

BIG RUMORS FOR A BIG 4th

- BLUE RIBBON Decorated Napkins . . . 100 ct. 21¢
- CHARCOAL Briquets . . . 100 ct. 59¢
- ALUMINUM Foil . . . 20 ft. 39¢
- BLUE RIBBON Bathroom Tissue . . . 4-35¢

- SPENYIT Barbecue Sauce . . . 18 oz. 38¢
- VAN CAMP Beanee Weenies . . . 18 oz. 25¢
- VAN CAMP Potted Meat . . . 18 oz. 11¢
- VIENNA Sausage . . . 18 oz. 22¢

- NOBAY FID Hawaiian Punch . . . 46-oz. 29¢
- Fruit Drinks . . . 46-oz. 4-51¢
- POTATO CHIPS . . . 12-oz. 39¢
- HOT Dog Relish . . . 12-oz. 24¢

FRYERS

- Canned Hams . . . 349¢
- Canned Picnics . . . 529¢
- STOCKELY FANCY TOMATO CATSUP 18¢
- PORK & BEANS 15¢
- SHORTENING 49¢

FRYERS

- FRYER PARTS
- Wieners . . . 59¢
- Ground Beef . . . 65¢

DAIRY FOODS

- Cheddar Cheese . . . 33¢
- FRENCH FRIES . . . 89¢
- LEMONADE . . . 11¢
- FISH STEAKS . . . 89¢
- FISH STEAKS . . . 59¢

IGA REG. OR KOSHER

- Dill Pickles . . . 12 oz. 49¢
- Sliced Pickles . . . 29¢
- Flour . . . 20 lb. \$1.88
- Bag Cookies . . . 4 for \$1

IGA SPECIAL BLEND

- Ice Tea . . . 8-oz. 59¢
- Tea Bags . . . 100-ct. 98¢
- Macaroni . . . 12-oz. 18¢
- Chicken . . . 2-37¢
- Book Matches . . . 10¢

ICE CREAM

- MARGARINE 17¢
- BALLINAS 10¢

IGA SOFT DRINKS

- 12-oz. Can 7¢

IGA SPECIAL BLEND

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- Macaroni . . . 12-oz. 18¢
- Chicken . . . 2-37¢
- Book Matches . . . 10¢

ICE CREAM

- MARGARINE 17¢
- BALLINAS 10¢

COLONIAL BLUE DINNERWARE

- 4-piece place setting \$1.49

Open Thurs. night until 8p.m.
Open All Day Fri. until 6p.m.
Close Sat. night at 6p.m.

We Sell Money Orders

IGA Coatney's FOODLINER
CARLISLE, KY.

Rumors

Continued from Page 3

... was slow. One wonders what would happen in these few hours in this day of speeding cars.

... Do you remember the "Mad" Irishman, those grass-like mounds on the steep hills of old Mackamur? The fastest driver was compelled to slow up or be bounced off the road. The purpose of these mounds across the road was to turn the water into the ditch. The automobile came along and ground up the mounds. It was a necessary that was the mother of the high-crowned road. Invention for safety as motor speed increased. Now we have a seemingly flat roadway, based on the curves, that needs wear equally as well.

... In the old days of the privately owned carriage, the roadman's trade was his mopping hammer was a familiar sight. These moppers of rock, sitting on planks, were smooth and polished by use, leather, the road-side rock piles, were interesting figures to see, small boys, frequently youngsters sat with them during the summer days and watched the scene and oodles with which rock spilt rapidly under the hammer. Most of rock breakers were old men, weather-beaten, stiff, jobless, uneducated, and silent. We remember seeing one old fellow, whose rock pile we were permitted to do some "mopping" on a small bottle of white powder from his pocket and measure out a portion on his little scale. The powder would become talkative for awhile, after we knew what was in the bottle wrapped bottle, Morphine could be purchased by anyone, country stores, anywhere, for less than a dollar, at booting prices. The old moppers of rock were the sons of Erin who were laid to rest, so the myth of childhood ran, under the gravestone hills. And many of us who were youngsters in that day believed it. One may easily imagine a boy of today being told such a fairy tale, "Oh, yes!"

