

# THE

LIFT UP THINE EYES UNTO WASHINGTON DEE CEE FROM  
WHENCE COMETH THY HELP

25¢

Printed Monthly

# POREMAN'S

# \$3.50 PER YR. JOURNAL

WRIT, EDITED, PUBLISHED By

# OF POREDOM

Clennie Hollon

Rt 2 Williba

Beattyville, Ky. 41311

READ BY LEARN'T ONES ONLY

We wholehearted support the Federal Grub Stamps from whence cometh our Daily Bread.

We support the greatest Industry of Poredom--POVERTY. The danger of it a going busted is minimum. Eat, drink, and be merry. Tomorrow we may be cut off.

APRIL 1972

"How much did they raise your Grub Stampz?" This is the big question being asked here in Poredom today.

You see, beginning with the March date our Grub Stamps were supposed to be raised as much as 40% thru November of this year. Also, it is being told in a rather truthful tone that 35% to 40% more of us will be able to Draw them Stamps thru this period. Of course us pore don't really know why this period between March 1972 and November 1972 was pcked to give us this boost but us pore simply don't care.

It is almost possible that by the time the next election rolls around we'll be so plump and fat that we can scarcely see how to "X" our ballot comes the November election. We'll vote!

Seems like we feel sorriful for our cousins and kinfolks what have migrated off to the North to seek a fortune with the Unions. They ain't a doing no good up there a working and a struggling and a suffering a trying to git enuff worked out to eat and enuff worked out to pay for a boat and a horse trailer and a big colored TV as well as a few feet of ground to live on. These kinfolks of ours makes a lot of money up there in the ferrin part of the country, but they never git ahead for no kind of recreation or playing around or nothing like that. It takes ever penny they make to live and there appears to never be no free time a tall.

Us pore don't haft to suffer under no sich unbearable conditions! They's plenty of room left in Poredom for plenty more of our cousins to return to a prosperity they never knowed existed. Poverty is among us in the most favorable conditions.

All we haft to do is scratch out in some manner at least \$2.00 per month in actual cash. Of course if a feller is already on the Draw purty good, he don't have no trouble a gittin the Grub Stamp requirements. If one Draws \$2.00, he'll git jist as many Grub Stamps for the \$2.00 as he would ifn he worked out \$50.00. The \$50 would be took instid of jist the \$2.00. \$2.00 will buy more Grub Stamps than \$50.

You can see how prosperous this is if you'll jist look into a little simple arithmetic. Say you've got a holts of \$2.00 and you go down to the Welfare Square and you sign up and git a hunnert dollars worth of Grub Stamps to feedyou and yore family with for the month. This would mean that for the \$2.00 investment the Giverment would return to the County Seat a net profit of 98 dollars. The ITT can't beat this type of investment. If the County has 5,000 persons qualified under the \$2.00 minimum cost of a hunnert dollars worth of Grub Stamps; then this would reap a profitable revenue for the County of \$490,000.00 per month. Dear cousins and relations you can't beat the Poverty Industry with no other Industry--self operated or Union operated in the world! (See PS below.)

We reckon the used Grub Stamps is jist baled up and mailed back to Washington Dee Cee and a redeemable check is returned back to the County to be deposited within the accounts of them what assumes responsibility.

Yes, they's a little work to be done in the offices of the Welfare Square but that is done by the more affluent pore. Us effluent pore don't never do no work in the Welfare Square Offices. Them that do work there jist haft to ask us some little questions as to how much money we got in our pockets or how much money we made last month and the amount of Stamps to be sent to the county is decided from the deposits in the pockets of us pore. The easiest and simplest Industy to be operated in the World. (PS We ain't saying fer shore that all them stamps can be got for \$2.00. It might take a bit more, but if it does take more it is a Bargain. We can't git Stamps and don't know nuthin for shore about the Program.)

The Pore Counties of Poredom wouldn't trade their Poverty for the biggest Industry of the United States of America we don't reckon shorely.

Don't take our word for none of this, jist come among us and see how well financially our counties have growed since Poverty, Inc. with no noticable industry of anykind. Nothingto match it since before woman became entangled with the Snake. Of course it is doubtful if we are made out of the same stuff as the pore Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock and had never heard of a Grant or a Grub Stamp in their whole borned life. Really, have we come a long ways since the landing of the Pilgrims?

We plead with you cousins to load up your stuff and travel back to the land of which you left. Maybe some of your stuff is still financed. Jist let them have it back. It's doubtful ifn the Finance Companies will lose anything offn you. They've probably already collected moren the stuff wuz worth.

