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What A Contrast!

Mother's Day was celebrated throughout America yesterday with expressions of love, gifts, and manifestations of filial appreciation of our maternal progenitors; while across the sea the same day witnessed the antithesis of these sentiments.

Since Europe, in the midst of the bloodiest and most tragic fighting all time, with anguish of slaughter being placed on innocent women and children behind the lines. Never before in any war have civilian populations been so mercilessly subjected to the horror and perils of military combat.

The scene in Holland and Belgium as pictured by newspaper writers and correspondents was one of the most ghastly scenes possible. The war has progressed at all above the low state of the darkest ages.

It is difficult to conceive that human beings, people like the ones we work with every day, the ones we meet on the street, and the ones with whom we contest on the playing field, would be so devoid of regard for humanity as to bomb unprotected cities, as to machine-gunning civilians, and destroy homes and slay their peaceful inhabitants.

But that is exactly what is being done today by the invading hordes of Germans under the leadership of mad men. That is the picture which was to be seen in Europe on Mother's Day. What a sad commentary on a nation's civilization when it can do such things in a barbarous and ruthless manner. What a stigma to live down by the Nazi party.

The Price of Peace

Somthing in her face,
Kindles the "Good Earth".
And sets its heart alight.
And makes it burn.
Pervasive as its story,
Sprads from her to me,
And quickens them with glory.

But in days to come,
She shall no more grieve her.
Not in smoke nor fire,
But in her bright beauty.
And Civilization stand,
China will follow.
Asia will be laid.

And when the fall,
Over her shall rain.
A grand and luminous cloud
Will be Future's eye.
In dreams that have sufficed,
The world shall live, too,
With a new life and a new spirit.
—NAT C. HUNNICUTT.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1940

CHIANG KAI-SHEK
(From Tientsin)
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WEDNESDAY

(From Voices)

The great ones lie like ash or
fall to the earth, insensate, hard
sworn. Shakespeare's word is well.

But what's will, the very bark,

The words he spoke, his smile of
bark.

How like him man? This light

of his cell?

Shakespeare's voice is thinned

To echo in the wind above the

ages.

And any hand's a better hand

Than Cellini's—ever

Or shapes that wear the immortal

garments.

Will you now, O art?

Though beautiful beyond all beauty,

Are thy songs, in vain re-

nown?

None see the lovely Leshian

Her violet and parley crown!

The last's with him, who, at the

pith,

Is impious and gay.

And Helen's breath, but a myth,

—ANDREW BENJAMIN HALL.

We see by the papers, when

Helen's voice was touchingly ob-

served by Hitler.

The trouble is that after the

wars turn it is just

as before.

Gorda Herald

He's hoping George

will start a blitzkrieg to protect

the people living in Florida.—Cler-

mont, Fla.

Some wit told us today that Whitehair was in the government because he had taken

over.

You probably won't find it in

your dictionary but the name

of a nail-scraper is synonymous with Petersburg Independent.

Our interests and our sym-

pathies are with the hard-headed Allies, but we are not neutral even if we have to be.

Regardless of who wins the

war,

we will hope the Versailles Free-

dom will remain on the part of conquer-

ing nations.

Tourists who return to their homes during March may be disappointed, but the weather in Florida, which includes Miami, is still pleasant.

—D. FARNELL.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT

BEER AND BREWING

BY D. FARNELL

REBECCA

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