

THE

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

25¢

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POREMAN'S

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OF POREDOM

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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.

MARCH 1972

This very sad letter comes from a learnt reader of West Liberty, Ky. in Morgan County. She is a pore woman by the name of Elsie Richard.

She writ as good as she could: "You know us Republicans here in Morgan County can't even have Equal Rights. We can't even git Food Stamps or nothing looks like. Can't even git us a card to go to the doctor on and now we are a going to lose our little State Jobs to the New Governor. So I guess we will all soon be protestin -- whatever that is.

"I predict there won't be no more Republicans after this four years is up. We will all be starved to death--that is one way to git rid of us.

"Now, I'll send you a little check for another prescription of the good medicine you dose out, and hope there will be enough of the good Democrats to keep you thru the next few years."

Knowing the letter to be the Gospel Truth, tears really stained my eyes as I read the plight & facing Morgan Countians. And to think that the same situation faces approximately 119 other counties in Kentucky! For most of us in Kentucky, always it is the Grub Stamp Line or working for the State. No doubt the Giverment in Dee Cee has us pore Republicans in mind whenever they decided to increase the number of persons in Kentucky who could git Grub Stamps upwards of 35% to 40% comes the March Winds.

The Editor laid awake three straight nights a thinking of the great depression that is a going to face the thousands of State Workers that has been and will be laid off by the new Ford Merit System. Suddenly the great Civil Rights Bill of America sent a flood of light thru the Editor's feeble brain. Surely the Civil Rights bill covers other than the color of one's skin. The Civil Rights Bill is to protect all of us against segregation--and Republicans in the State of Kentucky is certainly segregated! The huge Democratic population keeps a heavy foot upon us. Some counties are worsen segregated than others. Morgan County being one of them.

Let us Republicans git organized if we can and demand of our Congressmen that we be intergrated in the name of the great Civil Rights Bill and the Equal Rights Bill of the United States of America. Let there be no mistake about it, there can be no segregation of the Democrats and Republicans.

We must come in contact with Mr. HEW of Washington Dee Cee and we must demand that bussing be proclaimed for the State of Kentucky in that counties practically devoid of Republicans must have relief. There's no reason why Republicans should not be bussed into heavily Democratic Counties--and ofcourse if there is a county over populated with Republicans, then Democrats would naturally be bussed into this county.

This intergration of Republicans and Democrats would put the parties upon equal footing and there would not be a great calamity befall the Republicans of Kentucky 20 years out of every 25 years.

At least 2000 Republicans should be bussed into our neighboring County of Breathitt comes every election. This would give us some equality up there. But of course one person did grumble some as some persons will allus do about any problem. This feller told our discussion that if Republicans were bussed to Breathitt County,

they wouldn't let 'em vote. But under the great Civil Rights Bill, all counties would haft to let bussed voters vote.

Of course Democrats from Breathitt county would haft to be bussed acrost the county lines during coming elections to fill in a vacuum in Lee, Owsley, and Estill counties. Morgan County and all counties of Kentucky would be intergated with as near an equal number of Republicans and Democrats in each county as possible. In some instances many out of state Republicans would haft to be bussed in.

Some hard heads would naturally say that if the Democrats and Republicans were in equal numbers in all counties; then there would be no one elected. There would only be ties. Of course this would be better for us in the long run since State elected officials seems to be detrimental to the welfare of many of us voters.

But there would be no ties. Always you have a few of us Straddle Poles in every county. We would be the ones who would shift the election each year and it would certainly be possible that the Republicans and Democrats would alternate more often in Frankfort.

Too, many of us would still consider our voting privilege a financial asset comes the election and enuff of us could be sort of bought off to make the election process more intergated. The Editor believes in gittin' all he can out of his vote comes the election since he never gains nuthin by voting for nuthin.

We deem the bussing of Republicans and Democrats acrost county lines in Kentucky will cure the terrible malady that befalls us pore Republicans so often. And too, it will be another great problem solved by the Civil Rights law and by Mr. HEW.

Keep Morgan County on your mind and think about this great idea. Will you?

Pore Wilbur S. Schultz, Zionsville, Pa. was saddened by the last election, too, which proves the needs of Mr. HEW a getting active and see that there is more intergration within the political field. There should never be another election held until equality is established within the Democratic and Republican parties of every county in the U.S.

