VA Insurance Dividend Soon

In response to President Johnson's directive for the earliest possible payment of the $234,000,000 GI insurance dividend for 1964, the Veterans Administration today announced that the first checks will reach veterans by January 2.

The entire payment to 4,725,000 veterans participating in the dividend will be completed by January 25.

In Kentucky, 64,372 veterans will receive $3,209,000 Olney B. Owen, VA's Regional Office Manager in Louisville, announced.

Mr. Owen explained that the speedup in payments is VA's answer to the President's request as a stimulant to the economy.

In the first stepped up payment of a dividend, ordered by President Kennedy in 1961, payments were completed by March 17. The stepped up payments of the 1963 dividend was completed last January 31. The VA plan to issue the 1964 dividend checks by next January 25 will cut a week from the previous record processing time of 31 days in 1963.

The dividend payments in 1962, and in the years prior to 1961, were made throughout the entire year on the anniversary dates of the individual insurance policies.

Of the total distribution of $234-million, $15-million will go to about 225,000 World War One veterans (about $200,000 for 3,000 WW1 veterans in Kentucky) holding U. S. Government Life Insurance (USGLI) policies. The remaining $219-million will go to 4,500,000 World War Two veterans (about $3,000,000 for 61,300 WW II veterans in Kentucky) who hold National Service Life Insurance (NSLI) policies.

Korean Conflict veterans hold non-participating policies that do not provide regular annual dividend payments.

The regular dividends are primarily a return to the policy holders of part of their premium payments since the death among GI policyholders continues to be lower than the rate upon which the payments were established by law.

Mr. Owen reminded policyholders that the preparing and mailing of dividend payments are automatic and require no correspondence from veterans or their families.

In fact, such correspondence might delay the dividend distribution process, he said.

NICHOLAS BAND NEWS

By Ellen Duncan

The cold weather and frozen instruments didn't stop the Nicholas County High School Band from performing at the inauguration of Ned Breathitt as governor of Kentucky at Frankfort, Tuesday, Dec. 10.

Members of the band, after being told where to assemble and where they were to begin in the parade, were permitted to watch the floats and bands, which represented all parts of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

"It was very interesting to watch the many other bands. The Madison Central High School Band was really great," said Terry Ritchie, baritone player of the Nicholas band.

The Nicholas band started performing about noon, marching to Capitol Avenue, behind the Nicholas Fish and Game float. Band members were amused when the dogs on the Fish and Game float frightened the coon that was riding on the float. The coon jumped off and he was caught later, but it was too late to be in the parade.

Jets of Kentucky Air National Guard and army planes soared overhead during the parade spewing out colored smoke.

Described by some officials, this parade was the biggest parade in the history of Kentucky. There were

SEASONAL . . . Every home becomes a brightly-lit castle at Christmas when outdoor decorations reflect the joy of the season. In many communities throughout the land, an award is made each year for the best outdoor theme and decorations.

160 bands and several floats in the parade.

Band members making the trip were Sharon Ockerman, Gayle Bradley, Mary Stone, Rita Hunter, Lorrain Frey, Linda Ritchie, Sherry Vice, Elizabeth Clay, Linda Boots, Judy Clinkenbeard, Lee Ann Moss, Karen Vaughn, Teresa Ellington, Rebecca Ritchie, Nora Stevenson, Wissy Shearer, Sue Curry, Gilda Anderson, Sally Wilson, Charlotte Stacy, Joyce Berry, Jerry Galbraith, Sally Cox, Phyliss Hardwick, Ellen Duncan.

Jane Talbert, Huian Hogg, Joyce Wills, Faye McClanahan, Jackie Cheek, Tommy Sams, Paul Hardin, Sandra Nichols, Allen Waugh, Bill Hamilton, June Sparks, Bonnie Gumm, Mary Judge, Marilyn Gaunce, Judy Crawford, Karen Morrison, Coleman Gillispie, Allen Sparks, Conn Abnee, Faye Brady, Thomas Hardin, Robert Talbert, Ab Sharp, Gary Gaunce, Terry Ritchie, Leanne Roberts, Judy Curtis, Billy Stacy, Dwaine Clark, G. B. Feeback, and Charles Cameron.

Scientist Not Satisfied With Native Holly

Of all the traditional, always-the-same symbols of Christmas, you might think that holly is most unchangeable.

But a plant breeder at Rutgers University's College of Agriculture says "no,"—there's room for improvement in holly. He's not out to change the symbolism of holly, whatever that may be, but only the plant itself.

Dr. Elwin R. Orton is talking about American holly—like opaca—that grows best in New Jersey and the East, not English holly. Most of the English holly available at Christmas comes from the Pacific Northwest.

