The Carlisle Mercury

ESTABLISHED 1867

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WARREN R. FISHER JR. Editor-Publisher
(Mrs.) Katherine T. Fisher ..... Associate Editor

Twenty and Sixty-three Years Ago

20 Years Ago
Thursday, February 4, 1943

The Rev. LaVerne Taylor delivered his first sermon at the Carlisle Christian Church, Rev. Taylor is a very noted minister. He is of pleasing personality untarnished character, high ideals and a fluent speaker.

Nicholas County Building and Loan elected the following officers: Hon. L. B. Ross, president, H. K. Veach, secretary and Nathan Young, treasurer.

Mrs. Virginia Reynolds, postmaster, rated No. 1 in Civil Service exam with H. K. Veach, second and Lee B. Osborne, third.

Carlisle held a surprise blackout and those in charge declared it to be 95 per cent perfect.

George N. Dale, Myers, Ky., insert to Arkansas camp.

Married: Miss Bettie Ledford and Cpl. Mike R. Berry on January 31.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mays of Denver, Colorado a daughter on January 24. She was named Mary Lynn. Mrs. Mays was formerly Miss Helen Smoot of Carlisle.

To Lieut. and Mrs. Everett Stapleton, a daughter, last Thursday at the Johnson Memorial Hospital.

63 Years Ago
Thursday, February 1, 1900

Born: to Mr. and Mrs. James Burden, of Ellisville, a daughter.

William Willett sell 160 acres of the late W. E. Willett farm to Ab Lynam at $60 per acre.

Married: Miss Matilda Cole and Mr. James M. Mullikin, both of the county, on the 25th.

John D. McRohan and Dan Cummuns purchase the grocery of James George, Jr. and has taken charge of the business.

Maj. G. L. Heyman who has several stores in Kentucky, leases building here formerly occupied by J. D. Condon and will open a dry goods store.

Died: Miss Elizabeth Bosley, 65, at her home in Carlisle on the 27th. Mrs. Margaret Parker, 76, native of Nicholas county, at her home near Lexington. Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kerns at their home in the county on the 27th.

Man named Mahan, whose home is in Mt. Sterling, found almost frozen to death near home of Dr. Herndon at Maraluna Tuesday morning. He was thrown from his horse Monday afternoon while enroute home and was unable to summons assistance.

STILL AROUND

A Little Yappin'
by Nellie Crump

It Was My Mistake.

Yappin' and myself got all our wires crossed in telling about the new delivery boy for Shopworth Super Market last week. He is Ronnie Smart instead of Donnie and is the son of Cecil Smart, not Joe as stated. Boy, this weather has got us!

—Yap—

Just How It's Done.

Little Henry Marshall came over to tell me how the Carlisle school classes are taught in the churches. "Now, it's not Sunday School—it's the other kind of school," he made quite plain.

"How do you write," I inquired.

"Vell," he began, "we got chairs to sit in and you write on your knees, then shut the book and put it under your chair and go home and eat and that's all of it 'till the next day comes." Sounds like adventure!

—Yap—

Where There's a Will There's a Way

From the window I see a small bird trying to take a "shower" under a few tiny icicles that are beginning to form from the porch roof next door. Sunday afternoon!

—Yap—

At The Spelling Bee.

Spread before me is a beautifully written four-page letter from Miss Lizzie Hamm who is recuperating from a hip fracture received several months ago. She had read the recent article in this column about the Carlisle school fire in 1903 which recalled another bygone memory in which that same graduating class played an important part.

It was closing day for the Taylor's Creek "country school" January 16, 1903, and Robert Scott was teacher. He had offered a gold dollar as a prize to the best speller in the school. The class was composed of 13 boys and girls. Arranged according to height, tall, blonde Lizzie Hamm was No. 13. She was also winner of that gold dollar.

Then came the popular old Spelling Bee of that day between the 13 spellers and the graduating class of Carlisle High. Malinda Campbell was captain for Carlisle and Raymond Young for Taylor's Creek. "Miss Lizzie" recalls the following names in the linup: Malinda Campbell, Nancy Henry, Scudder Crain, Elizabeth Hopkins, Nannie Boone Rice, Everett Potts and George "Buddy" Wasson. There were several others whose names she has forgoten. The late Jesse Hazelrigg pronounced the words. Who was winner? No. 13!