Bussing is a must to accomplish one of the most important actions within the Equal Rights Bill of the United States of America--and possibly Vietnam. Let there be bussed into Zionsville, Pennsylvania several bus loads of bonifide Republicans.

Mr. Schultz stated sadly, "The Democrats reared up their heads in our local election real mean sort of like. I got good Republican votes but not enuff of 'em. So I am out of office. A serious situation in the dead of Winter.

"I hurriedly ordered some more coal. It is a shame I am too far from Hazard, Kentucky to git some Poredom Coal. Here the COAL BARONS get \$24.00 for rice (fine dirt) we uster call it, and \$32.00 for nut size. How shall the pore, even the larnt fellow afford sich prices? We must git some relief from the Department of Ekwali-zation--or some sich varmit!"

Mr. Schultz had another justifiable complaint that should become knowed to our Congressmen. Mr. Schultz writes: "Do implore your most respected Congressman to check into the handling of THE POREMAN'S JOURNALS headed for Eastern Pennsylvania-Central. The December issue did right well overcoming Calliker attacks of the catermounted mails and arriving in 7 days from VADA, Kentucky to POWDER VALLEY, Pa. But for some unkonwn reason the January one must of got kidnapped, and finally fought its way out of the holding pen under great and perilous trials to make the danger fraught journey in the unimpressive elapse of 21 full U.S. 24 hour days. It is my suggestion that the U.S. Postal Service hire several fellers of mean reput to 'ride shotgun' on the stage coach out of Vada, and of course change or/and exchange shots with any nefarious characters seeking the mailman on his rounds. I assure you the Pony Express had a much more impressive rekord. Could it be the Democrats?"

(Editor: Does the Poreman's Journal have difficulties a gittin to other learnt readers?)

Mr. Schultz ends his letter by saying, "Good luck, keep plugging for this 'humble soul's welfare. You might implore the Almighty's blessings on me, but I sort of sense you do not have a hot line to the Lord! You could establish one you know. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom, is found somewheres in Psalm 111, in the tenth verse. If it isn't there then your hunting it down will nary hurt you. Let Wisdom be apparent in all of our endeavors."

The Poreman's Journal will strive to do all it can for the comforts and well-beings of our learnt Prescriber, Wilbur S. Schultz, Zionsville, Pa. Our efforts most usually prove fruitless. It sometimes appears that the Blessings of Dee Cee are somehow shunted away from us. We'll keep trying and push for more Equal Rights.

It is our honest opinion--and maybe not that of others--that the BS GRINDER is a wonderful little machine to dull the worries and sorrifuls of homo sapiens. A few moments of grinding each day will do wonders for you--we think. The Ecologist may think otherwise. Order from the Poreman's Journal. Only \$1.50 each postpaid.

Wars ain't a going to be fit on Earth much longer. People live too clost together with all this modern transportation and stuff. Why, with people living clost in this modern world, it would be quite possible that even the ones who are so patriotic and want wars all the time and don't never put out no efforts to go fight in the war or send none of their younguns to do so, could easily be brought into future wars. That's when wars will haft to stop on this Earth. Wars too clost could destroy the great leaders who remain safely at home and command the war. They could end up in great danger.

Wars ain't necessary no ways except to fight depressions with. If you will look over your history books you will easily note that a war follows a depression and precedes good times--at least in the past. Even wars to fight depressions are out of fashion on this Earth now. The Vet and Nam war is a going to prove this to a lot of people.

Since wars can't be fit on this Earth by us people; then we've got to scan the Space to see ifn we can't find some planet or star with something on it to fight. This searching is a going to see the end of us Earth people it seems if some of us can seem right.

Some of these days us Earthers will be buzzing around up there in space millions of miles away and we'll ketch the attention of a Planet of Space People who will jump into their own Space Vehicles and foller us back to the Earth. These Space People who foller us back to Earth will be giants. Their hands will have fourteen fingers on them and two thumbs. Their feet will practically be all toes. They will not have a mouth as ordinary people have. They will have great long beaks similar to that of a bird and when they git hungry they will go about the Earth a picking up homo sapheads like a bird picks up corn. They'll swaller the homo sapheads jist as fast as they pick them up. It will take at least eighteen ordinary Giverment fed persons to make a meal or seventeen ordinary fed citizens. Ten Space Men could fall into an ordinary Relief Line and gobble up the whole line of people plus them inside the buildings a giving out the Blessings.

