

NORMAL... No More

The years of our lives from age 6 to 10 form us more than any other time. We get full of new ideas, we are open to all kinds of experiences that form us as adults. The ways our families lived and related in those years becomes our normal. We also make the assumption that everyone, the neighbors next door, even the Canadians and the Mexicans all live according to our normal, except maybe some of them may talk funny.

My years from age 6 to 10 were the war years of World War 2. Our outside information came by radio, news-

papers, and 10 minute newsreels when we went to the movies. When I turned 12, I no longer got in at half price and had to pay \$0.25. Free-land PA, small coal camp of a town, had two theaters, and a two block long Main Street.

Teachers with a second job took tickets so the teacher would know how old I was. Saturday afternoon matinees featured a western and a ten week Superman serial. Of the westerns I liked Lash LaRue and Zorro best of all.

In daily life, as I look back, one word could describe it: scarcity. We did not call it that. The war effort meant that

all essentials were rationed. We owned a car and it had a sticker on the windshield with a capital A, that was our gasoline portion. Our family got ration books for things like sugar and coffee. What we now call recycling became a normal way of life. We cut tops and bottoms off of all cans took off the outside paper cover and stomped on them. They went to the collection box to make tanks and planes.

This was before TV when we had daily newspapers. Once a month we tie them in bundles and put them out on the sidewalk for pickup.

I started school in 1940 and graduated from high school in 1952. My first grade teacher expected to retire, except the war started. They cancelled her retirement and she kept on for five more years. My unkind memory pictures her as old, gray, and strict. The first new school teacher we had came in 1946. She had served as an Army Captain and now came back to teaching. In 1947 we got our first new, new teacher.

She just graduated from Teacher's school. By 1949 we had our first new male teacher. The high school put in a library and a lab and he was the teacher of chem-

Kindling
BY
Jim Woodring
Sun-Courier
COLUMNIST



istry and science. We all felt he was cool. He was young, single, and he had lived in California.

On the down side, one way to describe scarcity included a shortage of males. Husbands, fathers, brothers, all went to war whether by enlisting or by the draft.

Some did not come back and on our three block long street, five houses had small Gold Star banners hanging in their front windows.

The Gold Star banner meant a man from that

house died in the War.

So back to normal: My father saw combat in France in World War I. All my uncles served in the Army in World War II.

My older brother went Semper Fi. I turned 17, went Army and Korea. My 2 younger brothers went Army in Vietnam.

That was my normal, but it is not for my three sons because my prayer is, "May war and violence cease beginning in the home."

Fertilizer To God



By: Gary Miller

It seems, years ago, I simply reacted when hunting season came. The preparation phase lasted only about a month.

The reason was because I hunted area farms. Unlike many hardwoods' areas, farmland hunting is fairly predictable. The deer are basically going to be there from year to year. I know this cuts out the need for a lot of scouting articles, but the truth is the truth. For instance, I have heard all my life that oak trees only produce acorns every three years or so.

Now, I've not studied this, so don't send me mean emails. What I have discovered is this. If there is an oak tree on the side of a field, and that field is fertilized by the farmer every year, that tree will have acorns every year. I

have also noticed this. If that same farmer has several cows and those cows fertilize around that

oak tree every year (if you know what I mean), that tree will have acorns every year as well. T

hings just are a little different on the farm. And what about that wonderful spring gobbler?

I've hunted them in the deep woods and on the farm and I can tell you, once again, if that farmer has cows and he feeds those cows a little sweet feed; he is creating one of the best management areas for turkeys. What each hunter needs to realize is that each cow pie is a natural bait pile that a turkey will eventually find.

Somehow, I just can't see this technique being given print space in any outdoor magazine; but again, that's life on the farm; a little different and, in my opinion, a lot better. The farmer has learned that nothing is wasted - even waste.

He has learned that what the rest of the world

sees as worthless and even unmentionable is the catalyst for growth and the medium for consistency. He has learned that waste is not waste. It is fertilizer!

What all of us need to remember is there is nothing that happens in our life that is useless or worthless.

God never looks at something we have done and says, "I can't use that." He uses everything and has promised that even the things we consider of no use,

He will use to grow our life into one that is consistent in bearing spiritual fruit year after year.

As I like to say, not only can God make something out of nothing, but He can make something out of everything.

And that means what looks like cow pies to you, is fertilizer to God.

Pineville Independent School Board of Education donates \$5,000 towards the Odyssey of the Minds Trip



PHOTO BY LISA PETERS, EDITOR PINEVILLE SUN

The Pineville Independent School Odyssey of the Mind team visited the board meeting, last week. The team has an upcoming competition in Iowa. They are rated 12th in the world, just past Japan's team. They spoke to board members about their accomplishments as well as what the program meant to them. The board gave them \$5,000 toward their \$10,000 fundraiser goal to help with their expenses at competition.

Pictured is Superintendent Russell Thompson, Board Members Chassidy Gambrell & Kaki Smith, Odyssey of the Minds Team Members Jack Gains, Eli McDermott, Jacklynn Patrick and Mrs. Katherine Patrick and Board Members James Golden, Chris Arnett and Brittany Lynch.

Weekly Bible Verse



9 And this is my prayer: that your love may abound more and more in knowledge and depth of insight, 10 so that you may be able to discern what is best and may be pure and blameless for the day of Christ, 11 filled with the fruit of righteousness that comes through Jesus Christ—to the glory and praise of God.

PHILIPPIANS 1:9-11



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Magic City Memories

1952 photograph showing flooding at the WMIK Radio Station in Middlesboro, Bell County Kentucky
Photo from Marvin Myers Facebook

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