Welcome Friends to THE BLACKBERRY FESTIVAL

J. Berry Burnaw

County Clerk

Welcome Homecomers

We extend a hearty welcome to those returning to their native county. We wish you a pleasant visit among your friends during the Blackberry Festival

Coe Oil Service

Stewart Moore, Agent

Welcome

The Deposit Bank

Extends to you a hearty welcome to The Blackberry Festival

WELCOME

To Our Blackberry Festival

Nicholas County Feeders Supply

In these days of gloomy news it helps if you make a point of registering the little victories. For instance: figures coming in show that the thousands of anti-litter campaigns conducted by women's clubs and other civic-minded groups at state and local levels across America began bearing fruit in 1966. These programs, largely based on public education, law enforcement and provision for adequate collection and disposal facilities, slowed down the increase of littering appreciably. So take heart, litter-fighters!

Another cheerful thought: Karl Marx would turn over in his grave if he knew this, but instead of a "handful of privileged capitalists" tightly grasping the reins of industry, as he predicted, in America 20 million and more people, more than a quarter of the adult population), own stock in some 6,700 of the nation's corporations concerns . . . and 35% of these "capitalists" are housewives and widows!

One of the promising outcomes of atomic experimentation is the discovery that the atom has power to slow food spoilage and to extend the life of meat, fruit and vegetables without refrigeration. Foods which are now expensive because of their rapid spoilage rate will become more plentiful. However, exhaustive tests on every item of food will be carried out for some time yet, with the release for its use coming only as each item is thoroughly cleared.

When the children and grandchildren become too demanding, remember: one of the best education toys is still a pencil.

Jet-age eyes are subject to more stress and strain than ever before in history. As the modern world becomes more visual, there are more things to see with our eyes. And we travel more, read more and live longer than our ancestors did.

With thousands of accidents in the home each year, and thousands more on the highway, it's nice to hear about something safe for a change, like working in a button factory. The Institute of Life Insurance allows as how button making could be even safer than sitting behind a desk. Buttonmakers seem to have the best safety record of any occupational group. An average of 100 buttonmakers in the Institute's study had only one fatal accident during a 10-year period . . . another occupation that seems fairly safe is cigarmaking, where the average fatality rate was 18 per 100,000. In ascending order of danger come hospital employees, office clerical workers, telephone company employees, shoemakers, and soap makers. These figures include accidents on and off the job, so perhaps the people who gravitate to these occupations are just naturally careful people.

This, That and 'Tother

Continued from Page 3

his ears might have heard--- A pleasant dinner, in very truth, and much interesting talk of this, that and t'other and a sigh of relief, from me when I knew that my gracious hostess, Mrs. Robert Vaughn, was going to keep her promise and not call on me for remarks, which would have consisted of some trembles and a few muttered words, had she done so, for I do not believe that even Demosthenes' pebbles or anything else would ever overcome the knee-knocking fright with which I hear my name called at any such gathering. But I climax with a witty little speech and "unblocked the traffic," as he put it, to Federal Hill.

* * * * *

Beautiful in its daytime dignity and simplicity of line, the old Rowan homestead was lovely by candle light. In the great hall were young ladies in costumes of the day when Foster wrote his songs and visited his kinsman at Federal Hill. And slinny that I am, there came a tightness of throat when the strains of My Old Kentucky Home came from the drawing room and the crowd joined in to sing the chorus. Simple, I suppose, in this age as a musical composition, but there is in it that touch of genius which makes it immortal.

* * * * *

So to sound sleep and up to a late breakfast in the old Talbott Hotel, a tavern for a century, and to St. Joseph's Cathedral, where we view the setting given by Louis Phillipe to Bishop Flaget. And there are paintings by Rubens and Van Dyke and others, but I liked the Murillo best. There is a soft beauty and radiance about those works of Murillo that I know which appeals to me more than spicurues of fleyings and martyedom and sufferings. Looking at it, I remembered Oscar Wilde's sonnet on hearing the Dies Irae sung in the Sistine Chapel.