We'll be looking fer you!

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The Local Newspaper carried a story about our Shoe Factory in Lee County. From all indications of this story, there really is a Shoe Factory in Lee County. We've heard about it for several years but ain't seen no evidence of it really existing.

Still we ain't seed none of the shoes. We reckon they're still shipping them "to Portsmouth."

Reckon why Poverty Inc. can't git a holts of these shoes and givethem out to us pore instid of having charitable organizations a begging shoes for us that don't never hardlyfit good a tall? Shorely they don't need no more shoes in Portsmouth.

If the Editor of the Journal ever does find a pair of them Lee County Shoes for sale in any store, he aims to buy his woman a pair if he hast to sell this type-writer to do so. He has so much wanted to see one of these pairs of shoes reportedly made upon the hill above Beattyville.

We do believe these shoes are made but the only proof we have is a pair of big eyed shoes luckily picked up in a roadside dump that were supposedly made by this company. The only trouble with this pair of shoes is that the pair of shoes is made for a person with two right feet. They fit Inez fairly well but it's hard to tell whichaway she is a going. She's got a right and a left foot.

Anyone knowing where a pair of these shoes can be purchased locally, let us know and we'll shore appreciate it. We want a good pair of size 6, well branded, well paired pair of these shoes. We want to show people who visit Poredom to observe our poverties that we do have a factory in our midst that produces. We don't want to jist tell 'em and can't produce no evidence.

We thank you for your help and kindness---THE POREMAN'S JOURNAL

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We shore do feel sorriful for Sam Wicker's woman. He says he can't find no milk fer her a tall. Not a drap. All his neighbors have sold their milk cows and depend on them Grub Markets for that homojized milk and Mrs. Wicker don't like nothing but cow's milk.

I told Inez to be real saving and see ifn we couldn't save Sam up a little jar of milk for his good woman. Inez sez she will strip the cow good ever time after the calf sucks and see ifn she can git her a little jar of cow's milk.

Sam even wanted to come up and look at our cow and jist see if he could trade us out of her, but we told him we didn't want to sell her a tall. Really, we do want to sell her some but when Sam comes to look at a cow a feller has got to sell. He allus makes a habit to come jist before dinner time. He'll argue about the price of the cow until the woman gits dinner and then he allus eats dinner before he will tell a feller that the price is too high on the cow. We reckon he does everybody thisaway.

We never do ask nobody to eat dinner with us at our house so Sam jist wastes his time here, but he does want to go in the store and he looks around to see if somebody has eat a can of Vienna or some Spotted Meat and maybe left a extra cracker. If he finds a cracker, he will eat it.

Sam Wicker can live on three crackers a day if he can find where somebody has left threecrackers after eating a can of Vienna or a can of Spotted Meat.

We've got a little dab of milk saved up. Mrs. Wicker is a good woman.

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Now Chester Deaton is a eatin' too much. He's gittin so fat, he can't hardly git enuff wind to git around on good. He's done told us that he has definitely made up his mind to not eat nary anuther dad dimmed biscuit or nary anuther dad dimmed drap of gravy until he begins to work a leetle dab this spring. He tells us he can't hardly make it to the barn and back with Avis when she goes to feed and milk and do other little chores.

DRINK PEPSI COLA. IT'S AWFUL GOOD.

FOR SALE: Three awful purty Game Roosters. Would like to have five dollars for the three but would take other considerations probably. Reason for selling--they're whipping their owner. JERRY HOLLON, Rt 2 Williba, Beattyville, Ky. Ph. 2943

Yes, and them three roosters advertised above are a whipping the Editor and Inez too. Can't hardly gather the eggs for the things. They'll hit the pot if someone don't see the need for them soon.

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It's got so you can hear the biggest and strangest tales in the world at a country store any more. You never hear sich tales at them big Grub Stamp Markets or any of them County Seat Stores.

We definitely link these tales to Soda Pop because it is after these customers gits set down real good and gits a few guzzles of a good cold Soda Pop that the tales can begin to flow. Our advice is to never talk after a Soda Pop Customer. Really, nobody will gain nothing by jist talking after them fellers who comes to the country Post Offices at the end of the Month to git their Social Maturity Check or some other kind of a Draw Check. It would be awful what tales a feller could hear at a Post Office ifn Soda Pop were served there too.

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We've cautioned our Soda Pop guzzlers at the Williba Store to cut down on that there Diet Pop what has been sweetened with saccherine or something like that. We jist read whereby some big researching out fit has done give Diet Sodas a good researching and they found out that if a feller wuz to drink 885 cans of Diet Soda in one day, he might git a tumor on his bladder.

