July 4, 1971

A DAY TO HONOR AMERICA

The 4th of July weekend offers time for a taste of recreation, a bit of fun popping off fireworks, maybe a thought or two about that old-fashioned virtue patriotism, and innovative ways to HONOR AMERICA.

Pondering over patriotism—real patriotism—we inevitably reach the conclusion that this country just didn't happen to flourish. Much of the toil and struggle that helped make the United States strong and free represented someone's contribution in self-sacrifice, either in peace or in war.

Carrying this train of thought a bit further, many of us can't ignore the indications that America didn't wax robust from material sources alone. The idea of reverence for a Supreme Being is intertwined with the nation's development since the day the country was founded 195 years ago.

On this comfortable, lazy weekend, the churches and synagogues will have their doors open as usual on the Sabbath. If we juggled the family schedule a bit, and perhaps arranged the family picnic or golf date or trip to the beach an hour later..we could slip into our chosen church or temple and listen to the men in the pulpits reading the Scriptures and discussing the truths that weathered the test of time for centuries before 1776.

Obviously, most of us are aware—often, we're not allowed to forget—that separation of Church and State is a fundamental principle in the United States. This premise in an official sense, and undoubtedly has steered the nation away from some grave pitfalls.

But individuals throughout the country's history most leaders have been influenced by the Judaeo-Christian ethics, the source of the Ten Commandments. Anyone familiar with American tradition will observe the concept of divine guidance was seldom far from the minds of those who played significant roles in shaping United States' destiny.

Here are a smattering of instances in which reverence for Sacred Providence was indicated. The list could be much more extensive.

On the day of this country's birth, the Founding Fathers wrote into the preamble to the Declaration of Independence " . . . and to assume among the powers of the earth that separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them . ."

As school children or adults, when we pledged allegiance to the flag we recited the words "I pledge allegiance to the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God . . ."

Since then we've seen the motto "In God We Trust" on our money so frequently, we've virtually forgotten it exists.

On the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery is carved the inscription "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God."

So the idea of a religious observance on this Independence Day weekend assumes validity. Both Church and State today are confronted with new perplexities that the Founding Fathers never dreamed of. Consequently, religious bodies are assuming increasingly activist roles.

The questions leap out at us. What can we do about peace in Vietnam and the world? Threats to the environment? Drug addiction and disillusioned youth? Disadvantaged minorities? Unemployment? Poor housing? Hunger? Education?

These problems cry out for innovative approaches and hard work. Perhaps, as has been said about New York's vast, interrelated difficulties, they can't really be solved, but must be managed. On the other hand, maybe you hold the magic key to certain solutions.

There is an ironic footnote to current religious activism. Karl Marx contended that organized religions—particularly Christianity—diverted man's attention from the problems at hand by insisting that suffering was mankind's lot on earth and salvation could be found only in the hereafter.

But events in recent years have shown that religion is abandoning this ostrich posture and is trying to cope with temporal affairs. There is room for you to share in these programs.

Theologian Paul Tillich observed that in weighing the price of organized religion with its effect upon social priorities, a tendency toward cynicism often follows. "These spiritual factors, however," he continued, "should never lead to a decision to give up either the production of technical tools or attempts to penetrate into outer-terrestrial spaces . . . For danger is not a reason to prevent life from actualizing its potentialities."

And in this matter of priorities, let's make a list of our own. Putting first things first, the allotting of some time for religious contemplation this holiday weekend should be tops on the schedule.

MERCURY VAPOURS

By Warren R. Fisher

This is gonna be one of those weeks. I feel it in the marrow, and may feel it in a number of other places before the week is over.

This week we're without one of the best proof-readers and most attractive, the Mercury has had in many a day, namely my niece, Lisa Nutini of Ashland, who had a sharp eye and wide vocabulary. Though she hasn't taken up etymology yet, she wasn't afraid to use the Dictionary, consequently we think there were fewer errors during the past two weeks.

In the fall she plans to enter the University of Kentucky. I never did arrive at exactly what she intends to study, but who knows, maybe she'll end up in Journalism, which isn't a bad field. Take it from me, Toby and several thousand editors of weekly newspapers, daily newspapers, those of the electronic media, public relations specialists of many descriptions and photographers have found it to be more than satisfying.

--MV--

In Pretoria, South Africa, a school principal Piet E. D. Moletsane, 56, won his appeal against a drunken driving conviction, saying exhaust fumes made him dizzy. He then was found guilty of negligent driving.