Miss Hamm says she hopes Robert Scott, whom she has not seen since he taught the 1902 Taylor's Creek one-room school (which closed with the Spelling Bee on January 16, 1903 —Sixty years ago)—is a reader of the Mercury and will see this. It is my guess that he will, having been a loyal subscriber for many years.

—Yap—

The Children We Meet.

One of the biggest events of 1963 to occur around here so far was when I went over in town two weeks ago. It is such a pleasure to see so many old friends, yet sad that so many are missing. Honestly, I did not know more than half the people I met. This was on Friday that "something" made me think of weather, so if I needed to go, to get going. Thanks to Carlisle's new taxi service, I got!

Came 12:15 and somehow I got a whiff of hot chili. Thinking about the noon rush of school children, I window-shopped until one o'clock, then stopped at Carlisle Drug for a sand wich.

Then it happened! Every "kid" in town, bag and little, rushed through the door. I had forgotten that one o'clock has been lunch time since classes have been held in the churches due to furnace repairs at the Carlisle school. Well, it was everyone for himself, so I latched on to the first seat I saw. A little girl (fourth grade, I later learned) looked up and down both aisles, for a seat—so I thought. When I offered to share my table, she passed on.

Everyone was talking. The little girl hurriedly returned with another girl about her own size. They both smiled and flopped down. It was then I saw everyone held a "Report Card" in his hand. Both children looked me over and evidently decided I wouldn't bite. I asked if they made the honor roll. Neither had. One was above 1-Ikative then the other and only stopped long enough to get her breath. Both mouths opened wide at the very thought that I had attended the Carlisle school more than half a century ago and had classes in the basement of the Christian church when the school building burned.

Lovely children and lovely manners, those two little girls! Were they yours?

Yaps—All . . .

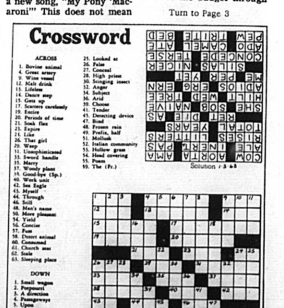
Washington Report
Rep. John C. Watts

"My Pony 'Macaroni'"

In Washington the old tune, "The Donkey Serenade" may be replaced by a new song, "My Pony 'Macaroni'". This does not mean

Turn to Page 3

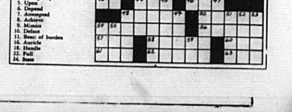
Crossword



ACROSS
1. Bovine animal
4. Great army
7. Ancient Italian
12. Male drake
13. Lifeless
14. Chaste nun
15. Goes up
16. Pertaining particularly
17. Fellow
20. Periods of time
21. Inch
23. Expire
24. Tie
26. The pot
29. Weep
31. Unsophisticated
33. Sword handle
34. Fuel
35. Wood sprite
36. Good-bye (Sp.)
38. Work unit
40. Sea Eagle
41. Tardy
42. Through
46. Still
48. Man's name
50. More pleasant
52. Yield
53. Exercise
54. Fasten
55. Direct animal
56. Command
57. Clothes
58. Stole
59. Dancing place

DOWN
1. Small wagon
2. Fish eggs
3. A direction
4. Passageways
5. Cigar
6. Legend
7. Unmarried
8. Adverb
9. Mimic
10. Color
11. Basic of burden
18. Handle
22. Pull
25. Looked at
27. Ireland
28. Gained
29. High priest
30. Singing insect
32. Anger
34. Fathers
36. Anvil
39. Choose
40. Tender
41. Dancing device
43. Prune
44. Fronts
45. Feeble, half
47. Mollusk
49. Indian community
50. Shallow pan
51. Head covering
52. Note
53. Tar (Fr.)

Solution = 3 a.s.



From the Diary of a Country Editor
by Warren R. Fisher Sr.

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER.