According to the research, rats got bladder tumors after drinking and drinking and drinking Diet Soda Pop.

We've done decided that if a feller wuz to drink 885 cans of Diet Soda Pop in one day's time, he would evaporate into nuthin except some sort of a leetle bump or something. He might jist simply blow away or be drawed up the stove pipe.

We guess Mr. F.D.A and Mr. H.E.W. are a looking into this matter. And somebody 'lowed the Sugar Industries wuz a doing most of the researching.

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Hon. John Sherman Cooper had done went and said he won't serve us no more in the great Halls of Congress after his present term expires. Some fellers appears to be worried over this matter but they ain't one bit of use a worrying over a leetle matter like this. Somebody else will up and take his place, you jist wait and see. It don't take much prominent qualifications to be a Congressman. Any man what knows how to fool the taxp ayer and the voter can make a good Congressman.

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This here Happy Pappy told the plain plum plime blank truth when he said he never expected to work anuther day for nobody as long as times stayed as good as they is today.

He told how he never got as much as \$2.00 for a days work in his whole borned life until the Giverment give him this here Happy Pappy job. Now he gits a great big check from the Giverment ever month and the awfulest bunch of Grub Stamps ever anybody seed and a Medicine Card to git all the pills he can swaller.

This Happy Pappy is a living good and we don't blame him one bit for making the wise decision he has already made. Them Happy Pappys is a living good and we don't blame this one one bit for making the wise decision he has already made. Them Happy Pappys is real wise when you begin to look into the matter. They're a living bettern us conservative kind of fellers. We're jist a going to starve to death. That's what is a going to happen to us.

We definitely advise you to see your Local Agencies immediately. They've got something for everyone--including me and you. I'm a going to git mine. My younguns need more nonmalnutrited grubstuff than they are a gittin'.

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I had me a purty bad puny spell with the Flu whenever one of them there acrost the waters Flu Bugs bit me and I missed everbit of the President's trip to go look at the great long wall that China built many years ago. Whenever you have a real good tossle with one of them Flu Bug bites you don't know nary thing in the world for several days--especially if you've got some asthma too.

I missed the whole Nixon trip.

But others have told me what a wonderful trip Mr. Nixon had a visiting China.

If none of you fellers ain't a going to want the Sally Holler; then we'll jist haft to keep it. You jist ain't a knowing what a deal you are a missing. The Sally Holler is a exceptional piece of Nature and you prefer to live in them old crowded towns and cities and worry about busing and stuff like that. You could forgit them worries in the Sally Holler and if you didn't develop other worries, you would be happy in the Sally Holler. We believe in the Phase II Freeze; therefore the price for the Sally Holler is still \$2010.00. Clennie Hollon, Rt 2, Beattyville, Ky. 41311

His woman went with him, I wuz told. Uncle Bill Moore said he had him the best time ever wuz a visiting with the President. Uncle Bill made the trip by TV. He watched ever move from the beginning to the end. He told us how them there Chinese looked like they wuz froze stiff as a poker whenever our President got out of that Hell-of-a-copter over there in China land. The President come out a clapping his hands jist like us Americans allus do when we're tickled to death to meet somebody we ain't never seed in a long time or ain't never seed before. According to Uncle Bill them there Chinese never even batted a eye. Uncle Bill didn't know for shore they wuz real people for a right smart spell.

But after the President got plumb offn the vehicle, the Chinese got to thawing out and before long everybody got to being real friendly. Then they got to drinking some kind of stuff out of little glasses and they would tinkle the glasses together before they emptied them. The Chinese would tinkle their glasses against the American glasses.

Raymond Williams went on the trip by TV and he unnerstood they wuz rice wine in them glasses and he felt like it must have give everybody a good lift because it werent no time until everybody seemed to be real friendly and a jabbering to each other.

After they had been a drinking that there rice wine for several days, Raymond told us tha t he thought the President had an American plane to fly a big shipment of California Wine over to China and he said you could really hear them little glasses tinkle there for a spell. Raymond sort of expected them to throw them little glasses away before long and start sipping from the bottles. They never did.

Chester Deaton took most of the trip by TV and he said the trip weren't worth one thin dime to the United States, but he must have been plumb wrong in his thinking. I seed later whereby Mr. Nixon told us Americans it wuz the best thing to happen ever wuz and done more toward Peace than anything since the end of World War II. Of course a lot of us don't know how or why, but us jist ordinary people ain't as smart as fellers in Washington Dee Cee. But most of us are smart enuff to know they ain't been but a mighty little dab of Peace since World War II. We don't hardly expect much improvement.