--MV--

So you think you're working for yourself? Take another look at these Tax Foundation figures on how your daily eight-hour stint breaks down"

Taxes, 2 hrs. and 37 minutes; Food, tobacco, 1:03; Housing, 1:01; Transportation, 38 min., Clothing, 25 min.; Medical, 23 min.; Recreation, 19 min., and all other, 1:34.

The Carlisle Mercury

Established 1867

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LETTERS from our readers

Editor, The Mercury:

Just a note to inform you that Mrs. Nora Hamilton and her daughter-In-law, Mrs. Doris Hamilton contacted Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Gaines recently here in Hong Kong. Rev. Gaines showed them around Kowloon for seveo hours and then entertained the two Mrs. Hamiltons in the Gaine's home, where they were able to fellowship also, with Mrs. Gaines and the two daughters, Jodie and Angie. It's wonderful having these Kowloon friends.

Rev. E. H. Gaines

Editor, The Mercury:

Here is a check for the (20) issues of the Carlisle Mercury. Please add to my subscription that isn't even up yet.

If this special offer was in last week's Mercury I sure didn't see it, but I was in hospital here when a dear neighbor (Mrs. Peggy Owens) brought it and flat of back and doctor telling me if I turned on either side he would put me in traction.

So that's how I was five days and nights, heating pad full length from shoulder to below my hips. So maybe I did over look it, as I was really ill.

Temperature in the nineties on the outside. Also hot packs four times daily by the therapist. So glad to be home again.

Congratulations on the trophies for having this wonderful home town paper which gets more interesting every week, especially to the ones out of Nicholas County.

I wrote the first Parks News for years when a teenager in school at Parks and Carlisle High. I really looked forward to the noon mail on Thursday as now the dear old Carlisle Mercury be in it.

Best to you and all the staff,
Yours Respectfully,
Christine Sears
55 Horseshoe Dr.
Paris, Ky.

Editor, The Carlisle Mercury:

The picture of the fine Holstein cow and calf in the Mercury of June 17 presented a most interesting problem of determining from what location the picture was taken. It was surely from the brow of Tunnel Hill overlooking Pleasant Valley, but neither the course of Fleming Creek and Licking River, nor the highway thru the valley to Parks Ferry are clearly defined. However, my interest in the picture is primarily the white area in the right middle distance since that could possibly be the old Parks Family Grave Yard, enclosed by the white stone or native limestone.

As a direct descendant of Col. Thompson S. Parks and his father, Senator James Parks, I have for many years engaged with my late brother, Dr. Thompson P. Scott and brother Robert M. Scott in periodically moving the weeds and briers in this hallowed area where lie buried not only members of the Parks family, but also the Dorseys, Glens, Olivers, Washards, and numerous early settlers.

The task has become increasingly difficult as I advance into old age, and I am seriously concerned over the future care of the grave yard. Therefore I read with interest the article adjacent to the Cow picture entitled "4-H 'Community Project' Program Starts In Kentucky". Surely this historical reminder of the early years of Nicholas County should qualify for Community Pride, since those who lie there contributed so much to the development of the community and Nicholas County.

As recorded in both Collin's History of Kentucky and the History of Bourbon, Scott, Harrison and Nicholas Counties, both James Parks and Thompson S. Parks represented Nicholas County in the House of Representatives and in the State Senate. They both contributed to the industrial and cultural growth of Nicholas County in the establishment of the Parks Ferry saw-mill and ferry, and the Deering Camp Ground, all gone, but the latter lovingly remembered.

It is my hope that with your interest and encouragement I may be possible to enlist the interest of the sponsors of the Community Pride Program in the care and preservation of the old Parks Family Grave Yard in Pleasant Valley, Nicholas County, Kentucky, the subject of my dearest Nicholas County Heritage.

Sincerely,
Lewis P. Scott

20 and 40 Years Ago

Thursday, July 5, 1951

The Paris Drum and Bugle Corps opened the festivities of the 1951 V.F.W. Homecoming Blackberry Festival Monday night.

The Nicholas County Veterans edged the Kawneer Manufacturing team from Cynthiana, Monday night at the local athletic field, by a score of 14-13.

Glenn M. Lykins, 20-year veteran driver for Southern Greyhound Lines, was critically hurt late Saurday when apparently he fell 20 feet from a second floor back porch at his home in Maysville.

H. C. Galbraith, local horseman, won the stud stakes during the Friday night at the Morehead horseshow, riding his own Son's Kentucky Colonel.

Mrs. Lucille Stone was appointed Tenth District Assistant guard at the recent encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Ware held in Louisville.