Lily, Lord, not that white lillies
in the spring,
Soft olive-greyey, or silver breasted
dove,
Touch me more clearly of Thy life
and love
Than terrors of red flame and
thundering.
The hillside vines dear memories
of Thine bring.
A bird at evening flying to its nest
Tells me of One who had no place
to rest;
I think it is of Thee the sparrows
sing,
Come when the splended fullness
of the noon
Looks down upon the rows of golden
sheaves,
And reap Thy harvest; we have waited
long.

Out the magnificent Louisville highway to Nazareth in the quiet fields, but only to admire the beauty of the countryside's situation and the lovely simplicity of line that marks the older buildings. Musing a moments over this peaceful vista, what more natural than memories of those prose poems of Kentucky's master craftsman in the art of letters? There is the scene of the delicate beauty of the one, "Sister Delorosa," in its title; there is the poignant heartbreak of a great passion, the grim greyness of a great renunciation in "The White Cowl." These are living things that James Lane Allen, son of the Bluegrass, has written, prose poems that have caught and preserved for all time the atmosphere of a region unusual in Kentucky, a region that has always had for me an old-world flavor, provoking the visitor a feeling of holiness reverence that awaits the chime of ancient bells.

* * * * *

Presently back through Bardstown and we drive in for a glimpse of Wickland, seat of the Wickliffe family and home of three Governors of Kentucky. The same distaste simplicity of line marks this old home, though the homely comfort of life going on within its walls distinguishes it from Federal Hill. Pausing to listen to a riot of bird calls as we drove out of the grounds, suddenly there came from a nearby stump the sweet piping of a quail, his trim body tremulous with song. For us it was a fitting benediction to a pleasant journey, a mellow farewell to a region of mellow memories.

* * * * *

Musing at night over the happenings of twenty-four hours, seeing again the enthusiasm of two hundred and fifty Kentuckians, gathered to pay tritiute to the memory of an artist and also to the zealous labors of the devoted men and women who have made a national shrine of a typical manor house of the old Kentucky, there came to me more clearly than ever before a sense of that priceless heritage of beauty and sacred worship that is ours in this Commonwealth. From the breaks of Sandy in the tip of the Purchase, this meadowland is crammed with beauty, a beauty that appeals not only to sons and daughters of Kentucky, but to all lovers of natural beauty, wherever they may live. And I feel that we are coming to realize the material value of our heritage, now that highways grow better yearly and travel is easy. Enter the State where you will, there is something of interest and beauty to be seen. From the bare ridge at the Blue Licks, where Kentuckians smarting under the taunts of a reckless leader, rushed rashly into ambuscade and pitiful slaughter, on through the mellow heart of the interior Bluegrass, to the cliffs about Frankfort or the palisades of the Kentucky at Shakertown, to one cradle of the pawnmowealth in the log smokade at Harrod's Station, to Bardstown with its shrine to the memory of melodies imperishable, to the wonders of Mammoth Cave, to the wonders and traditions of the Pennyrile and the Purchase; or into the lovely purple haze of the Cumberland ranges and to Cumberland Falls, where the rainbow mist of white waters sweepa on like an immutable Purpose, through a grover by the everlasting pine. These and the countless other beauties, parks, scenic wonders, points of historical interest and sentimental interest beckon the visitor to our Commonwealth. And so musing before the dying fire I come to the conclusion that at last we are awakening to our opportunity that

"The sun shines bright in my
old Kentucky home"

and that we are rapidly advancing upon the time when there shall be no Mountains, no Bluegrass, no Bear-grass, Pennyrile and Purchase, but a beautiful and homogeneous Commonwealth, knit together by the love of its sons and daughters for their State and visited and enjoyed by millions to whom "beauty is the gift of God."

So tired, but mightily contented, at length to sleep.

WELCOME

to

Carlisle

and the Blackberry Festival

A.V. ALLISON

WELCOME

TO CARLISLE

and the

BLACKBERRY FESTIVAL

Ishmael Cleaners

WELCOME

to

CARLISLE

We are happy you can enjoy our . . .

Blackberry Festival

ROBERTA'S Beauty Shop

WELCOME

Friends

Stop and see us during the

Blackberry Festival

First National Bank

WELCOME

Nicholas County

Blackberry Festival

June 30 - July 4

Carlisle and Nicholas County Will Have The Latest In Modern Telephone Service November 19, 1967

Films and Demonstrations Are Now Available For Your Clubs. Please Call The Business Office And We Will Be Happy To Arrange A Program For You

Southern Bell

For a

BANG-UP 4th

visit Carlisle's Homecoming and Blackberry Festival.