No, you can't shoot and kill these new Space People who h've follered back the Earth People from outer space. They are made more substantially. They have no heart. Therefore they can't be killed. Shoot one anyplace upon its body and it will have no more effect upom the creature than shooting a tree. It's composition will be similar to that of a tree except it will be able to move and will have a commuter mind that will function better when fed homo sapheads.

Regardless of what prt of this Space Man's body we would be able to destroy, it will grow back immediately. This new creature will be made of a substance stronger than steel and this particular characteristic will cause more deaths of the present human race than will the pecking order of the Space People who follered us home.

It is customary for us Earth People to shoot anything we see if it moves be it a bird, beast, or a bug. We'll kill it! But when we shoot this strange newcomer that follered us back from outer space, we will only be committing suicide. The bullet will hit the hard surface of the beaked Space Man and bounce right back upon the path it went forward and hit the human in the eye from which he was sighting and kill him instantly. If the shooter is not an expert rifleman and the bullet hits the Space man a glancing blow, it will ricochet off and kill two dozen bystanders if they is many around.

This Space man will have no heart and only a commuter mind, there fore it will have no desire to kill off any living matter upon the Earth other than humans. It will not pick up a bear in its huge beak and swaller it. It will not pluck a quail from the air and swaller it. It will become addicted to human flesh only and will totally destroy the human race upon this Earth within three centuries.

The reproduction process of this Space Man will be very much different from that of ours. They will not go around producing large families and producing a problem that would eventually wipe them from existence. They produce by only one method. Within two weeks, one day, and four hours of the impending death of one of these Space creatures that has follered Earth men home, it will lay an egg. After death of the Space Creature, the egg will hatch and produce a baby Space Creature. It will grow rapidly from swallering infants and soon be a matured creature. These Space Creatures will eat the affluent first because they are well fed and more nutritional. Us effluent will be the last to be eat.

The reason that the population of the Space Creature does not always remain the same is because ever thirteenth egg that is laid produces a set of twins. This keeps the new Space Creature expanding and will within a few hundred centuries take over the Earth as it has outer space planets, stars, moons, and suns.

The new Earth coming Space Man will grow rapidly and healthily here which will more rapidly decrease the existence of man upon this Earth. The reason it will grow so much more healthy is because it chief source of life is POLLUTION. Polluted air and water produces healthy Space Creatures.

Except for eating or occasionally stepping upon a human, the Space Man is harmless to the human race. It causes no separation of man and wife except when it eats one or the other and not both of them.

Historians will have compiled millions of words proving that the cmming of the Space man from outer Space increases the life span of the Earth 14 billions of

years--unless invaded by another type of Space Man with a longer beak than the present ones.

Bomb shelters nor Civil Defense will protect man from that which will destroy him. He's gone.

Goodbye! The making of the Earth Man was a mistake anyways.

Tim, Vichi, and Pasha are a living the life of Riley we reckon. We've heard of people who were living the life of Riley. Who wuz Riley? He must have really been on the Draw good.

Anyway, Vichi, Tim, and Pasha have wonderful accomodations right back of the big White House and they have electric heat for comfort. They have their choice of food no doubt served by a Maid. They really have the comforts of Welfare.

Tim, Vichi, and Pasha are the three dogs of the President.

We'll bet nary one of them would chase a rabbit or tree a squirrel or smell of a tree.

At least Senator Margaret Smith is a coming the closest to earning her measly salary in the Dee Cee Senate. She's thee to vote whenever a bill is passed that us effluent and the affluent must live under. It seems that a small percentage of the other Senators are there to vote on bills that git passed or unpassed. Most of them are out a running for President or speaking to the Kiwanzis or studying some worthwhile project in a ferrin Country's recreational area.

Senators do not earn their pay in Dee Cee. Neither do they in Frankfort, Ky.

We nearly know that they is just plenty of people who still do not believe that certain people have the powers to witch water wells or other objects below the ground surface. Most of us know it is a fact that it can be done and is being done. Raymond Williams and Bob Marshall are still practicing the art with great success. right here in Poredom, and most any county that you will go into within Poredom you will find the Water Finder a witching a water well for someone. He'll usually be using a forked peach tree limb. They can use other tree limbs too.