Miss Jennie Kenton entertained Sunday in honor of her father, Charles Kenton's 81st birthday.

Sen. H. Stanley Blake was in charge of the Senate group on Thursday at the Blue Grass Boy's State meeting held in Millersburg last week.

BORN--To Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Williams, a son, on June 30.

MARRIED--Miss Emma Ruth Toadvine, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Thomas Toadvine, Bourbon County, to Virgil J. Fryman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hargis Fryman, June 22.--Miss Etna Mae Dwelly, daughter of Mrs. Perry Dwelly, Ewing, to Pvt. Stanley C. Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Alexander, of Myers, July 3, in Cynthiana.

DIED--Mrs. Gracie Young Prather, 62, Sunday, at the home of a sister, Mrs. Ray Hamilton.--Mrs. Betty Brannon Hawley, 27, Saturday, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brannon, Paris.

Thursday, July 2, 1931

The Carlisle Mercury judged best all around newspaper at Kentucky Press Association convention last week.

Cheater Shearer who has been engaged as athletic director of the Carlisle High School for next year will attend coaching school to be held at Centre College this week.

Heat records for July were shattered this week as the temperature reached as high as 98 degrees. Little relief was promised from the heat for next week.

W.A. Zimmerman, who has been concrete inspector on the reconstruction job between Carlisle and the Jones and Miss Fan Ratliff, suffered painful injuries when their automobile was forced from the road and crashed into a telephone pole between Paris and Lexington.

Effective July 1, the employees of the Carlisle Post Office will be placed on a 44-hour week basis.

In the drawing of positions on the ballot in the August primary, the name of George C. Myers will be first on the ballot and the name of Will McRohan second.

BORN--To Mr. and Mrs. Otho Caffin of Mackville, Washington County, a daughter, on the 27th of June at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Lexington. Mr. Caffin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. O.R. Caffin of this county.

MARRIED--Miss Mabel Wright Lancaster and Mr. Roger Clay Mastin, on June 29th in Lexington.--Miss Sudie Ethel Tilton, Lexington, and Mr. Warren T. Ellis, Ambridge, Pa., on the 27th.

DIED--Mr. Henry Clay Reed, 83, at his home in Versailles Sunday following a several years illness.

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Continued on page 4

Farm & Home

County extension Agents
Estil J. Noffsinger,
Sara Swango, Mrs. Wynn Wilson

Milk, fruit juice, and coffee are America's most popular breakfast beverages. Some people start their day with a beverage such as coffee. What a sad time they will have trying to get through the morning! Feeding a hungry body with only coffee or tea is like adding water to a car's gas tank and expecting it to run smoothly. In both cases there would be sputtering and fussing! Beverages should complete the menu. They should not be the only food consumed.

Milk ranks high as a beverage anytime of the day. Its complete protein, mineral and vitamin content is well suited for growing boys and girls as well as adults. Children need 4 cups of milk each day if cottage cheese, ice cream etc, are not included in the diet. Adults need 2 cups of milk or its equivalent each day.

Many types of milk are available--homogenized, pasteurized, skimmed, chocolate, evaporated, condensed, nonfat dried--milk solids, and others. The choice you make will depend on how you use the milk and on your budget. The amount you spend for milk and dairy products will give you good nutritional returns.

If you have home-produced milk, be sure that the milk is from healthy cows. Handle the milk with special care. Use sparkling clean utensils, and cool and refrigerate the milk quickly. Home pasteurizing of milk is the only way to be absolutely sure of having safe milk. Milk can be "stretched" by using equal amounts of fresh whole milk and reconstituted dry skim milk.

A "cream" may form on the top of milk when it is heated. The

This, That and T'other

A page from the diary of a country editor.

By Warren Fisher Sr.

Thursday, August 8, 1929

Lay late and awake to the sparkle of golden sunlight that smacks of fall and the drowsy stillness that marks the ending of Summer's maturity. Now of nights the little fiddlers of field and tree tune up their wiry violins and cicadas shrill at high noon. Thin and high the insect chorus rises, in swell in waves through the nights growing even more cool, until that silver-cad magician, painter of frost landscapes on window panes, waves magic, muting wand and the curtain fall upon the Festival of Summer.

Sparkling, gem-like days, these come sometimes in August, bearing the aroma of the golden days, the invigorating days of early Autumn. Sandwiched into weeks of sultry dreaming, they bring us the fill of fall, refreshing and sad, shaking us awake for a moment from our warm drowsing, making us remember to enjoy the beauty that must perish. It is to me like a whiff of wood smoke, wafted across green forests, lush pastures, bringing associations of frosty mornings and bacon acurl in the skillet, hoecake browning in the griddle, coffee foaming in the pot gold in the forests, gold in the fields, the crackle of the first fires on the hearth--the first tonic draft of Autumn.

