his showmanship when he ran for attorney general some years ago. He has been described as flamboyant by some for his courtroom demeanor as well as some of his campaign tactics.

At any rate, people will know that he is in the race, and the Republican hierarchy is going to have to come up with a hard working candidate to beat him in the primary.

Bunning and Meigs both understand the November battle will be a tough one and without all-out party support it would be a hopeless cause. This is an assurance Bunning apparently didn't feel he received earlier when he was considering running.

There are also some political observers who believe that Burns's announcement will have some effect on the Democratic primary. It all may depend whether or not what the leaders consider to be a viable Republican announces.

Some believe it poses the question to some Democrats as to whether a woman can win against a strong Republican candidate. Some think it might help Harvey Sloane or Dr. Grady Stumbo in the primary.

This has prompted an inconclastic friend to ask, "Will Kentuckians vote for two beauty queens in a row?"

Down Memory Lane

City hires Kelley as police chief

Thursday, April 4, 1963

Giffin Manufacturing Company began operation on April 7, 1948 in a remodeled garage located on Elm Street in Carlisle with an employment roll of 12 people, and when the company moved it had employment roll is 450. Officers were Leonie Giffin, president; Cliff Stamper, vice-president; Mrs. Lonnie Giffin, treasurer; Mrs. Carrie Shuntate, secretary, and Wayne Shuntate, general manager.

The City Council has voted to hire Eugene Kelley as chief of police, Billy Mac Gaunce as night patrolman and Arthur Bretz as substitute.

The Nicholas Post No. 17 of the American Legion has been cited for having reached an all time high in 1963 membership. The total membership at this time is 245 and the membership drive is still in progress.

Winners of the Nicholas County 4-H Talent Night presented their acts at the District Talent Show in Frankfort last Saturday. The Moorefield Grade 4-H Club presenting an instrumental version of "The Three Little Pigs" received a red ribbon. Representing the club were Elizabeth Price, Bonnie Gaunce, June Sparks, Martha Mitchell, Ruby Darrell, Billy House and Alan Watkins. Kay Threlkeld, representing the Carlisle Junior 4-H Club in the Specialty Act Division, received a blue ribbon.

Thomas C. Watson of Paris has taken the position of pharmacist at Hopkins Drug, replacing Cecil Elkin, who plans to retire in Florida.

MARRIED — Miss Sherry Marlin Galbraith and Ronald C. Howard, March 23 at Carlisle Baptist Church.

DIED — Orville E. Wagoner, 87, Millersburg, Sunday. — Mrs. Minnie Asbury Ogden, 82, widow of the Rev. James C. Ogden, March 19 at home in Los Angeles, CA. — Mrs. Ann Vance Bradley, wife of Forrest Bradley, March 29 at Nicholas County Hospital.

Thursday, April 8, 1943

The annual rural Spelling Bee was held Saturday afternoon in the city school chapel and was won by Wanda Vice, 13, seventh grade student of the Moorefield school. She correctly spelled the word "constant." She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Banks Vice.

Stanley Galbraith, manager of the Kroger store here for the past year, left last week for Cynthiana to take charge of another Kroger store. Mr. Galbraith's family will remain in Carlisle until May.

MARRIED — Miss Margaret Elizabeth Randle of Kings Mountain, N.C. and Lt. Glenn W. Clay of Myers.

DIED — E.R. Raisor, 74, Morning Glory, Tuesday. — Mrs. Laura M. Green, 92, Tuesday at home in Barterville. — Samuel Buel Kenton, 80, Wednesday at the Old Masona Home in Shelbyville.

Thursday, April 5, 1900

The new clothing and furnishings store of C.C. Cole and Company has opened for business.

City Council approved the plan of P.P. O'Neill of Lexington for sewage system in Carlisle.

Six business houses were destroyed by fire in Sharpsburg Monday morning causing $30,000 damage.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kennedy of Carlisle, a son on the 2nd. — To Mr. and Mrs. J.T. Blount of near Moorefield, twins, boy and girl, on the 1st.

MARRIED — Miss Nannie Evans and H.F. Purcell, both of the county, on the 3rd. — Miss Lela Wilson and Robert Bogus, both of Montgomery, at the Kimbrough House on the 4th.