Nicholas County Bar Association

During this HOMECOMING let's make this the best Festival ever.

Carlisle Drug Co.

WELCOME

Nicholas County

Blackberry Festival

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Southern Bell

Welcome

To Carlisle

And

The Blackberry Festival

HOLIDAY

Floyd Clark, County Judge

HOMECOMERS

We WELCOME YOU to Carlisle and

The Blackberry Festival

Hunt's Ashland Station

Random Thoughts . .

Thursday, June 7, 1928
This, That and T'other
A page from the diary of a
country editor

Up before breakfast, mighty betimes for me, and out into my garden were Spring burgeons, though the chill in the air is that of late September. And there stroll, admiring the gorgeous beauties of a sheriff-to-be peony just come into full glory, the loveliest I think that ever I saw. In truth, my garden flares into colorful life since the rains, with white and gold of shasta daisies, the misty blue of delphinium and the deeper azure of anchusa. And there are flags of white and ivory and purple and hidden away behind the darker foliage of sturdier flowers, a little bed of old-fashioned clove pinks perfumes the memory of "old forgotten, far off things." Wee, modest flowers, 'tis as quaint as high-waisted gowns, knee britches and powdered hair, as sweet as old lavender, as graceful as a minuet.

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot," sang the poet and indeed it is. My garden, a tiny plot, but it will bear a deal of wandering within. For the Universal Mother bestows impartially the beauties of her springtime coloring upon cottage flower beds and great formal gardens alike and though I have frequently envied the their vistas, their stately vistas, their flagged walks and lily pools, one may bring beauty that may be quaffed delicately, without that sense of insufficiency which I always feel in the enjoyment of a more prodigal outpouring of Nature's springtime loveliness.

So to sit a moment in my summer house bare of lattice and rafter now. But I have planted me six lilac bushes, flowers, and sown Japanese morning-glories that will be in full garden bloom when the early purple haze of the Cumberland ranges and to Cumberland Falls, where the rainbow mist of white waters sweepa on like an immutable Purpose, through a grover by the everlasting pine. These and the countless other beauties, parks, scenic wonders, points of historical interest and sentimental interest beckon the visitor to our Commonwealth. And so musing before the dying fire I come to the conclusion that at last we are awakening to our opportunity that

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So tired, but mightily contented, at length to sleep.

Up into town to be shaved by Fulton, the chirontonear and right silent he is for a bright spring morning and tells me not a tale of his wondrous deeds or hair-raising experiences, though I bait him to tell of his winter in Alaska, a story he does relate remarkably well for one whose farthest North is Cincinnati. And while he lathers and scrapes, I am minded of a letter come from Holland Dills by yesterday's post, in which he pays respects to the power of our tale-spinning barber to evoke mental pictures of the "old home town," even amid the roaring rush of the metropolis. He writes:

Dear old Ed;

For although you may be no older than you feel it's a cinch no man can have been marched upon by a lifetime of Deadlines without feeling no younger than he should (From the looks of that sentence I believe the Noes have it.)

So Sunday, Nein' em somewhat myself and seeking anodyne in anecdote, which all good news is, I humbly submit, I had a bushel saved-up Mercurine. You can't beat the scribbler's instinct for I had no sooner got started on the home-pilgrimage and came the tonic; not little by little, in, shall one say, Homeopathic doses, but all of a sudden, like a sunburst, or a yellow house met in a sharp bend in the road, it came in one paragraph of the "Diary" and it packed a mean Hans Anderson. It was, of course, about that flock of frozen birds that rose to the sky and started a blizzard.

I rejoice to learn that Troubadore Fulton has opened his Spring diapason in characteristic color, perhaps even a shade gaudier than common, but then this is an Age of progress, in the arts as well.

So I show it to our good Munchausen of the Shears and he laughs right merrily though "troubador" and "diapason" stumped him. But he will ask about these later, I know.