This letter from Henry Johnson, Lexington, Kentucky should clear up this matter for all of you. Water withhing extends plumb up into Canada. Mr. Johnson's letter says: " Last year you carried the story on the success of the Water Witches in locating water on Peoples' properties. My daughter sent me a clipping from the Toronto newspapers. She is teaching school up there. You remember her teaching in St. Louis and you kidded her about not having enough money to prescribe to the Poreman's Journal. She still cannot afford the luxury.

"Anyhow, the clipping told of how an employee of the Ontario Hydro had this witching power, only this fellow was able to find underground power cables. He would find them and thus save the trouble when workers accidentally cut one of the power lines and there was a power failure.

"The interesting part is that these people who are water witches or 'dowsers' have a very special name for the art. It is called RHABDOMANCY. This is not any trick name for a long list of words. I checked the dictionary and here is what it says about rhabdomancy:--'divination by rod or wand, especially the supposed art of finding underground water, ores, etc by means of a divining rod. Dowsing'."

"Dont tell your friends, the water witches, about this long word that describes their business as they may go into a state of shock. Not many people would like to be called exponents of RHABDOMANCY."

It is hoped that Mr. Johnson's research has cleared up the minds of the doubters of water witching powers. He is correct. We found this word in a dictionary. It was in our 1923 model of Webster's International Dictionary. It was not found in these modern reference dictionaries what one usually uses. It seems that modern education and society has gone for shorter words--preferably none over four letters.

We are quite sure that if we called Raymond Williams a water loving rhabdomancy, he would respond unfavorably.

Us and Mr. Johnson hopes water witching art has been cleared up. Of course there will still be doubters that some people can take off warts, or blow out fire from a burned person, or stop blood, or can cure Shingles by using blood from a black hen's neck, or cure chicken poxs by laying a youngun acrost the doorway and driving a few chickens acrost its body, or cure a cow of holler tail by splitting and salting the tail.

Man and woman are filled with enuff witching qualities to perform many worthwhile deeds favorable to mankind. Some people ain't learnt enuff to believe in these witching arts. They's a difference in being learnt and in being educated. Educated people don't know nuthin much of anything that is helpful to a pore man.

We actuallybelieve there are people who believe that Thrash can't be cured from the mouth of a youngun by letting a man,who was borned after his father's death, blow into the youngun's mouth. Health Departments would frown upon the idea.

BUY BS GRINDERS

Sam Abner, Primrose, Kentucky and now of Pontiac, Michigan was successful in migrating to Pontiac Motor Division, Pontiac, Michigan. Many were not successful as the letter below indicates. Sam sent this letter to his brother, Jim, who did not successfully find Pontiac or even Michigan.

We will not mention in name the County or the City in which this great pilgrimage of Kentucky originated because it could have affects upon present Blessings being received. We will say that it did not have reference to Lee County or Beattyville. We are pleased with the advantages of Poverty that exists in our midst and are not about to leave whether Pontiac Motor Division is hiring or not. We've never had it so good since the great discovery of Poverty within our midst.

Here is the letter:

State of Kentucky
Office of the Governor

Pontiac Motor Division
Montcalm
Pontiac, Michigan, Attention of the Employment Supervisor

Dear Sir:

The State of Kentucky would like to thank you and the Pontiac Motor Division of Pontiac, Michigan, for hiring our unwanted hillbillies. Those wood monkeys and moonshiners migrated to your wonderful state when Pontiac was hiring. Practically the entire population of H----- under 66 years of age started out to secure work with your organization. The complete results of the move listed herewith:

211 couldn't find Pontiac Motors
817 couldn't find Pontiac
409 couldn't find Michigan
322 drowned while trying to swim the Ohio River
8 were shot by your security guards
25 died of exposure
74 were picked up on m59 with blistered feet and no shoes
4 died of Yankee diarrhea
18 died of starvation on M59
452 went to Fort Custer and were inducted
120 couldn't read and went to Pontiac State Hospital
10 were seen in the revolving door at the Postoffice in Pontiac

The State of Kentucky would like to thank the Pontiac Motor Division for hiring the 30 men that did make it to your office and we hope you will be able to civilize them. I want to thank you for your cooperation in permitting the migration, and I am sure that after living and associating with you wonderful Yankees, they will turn out to be a credit to themselves, the State of Michigan, and Kentucky, and with earnest effort I am sure they will become American citizens.

With kindness, personal greetings, and best wishes for your continued success,
I am

Sincerely yours,

(The Editor does not have authenticity
of this information.)

Governor of Kentucky

Name Withheld because of possible
political repercussions.