And yet there comes with it all a feeling as though a bell had tolled. In my garden a spray of blue larkspur remains to vie with the azure of the sky; sunflowers nod heavy golden heads and zinnias flaunt the beauty of their prime. Here a late-blooming marm bravely raises her head bravely to the sun and the lady holly-hocks are still valient despite their dingy leaves. But summer wanes. Already the leaves of the popular drift to earth and the foliage of the lovely yellow and curls. It is the first wisper of the coming Change. And as if for added warning Nature goes into the welter of steaming droning August a gem-like day of late September.

Ah, but the silence, the sad demeanor of him who was the gayest of mornings, when May wreathed my arbor with roses and the tangled vines sheltered a jewel-casket of blue-green eggs for my slim catbird. It is two weeks since I have heard his twilight song pouring forth from a heart bursting with joy. My catbird, forsooth has heard the wisper of the change.

From the porches of their little grey home atop the pole my purple martins push their fledglings with great chatter and flapping of wings, when they would rest a moment from their circlings, for soon young wings must beat, beat steadily, tirlessly over long miles to a winter home they have never seen, where palms wave and bright-foliaged birds are like flowers. Rarely is the call of the familiar robin heard and the noisome blackbird that made himself a very pest until mid-July roosts in the woods. Only the little song sparrow, very like his rowdy English cousin, save for the striped waistcoat, goes sweetly on. His trill began on a day in February, when I heard the notes from a warm fence corner, sheltered by honeysuckle vines. In these his mate nested this summer and my yard has been a concert stage all season for one of the sweetest and most plaintive songs of birdland. He sings alone these days of Summer's noon, unless for the whistle of the great crested flycatcher--the wild Irishman of the feathered folk, John Burroughs called him--whose whistle is almost a shriek in Spring when ears are not attuned to the wild. Now, when other birds are silent, his call is almost mellow by the season's maturity. So do we miss the real musicians of the feathered choir, when the heat of Summer's noontide shimmers on the fields and Nature indulges in the siesta that is one of the compensations of middle-age.

In James Lane Allen's delightful book, "A Kentucky Cardinal," there is this concluding line: "Ah, but the long, long silence of the trees!" To me it is one of the most expressive lines written by one who had the love of the world of green pastures and peaceful woodlands and the little folk that dwell therein in his heart. Now, when the small choristers of bush and tree that sang so gally and so well, when love was young and nests were making in May, grows silent in the sultriness of mid-summer, how we welcome the sad little tonsless trill of the black-capped chickadee and the distant caw of the crow will be music to our ears. Summer wanes.

"---have squandered all my summer while 'twas May."

So laments the hapless genius, Byron, but why not? Now when the bare limbs of the poplar begin to show, when the music of the fields mutes a-sudden, there comes to me a feeling that I have not squandered enough of summer while 'twas May; that I have not taken enough joy from all this beauty that is summer in the Bluegrass Region of Kentucky. Alas, one may not eat his cake and have it too and the vagabandage that would drink deepest from the well of summer loveliness must need go barefoot and flat of purse. One must choose. And sometimes when there comes this feeling approaching Change; when one feels upon his own life the lull of of late summer, senses the chill of Autumn, there comes to mind a verse by Edgar Lee Masters, hedonistic, cynical, yet mighty tempting withal, at least in retrospect. And I think so should I wish to live, were life at the spring again for me---:

I would I had thrust my hands
of flesh
Into the disk-flowers bee-infested,
into the mirrow-like core of fire
Of the light of life, the sun of
delight.
For what are anthers worth or
petals, or halo-rays? Mockeries
shadows
Of the heart of the flower, the
central flame
All is yours, young passer-by;
Enter the banquet room with the
thought,
Don't slide in as if you were
doubtful
Whether you're welcome--the feast
is yours!
Nor take but a little, refusing
more.
With a bashful "Thank you," when
you're hungry.
Is your soul alive? Then let it feed!
Leave no balconies where you can
climb;
Nor mile-white bosoms where you
can rest;
Nor wine cups while wine is sweet;
Nor ecstasies of body or soul,
You will die, no doubt, but die while
living
In depths of azure, rapt and mated,
Kissing the queen-bee Life!