DIED — Mrs. Charles Kerns, at her home in the county on the 1st. — Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Marshall at Barterville on the 1st. — Eight-months-old child of William Gallaher, near Carlisle, on the 3rd.

The Carlisle Mercury
(USPS 090-820)
Ned Ide/7
Phone (606) 289-2464
Published every Thursday at 234 Locust Street, Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky 40311. Postage paid at Carlisle.

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Nicholas County, one year ..... $7.00, *sales tax included*
Other Kentucky counties, one year ..... $9.50, *sales tax included*
Out-of-State, one year $12.00

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Letters from our readers

99 pints of blood donated

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Thank you for your support of the blood donor program in Nicholas County. As you are aware, last year's donations fell slightly short of the goal. It is my pleasure to say that we are off to a very good start this year. A total of 109 persons registered to donate and 99 of those were able to give at the blood drive held on March 14.

Best news of all is that there were 12 first time blood donors; a few of those were students from Nicholas County High School. I especially want to thank Mr. McMillan, their principal, for his efforts. If your program is to remain vital, it is important that the young people in the community are encouraged to get involved.

Enclosed are the names of those who participated in this drive. Without their continuing support the blood needed to help save lives would be much harder to supply.

Sincerely,
Carolyn Febish
Central Kentucky Blood Center
Donor Service Representative

Blood donors

Sally Jones, Diana Wells, Eugene Kelley, Nellie Hughes, Philip Hastings, James Galbraith, Harold Cappe, David Masters, Phillip Sidles.

Joyce Wallace, Arthur Buzzard, Billy Allison, Harvey Wilson, Leatha Ring, Harold Letton Jr., Joel Judd, Wilmer Halcomb.

Ricky Smith, Leon Riggs, Parker Springer, Raymond Roser, Michael Bussell, Phil Ecton, Stanley Rose, Lee Bentz, Ann Terrell, John Ecton.

Helen Barton, William Howard, Ann Cobb, Sharlee Gipson, Jeff Jefferson, Mary Knapke, Joseph Evans, Robert Hughes, Edwin Sanders, Marjory Burnaw, Eddie Earlywine.

Jackie Howard, Donna Miller, Rudy Miller, David Zachary, Jeff Randolph, Tony Smith, Edward Goldy, Tammy Doyle, Gene Sherman, Tammy Roser, Joe Jennings.

Della Howard, Larry Gum, Alan McClure, Charlie Durham, James Sidles, Sherman Evans, Shirley Wilson, Michael Taylor, Dennis Mc-Donald, Brenda McDonald, William Frederick, David Smith.

Jimmy Hall, David Booth, Wendell Kingsolver, Donald Smith, Bill Clark Jr., Becky Herrington, Shirley Dryden, Andy Judge, William Murrell, David Stancil, Perry Price, Deborah Hughes, Nancy Judge, Greg Wills.

Gary Stone, Mary Platt, Kenneth Ishmael, Bobby Barnett, Donna Feeback, Charles Smith, Martha Springer, Ambrose Dudley, Carmen Marjory Burnaw, William Seeby.

Ira Conyers, Calvin Wills, Kenneth Earlywine, Ralph McGlothin, Nevada McGlothin, Diana Knapke, Rita Coty, Connie Sams, James Ferguson, Allen Sparks.

Thomas Ockerman, Virginia Villafior, James Coy, Allen Campbell, G.C. Myers, Robby Hester, Kavanna Fite, Nettie Barnes, Theresa Morris, Brenda Smart, William Farrow, Charles Canupp, Martha Mitchell.

Hastings thanks blood donors

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Thanks and commendations to all who made our March 14 Bloodmobile such a success — 99 pints of blood, if you please. (Alas! Where is that one who failed to keep his/her appointment that would have made it 100?) So blood continues to be available to those who need it and on a free (for the blood itself) basis for all residents of Nicholas County. So remember to tell that to the hospital and the Blood Center when you need blood — which we pray will be never.

