SALTWELL

(Delayed)

By Mrs. Fred Hellar

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris of Cynthiana, spent Friday with Mrs. Pearlie Morris.

Rev. and Mrs. Wilburn Cropper were in Falmouth on Thursday, where Rev. Cropper conducted the funeral of Earnest Colvert.

Mrs. H. A. Gaunce has been confined to her home the past week suffering from burns she recieved several days ago at her home.

Several from here attended the Hymn Singing at the Oakland Mills Church on Friday night where Rev. Dave Miller of Wilmore is pastor.

Miss Linda and Paula Storey and Rondall Storey entertained the Headquarter M.Y.F. at the church on Friday night with a Christmas party and regular monthly meeting. There were 26 present.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Mattox and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Mattox and daughter of Lexington recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Allison attended a family dinner at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ora Smith of Lexington Sunday.

Norma Anderson of La Grange spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan Mattox and Mr. and Mrs. John Glump.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huguenot of Ashland, Mrs. Pearlie Morris and Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe McDuffey and children, and Homer Morris spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Swinford Cordray of Cynthiana.

May peace and good will fill the days of the New Year.

Sexton's Grocery

Best Wishes for

Greetings to our many friends everywhere. We hope to serve you in the New Year.

SMALL'S GREENHOUSES

May you have a New Year of happiness and prosperity.

Carlisle Drug

Greek God Cronus Became Time Symbol

Chronometry is the science of measuring time—a project that has interested man since his earliest days on earth.

The word comes down to us associated with Cronus, the Greek god once hailed as lord of the universe, as a corruption of the word "cronos" which means time.

Cronus supposedly was warned that one of his children would dispose of him, and so vowed to devour them at birth. When a child, Zeus was born, Cronus' wife, Rhea hid the child away and presented a stone to Cronus instead.

Everything ended happily, according to the legend. Cronus disgorged the stone, along with previous children he had swallowed. Zeus later dethroned his father and became the chief god of the Greek pantheon.

Cronus? As we said earlier, because of the similarity of names, he became confused with the word for time. Someone placed an hourglass in his hand, someone else added a scythe and the world came to know him as Father Time.

IN DAYS OF OLD

Researchers say that early Greeks and Romans were quite particular about New Year toasts—who made them, who poured, and what was said. The right to make a toast at some

BY EDITH L. GIBSON

"HERE, SON, this chair is more comfortable."

"Don't, Mom, please." Young Stanley Steward waved aside the cushioned rocker his mother proffered and took a straight chair.

"I—don't understand," said Mrs. Steward.

"You wouldn't, and I'm sorry I spoke so quickly. It's just that I'm trying not to think of myself as different, as needing easy chairs, special attention. That was part of our rehabilitation training."

"I see. Then I'll ask you to do something for me.

"That's better."

"Go over and get Laura Hammond's spice cake recipe, the one she used at the church supper before Christmas. I'd like to try it for New Year's dessert. You haven't been Laura, anyway, have you?"

"N-o." His hesitation was apparent.

"If you've planned something else . . ."

"No, Mother. But I still dread meeting people, hearing expressions of sympathy. But I must get over that. We're to take things head-on, not dodge. That, too, was part of the training."

"Then go see Laura. It'll do you good."

Stan was doubtful about that, but he took his cane and started down the road. It was clear of snow, yet slick as glass.

"Could you find my crutch," Laura asked. "I think it rolled off the porch."

He walked slowly, partly for fear of stumbling for his cork leg was not functioning too well yet—partly from sheer weakness. To his left rose the towering peaks of the Rockies, so familiar they seemed a part of him. Only they were not challenging today as formerly; they were frustrating. Not too long ago, he had belonged to a mountain climbers' club and had scaled every peak that was scalable. Skiing had been a favorite sport, too.

Queer that he had done all those things unscathed, then slipped on the deck of a ship in Pacific waters soon after enlisting in the navy. The injury to his left leg was not seemed serious at first, but when he finally reached base hospital, there was nothing doctors could do but amputate.

Memories

Now he was home. What came after that, he did not know. Laura was much a part of his memories. She was a girl born to the outdoors. Skiing, climbing, hiking, riding, square dancing—these were all right down her alley. Yet she was exquisitely feminine, exquisitely beautiful. Once he had hoped—but no use thinking of that, now. The road back to health and usefulness, if there was one, must be taken alone.

Laura was sitting on the porch a blanket draped over her knees.

Conversation

It was hard to find things to talk about. Sports had been their common interest, but he could not yet bring himself to speak of that. He asked about her parents, the ranch, mentioned mutual friends, commented on the weather, and soon rone to go. "By the way," he said, "Mom wanted your spice cake recipe, one you used at some church supper."

"I'll get it," Laura said. "But could you find my crutch? I think it rolled off the porch."

"Crutch?" Then he saw it. "Laura! What—why—"

"Polio. Your mother didn't tell you?"

"No. I thought you looked pale."