Uncle Bill told us how the President had him agood time a climbing up and down over that big Wall over there in China and all the time they wuz the awfulest bunch of Chinamen a follering him ever wuz and allus a mighty friendly looking Chinaman feller right by his side. Even Mrs. Nixon climbed around on the wall a right smart and had her a good time.

Some of us don't see why in the world a climbing that great Chinese Wall wouldn't help a mighty lot toward bringing peace to the World, but it seems like the Russians and the Japanese and a lot of other countries don't think so much good. Some countries don't unnerstand Peace like our American leaders do and maybe them Chinese leaders do.

Raymond told us how he seed Mr. Nixon and one of them important Chinamen fellers a eatin something with two sticks instid of using spoons and Raymond told us Mr. Nixon couldn't hardly git nuthin to hang onto his sticks. He even broke a piece off of one of them. But the friendly China man he wuz a eatin with reached over with his sticks and took morsels of grubstuff out of Mr. Nixon's plate and fed Mr. Nixon. I sort of would have liked to seed Mr. Chinese a feedin' Mr. Nixon with them there sticks instid of spoons. The President should a let Kissinger a fethce him some spoons along for sich occasions. Most everybody knowed that the China fellers are too pore to have spoons to eat with.

One feller even told me that Mrs. Nixon had her a little sick spell or sort of let on like she had a little sick spell and she let them Chinese Doctors treat her with them pins and needles. The treatment appeared to cure her right up real quick like. The feller told us that them doctors jist jab all over the sick places with needles and pins and it takes ever bit of the pain outn of a sick feller.

We shore do hope that Mr. Nixon imports a bunch of them needles and pins to this country and gits a bunch of our Doctors trained to use them. It would be much easier to cure a pain with a few needle punctures than it would to try to cut the pain out with a knife.

I'm a going to sort of try them needles on myself the next time I have me one of them there real bad pains. I have them there little pains all the time now but I've sort of got ust to them. Them needles might work for us Americans for our big pains as they do for them there China men.

I've read a right smart about Nixon's trip since he got back but it ain't impressed me much don't seem like. Ain't impressed me nuthin like it did Uncle Bill

GOOD GOSH A 'MIGHTY that there PEPSI COLA is awful good stuff to drink. It shore does hit the spot. If you ain't tried it for a right smart spell, pick up yourself a eight carton and see if it ain't what you been a lookin for. Seven Up and Dr. Pepper are good too.

BEATTYVILLE PEPSI COLA, Inc. Jack Hollon

and Raymond and Chester.

And we've been a hearin' a lot about fellers a saying that there trip to China weren't worth nuthin to us Americans; but to be honest about the whole thing, some of us don't see how it could do us a bit of good or very much harm either. Of course a lot of us don't see good how to run a Nation or we would be in a better position to do so. Still tha t trip might make a mighty lot of fellers vote for Mr. Nixon.

Them little islands over there near China what we've been friendly with for a long time didn't like our visit to China don't seem like. These little islands ain't much big but they've cost us billions of dollars and we must have believed for a long time tha t they would jump on Mainland China someday and whip her good for us. Now they are sort of peeved at us and may not even try to whip Mainland China a tall. We do hear that nearly ever day the Nationalist of Quemoy and Matsu still shoot their guns over at Mainland and Mainland shoots back at the islands. If Quemoy or Matsu shoots three times at Mainland China, she shoots three times back at the islands. Seems like it is gittin to be sort of a friendly like gesture among the whole bunch.

Whether it done us any good to visit China or not, I aim to git me a TV if I ever do git a holts of enuff money and I aim to see what is a happening in this big world of ours. All I ever see is what happens in Poredom and that's jist the sa me old thing--a big rush to the County Seats twelve times a year to git what Washington Dee Cee has sent to us.

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It seems that us Poredom people have sort of a language of our own. We don't hardly ever use words like outsiders who visit us use. Sometimes we can't unnerstand them real plumb good. They use words we ain't never hearn afore.

N.V. Farmer, Sanford, Florida sent us a clipping from the Knoxville Journal by Vic Neals and entitled "Fur Piece Yander" that should give you some knowledgement of our speech in the Mountain Counties of Poredom. We jist talk like our folks have allus talked and I guess you have seed how tolerable well we are a gittin' along with all the grub and stuff the Giverment has been a toting into us.

Here's some words that Mr. Weals defines for us and you. Study them and ifn you make a trip among us you'll know what we'ens are a talking about.

A-FIXIN--Getting ready "We're afixin to go to town.