Specifically, then, our thanks to the following:

— The Carlisle United Methodist Church for the use, once again, of their educational building and facilities;

— The Carlisle Garden Club, Lelia Williams, Bloodmobile representative, for our receptionists, who were Beatrice Booth, Bertha Marshall, Alma Cloyd, Carolyn Crockett, Mary Halcomb, Helen Flora, Nell Gaffin, Lorena Wagoner, Kay Shuntate and Edythe Rich;

— The First Baptist Church for the canteen and those who ran it: Nancye Shaw (chair), Liz Letton, Christie Booth, Diana Wills, Edith Smith, Rowena Noffsinger, Linda Scott, Pricy Darrell and Ann Jolly;

— The Carlisle Woman's Club, Sandi Letton, Bloodmobile representative, for the telephone appointment callers: Jorita Anderson, Carolyn Blair, Alma Clinkenbeard, Phyllis Cox, Hurst Frey, Nida Fryman, Imogene Green, Judy Hardin, Ruth Hollar, Joyce Howard, Beulah Hughes, Sally Jones, Bertha Marshall, Esther Myers, Helen Roberts, Vicki Sparks, Edith Smith, Lorraine Smoot, Cleola Thompson, Sue Woodall;

— The Nicholas County Homemakers, Hazel Swartz, Bloodmobile representative, for the evening meal for the Bloodmobile crew. Represented were the Parks Club by Eula Carter and Mrs. Kash Grimes; the Miranda Club by Mrs. Harold Carter; the Sunnyside Club by Mrs. Oliver Calbert; the Headquarters Club by Mrs. Fred Burnaw, Mrs. Jeanette Wallace and Mrs. Taylor Snelling; and Margie Wilson.

— The Nicholas County Hospital Auxiliary, Patsy Smoot, Bloodmobile representative, for updating the record file. Those helping were Catherine Wells, Pam Anderson and Ginny Kingsolver;

— The Carlisle Christian Church for the use of their building and facilities for the evening meal;

— The Nicholas County Hospital for providing office supplies;

— The Carlisle City Council, Tommy Vaughn, Bloodmobile representative, for financial underwriting;

— Mrs. Sally Watkins, Nicholas County Circuit Clerk, for copying materials used.

All together, did a marvelous job, especially gratifying to me since it was my first run as coordinator. Just one thing: Let's get that 100 pints next time. Maybe even 110. Or 115. Or...

Sincerely,
Philip M. Hastings

Looking for Hendricks clan

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I am searching for my roots. My great grandmother, Mary Ann "Polly" Hendricks, was born there or nearby in 1844. Her mother was Elizabeth Hendricks, born in Kentucky in 1818. They emigrated to Mo. about 1845 into Pulaski and Laclede Counties. I don't know Mary Ann's father's name. Elizabeth Hendricks is on Laclede County, Mo. 1850 census with five children, Robert H., born 1836, Henry W., born 1839, Sarah E., born 1841, and Elmira, 1845. I would say that they left Kentucky around 1844 as Elmira is the only child born in Mo.

I will return postage on any information sent to me as well as the cost of any photocopies of information concerning this family, their ancestors or descendants.

Thank you,
Heva M. Bruhn
P.O. Box 1575
Visalia, Calif.

'Oaks' thank the community

To The Carlisle Mercury:

As leaders of the fifth grade 4-H "Oaks," we would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone involved who helped make the local Talent Show a success. To the children, Tonia Gray, Helen Winkle, Melanie Robinson, Mia Price, Heather Hall, Sherry Edwards, Cindy Hamilton, Glenn Stone, Bonnie Berry, Pat Ritchie and Donnie Smart, thanks for working so hard, for being at practices and making our job a little easier; to the parents of these kids, thanks for your support and encouragement. Thanks to Mr. Hammons, for letting us use the elementary school so many times, and for making all those announcements! And thanks to Don Smith and Frank Cleaver for helping carry equipment to practices.

We want to especially thank the three boys, Greg Robinson, Darrin Robinson and Jeff Paynter, who comprise the local group "Innervan," for the absolutely fantastic job they did in backing the "Oaks." For all the hauling of equipment, and for your time and patience, we could never thank you enough. You have a great future before you, and we appreciate you taking your time to work with 11 kids, when we know you could have been doing other things.