Variations

But there are tremendous variations within the American species in color, glossiness of leaves, bearing habits of berries and other characteristics. And it lives through cold winters that can kill the less hardy English holly.

Dr. Orton's holly-breeding project began with selection of male and female plants with characteristics that might improve the species, then cross-pollination according to time-tested methods.

Harvesting the berries was easy enough. But each berry contains four seeds with extremely hard coats. Normally, in wild state, a holly seed takes as long as three years to germinate.

Still Takes Time

Successful experiments compressed this time to 14 months, yet it's still two and a quarter years from time of planting the seed until the new plant is 15 inches high and big enough for results to be seen. Complicating this situation is the fact that some plants don't begin to show desirable characteristics — put their best foot forward—until after four or five years.

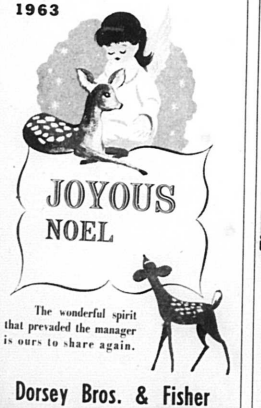
New sorts will be worth waiting for, but meanwhile, Dr. Orton suggests, enjoy whatever kind of holly you can get, American or English. Even a sprig in the plum pudding helps preserve the tradition.

Mercury Want Ads Pay off!

MERRY CHRISTMAS
Here's hoping that your holiday is ever-so bright and gay.
Snapp's
Standard Oil

May you have a joyous and happy holiday.
Beulah Hughes
Circuit Clerk

We welcome this chance to wish each of you a merry Yule.
Joe Crouch and Family



The wonderful spirit that prevaded the manager is ours to share again.
Dorsey Bros. & Fisher

May love, honor, peace and thankfulness abide in your home this Yule.
Neal's Grocery

May good times, good friends and pleasant memories make your Christmas a happy one to remember and cherish.
1963
Stewart Moore, Agent
Coe Oil Service
Shell Oil Distributor

May your gifts be peace and great joy.

1963
Floyd Clark
County Judge

May the blessings and joys of Christmas be with all of our many friends.
1963
Garrett Furniture Co.

Two Children Years Apart

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It was a long letter, a personal one. The recipient glanced at it and read the first page. Then, as happens to most of us, pressing problems intruded and it was put aside for several days. After all, the letter writer would understand. She, of all people, knew how the pressures of the moment could crowd everything else out of mind. She was (and is) accustomed to problems. Figure it out yourself: take a Church of the Brethren nurse, put her up in a hill village in Haiti. Surround her and the "staff" of the Good Samaritan Hospital in the backwoods village of Limbe with an average daily case load of a hundred patients, many of them seriously ill. Then consider that there is only one doctor and one nurse and a few handymen to face this almost hopeless task. Add to the scene the deadening tension of political strife that has reached the point of men being summarily lined up and shot—So, one quickly perceives that a young woman like Evelyn Grisso would understand that a small thing like a personal letter can easily be put aside—almost forgotten.

But eventually, the letter was read. And along about the fourth page, the reader was profoundly moved by a sudden switch in the writer's mood from a light, chatty style to what amounted to a sudden cry of pain. She began by mentioning a tiny girl patient, a Haitian child. And toward the end of the passage she mentioned the birth of another child 2,000 years ago.

However, read the passage from Evelyn Grisso's letter yourself:

"She was not a pretty child. In fact, the sight of her repulsed me. It was difficult to look into eyes nearly blind from vitamin A deficiency, one of which was completely opaque, draining copious amounts of purulent matter from a bad infection. Open, draining sores around her mouth revealed lack of vitamins. Her nose was usually caked with mucous from a respiratory infection. Having once been the victim of kwashiokor, her dark skin was now sloughing off in large sheets. Her frail, thin body no longer responded to the normal reactions of a five year old. Instead, it failed her, so that she could do nothing but lie apathetically resigned to the world around her. She was a horrible sight, a typical picture of neglect in a country even now caught in the throes of a threatening revolution.

"I met her my first day on the ward of 30 pediatric patients. 'She needs special nursing care,' said the Filipino doctor, as she removed from the child's leg an old, dirty, wet dressing. The removal of this bandage revealed a deep, purulent hole in what little flesh remained on this tiny skeleton. It was a hole resulting from the negligent nursing care of an incision made for the introduction of blood and fluids; blood secured only after a messenger was sent into town to seek a donor, fluids and blood which would not have been necessary had the child been fed properly. The wound and the child were victims of an environment lacking enough people who care.