AGIN--When it'll be supertime agin I git thru arning,

Agg --What a hen lays.

AIR-- Short term for there. Example, a boy had a dentist drill out the cavity tooth then cleans it with compressed air. In doing so he asks, "Does that air hurt?"

The boy says "that air what?"

ANK PEN--My ank pen won't write.

BACKARDS-- "You've got your hat on backards."

BARNED-- Came into the world, "I was barned on the 4th of July."

BRASH-- A phicket of bushes and s mall trees: ideal place to hide a monnshine still.

BURRIES-- Strawberries or blackberries.

BUST-- A pin will bust a balloon.

CANE TUCKY-- A State. North of Tennessee. CHORE-- "Is that chore dog?"

ELLA NOISE-- A state. SCHHHCOGGO, is the biggest city.

FAR--Used for cooking, "I like to cook over a wood far."

FOTCH--Past tense for fetch. "I fotch you a jair this morning."

FURDER-- Farther, than fur. FUR PIECE--Long distance "Hit's a fur piece to town."

HARED-- A boy's name (Howard).

HARR-- Emfly, as "are you harrin any hands today?"

HOLLER-- Small valley, "I wuz barned in a holler".

IFN -- If. "I'll go with you ifn its so I can."

JINLY--G enerally: Usually. "I jinly take a bath Saddity night."

KIVERED-- Covered, "On top of Old Smokey, all kivered with snow."

LAG-- Leg, "I gotta misery in my lag."

LAM PAUL-- Kerosene oil for lamps.

LASSES--Molasses "I'd like to have about a gallon of them 'lasses".

LAW-- An exclamation, "Law aint he growed since I seed him last?"

MATER-- Red thing that grows on a vine. "There ain't nuthin Ilike bettern fresh sliced maters".

MESH-- What whiskey is distilled from.

Continued on next page

OLD SIX CAP STEP STOVE -- \$60.00. OLD DINNER BELLS-- \$60.00  
 OAK ROLL TOP DESK, unfinished -- \$85.00 TOBACCO CUTTERS (old store item) \$15.00  
 Plenty of other old stuff that anybody can buy with this inflated money you have.  
 HOLLONS GENERAL STORE, Rt 2 Williba, Beattyville, Kentucky. Come up.

ME SHE GUN--A state, Dee-troyt is the biggest city.  
 NAIRN--Sometimes NARY'N. Not any, example--somebody asks "Do you have ary match, the answer is "No, I ain't got nairn, but here's a lighter."  
 PEAKED--Thin, pale, or sickly looking. "He looked kända peaked since he got out of the horspital".  
 PERT--Lively, sprightly, "You look right pert to day."  
 QUAIR-- Strange, eccentric, "He's acting a leetle quair."  
 RAT CHEER--On this very spot, "It happened rat cheer."  
 RAT NOW--immediately, "Come here rat now."  
 RETCH--pasttense of reach. "I retch down and pulledhim outn of the water."  
 RUCK --Raked, I ruck up a power of muck outn the yard."  
 SAIR--Not sweet. "Vinegar is sair."  
 SASSIFACT--Sassafras. "I like sassifact tea."  
 SEED--Past Tense of see. "I seed him yisterday."  
 SPAR--Small bird of which there are several species--English spar, field spar, etc.  
 SUMMERS--Somewhere, "Seems like I've seed you summers before."  
 TAR-- What a automobile needs at least four of.  
 TARRED--Pooped. Plumb wore out.  
 TURKLE--Slow crawling creature. Turtle.  
 VITTLES--Victuals, food, grub stuff.  
 WARNUTS--"I like warnuts". A nut that grows on a warnut tree.  
 WARRANT-- His wife warrant nary bit account.  
 WOMURN--Woman  
 WORTER--Liquid that fa lls like rain.  
 WRENCH--Rinse. "Wrench out my socks."  
 WUDDINT-- Wouldn't  
 YANDER-- There, at that place yonder.  
 YEAR--What we hear with."He frost bit his year".

JESS STAMPER is the only feller that we know of what can jump up in the air and clap his heels together two times before hitting the floor. He claims his youngun, Mrs. Charlotte Begley, can do this. Maybe it sort of runs in the family.

Chester Dea ton come a wobbling thru the store while Jess was a trying to larn Jerry Hollon this bit of art. Jess asked Chester if he could jump up in the air and clap his feet together twice before hitting the floor.

To which Chester replied as he plumped into a chair, "Hello no, I can't even jump up in the air and if you wuz as fat as I am, you couldn't either."