The "Oaks" hope to go to the State Fair again this year, and we thank everyone who in any way, shape or small, has helped us take this first step along the way.

Annette, get ready for June!

Thanks again,
Linda Vanlandingham
Faye Robinson

The evils of whiskey, beer

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Just a few lines to let you know how an old "used to be drunkard" knows about the evils of whiskey and beer... just a living hell to the drunkard.

And, believe me, I don't want to put our young people in the jeopardy of becoming drunkards. T h e y have enough temptation to contend with. For one thing, too much of the precious souls of young people that Jesus our Lord went to the cross to blot out their sins and transgressions to help, become drunkards. And they suffer the hell of drunkenness.

For Jesus loves everyone of them and it is time for us to stand for Jesus and fight for their young souls and vote this whole county and town dry. I am willing to be counted and to help in any way I can to restat this evil, for that is all it is. Let's show the devil and his workers we are not afraid to stand for what we know to be right.

P.S. Let me know how I can help.

Leo R. Brumagen
P.O. Box 65
Carlisle, Ky.

Op-Ed page

Sorry, Horatio . . . but maybe you need to be retrained in fairy tales

Once upon a time in the land of US there lived a little boy by the name of Horatio Alger. He was a very ambitious fellow and, because he had a good name to live up to, felt he ought to go out into the world and show everyone how it was possible to go from rags to riches when you had ambition and wasn't afraid of hard work.

If I train myself for a job and start at the very bottom and work very hard, I will eventually reach the top and people will always remember my accomplishments as the Horatio Alger story, he said to himself.

And, perhaps, he thought a good way to start was with the good earth, so he decided to become a farmer. He went off to a fine agricultural school, refrained from playing football, worked diligently, got his degree and an armload of government pamphlets and took a job on a 40-acre farm at the bottom of the compost heap. He worked very hard day after day in the hot sun shaping the pile and, sure enough, in time he reached the top of the heap.

He had just wiped the sweat from his brow and congratulated himself on making it to the top layer when the farm was sold to a large agriculture conglomerate, which made it a part of the corporation's 100,000-acre soybean production facility. Horatio was replaced by a mechanical compost heaper.

Hat in hand, Horatio went down to the unemployment office. "I am a failure as a worker in the great country of US," he said shamefully, "for I am out of work."

"Tish-tish," said the office director, a Mr. Blatterskeit, clapping him on the back. "We have just discovered that you are an inner city victim of mechanization. So we will happily retrain you to any mechanized job you wish. What would you like to be?"

Horatio scratched his head and finally said, "I think I would like to make automobiles, because people seem to need automobiles more than they need compost piles."

Presto Horatio. He was soon retrained and again started at the very bottom installing windshield squirters on the left-hand windshields of four-door, 8-cylinder Grand Mammoths in the big Grand Mammoth factory in Wheel City, US.

He worked very hard and in no time at all, sure enough, he was made chief left-hand windshield installer for the entire Grand Mammoth operation and a steward in the union of squirter installers.

This paid him enough to get married, buy a house and purchase a yacht for an orthodontist who was putting his kids' teeth in straight again, with enough left over to go sailing every other Sunday. So Horatio was happy even though he rarely caught a cat.

Then one day his wife, Doodly Ann, came home in a new two door Super Duperwoman XL-4675345. "I just had to have it," she beamed. "Not only because the Joneses have one, but also because its left-hand windshield squirter is cheaper and cuter than the Grand Mammoth's, and it gets 47 squirts to the gallon!"

Horatio could begin to see the handwriting on the wall, just there years ago by a camel squirter by the name of Rudyard Kipling.

And, in time, sure enough, he was back at the unemployment office with the same old lament, "I am a failure as a citizen of US."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Blatterskeit, passing his head. "President Reagan himself has just discovered that you are a US worker who is an innocent victim of structural unemployment and therefore he wishes to retrain you for a high-tech job. What would you like to be?"

"I think I would like to make video games," said Horatio thoughtfully. "My kids are into it strong and it seems that people will always need to be entertained."