A Page From The Diary Of A Country Editor

Lay late and after breakfast out into the heaviest snowfall of the season to nail up a lump of fresh suet and sprinkle grain and tidbits for my feathered friends. And right soon they come to their breakfast and without the shyness of their summertime selves. There comes a blackbird with his glistening purple neckcloth and very springlike sounds his creaking note and I am glad to see the sparrows scatter when he comes. Following soon comes a mocking bird, balancing daintily awhile upon my cherry tree, but too timid to risk breakfasting and then a wren singing merrily and putting to shame the rowdy sparrows that . . . quarrelsome and unmusical chatter. Each spring I determine to poison this British pest, come next winter, but somehow I never do. Anon there comes my daily winter visitor, the little downy woodpecker, followed soon by her husband who chases her away from her breakfast with scant ceremony and himself is driven to flight by the arrival of his big cousin, the hairy woodpecker. Much alike are these two carpenters, differing only in size.

But the checkerboard back and the red nape of the red-bellied woodpecker is missing and I fear some prowling cat has got him, a round-eyed tabby that lies all day before the fire as innocent as ever was, so that one would think butter might not melt in her mouth. Yet by night does she turn murderer and destroy the birds whose songs are one of the best parts of God's out-of-doors. So I am convinced that the only good cat is a dead cat and I am determined if one visits my yard to use her as fertilizer for a rosebush, for which all cats, after being properly prepared, are admirable, or so I have been told.

Soon now I must be at the cleaning of my purple martin's house, set away indoors, for in another month these graceful pilgrims will wing their way to us from wintering in the tropics. What guides them, I wonder? And will they come truly to this little grey house of theirs in this little backyard garden out of the countless thousands of little gardens over which they fly? They will, I know, but through what sense or guidance? Questions to which Will Shakespeare's melancholy Dane gives answer as satisfactory as any, when he says:

> There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

So I sit watching the breakfasting of the birds and the driving down of a wet snow, very unpleasant to one who walks abroad and I am minded that last week I did express a preference for "variegated weather," and I think I have no inkling with these last few days. For since I was only last Thursday that I walked out over the fields and the sun was warm as May almost and the hum of bees was in the air and I saw every bird, well nigh, that comes to us in the springtime.

Even a dandelion I found, flaunting its gold against the darkness of the winter turf and all day the robins sang and the song-sparrows, so that one who knew not his Kentucky weather would have rejoiced in the coming of spring. Oh, well, if variety be the spice of climate as well as of life, we do not lack for condiments in our weather fare. At least those of us who may not journey to Florida and California . . . find the thought comforting.

Whereupon I am minded of the coon Bill Roberts writes about from Florida—a rum coon in very truth, for it did scratch out the moss in a tree and uncover a quantity of cornlikker, a popular beverage in the South and elsewhere since men were made to stop drinking by legislative enactment, and Floridans did clamor for the coon and it sold for $500, so Bill Roberts writes. Now if this coon might be crossed with a bird dog, no doubt a rum-retriever could be evolved. In which case no warrants would issue for failure of rum-retriever-coon-hound owners to take out license. Not in this county. The county clerk would be overrun with applications for kennel license, or so I think.

At length to sit by the fire and read a delightful, witty book, called "Galahad," by John Erskine and many a chuckle over the manner in which the tale is wrought and the good King Arthur made into the best of fellows, despite his cuckoldom at the hands of Lancelot and Guinevere. And the golden-haired queen becomes in this sophisticated book a very mortal tribulation to the devoted Lancelot of the Lake. And I must needs smile to find Sir Galahad, the Pure, a veritable prig and ninny, which no doubt he was, if ever he did exist and go a-questing. And the book ends with Sir Lancelot cloistered with the monks and closes with the following dialogue:

> "You know," said Brother Martin, "I don't think you are in a way of grace!"
>
> "You can judge that better than I," said Lancelot. "But can't a man be in a way of grace and still ask questions?"

Which same, as the lawyers would say, is a moot question. The Tennessee legislature, at least, thinks one cannot. And they weren't joking, writes Jim Allen, when they passed that law.

The delightful book, this Erskine has written and so skillfully wrought it that it pulls down old idols without sense, which is master craftsmanship. For, of a truth, one who ves poetry must be well entertained to see his knights and ladies of the Round Table pulled from the pedestal over which my lord Tennyson, borrowing from Malory, has draped his beautiful tapestry in the Idylls of the King. Very humanizing this Erskine makes them, as they would have been, no doubt, had they existed outside of legend. Alas for the poet's pen that "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name!"