One would not have thought it to be possible, but there is another CHESTER DEATON other than ours at Fillmore, Kentucky. This other Chester Deaton lives in Dublin, Indiana and, too, is a very learnt one. He is now a prescriber to the POREMAN'S JOURNAL.

This Indiana Chester Deaton writ us, "I have a son, a graduate of Purdue and he says he never heard of a cow with holler tail."

We told our Poredom Chester Deaton of this fact and he said them college graduates don't allus learn everthing. He says he knows they is sich a thing as a cow having Holler Tail because he's seed too much of it in his lifetime, although he does admit that there don't seem to be as much as they ust to be.

Chester of Poredom tells us that when a cow gits listless and won't eat and her eyes bulge out of her head nearly and she moans and grits her teeth and gits down and can't git up, she's might neart shore to have holler tail. He suggests that one examine the cow's tail and find the soft spot. That's where the holler is at. Jist split the tail, that is laid upon a board, with a sharp knife and apply turpentine. The cow will be up and on her way within minutes.

YOUR BODY NEEDS FLUIDS: SO DRINK PEPSI COLA, SEVEN UP, DR. PEPPER AND SEE HOW WELL YOUR BODY LIKES THEM AND HOW WELL YOUR TASTER LIKES 'EM TOO. YOU'LL SMACK YORE MOUTH. THEY'RE GOOD AND REFRESHING. Beattyville Pepsi, Inc.

Jack Hollon, owner

When Charles M. Johnson, Bowling Green, visited Poredom, he visited Williba. We gave him a sniff of our newest product--a beautiful scent that we appropriately named, APPALACIAN ROSE PERFUME. He appeared to like its aroma somewhat and he purchased a bottle to take back to Bowling Green, Kentucky to advertise among his friends.

He writ later: "I may have lost a few friends on account of that APPALACIAN ROSE PERFUME of yours. As a result, some of them are not even on speaking terms with me anymore. Frankly, I don't think that particular brand will ever catch on or take a holts in this area."

Since this Appalacain Rose Perfume has the "aroma of Poredom" and sort of has that Poverty Program smell, we did not expect it to go well among them what work for a living and support the Poverty Programs too. Since there is a big College in Bowling Green, naturally there would be quite a few affluent within that area and quite a few working men in that area that might not appreciate this wonderful perfume. We do believe that many of the college pupils might have loved it since many of them are at the mercy of Washington Dee Cee.

This Appalacian Rose Perfume is catching on fairly well and we might apply for a Small Business Loan to promote its potentials.

If Hubert McGuire is correct, there might be many cows doctored for Holler Tail that don't have Holler Tail. Hubert tells us that within his area during the supposed to be an epidemic of Holler Tail, it was found out later by more learnt barnyard doctors that the cows really had the Wormy Tongue. A cow with the Wormy Tongue has many of the symptoms of Holler Tail and many that did not respond to the Holler Tail treatment might have died because their ailment was that of Wormy Tongue.

The treatment of Wormy Tongue is simple and effective. The barnyard specialist takes a very dull knife and with the cow's tongue stretched outward, he proceeds to scrape the tongue real good. This scraping takes off the heads of the Tongue Worms and the cow is soon on her way to good health.

As far as is knowed by most of us small farmers, there's no other effective treatment for Wormy Tongue in cows than that of a good tongue scraping with a dull knife. The worms die when their heads are scraped off and the cow is eating heartily soon afterwards.

Chester Deaton told us that he reckoned John Watkins gets a check in the mail ever day at the Fillmore Postoffice. He tells us he never seed nobody git as many checks in all his borned days.

Then when the conversation got around to the Doctors a being off on vacations and such which produces a hardship for us pore with our cards, it was suggested that John be a doctor for Fillmore until the doctors returned.

John blowed to his friends that he might not be smart enuff to be a doctor. But Chester told him that doctors ain't so smart nowadays and all he, John, would have to do would be to shave up and wash up a bit and put him a good suit of clothes on.

Chester did 'low he might haft to git him some aspirin and a few of them little Pink Pills, but John said pills wouldn't be no problem. They's plenty of them around.

We seed where this here farmer had got in contact with the Farm Office and the Farm Office had helped him build up his land with plenty of grass and tiles and dams and trees and stuff. They helped him git his land built up until it would raise plenty of corn and stuff and then paid him good not to raise no corn and stuff.