So Horatio retrained very diligently and took a job at the Atari factory putting antiacid chips into Pac-Man prompters to keep that

greedy little treencherman from burping himself right off the screen. He worked very hard and in no time at all, sure enough, Atari announced it was laying off 2,000 US workers and shifting its high-tech operations to places like Taiwan in order to achieve manufacturing cost reductions so it could compete with other computer companies.

So there was poor Horatio back at the unemployment office. "Tell me," he said, "I am a US worker who is the innocent victim of mechanization or a US worker who is the victim of structural unemployment?"

"Neither," said Mr. Blatterskeit. "We have just discovered you are a US worker who is out of work. And we haven't the foggiest idea what to retrain you for, although we have 976 fields from which to choose. What'll it be this time?"

Horatio thought for a moment, then his face lit up and he said: "Taiwanese!"

— RM —

OPEC, that 13-nation Arab oil cartel which has had its hand on the throat of the world economy for too long, is crying foul and warning that the cut-rate oil dealers are going to screw up their free lunch.

There are dangers in lowering oil prices to be sure. Bankers and assorted other money lenders have been going bonkers for years, making massive loans to so-called emerging nations that will never emerge and demanding little except rosy promises for collateral.

As long as oil prices were high, the borrowers who were making exorbitant profits, were willing to pay telephone-number interest rates and at least stood a ghost of a chance paying off the loans. Although not in all cases; some of these borrowing nations were overextended even when oil prices were high.

But now that the price war has been thrown rumbling, the bankers are deathly worried. It is difficult to generate any sympathy in these parts for any of the characters in the great world race for the quick billions.

We had to stand by and watch our great automobile industry be reduced to shambles because of the whopping increases in the cost of crude oil. Industries like steel, coal, glass and plastics likewise suffered irreparable damage. And millions of jobs and failures of thousands of businesses worldwide can be directly or indirectly traced to those greasers lining their robes with greenbacks.

So now we told we must worry that the bankers will go broke if prices slip back to reality; we must fret that the gougers will be left without two cavier cans to rub together; that they'll have to drink Strob's and not Dom Perignon.

The next thing you know that sheik from Miami will be asking Mayor Young for his 40 grand back. Let's give him a check drawn on the state bank of Zaire and push him off in the same leaky rowboat his tribe gave us when we were awash in the high seas of economic survival.

— RM —

That gay blade Giovanni Vigliotto ought to be subject of a pretty good opera—if there is such thing. He admitted to marrying 105 women in 33 years. And then an obviously narrow-minded jury found him guilty of bigamy.

To Giovanni, love means never having to say, "What did you say your name was, honey?"

He was sentenced to send flowers for all 3,685 anniversaries. /

Giovanni was apprehended trying to run a Hallmark birthday card through a Xerox machine. We have one question: When you have been married 105 times, how do they find a jury of your peers for a trial?

We'd also like to know: When they send him to jail will he be allowed conjugal visits?

— RM —

Still more of those descriptive quips:

He ran one too many plays without his helmet. He's a few pickles short of a full barrel. Two bricks short of a full chimney. Running a quart low. Three bricks shy of a full load. Riding shotgun with empty barrels. Not dragging a full string of fish. Has a few lights out in the old marquee. Doesn't have a propeller on his beanie. His marbles are a little flat on the side. He has a leak in his marble bag. Splinters in the windmill of his mind. His dipstick doesn't touch oil. His oil isn't hitting the dipstick. Eating with one chopstick. Doesn't pack a full suitcase. Got one wheel in the sand. Ain't wrapped too tight. Pilot light went out. Loose in his loafers. They blew the dots off his dice. The butter slipped off his noodles a long time ago.

Onward, upward.

This that and 'tother

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
December 20, 1928

Lay late and sluggish and creep back into wakefulness to find the morning drab and dark as my mood, which is born of the indigestion, no doubt, what with too much dallying with black sausages and savory spare-ribs and the like, so that I am as melancholy as the weather. A dirty sooty day, when the tiny scarlet-tufted of the downy woodpecker, the one faithful visitor to my bird lunch-counter this winter, is the only fleck of color that relieves the misty greyness. What a sovereign physician is the sun! Our souls, I think, as well as our bodies soak up his warmth and cheer, but our little faith vanishes when his golden beams are hidden by lowering clouds. The sun shines for someone these bleak December days, but not for us, and though we may parrot our faith — "behind the clouds the sun's still shining," there is little of cheer in our protesting.