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All the time our Legislators were down there to Frankfort a passing bills that appeared more favorable to theirselves than to us, an ammendment was offered to be put on our voting ballot whereby we can vote to let them meet every year for 45 days instid of jist 60 days ever two years.

Good Gosh A'mighty, We'd be pleased ifn they would jist go down there for one day ever forty five years.

Dear voter, don't never vote for no ammendment placed upon your ballot. If you do, you'll be voting agin your own interests. Jist vote "No" on all ammendments on your ballot and you'll be better off. Givermental Reform ain't worth a Welfare dime to you uhless you air "in the click".

They's more laws on the books now than can be enforced. We don't need no more laws; therefore we don't need no more meetings of a bunch of Legislators for a long time.

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Here awhile back Bob Fain, who writes "Cornered" to keep the Lexington Leader's subscriptions up, wrote about this here feller what lived up a holler so far that he had to keep his own Tom Cat.

The day this "Cornered" item appeared in the Lexington Leader, our three good Tom Cats left and ain't been seen hide nor hair of since. It's possible they're at the head of that holler.

We don't much care though. We've got some more a growing up. Our neighbors have plenty of Tom Cats too.

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George Lee Deaton was awful bad tore up and worried when he come down to the store the tother day. It was all on account of that Turkey a being turned in with our Legislators down to Frankfort here awhile back. He wuz afraid a bunch of them might of ketched Histoplasmosis from that Turkey. It's ketched from fowls.

Miss Barbara White, Richmond, Kentucky sent Inez 50¢ for her Stamp Lickin Fund. Inez wuz very pleased. Miss White writ a mighty purty Git-Well poem on a card that she made herself with purty blossoms and all on it. The card wuz for the Editor what shore enuff had him a sick spell here awhile back. Miss White is a awful good soul.

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Our Legislators passed a law down there to Floral Clock, Kentucky which will "Prohibit human consumption of tobacco stalks."

We shore never did eat no tobacco stalks at our house, but we aim to git the woman to sneak and cook us up a mess of them tobacco stalks and see how good they air to eat. They must be dangerous to one's health or they wouldn't have passed no sich a law.

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There is sort of a important kind of a feller down to the County Seat that the Editor can never agree with hardly. He's a bad Democrat.

But the tother day, the Editor agreed with this bad Democrat.

This bad Democrat told the Editor that the last bunch of Legislators wuz the worst bunch we have ever had down to Frankfort in our lives. Wuz the Editor wrong in agreeing with this Bad Democrat? Would it be a bad sign?

You know we've heard other fellers not a talking too good about our last bunch of law makers what we sent to Frankfort to pass us a lot of good laws and to raise their Welfare Draw.

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Lots of people find fault with us what git on the Welfare and live good. But does anyone find fault with a bunch of elected officials what got down to Floral Clock ever two years and vote theirselves a raise on their Welfare Draw Check? It's them Legislators! They've voted theirselves a raise of \$100 more on their monthly Welfare Draw Check. This means that they will Draw \$400 per month for the 22 months of their term they are not in Frankfort a serving their constituents. We don't know if they automatically git a raise in their check if they have a youngun or not.

Well, they's allus something good about everthing. We can be thankful they ain't a spending the 22 months in Floral Clock, Kentucky a serving us constituents. (Ed. Note: For outside the State readers of the Journal, Floral Clock is a more appropriate name for Frankfort. This big Floral Clock wuz built for the taxpayers to look at ifn they ever got down there to the State Capitol. They can throw money in it and make a wish if they want to.)

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Yes, and them Legislators give the Judges a laetle boost in their salaries too. Even our Circuit Judges will now Draw nearly 24000 dollars per year--or you might say, \$2000 per month. By putting in a 20 day month these Judges can Draw \$100 per day and then have the authority to put us pore servants of the Court--the Jury-- in jail if we refuse to leave our means of making a living and serve for \$5.00 per day as a jury man. It's time persons wheeled out for Jury Service done a laetle dab of protestin' maybe.

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We read whereby some of them Africans eat maggots, monkeys, rats, snakes, porcupines, and other varmits and they are jist as healthful as they can be. Gittin all the proteins they need and their food doesn't cause them no harmful effects.

Ain't we lucky here in the good old United States where us pore can git the Grub Stamps and the rich can git the money and we all eat like persons ort to eat?

Of course we do agree that the menu of some of them Africans would not be harmful to anyone's health, and it wouldn't be harmful to our health if we jist had a little stonger stomach. A mess of fried rats served with creamed maggots and boiled monkeys' eyes would almost turn our weak American stomachs.