And yet, musing on the legends of King Arthur and his knightly court, I find my Tennyson, having no Morte d'Arthur at hand, and read of Gareth and Lynette and Lancelot and the fair Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, of Merlin and Vivien, of the Last Tournament, of Guinevere and at length of the Passing of Arthur. Likely to be read in the spring of the year are these and in the spring of life, when love is a mystery dreamed of; when one knew that all queens are fair and all knights brave and bold and always there was the remote possibility, yet a possibility withal, of Romance touching one with its magic finger through the agency of the mischievous witch of braided hair and gingham aprons who sat at the bench across the aisle. For was it not one of these who reached the pinnacle of romantic love—and in a spelling class!

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Musing awhile and reading, at length I come to the Passing of Arthur, in which is the finest combination of harsh and liquid word sounds, painting a picture of the frozen hills over which Sir Bedivere bore the king to the silence of the moonlit, level, lake. A poetic trick, if you will, but to me it is surpassingly beautiful.

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold; and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

So I sit the fire out and hasten to bed, where come thoughts of the morrow and of bills due and to come due and soon I am in a swivet of worry and toss and turn and curse the lot of a country editor. And I utter a fervent wish that my young son become a blacksmith or aught else, save perhaps a barber, if he be saved from the enticement of printer's ink and dilettante scrivening. I conclude the poet was right when he wrote:

Shun—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink
Has ruined many geese who dipped their pens in 't;
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in 't.
There may be silver in the "blue-black"—all
I know of is the iron and the gall.

And yet—'tis a bewitching trade, though hard on the nerves and rarely filling to the purse, and only the Sheriff, I reckon, will take me from it. And that, I hope, not as soon as sometimes seems.

So, like a Wirwit, at two o'clock to sleep.

WATTS From Page 2

expanded revenues without jeopardizing price stability or increasing the deficit in international payments.

I am looking forward with anticipation to the actual unfolding of the specific details of the Administration's economic and tax-reduction programs as they will be presented to the House Ways and Means Committee on which I serve and upon which we expect to commence hearings early in February. This matter is of great concern to all who live in Kentucky because the Nation's economic health reaches into every city, town and village. You can be assured that these legislative proposals will have careful study, scrutiny and evaluation by our Committee before they are submitted to the House of Representatives for its consideration and action.

FARM & HOME

by Estil J. Noffsinger, County Agent, Margie Wilson, Home Agent, Mason Morrison, Assistant County Agent

This cold weather and heavy snow certainly has been hard on shrubs and evergreens around the house. How much damage has been done will not be known until spring growth begins. Any dead limbs can be cut out at that time. It is a good idea to take a broom and brush the heavy snow from evergreens. If this is not done, the limbs will spread and may even break if the snow gets too heavy.

* * *

These are the months when we put extra time into the important job of planning our farm operations for the year and taking a long look on how we can do the jobs faster and better. As in the past, many local farmers will again be hiring young people for help this year, and it is not too early to start planning how you can help them do a more efficient and safer job for you. Planning safe operations is one key method of reducing your cost per unit of production since safety and efficiency go hand-in-hand.

What can you do to make the work of young hired hands safer and more efficient? Many things—small things in themselves but together they add up to more production for you and safer work for the young people. One farmer spends one afternoon early in the year reviewing and strengthening his plans for hiring young workers and how he will be using them. He reviews every part of the work the youngsters will be doing. He checks on plans for their transportation to and from the farm; he futures when and how long he will need them; and he reviews his methods in doing the work, assigning jobs and supervising the crew. He knows rest periods will be needed by the youngsters so he plans how and when these will be part of the working day, and he looks into the method used for getting clean drinking water for the work site. He also makes special plans for a brief training session on the first day with the young workers to review work methods and requirements which make for safer, happier and more productive workers. During this special training session, he will take the first hour to outline the work to be done, show the youngsters how to do these jobs safely, and then give them some tips on hazards on the job and the proper clothing to wear. He has done this for a couple years now and finds he has developed a little check list of items to talk to the young folks about. But best of all, he says this procedure pays off! It is appreciated by the young workers — and their attitudes, their safety and their production prove it. Now is the time to check your farm machinery for needed repairs. This will lessen the chances of breakdowns during the busy season.