So, as I take my coffee, I fall into the doldrums and an envious spirit of those who are leaving for golden beaches and waving palm trees. Yet I know some day soon, the morning will dawn frosty and clear and the homely, sweet, typical caw of the crow will welcome the return of the sun. With this we must be content, those of us whose purse lags behind our winter longings for blue seas and sandy beaches and summer out o'season. Alack for the longing that is not buttressed by the will to achieve! a will with which those who yearn the best and dream the easiest are seldom endowed. Yet we have our dreams, we slothful ones, both frequently of the indigestion no doubt, but at least born. In which train of thought my sluggish morning mood recalls a poem that I read yesterday, though to most of us poems i' the morning is like starting the day with a French pastry. But it is a pretty poem and has a thought that comes to musing mopers like myself who must needs accept many dreams for the substance that our purse forbids.

The Dream

I stood where gifts were showered on men from Heaven,
And some had honors and the joys thereof;
And some received, with solemn, radiant faces,
The gift of love.
The green I saw of bay leaves and of laurel,
Of gold the gleam,
A voice spoke to me, standing empty-handed,
"For thee — a dream!"
Forbear to pity, ye who richly laden
Forth from the place of Heaven's bounty went,
Who marvel that I smile, my hands still empty —
I am content.
Ye can not guess how downered beyond the measure
Of your receiving to myself I seem.
Lonely and cold, I yet pass on enraptured,
I have my dream!

— Anna Reeve Aldrich

We have our dreams, but often of late I would gladly dream less easily and make more dreams come true. So moping mournfully this drab, sooty morning over my savoury coffee.

* * *

Heigho! When days are "cold and sad and dreary," when it "rains and the winds are never weary," one must have the sunlight within, or have a bit of the golden warmth about him. Alas, I was never one to store sunlight against dreary days to come. But last May there came to me a little bundle of the gold that glints in the sunbeam, the blue that arches in summer skies, the velvet pink of June's roses. And now this bundle, grown mightily since Maytime, perches on my knee and casts wondering eyes upon the implements and gear with which the giants feed themselves. For very giants we must seem to little folk and very tender giants we should be with them always.

So the day is not so dark for me now, for in the gold of my tiny daughter's hair are meshed sunbeams, in her cheeks are the roses of June and her eyes are the blue of summer skies.

...those eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon by the gate of Bothbim.

The Hebrew king is not excelled in his descriptions of feminine charm. I hope my daughter's eyes will stay blue and I will quote Solomon at her appropriately. Mighty pretty she seems to me now, in her blue dressing sacque (Nature makes parents that way) and I hope she will grow up a pretty lass. For beauty in women is priceless and its lack a tragedy, say what you will.

So to bask a bit in my bundle of sunshine and to see the round wonder in her eyes change to excitement and a wild waving of hands at the breakfast dishes, of which she would make a great smash and clatter, if permitted to be natural. But one cannot follow natural impulses and live in peace with the rest of the herd. From infancy the training begins, with "don'ts," with bumped heads and burned fingers and bruised knees, so that at length we learn to refrain, to conceal, to repress, to deceive — to wear the veneer. And wear it we must, more's the pity! or become outcasts from the herd.

"O to be natural! to be
Grown in the sun to symmetry!
To urge no favor, fear no fear,
A lover of the rounded year.
Full of the wind's song and a thing
Past even a spruce's capturing!

To Nature's older children of the wild alone is granted this boon, if it be a boon. And so I say to my daughter, "Don't." In defiance or lazy ignoring of every child psychologist, I say, "Don't." And it has the usual effect — absolutely none.

"My young woman," I say, "you are not amenable to parental instruction."

To which my daughter replies, "A-buh! A-buh! A-buh!"

"Is this raillery directed at a fond parent who would prevent you from having the glorious pleasure of smashing up a few dishes?"