"But you didn't ask. I appreciate that. I can't stand pity. But now you may as well know. After six-teen months in hospital and a course in rehabilitation, I'm doing things — after a fashion. Baking spice cake, for instance, as a substitute for skiing and mountain climbing. Really, it's not half bad once you get used to it."

Instead of giving her the crutch, he took her hands and drew her to her feet. She stood unsteadily, clinging a little.

"Laura, you too!" It was hard to grasp.

"Yes, me too. It happens in the best-regulated families, Stan."

His arms closed tightly around her. "My brave, brave darling. Laura, do you suppose that we could — that is — together —" He broke off awkwardly. "I'm not making sense," he said, "but I mean . . ."

"I know what you mean. And I think we could—together. It could be a bright New Year."

(Continue Next Column)

Questions and Answers

Question: I am 66 years old and am working part time. Can I receive any social security benefits?

Answer: It's possible. We suggest you check with the social security office so we can determine just how much you can get.

"It is often surprising to find what heights may be reached by remaining on the level." — Virginia Gaskill, Pennsburg (Pa.) Town and Country.

Greetings to all our friends.

Duncan's Electrical Shop

First National Bank

With sincere thanks for your good will and patronage, we wish each of you a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Buntin's Garage

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• FARMERS HAVE WANTED IT---

• FARMERS HAVE NEEDED IT---

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The Paris Market Is Growing-

TWO YEARS AGO WE SERVED FARMERS IN 34 COUNTIES. LAST YEAR WE SERVED 39 COUNTIES. THIS YEAR, SO FAR, FARMERS FROM 41 COUNTIES HAVE SOLD THEIR CROPS ON THE PARIS FLOORS, AND ALSO OUT OF STATE CROPS HAVE BEEN SOLD IN PARIS. THERE MUST BE A REASON!

WE INVITE YOU TO BRING YOUR TOBACCO TO PARIS

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TOURING SCENIC KENTUCKY SAFE DRIVERS DON'T MAKE HEADLINES

By Marty Lovelace

Like honest bank tellers and faithful husbands, safe drivers, unfortunately, don't make headlines. You won't see pictures in the papers of the millions of motorists who drive literally billions of miles during the holidays —without accidents.

To set the record straight, let's take a quick look at the positive side of the highway safety story, at some facts and figures the scare camp; aligns launched before every holiday leave out.

Astually, our highways are a lot safer than most people think. You are, for instance, twice as safe driveing today as you would have been back in 1943. And you are actually three times as safe as you would have been 30 years ago.

The National Safety Council says that in 1933 there were 15.6 deaths for every 100 million miles traveled on our highways. By 1962 this figure was down to 5.3 for every 100 million miles traveled. This record, incidentally, is one of the best in the world (better, in fact, than any country in Europe).

Traffic deaths once accounted for about three per cent of all the fatalities in the United States, but this figure has dropped below two per cent. Our annual highway death toll is actually lower than the number of deaths from pnenmonia in a year.

Furthermore, driving on a holiday weekend can be just as safe as driving any other time, according to a recent survey made in Michigan. State highway officials report, as an example, that the death rate on Michigan highways over the 1963 Labor Day week-end was actually fifty per cent lower than the average rate during all of 1962.

What's behind these improvements in highway safety? A number of factors:

1. Driver education programs are now common in high schools throughout the country. Practice driving under competent adult supervision develops driving skills, teaches safe driving habits and contrubutes toward a responsible driving attitude.

more more

2. Automobile manufacturers constantly stress improved safety features—greater visibility, better brakes, seat belts, dash padding and many other construction innovations. Oil companies, in turn, point up the importance of proper maintenance to keep vehicles in safe operating condition.

3. Better engineered, modern highways also contribute to the driving ease, comfort and safety of today's motorist.

4. More rigid enforcement of traffic laws, higher conviction rates and stricter licensing have greatly reduced the menace of the irresponsible driver.

These are the principle positive forces that have made our highways among the safest in the world. Highway accidents, of course, will always happen, just as accidents will continue to occur in the home, at work and even at play. They are not to be taken lightly. But fear and emotion won't prevent them.

Emphasizing the positive techniques for reducing accidents can be effective.

Choice of Tree Differs From East To West

In New England and the Northeast, balsam fir and white spruce are the most popular Christmas trees, while Pennsylvanians often prefer Scotch pine, spruce and red pine.

In the South, red cedar and the scarce but beautiful holly tree are often used, as well as pine.

In the West, cedars and Arizona cypress are favorites, and on the West Coast a wide variety of trees, Douglas fir, blue spruce, Engleman spruce and other locally grown trees are all popular.

1964
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Good luck in the New Year.

Beulah Hughes

Circuit Clerk

Greetings
1964

Thank you all for letting us serve you during the past year.

Joe Crouch and Family

Greetings
1964

Luther Hollar

BEST WISHES
1964

To wish you all a bright and happy holiday and every joy in the coming year.

Stewart Moore, Agent

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