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Since Wilbur Schultz, Zionsville, Pa. complained about the services of our newly formed Postal Reformed Mail services, we have received some complaints from other recipients of mail thru the Reformed Postal Service Department.

Henry P. Griffin, New Albany, Indiana writ us that it took his March issue of the Journal 9 days to git to his house when it took the March issue of the Journal only 2 days to git to his friend E. C. Brandenburg's house in Louisville. He don't know why this hast to happen to him when he jist lives right a crost the river from Louisville.

H. S. Dunbar, Flemingsburg, Ky. is a victim of the Postal Reform System of Washington Dee Cee. It took eight days for the Journal to git from Williba to Flemingsburg. This caused Mr. Dunbar to write: "Every time the Postal rates go up the service becomes slower."

And Mr. Dunbar rightfully continues: "Under the new and expanded Zip System, I have had cards and letters to take as long as 21 days to get here from Lexington. That is 55 miles in 21 days. I can walk that fast."

What about the pore souls down in Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia? A train carload of mail didn't git to them for more than two years and no doubt it was Zipped and highly postalized good. It seems a Passenger train leaving Pennsylvania and traveling at 90 miles per hour lost a car of mail and it was found over two years later on a siding in Maryland. Don't know hardly how it got off that 90 miles per hour passenger train and then jumped over on a siding to rest for more than two years. Seems like nobody knowed how it done that. We guess anything can happen in this new and Reformed Postal System with a Zip Coded Address.

Mr. Dunbar suggests that maybe one should use the telephone instead of mailing postcards and letters. This might work where he lives, but it takes a person around here longer to git a phone call thru than it does a letter. It is almost a impossibility to git a phone call thru from Williba to Fillmore--a distance of only two miles. It would be quicker to climb the high hill that separates Williba and Fillmore and jist holler out to whoever one wanted to call. Everybody would hear a feller a talking to who he hollered at, but it wouldn't make no difference. If he happened to git a telephone call thru nearly everbody would hear him too--at least eight parties we reckon.

Just pick up the phone here and it will notify you that it is busy elsewheres.

There's one thing that us constituents can be sure of. Anytime our Giverments announces a new Reform, we are in for "troubles, trials, and tribulations". We don't want any Givermental Reforms but we git them anyway.

Has any of our prescribers in California got a Poreman's Journal yit? If one did, how long did it take to git plumb out there and acrost them big Rocky Mountains?

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We bet them people in Ceylon eat a mighty lot of good hot biscuits. It's awful how much flour our Giverment buys up and ships free to Ceylon. Then we haft to go pay nearly \$3.00 for a poke of flour if we ain't on the Grub Stamps and eat loaf bread and hamburger buns.

No wonder us pore git porer. Our Giverment gives away our produce to ferrin countries until they ain't much left and the prices bust right thru the Phase II Freeze.

That record crop of corn raised last year when the Giverment paid the farmers to raise corn instid of paying them not to grow corn like they allus had done is done gone and went acrost the waters we reckon. Jist go buy you a sack of corn and see if it shows there wuz ever a surplus of corn raised.

Some feller who knows a right smart more than me and you, told us the Giverment bought most of the surplus corn up at nearly \$1.30 a bushel and delivered it to Russia for 40 cents a bushel.

The pore hardworking taxpayer hast to keep Russia up too while she can have more time to produce missiles and stuff like that we reckon.

The Editor jist aims to vote for GEORGE WALLACE agin. He shore can't mess up things no worser. And if he can, I'd like to see a feller that could outdo what we have had in Washington for several years whether it be improving or making things worser.

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We read in this here Farm paper where this will be a wonderful year to keep our eyes on the Local Farm Relief Office. The Giverment has found out that sweetening the Farm Relief during election years is a real vote gitter.

This is the year that you should spend more time a visiting your local Farm Relief Office. It will be profitable to you unless you work for a living and pay taxes.

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This here feller sneaked and helped a good neighbor fix up some windows and things about the neighbor's house.

He made a mistake! When he went to the Grub Stamp Office to git his Stamps for the coming month, he wuz held up for five days because them fellers in the Office had found out he had worked a little dab.

This feller aimed to have cut some sprouts and briars and bushes around his neighbor's house. Now he don't aim to do it. We can't blame him when jist a little bit of work like this would cut him out of his Grub Stamps.

One must shun work ifn he gits the goodies from Washington Dee Cee. Of course the administrators of the Programs can work if they want to but they hardly ever do.

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We can never vote for that ammendment whereby Sheriffs can succeed theirselves. They's little enuff law enforcement as it is, but if Sheriffs succeeded theirselves, they jist possibly could be no noticable law enforcement a tall.