I get a bit of a smile this time, and "Aha-aha-aha-aha-aha!" says my daughter.

With which I give it up. I never was "no' and with the ladies" anyway, when it comes to asserting the well-known dominance of the male. We go away from there; we leave the breakfast dishes; we turn from temptation and look in mirrors and "see the baby" and do other inane things that parents do to amuse infants. Finally we discover a colored picture of the patron saint of childhood, gaudy with Christmas reds and greens, the white-bearded jolly old elf. My daughter, in her rule of normal mind, promptly puts old Santa Claus into her mouth. Having dabbled in ink; having found that "one can get printer's ink on your fingers, you never get it off," I am fearful of a like effect on my infant daughter's stomach. This time I omit the "don't." I remove old Santa Claus. "Aaaah!" wails my daughter. "Next Christmas, honey; wait till next Christmas!" I shout. "Awaaah!" At which time I resign a thoroughly aroused young female of the species to her mother, poor wretch, and the soothing waters of her bath.

* * *

Next Christmas! So there are to be more Christmas times for me, God willing. A promise this to bring some cheer surely, on a dreary waste of days. I had thought that Christmas was over for my mother and me, when a little lad walked out of that enchanted fairyland of childhood, in which one sees the fairies and the goblins in the sooty chimney; hears the tinkle of elfin bells and reindeer feet. For there must be a child in the house, if the spirit of Christmas is to reach the hearts of us for whom the dear illusion lives again but in memory. Infant fingers are magic wands to pull up from the dusty past Christmas days, when all the world was young for me and the children and a glowing torch, these little ones, and with it they light Christmas fires in the heart. It is the will of the children and it has been consecrated to innocence and faith and joy, since that night when shepherds of Galilee watched their flocks and marveled at the brilliance of an evening star.

* * *

So, mightily heartened all day and at last, that and the other, waking across the sodden fields, where all seems dead, no spark of life, only the drab and faded greyness of a wormish mother. Corn fields that waved green banners in July are desolate muddy camps, wan-tinted, dreary beneath the lowering skies. Birds are gone. The peace of Autumn gives way to a stillness that is of suffering or death.

On such days one must make his sunshine. And there is comfort to be made, joy to be found, though the mists bank low and candles are lit in mid-afternoon.

For though the day be sunless and sad, there is always the promise of another Spring. Even now a soft silver tips the buds of the pussywillow; under the dripping mould the roots of the roses live. Beneath the sodden turf, along bare branches, under grey bark another Spring is making. Rootlet and bud and egg await the coming of the sun.

Burley

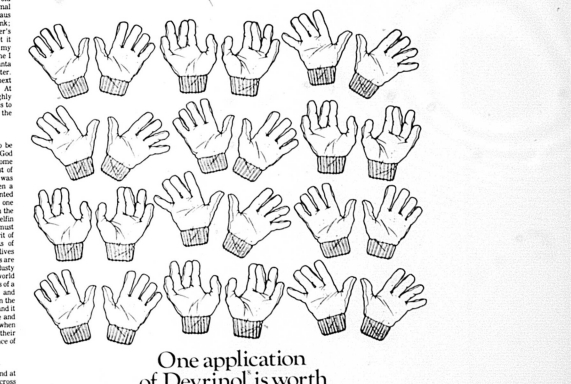
Continued from page 1

the news conference on the rotating labeling proposal, the congressman's press secretary replied, "Cancer." It's that type of emotional, health-based response that disregards the economic advantages of tobacco.

These items I've highlighted would not, in and of themselves, be of interest, except in passing. Taken together, at this stage of the tobacco game in Congress, they add up to what could paint a very ugly picture for the future of the federal tobacco program — if we, friends of tobacco, let it.

I'm not the Grim Reaper of the tobacco program — far from it! My message to the traditional supporters of tobacco is that, unless we assess what we're doing to ourselves, we will be headed in the very direction our opponents want us to go.

I hope in the weeks ahead to consolidate all the forces at work in this equation and have a meeting in Kentucky so our farmers can put this in perspective. We need to look at all the pieces.



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