* * * *

To the shop and at thisand that and t'other until noon, when home to a mess of jowl and greens, some corn dodgers and a mug of buttermilk, mighty tasty. With which refreshed, we take coach, my young son and I, and are away in the fine mellow sunlight to see my new daughter, Mistress Barbara, lately come to this world with the locust blossoms. And I am minded of a ballad of Old England that yet lives along the creeks and coves of our Kentucky Highlands:

All in the merry month of May,
When the green buds they were
swelling,
Sweet William came from the western
states
And courted Barbara Allen.

A quaint, old fashioned name and I think my wife has chosen well in this, as I find she does in all things.

So, right well content with my thoughts and the chatter of my boy, through this region upon which God smiled with loving tenderness in the making, I am sure. For the beauty of the Bluegrass grips at me with a poignancy that is almost pain and this late spring, it seems to me, never did I see the rolling fields so beautiful, never so rich a profusion of greens in sod and leaf. Chlorophyll brings the coloring, my boy tells me, leaving me a-marvel at the lore that lads pick up in schools these days. Sure a sovereign chemical this chlorophyll must be and mixed by a master hand.

And now we pass a rolling pasture, domed with giant ash and walnut, beneath which stands fat red cattle, making a picture of such surpassing loveliness that I am seized by a feeling of incapacity to drink this cup of beauty deeply enough. And it comes upon me that perhaps it is That which mixes the colors to make this charming beauty and finding not feel futile. Heigho! Ever we must be seeking in this life and no one yet has found.

Soon to the hospital and find my wife, poor wretch, well and cheerful and the prettiest medonna I did ever see. But manlike, I stand a very ninny in the presence of my new daughter. And a good sister does ask if I am my wife's father, which takes the wind out of my sails completely, but a compliment to my wife, in a manner of speaking. And so I look and marvel at this baby and it comes to me that here too is the hand that sends the sunkissed sap back to nature the growing tree; here the master artist who paints the charming canvases of spring is at work on his masterpiece a human blossom.

With much pleasant chit-chat the day is sped and we drive home through the pleasant twilight, but so chilly that I kindle a fire upon the hearth and sit to dream awhile.

* * * *

And now I think I know why my catbird sings from his plum tree to the sleek bow of a bird, brooding her young in the dentzia bush. And I would sing, but cannot, and though I invoke the muse with fervor, there before the glowing embers, all that pops into my head is a silly, dear old rhyme, drifting back to me from childhood days:

O, the duck chews tobacco and the
drake drinks wine—
Singsong Kitty, won't you kimeo
And the June bug's sittin on the
sweet potato vine—
Singsong kitty, won't you kimeo?

Kimeocame and a'himeohame! Romantick, indeed!
Hit him in the head a-with a
brickabat
Singsong kitty, won't you kimeo?

After the publication of which I shall doubtless be convicted of idiocy, or worse. But I am certain that you know the tune, and it brought slumber in the circle of wife arms to fretful babies long ago.

No poet I, like my catbird in his plum tree; ever I must borrow my rhymes it seems and this time from Benny Scotland whence came the "Ballad of Barbara Allen," I filch a song from Hugh Miller to sing in honor of the fledgling Marse Jim Allen has joined my aviary:

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snow
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her pucker'd lip and bonny mou'
With nae ane tooth between.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face--
We'r glad she has nae wings.

So, late and mighty contentedly to bed, and drowsing, there comes to me lines from my boy's prayers, which he asked me to "hear" tonight:

"Father I thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
For all that makes the world
so fair."

The Hand that makes the chlorophyll---I wonder.

This, That and Tother
Thursday, June 27, 1929
A Page From the Diary of
A Country Editor

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
And now we pass a rolling pasture,
The Heven tries the earth if it be
in tune?
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
--Lowell

Up to find the sky overcast and the morning close and murky, a listless drooping day as lazy as the mood which has possessed me of late, so that I care not for work or play. All of which sets me wondering whether it be my liver or the years which begin to wing more rapidly into the limbo of my yesterdays. Heigho! Time was when there was magic in the month of June, no matter how murky the morning. For June, the firefly of old Summer's brood, flung upon the golden gates of barefoot freedom, of gallused blue cottonade and wide-brimmed hats, of swimming hole and the watergaps where the red-bellied sunperch bit; of the slithering swish of the knife in the strripper box as the meadows were swept to glistening golden seedsesaeas; of the chatter of the binder in the wheat and the whirring hum of the threaher ---all these June brought once upon a time---all these and freedom.

