

Morning View Kentucky  
14 November 1956

Hello, Mr. McCarthy,

I must admit I didn't listen to your program the morning after election day. I didn't listen to anything. As the first light seeped through the fog I went out amid the big trees and stayed there several hours. Ordinarily, I rather enjoy the embattled uproar of a presidential campaign; but this one left me so overwhelmed somehow -- so thoroughly talked to -- that I wearily declared a moratorium on words. Not until Saturday afternoon when I had three separate, simultaneous football games emerging from two radios and the tv set, did I return to normal.

Truthfully, I probably would have missed your post-election program anyhow, for it was early apparent that the mist drifting through the tree patch might develope into an edge-of-the-world fog, and such a fog is too infrequent and too strangely exhilarating to be ignored.

I doubt that I can adequately describe this fog condition and the sensation it imparts. I am not at all sure of the factors involved in the suddenly just right combination of light, of barely moving mist, of the great, half-shrouded trees, of the gentle slope of the tree patch toward the back fence, and the sudden sharp falling away of open ground thence into the little valley. I only know that, for a few brief moments as I move slowly toward the back fence, it is on the very rim of nothing, that the little valley and the hills beyond have dissolved into emptiness, and I am within a few feet of the edge-of-the-edge-of -the-world. It is as though I were standing on one of those ancient pre-Columbus maps which depict ocean or land abruptly terminating in sharp-edged space wherein weird monsters float.

While waiting for the anticipated fog conditions, I walked about to the feeders, the formerly crisply boisterous leaves drenched to silence beneath my step. Moisture dripped softly from every twig, and those trees still retaining their leaves sent small, individual showers to the ground beneath the span of their branches. It was very quiet, as birds and little animals are apprehensively silent in fog, fearing to reveal their presence to unseen approaching predators. However, as I walked, a little disk of security accompanied me, my arrival encouraging the birds to slip from hiding for food and even to call in subdued tones.

The dogs, I noticed, shared the apprehension to some degree, being exceedingly alert as they padded along with the silence of panthers. One, after listening carefully for a moment, barked in the direction of the unseen pond-field, the shock waves of his deep voice bringing down an intensified shower from the sodden oak under which I stood.

Presently one dog discovered an interesting scent, and away they quietly marched in single file over the wet, bright leaves, following the meandering trail like little trolleys on unseen rails, or beads sliding along an invisible wire. Caboose-wise the puppy brought up the rear with great dilligence, save at such times when he stepped