Rev. Earl. A. Troup, Mount Joy, Pa. sent me this here purty letter what had writ in big black letters on the outside "SEE WHAT THE GOVERNMENT OWES YOU!"

I opened this letter and read a big part of it and it's a sight how much money I can git from my Giverment by jist knowing how to git it. All I haft to do to know how to git all this money is to order a big book what tells everything.

But I ain'g got the \$8.96 to pay for this great book which explains the workings of the Money Trees of Dee Cee. Allus I git knowked out of everthing good.

Wonder why the feller writ the book instid of jist gittin all the money he needed from the Giverment? He bound to know ever angle about gittin this FREE money.

If I ever do git a holts of the money, I aim to order me two or three of these books. I'm awful bad to misplace things. If I jist had one book, I nearly know I would git it misplaced before I got it read good and decided on the type of Draw I wanted from my Giverment.

We shore do thank Rev. Troup for sending us this information. We allus did think Preachers wuz real good fellers and got good hearts .

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Mrs. Coleman Edwards, Richmond, Ky. sent Inez's Lickin Fund \$1.50. That is the greatest and the biggest and the largest donation she has ever received for her Stamp Lickin Fund and you must know how elated she wuz when she got this huge amount.

But Mrs. Edwards did have herself a complaint and she said the Mail Man, Tom Moberly, also complained. She didn't git her Poreman's Journal a tall for March.

Now we are not going to blame the Reformed Postal Service for Mrs. Edwards' failure to git the March Journal. The Editor will bear the blame for this. He probably didn't send it. The Editor had him a purty bad puny spell there when the March issue was being writ and sent out. He wuz downed by Asthma with Newmonia on top of it. For ten days his oxygen deprived brain did not let him know he really existed--and he barely did. Several days after he got out of the horspital and begin to see light agin, he weren't too alert and you'd be surprised to know he ain't none too alert yit.

The family helped git the March issue out and if tthere are some others who did not git the March issue of the Journal, let me know and I'll send you one.

Mrs. Edwards did tell us that her husband, Coleman, had retired from his plumbing business and was going to fish and grow him a little garden plot for the summer. He aims to sell fishworms too. Coleman has got him a little garden plot for the summer, but no doubt his father-in-law will do the gardening and Coleman will ketch all the fishworms his father-in-la w digs up. Coleman can't git on the Welfare cause he ain't got nary youngun.

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The leaders of the Great Asian War got tore all to pieces there when them Cambodians shot up all their ammunition in nearly no time a tall. But we can't really blame them for doing what they did. Some people think the Cambodians jist have a superstition and it ain't no M<sup>oo</sup>ster a eating up the moon when the rest of us knows nearly the moon is in eclipse.

You see when that there moon come into an eclipse here awhile back, the Cambodians knowed the great Moon Eating Monster had returned to devour the moon and do away with moonlight forever. But noise will frighten the moon eater away. That's why they shot up ever bit of the ammunition they had. The Moom Eating Momster was scared away and there was still moonlight. The U. S. had to furnish them more ammunition.

Someday we'll have some more fellers up there a wading the moon dust and that Moon M<sup>oo</sup>ster will return to devour the moon. The South East Asians may make enuff noise to frighten away the Monster but not soon enuff to prevent it from swallowing our moon walking astronauts.

We agree with them Cambodians that it would be a terrible thing for the Moon to git eat up by that there Moon Eating Monster. You know it could git hungry for the Earth after it gits the Moon devoured. Pass the ammunition and let them Cambodians keep that thing scared a way.

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Well, us pore feel safe in one respect and that is in respect to money which a Louisville Doctor has pronounced FILTHY. We've got to agree with this doctor that money hast to be Filthy since it travels thru so many filthy hands before it ends up in some affluent feller's pocket to grow more filthy.

But us pore seldom ever use or even see much money. We handle Grub Stamps only and it is a sight how sparkling clean them there Stamps look as we tear them out off our brand new Grub Sta mp Books. They ain't nothing filthy on them Grub Stamps while we've got 'em--which ain't much long.

Us pore do believe the Grub Stamps grow filthy as soon as they leave our hands and begin to be exchanged among the Grub Stamp Merchants and the Bankers.

Still some of us pore would take achance on handling some of that there Filthy green stuff that's called money. Yit we could become sick from handling this filthy money when it wouldn't hurt the rich and the affluent none because they have built up a resistance to it.

The way Doctors are a handling that there money these days, it is believed that they ain't one bit scared of ketching no maladies from Filthy money.

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