The Farmer seems to have told a reporter for a newspaper that he didn't haft to depend upon Welfare and Grub Stamps and stuff like that. He could easily make a living offn his farm and many others could too if they would listen to the Offices.

What's the difference in the money he got from the Farm Relief Office and its allied offices to build up his farm and then git paid not go grow nuthin than that of us real pore who git us a small Welfare Check and a few Grub Stamps and do nuthin? Really this farmer is costing the hardworking taxpayer much more than it would cost ifn he'd jist sign up with the rest of us down to Welfare Square.

They's many a person who condemns us for drawing out little measly Welfare Checks when they are a soaking the hardworking taxpayer for many times more money than we are. The Welfare checks is only a drop in the bucket as to that give as hand-outs to them what are more dignified.

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To many of us Welfare is Welfare as long as it is earned by the sweat of the other man's face.

Ain't you a drawin' nuthin? If you are not, take a stroll into the County Seat and see what the many Boards and Agencies have to offer.

The pore hardworking taxpayer is a being neglected mighty bad. If he ever learns about the ways of Effluent Welfare and Affluent Welfare, he'll quit. Then woe be on us! The rich and the pore will be facing starvation and deprivation. Then what will happen?

The FDA is a studying them regular Store Pills and them non-prescription Drug Store Pills what us unMedicarded fellers are a swallering for our good health. They seem to think most of them ain't a doing us no good. Well, we've took a right smart bunch of them prescribed pills when financially able and when lucky enuff to see a doctor and they ain't done much good either. Don't know what Chester Deaton will do if they take Castoria and Black Draught offn the market. He says he can swaller Epsom Salts and Castor Oil but not much easy.

Inez is a good woman and a good wife but sometimes she can bemean me awful bad. Tother morning she was a fixin us a egg for breakfast and I was in the bathroom a doing some urgent remodeling unknowing to her. Maybe I was making a bit more noise tha n usual but when you try to saw hardened plastic or whatever it is with a dull handsaw, you'll find it almost impossible to do. My sawing disturbed my woman, Inez. She thought I wuz a havin' a struggling spell.

Shd rushed into the bathroom with the egg skillet in her hand. She had forgot to place it on the stove. She was scared something bad had happened to me because of my age.

"What in the world is a happenin in here, Honey?" She plead.

I knowed immediately that she wuz scared and excited or she wouldn't have called me "Honey".

"Oh, dear, I'm jist a legalizing the bathroom", I told her.

"But why have you ruined that commode seat by sawing that hunk out of the front of it?" She asked.

That's what I am legalizing," I answered as I raised my arm in direct proportion to the rise in the skillet in the woman's hand.

"I'll legalize you!" she yelled as shemade at me with the skillet.

"Now, listen, Honey," I said, as I caught the hand that held the skillet. It had come time for me to call her "Honey". This calmed her down some.

Then I explained, "You see Mr. HEW has had scouts out, I've been a hearing, a studying Commode Seats. They have fground out that the round ones like we have got are very dangerous to our health-- maybe and for the National Health almost shorely. We hear tell that even the Surgeon General might have preclaimed that bound and continuous Commode Seats might be hazardous to one's health.

"But why have you sawed that awful gap in the front of the Commode Seat?" She asked a little bit more sternly than I would have liked for her to asked. She even made an attempt to raise the skillet agin.

"That's to legalize it", I said.

That's when the skillet made a glancing blow down the back of my head. I knocked off the full blow. As I held her I begged with her to listen to me. She didn't have much other choice.

I told her as softly and kindly as I knowed how, "Now, Money, Mr. HEW of Washington DE: Cee says all industrial institutions a hiring workers must provide split commode seats for all their bathrooms so as to protect the users' healths.

Of course I agreed with Inez; that our home weren't no industrial institution; a hiring nobody to work but I did calm her down by telling her that Mr. HEW and his trained group of scouts had found out it was to the advantage of the health of the American People and Visiting VIPs to have split Commode Seats in all toilets and bathrooms being used by public workers.

Then I had to explain that our bathroom was really a small private affair but I did tell Inez calmly as I could that usually when the Giverment finds a point to make life more healthiful for them in public works; then they will apply it to us living privately later.

Then I told her how it would be a right smart spell before Mr. HEW ould import the millions of split commode seats from Hong Kong or Japan, or now, maybe from China.

"But Why the split Commode Seat?" She asked in stilll not sich a good humor.