LETTER TO EDITOR
January 25, 1963

Editor
The Carlisle Mercury
Carlisle, Kentucky

Dear Sir:

A. B. Chandler would have us thing that he has been the principal mover in the Kentucky school system and in raising teachers' salaries. This is false.

These things have been accomplished with the minimum foundation for education law passed in the 1954 session of the legislature—two years before Chandler was governor.

When this education bill was passed, Chandler actively fought it in his newspaper, the Woodford Sun.

Sincerely,
R. S. Penn
216 Holmes Street
Frankfort, Kentucky

THERM-O-BOTTLE, Pint Size, Reg. 79¢	47¢
WHITE THREAD, Mercerized, 50-325 yds	17¢
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POTTING SOIL, For Reg. Plants and African Violets	27¢
SKILLET, Round or Square, Reg. $1.59, now	99¢
SERVER, New Non-Drip Plastic Top, Extra Special	33¢
SHREDDER and GRADER, with 3 shredders, now	$1.11
Plastic WASTEBASKET, 60 qt., $2.98 Value	$1.99
GREETING CARDS, All Occasion, 21 Cards	63¢
BRUSH ROLLERS, with Ball Tip Ends	57¢
DRAINBOARD TRAY, Reg. $1.98, Super Special	97¢
FACIAL TISSUES, Box of 400	18¢
SAFETY CHEST, Rock Bottom Price	$1.37
UTILITY TUB, 18 qt. Plastic, Reg. $1.49	83¢
PAN or BASIN, Plastic, Bonus Buy	37¢
DISH PAN, Assorted colors	57¢
PIC[illegible] Foam Back	$2.88
CREW SOCKS, Cushion Sole, Super Values	37¢
NYLONS, New! Run-Prufe	57¢
KITCHEN TOWELS, Compare 36¢ ea. 3 for	99¢
THROW PILLOWS, Asst. Styles and Colors	66¢
MATTRESS COVERS, Double and Twin size	77¢
SHEETS, Double or Twin, Fitted or Regular	$1.74
PILLOW CASES, PAIR	87¢
CANNON TOWELS, Large Size	47¢
PILLOWS, Terrific Value	$1.47
PILLOW COVER, Plastic, Stain Proof	37¢
LINED DRAPES, Matching Center Valance	57¢
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GLASSWARE ASSORTMENT, Ash Trays, Mugs, etc.	9¢
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PLASTIC MUG, Insulated-Double Walled	17¢
PERCOLATOR, 6 Cup Aluminum, Reg. $1.69	99¢
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DISH DRAINER, Reg. $1.29, Don't Miss This	77¢
SCISSORS, Chromeplated Masterpiece	77¢
Pinking SHEARS, Compare our price	77¢
PEARL JEWELRY ASSORTMENT, Reg. $1.59 set	83¢
NOVELTY LAMPS, White Only, Special Purchase	88¢
ASPIRIN, 250 Count	27¢
TRAY TABLE, King Size, Bonus Buy	97¢
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ELECTRIC CLOCKS, Luminous Hands, Reg. $4.98	$2.44

DICTIONARY
"Webster's Illustrated"
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CITY	STATION	CHANNEL	TIME, DAY AND DATE
Lexington, Ky	WKYT-TV	27	6:00-6:30 PM Sunday, Feb. 3
Paducah, Ky	WPSD-TV	6	7:30-8:00 AM Saturday, February 2
Cincinnatis, Ohio	WLW-T	5	7:00-7:30 AM Saturday, February 2

Presented by
Geigy Agricultural Chemicals, manufacturers of Atrazine and Simazine herbicides.

Mrs. Marshall Brooks of Kettle Island, Kentucky, says

"electric heat is much cleaner, more comfortable . . . at reasonable cost."

the 984 sq. ft. of living area in the Brooks home was heated electrically during the 1961-62 season for only $148.87

"We like comfort . . . we like economy . . . and we get both with our electric heating." That's how Mr. Brooks feels about it. Mrs. Brooks says, "Electric heating is lots cleaner. You see the difference right away in drapes and curtains . . . especially if you're used to some other kind of heating."

Before you build or modernize, investigate clean, safe, comfortable electric heat. KU heating specialists will help you plan and estimate annual heating costs before you decide.

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