... And do you remember the yellow butterflies evading the motorist from roadside puddles; and the "horsetail snakes" that wriggle in those puddles? To a small boy a drive of heavy miles furnished the basis of an interesting, if not unusual, adventure. The race was slow, enough usually for the driver to note road-side happenings, and to remember in June to "run down" a young rabbit to pass at a certain place, until fathermen "got a blue" to remember the pronged rabbit on a limb at a distant squirrel on the side of their baggage, whose rabbit was in the pile toward sundown on August afternoons. Frequent a squirrel grew too bold and row and they might get to eat, so the myth of childhood ran, under the gravestone hills. And many of us who were youngsters in that day believed it. One may easily imagine a boy of today being told such a fairy tale, "Oh, yes!"

... There was, it seems as we look back, a sense of time, a sense of the rapidly with the horse one drove, a friend to be remembered, after a sleep hill had been negotiated, a fellow-traveler, whose conduct you considered, when you came to a roadside pool or stream, unbridled, that cut across the bridge. Then you drove in, and if you were wearing your Sunday shoes, you climbed out on a shaft and unhooked the check-rein and loosened the throat-latch.

Other times, other manners. The boy of this motor-driven age misses a lot of sight and sound. The pace is little interesting along the way. Somehow we can't help feeling that they miss a great deal that is valuable as well as exciting to normal boyhood, that pages from Nature's book are hurried past unread, bianca unlearned, which might bring melody and art that would call up pleasant memories to later years. Perhaps the compensation comes in the thrill of speed, a glimpse into the power of the machine, this era's god.

... One wonders if they breed the "mad" horses, "mad" being those days. There's was the poetry of equine motion and they could be traveled comfortably behind their cars, which waded gently in rhythm with the "merry walk". We have seen "walking horses" at fairs of late years, but seldom one of the kind where one could ride up the line, give her a slap and have her walk away, "tick-tock, tick-tock," in that old mystical gait.

We remember, on old city streets, that horses through accidents, and cruelly tortured, and whose back we believed a path of water might have been belated without spilling a drop, so smooth was her running walk. And these old girls could run too, when a wide stretch of pasture offered and they were properly urged.

No one rides any more for pleasure if it seems, except in the parts of the large cities and large hotels, how well-kept horses they ride and how some of them look like a real horse. The few that were driving a trotter. And the horse—perhaps the best of gait—the Carolina Coach—a mechanical invention never to share up the interior anatomy of its rider any more. You may have your fancy-gated

Myers — By Mrs. Rena Crawford

Mrs. Clay Fryman and Debbie, Mrs. Johanna Kinder, Terry and Kathy Ann spent the weekend at Boonesboro beach.

Mabel Inford, Leo Flora, Rena Crawford and Henry Farrow spent Sunday afternoon with Willie Matton, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Matton near Brownsville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Strode and family spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Geever.

Ruddy Kinder is spending a few days with his family and Rosemary Kinder.

Hill View has returned from Lexington, Mrs. A. J. Kinder, Mrs. Virginia Bora and David Hughes spent Saturday in Mr. Sterling.

Mrs. Florence Shannon of Covington spent the weekend with her mother, Mrs. Elmer Shannon.

SALTWELL — By Mrs. Fred Hollar

Charles Eugene Jones spent the past weekend with Mrs. and Mrs. Norman Dantap and children of Polk City, Ohio arranged in the community.

Mrs. Ida Hall and daughters and James Hall spent the weekend with Mrs. and Mrs. James Hall of Ashland.

Mrs. Mary is recovering from surgery at Nicholas County Hospital and expects to return home.

Hill McDonald of Cincinnati and Hilly Paulson of Lexington spent Sunday with Mrs. Ida Hall and family.

Several from here attended church at Wagner's Chapel on Wednesday night where Rev. Tommy Fryman is assisting. Rev. Orie Fryman in a revival.

Mrs. and Mrs. Gary Hollar and baby Tracy Lynn visited Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stone and daughter on Sunday.

Donald and Timothy Cum spent Friday and Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Gausner.

Mrs. Gladys Kenney and Miss Frances Barlow spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gausner.

Miss Lee Gausner of Indianapolis, Ind. spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gausner and family.

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Left to Right: Mrs. Rena Crawford, Mrs. Johanna Kinder, Terry and Kathy Ann, Debbie, Mrs. Clay Fryman and Mrs. Ida Hall.

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At 9:15 SAT. ONLY

CLINT WALKER

ANGIE DICKINSON

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At 10:10

"Sinful Davy"

At 8:15p.m. Sat. Morn. Tues. Wed.

ROBERT WALKER

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At 11:15 P.M.

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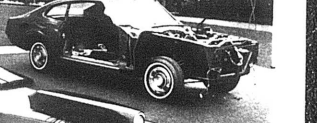
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Nursing Home News

... Mrs. and Mrs. ...



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