"That's to protect our health and things," I said as I hurriedly left the bathroom to hide in a split rail fence row.

We've got to admit that the POREMAN'S JOURNAL ain't the very best newspaper printed. But we might have to admit that this March Issue ain't one to merit no literary prizes.

Fred Bryant must have been plumb plumb blank right whenever he said them there fellers from acrost the waters have been a fetching some kind of a insect over here that is a making us nearly deathly puny. He had been bit by one of them mighrant bugs and his health wuz nearly diminished.

Well, if they is something that ain't worth gittin or ain't worth havin the Editor has allus been fōrtunate in gittin more than his share of it looks like. Two or three of them bugs fetched from acrost the waters must have snuggled onto him. He got onery, hateful, miserable and couldn't eat or sleep or let nobody else do otherwise looked like.

I have a awful good family and they do more for me than my serrvices toward them merits and seems like when one of them there acrost the water Flu Eggs or other acrost the water bugs invades me I become closer to becoming ihhuman tha n I do at any āther time of my life.

To be truthful-which is an established merit of mine--I even got out of whack as the acrost the water bugs bit harder and deeper. I even fussed at my family who tried so hard to be good to me. I sort of drawed up conclusions that they were jist a going to make me lay right in the bed and starve me to death by puttin awful tastes in food that allus had tasted real good to me.

Usually, when my head spins or revolves as I try to to move about it allus spins counter clockwise. This time it got to spinning both counter-clockwise and clockwise. It's hard to remain on one's feet when having sich symtoms. In fact my feet practically lost all motipm except for stumblng and gittin twisted within each other. My movements could never be contemplated.

Inside my chest, three hardened dogwheels of granualted chocolate were grinding and groaning a trying to persuade my body to move. One wheel was turning clockwise. Both wheels were turning Counter clockwise. Both wheels were very very wobbly and appeared to be in great need of greasing. The third set of wheels had no set way of movement and therefore I didn't have either.

Feeling like a huge knotty oaken log, I was placed as comfortable as possible in a vehicle and moved toward Dr. Taulbee's Office in Booneville, Ky. There I was stretched out upon a bed and after being stabbed with several needles, my lungs seemed to change from a limestone formation to that of something with absorbent qualities. I was administered one of the best tasting elements of Nature--Oxygen. Even the 3 cogwheels in my chest seemed to work together a bit smoother.

I laid there in the doctor's office a receiving the best and most welcome care and attention a lkving one could ever expcēt to receive.

An Am bulance was called from the Great Appalacian Ambulance Service of America. Within two or three hours it was there.

"Pore thing!" I thought. "How will we ever make it to a horspital. It's wheezes, gfoans, moans, creaks, and knocks seemed to need more sympathy than mine". Of course it had been in use for many long hours.

I was placed into this ambulance, but at the time I thought I had beeh placed in a Hell-of-a-copter. With a great whir it seemed to take off straight up into the air. Inez was setting on a bucket or something or other right beside of me which contained a container that must have had at one time contained something but sometime had lost it's powers. Barely enuff wind was reaching my rusty, grouchy lungs. They wheezed and puffed pitifully.

I do not have any idea what form of heat this Hell*of-a-copter had but the heat did appear to be more intense than a person in my condition should be gittin clost to. I felt exactly like a cob within a barrell with the bung hole closed. The Hell-of-a-copter whizzed, whirred, and sirened as it rounded hilltops or treetops or whatever obstacle that must have been in the air.

I had faith in the driver of this great Blessing of the Pore. He had to have merits and conscience to make the movement of such an obstacle a possibility.

It was my impression that this thing landed at Williamsburg, Kentucky. Why, I don't know. I don't know where Williamsburg, Kentucky really is. Anyway, I had lost most resemblance of a huma it seemed. I appeared to be jist a peeled knotty white-oak log.

After being give plenty of life giving shots and other stuff necessary to prolong life, it come to my attention that really I had been flown into this village in a BLEAS Ambulance and not a Hell-of-a-copter. I was met by very, very friendly people---or at least what I took to be people. My body was polluted by medicants and other objects by this beautiful sight before me.

Then as far as I knowed, I was rolled underneath the floor of the Williamsburg Hospital. Does Williamsburg really have a hospital? At least I lived there throughout the night with the constant help of the young and old who appeared intent in keeping my body intact.