. . . . as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

And whence has flown this freedom? The waters still ripple about the roots of the giant sycamore that shaded the swimming hole of yesteryear; sunperch nibble at succulent worms from the pool below the water-gap; binders chatter in the golden wheat and strippers sigh softly through the lush blue grass. But the feel is gone--- the feel of freedom--barrered for the compensations that life brings with its responsibilities, but barrered withal. Yet who would go back? For among the roses of youth are thorns and forgotten tedious hills beset the Road to Yesterday.

So, with such thoughts, I am in very need of heartening with coffee and fried apples and hot biscuits for breakfast, mighty noble if simple fare, I think, and smelling mighty summery in the house o' mornings. In truth the odor of fried apples and coffee is a perfume of June, a man-made aroma that vies with the roses and the honeysuckle and the incense of the red clover nesting in luxuriant succulence in the pastures, just as the smell of cantelopes and coffee is for me an incense typical of the tangy days of early September, a spicy maturing bracer for the dreaming, droning days of late summer.

And so I am cheered despite the cloudy humid morning and hoist a-shoulder one of the compensations for which folk barrer away their natural urge to glorious vagabondage and Lord! how my yearling "compensation" does thrive and grow more of a delight (and a darling pest) each day, so that I am prone to cease singing as my busy catbird does these days, overwhelmed with the care of fledglings. Yet who would barrer song for rosy cheeks and dimpled mouth, for a little golden head and fat arms that clasp or wave in petty tyranny?

So to stroll in my garden, where the larkspur in its pale loveliness has outlived the harder blue of the roses and where trim hollyhocks primly spread their gowns of gaudy prints, and to watch for a moment the busy martins, now panting with the cares of family and hungry mouths to be fed. And many a fat bug and unwary fly must go into the gaping gullets the next six weeks, that young wings may be ready for the long flights in early August. So summer waxes yet even now come whispers of summer waning. "Knee deep in June," yet one is saddened by the thought that so much lovliness must perish, and heartened that it passes but to come again in everlasting cycle.

While the earth remainseth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

So the old Hebrew chronicler, fashioned from his hope and faith a promise that each summer since has been justified. My purple martins know that winter comes, and beyond that winter they know that there shall come another spring. Shall the everlasting cycle hold for that divine spark which in man alone tortures him with doubts or gives to him a hard-won boon of faith? Who knows. And yet standing on the threshold of summer, all about the proofs of the glorious fecundity of a world grey, drab, dead under the icy blasts of February three months ago, "Hope sees a star."

Into which somnore and Sabatical musing comes a sudden plop as my young daughter casually takes her seat in my ground-floor bird bath, going "back to Nature" mighty gracefully, being a short year removed. And mighty delighted with her investigation and protesting angrily when taken out, but soothed by her bath and late breakfast, to nap at last.

At this, that and t'other all morning reading the Sunday papers sketchily and with little pleasure, a habit born from reading too many public prints but glad to see that the foolish "free" school book adoption is getting its just deaserts. For in truth the very attitude of our administration that would give away Cumberland Falls, offered as a gift from Senator du Pont to us and to our children and to future generations, to a Chicago power company, while making great to-do about furnishing "free" text books to the children of Kentucky, so irritates me that I have well nigh forsworn my determination never again to take politics or politicians seriously. For when a politicul' time-server makes both the school children of Kentucky and one

Continued on Page 6

CARLISLE

Welcomes You

Enjoy our Annual

BLACKBERRY FESTIVAL

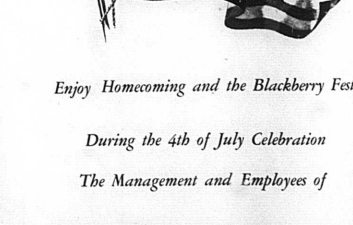
June 30- July 1-3-4

Albert Booth, Jailer 1915 1967

Harper's Garage

Welcome

We extend a hearty WELCOME to all our friends and visitors and hope you enjoy our Blackberry Festival.



Enjoy Homecoming and the Blackberry Festival

During the 4th of July Celebration

The Management and Employees of

Blue Grass Industries, INC.