"The child had been brought to this mission hospital of nearly 60 beds, administered by only one doctor; the hospital being one of the larger medical facilities in the country, serving a radius of nearly 50 miles. The child was brought not by ambulance, car or even donkey. Her parents walked for miles over the mountains carrying her to see a doctor burdened with the daily attempt to cope with a hundred patients a day and at the end, turning away 30 to 50. Some of these come back repeatedly for perhaps a week in hope of obtaining a consultation. This single child was brought to a doctor trying to supervise a hospital besides operating a clinic. His wife, the only nurse, helped vigorously until illness overcame her. Without more personnel he could not go on. A Filipino doctor and Japanese technician answered his plea for help. They came on their vacation time and one at his own expense. But, in a couple of months, the doctor would again be faced without assistance and with the threat of closing the hospital. What, then, would children like this do?

"Whose fault is it that this child was brought to be cured, but was faced with a continuation of neglect? It isn't the doctor's fault. He did all he could plus being hospital administrator, lab technician, X-ray technician, nursing supervisor, business manager, engineer and mechanic. It wasn't the fault of the local personnel helping them. They needed direction in giving care, direction which couldn't be found.

"In the midst of helping to supervise hospital nursing, direct the organization of the medical filing system, of the pharmacy, taking Xrays, there stands out the moment of looking into the pleading eyes of the doctor showing me this critically ill child. This one child among 30 other sick children, three fourths of whom have the same illness—malnutrition. This child among millions in this country, is a victim where people fear superstitions revolving around the most essential foods required by children. This child is one of millions whose parents seem to understand the doctor's order, but only to return a week later with a child more critically ill than before. The battle seems to never end.

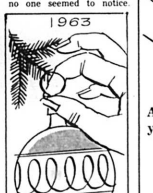
"Our acquaintance began with my giving this single child basic nursing care. She appeared to know little of what was happening. She whimpered when moved as if each muscle pained her or that each movement was not worth all the effort. She didn't talk. She seemed to want to be alone; alone pressing her ugly, infected eye to the bed—the only indication that it caused her discomfort. Even the painful procedure of cleaning the deep wound in her leg, brought forth nothing more than a muffled cry. The mere necessity of breathing seemed too much of an effort for her.

"Twenty hours later, I again went to her bedside. News bulletins concerning the invasion of rebels in her country were put out of my mind, as I attempted to give her the daily meagre meal of corn mush. She refused to eat and whimpered feebly in protest and hopeless resignation. She tried rather eagerly to drink some skim milk, as if knowing the attempt would quench the fire burning within her hot feverish body. But the food choked her and her cries were muffled in the gurgling sounds of fluid in her chest. Attempts were made to ease her breathing by suctioning her nose and throat with a small rubber spring. But these efforts were unsuccessful. I felt she would not care to struggle much longer, reported my findings to the doctor who agreed to see her later, while he tried to see a hundred patients packed into the small waiting room of the clinic.

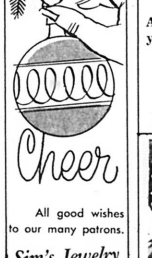
"I was then called away to perform another task and nearly forgot the child. Nearly twenty-four hours had passed since our first meeting. The doctor came and said, "She's gone. She just now went." I paused in my work, not in surprise, but in sorrow that the hopelessness I felt had become reality. So casual and insignificant was the passing of only another child, that no one seemed to notice.

Incompleted tasks were continued. The doctor moved on to other children and the personnel continued washing the windows or mopping the floor.

When I again went to the child's bed, I found that no one had even taken time to close her eyes and cover her with a sheet. These were the last two acts of service I could do for her. These acts had been done for millions before her and unfortunately, would be done for millions following unless the chain can be broken. These were acts done for only a single child, the memory of whom is swallowed up in the pressing problems of caring for millions of other children like her. And yet, it was only a single child born 2000 years ago. The event was insignificant for it was only a child. Yet, to those who see the significance of what this child represents, every person and only a child becomes important."



And thanks for your patronage.
Barterville Grocery
Marguerite George



All good wishes to our many patrons.
Sim's Jewelry

It is with sincere best wishes we send you our Christmas greetings.
Eastern Ky. P.C.A.
Carlisle, Ky.
Joe Crouch,

Christmas Greetings to the Win One Sunday School class of the Blue Licks Springs Church.
Mrs. Lida Sellers Bishop

May all your dreams bring you happiness.
1963

A.V. ALLISON
Tax Commissioner

Christmas Cheer
To wish you peace and happiness for Christmas.
1963
Hopkins Drug Co.

To faithful old friends we send our best wishes.

Peace be your gift this Yule, and your treasure.
HOME HARDWARE