Never at any location did I find myself lonely fō people with the best hearts in the worldwhen it come to helping someone in need. No one could have done better. Neither was there a time that I was the only one who was gittin' this great help and relief from our cousin sapiens. THE HELPIN HAND WAS ALWAYS EXTENDED TOWARD US!!!

How I got from underneath the floor of this hospital, I may never know. But the next day I was located in a beautiful room on top of a huge building that someone must have told me was a Lexington Hospital. Here's where I thought I had actually met up with the angels. I was no longer a leadened oak log and the three cogs were turning smoothly within my chest---or nearly smoothly. The cleanest dressed persons in the world seemed to be wheeling us from one haven of rest to another haven of rest.

It was beautiful and the place had quite a bit of Free Air within its walls. Visitors came to see us and mended our hearts immensely. Never did people ever appear to become so beautiful in front of us. Never did anyone appear to be so nice. However, these new people we met were no nicer, no neater, no sweeter or no more beautiful than the ones we met from the very beginning of our journey. Their qualities were the same---THE BEST! We just got closer and closer to the real medication and real care that we were in need of.

The nice letters that one can receive when looking too far in the beyond are wonderful. Probably no one can ever realize the meanings of these letters to the recipients.

We were never taken to a Lexington Hospital. Neither were we taken to a Williamsburg Hospital. The wonderful and beautiful treatment we received was at the NEW CLARK COUNTY HOSPITAL, Winchester, Kentucky.

Our Doctors, our nurses, our medical and surgical Technicians, and all our other medical outlets in Kentucky are wonderful. Let's offer them a blossom whenever possible.

I'm still Alive. My heart beat 22 times yesterday!

The nice letters and cards received from all you good friends and readers of THE POREMAN'S JOURNAL has certainly added many more miles to his travels which he hopes will be more comfortable in most instances.

The comforts added to our stay at the Clark County Hospital were certainly welcomed and if we produced any extra work upon you good souls it certainly weren't the aims of our weak resources at the time. YOU WERE ALL WONDERFUL! IT'S GREAT TO EVEN KNOW ONE'S TEMPERATURE IS NORMAL.

Here's some of the letters we received that made our several days of uncertainty more bearable. Friendship is a great medicine without a bitter taste.

Rev. & Donald Metz, jr.
Rt 2, Beattyville, Ky. 41311

Mr & Mrs. C. Branson
Beattyville, Ky. 41311

C. BEACH, Sr. and his bunch
Peoples Exchange Bank
Beattyville, Ky. 41311

Miss Horst & Miss Sweigart
Rt 2 Beattyville, Ky. 41311

Miss Reba Leader
Beattyville, Ky. 41311

Mr & Mrs Bedford Lynch
Rt 2
Beattyville, Ky. 41311

Jess & Edna Grace Crabtree
Beattyville, Ky. 41311

Cresia and Thomas Creech
Royal Oak, Michigan

WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS
Presbyterian Church
Beattyville, Ky. 41311

MR. & MRS. SEDLEY STEWART
Beattyville, Ky

Mr & Mrs Everett Norman
South Lebanon, Ky.

Nell Thompson
Beattyville, Ky.

Herbert Lutes & Family
Fillmore, Ky.

Toodie & Clyde Cornelius
Beattyville, Ky. 41311

Bobby & Phyllis Fulks
Beattyville, Ky. 41311

Winston Lisle
Ford, Ky.

Miss Elsie Shearer
Richmond, Ky.

Miss Nancy Townsend
2225 Riverside Drive
Knoxville, Tenn.

MR. & MRS. FUNIS CALDWELL
Rochester, Mich.

THE DRUG STORE BUNCH at Wolfinbarger's Pill House: Bob Mackey, Delmar Smyth, Glen Wolfinbarger, Emmett Daughtery, Russell Congleton, Russell Wilson, Gene Wolfinbarger, Reva Booth, Imogene Shackelford, Ronnie Paul Begley, Sam Wilson, Edna Grace, Russell Turner, Clyde Cornelius "Jot 'EM Down", Jim Bradley, Freida Wolfinbarger, Clarence Begley, Lois Marie, Sue Cornett, Harold E. Flynn, Finley Booth, Jerry Incaid, Albert Bowman, Vaughn Abner, W.R. Hines, Ernest Northern, Emma Benton.

MANY, MANY THANKS FROM THE POREMAN'S JOURNAL. Pills could not have served a better purpose.

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