And yet, I wonder if this is not but the old feeling which comes to me in the face of loveliness of Nature in early summer, the feeling that I cannot enjoy enough; that I am but sidling in at the feast? A foolish feeling, a vain regret, for we can't get back. Better to look forward to the golden Autumn of the year and of the years and books and pipe and inglenook; of snug warmth and calm contentment; and taking a leaf from the book of Nature's little folk--of those who sing and those who pipe valiantly from leafy covert and grassy hummock, even in the face of the warning breath of the frost--cultivate a serene philosophy, a placid faith.

* * * * *

Heigho! Thoughts these, that need hot biscuits and fried apples and a spot of plum jelly my wife, poor wretch, has made me, to drive them away. And what with a cup of steaming coffee and the sparkle of sunshine and the crisp air, they are gone presently, and I shoulder my infant daughter and take up my Sunday morning task of admiring this golden haired fledgling, who does try her wings most valiantly and vexingly these days. And so sooner we are out into the sunshine, than she says: "Great day!" a saying she has learned from the darkies and speaks mighty cunning, when unsolicited, remaining dumb and indifferent, when teased to display her charms with which sentiment I heartily agree. A great day in very truth, coming hard on the heels of a scattering thundery election day at that, so that I think the fumes of passion and regret will be swept away and wounds, if any, healed by the sweet sunshine. A soverign healer of mental quirks is a sunshiny day so that if we would but expose our minds to the healing qualities of the calm and beauty that the out-of-doors offers, as we expose our bare bodies to the healthgiving rays of the sun, there would be fewer "nervous wrecks" less hatred and a better world of men.

So at the beck and call of my young fledgling, who is a very tyrant, but a sweet one, until her bath time comes and her second breakfast and nap. Then to scan the morning papers, up into town to listen to election post-mortems of its and aldermen; and right glad this morning that it is all over for three months at least. Still, I don't know what we Kentuckians would do without them. We must have our elections and, like our biscuits, we want them often and hot--the hotter the better. And our demagogues are becoming more expert in furnishing the heating elements. But in our little internecine battle of Saturday, there was little heat and a gorgeous next day to dissipate what fumes there were, for which thank the Lord!

At this, that and t'other until dinner time, after which my "mid-summer lull," which weighs on me all too frequently of late, drives me to nap over as exciting a story as ever I read. And speaking of "vapors of the Change," this is a portent that I like not at all and that needs all the courage I can muster up to face. Thank the Lord, my girth does not kep pace with this after-dinner drowsiness--but then I never did have any girth to speak of, and doubtless never will, being as Enoch Grehan would say (and isn't) "sylph-like."

Late in mid-afternoon we take coach and away for a drive across a country lane, the most beautiful stretch of country in all season that I know. Now where the farmer has not used his mower, the fields are ablaze with rag weeds, but lovely even in their disheveled luxuriance. Along the roads and in some fields the Queen Anne's Lace lies like hundreds of old fashioned lace curtains spread out to dry. Strange that this delicate flower should crown a weed. Some of us in life's garden should be imbued with hope. But, Lord how beautiful it is--the gentle roll of the hills, the woodlands of walnut and ash, the lush green grass in the bottoms along the course of a meandering branch, the iron weeds nodding to the swelling promise of purple flowering. Do you remember how the horse weeds that grew about the old swimming hole felt to the bare skin? But also you remember the verbena-like aroma that came from the bruised leaves. These memories, I think, are the magnifying glasses through which I see the summer countryside. Else why should horse weeds, dense green forests along the creek bank seem beautiful? Why should I thrill to a branch that winds through the meadow, the rise of a field lark, the sound of horses grazing, the slither of their feet in the grass and plantain; the caw of the crow, red hawk, a pawpaw, the scaly bark of a hickory, a weeping willow, thorn trees, iron weeds, a wackberry, hickory-nut smoke, the call of a red-headed woodpecker, the smell of bruised ragweed, hemp, and corn cakes proclaiming the perfume of their browning to a summer dawn? It is because, I think, these are of the warp and woof of a chain of pleasant memories stretching back to boyhood. These are my glasses that magnify perhaps, that are rose-tinted surely.

Late in the evening to the lake and there drift my boy in his boat and pretend to fish though more interested in the snowy beauty of a kildee's wings and breast and in watching the barn martins in their graceful flight. As the sun dips behind the hill, there is a violet light on the water and in the west are tints that may never, I think, be correctly put on canvas. Along the grasses at the water's edge, the night-singing insects tune up their ecstacy-violining; the lowing of the cattle comes distantly, a sheep bell tinkles; and so peacefully, so sweet is it all that only the lengthening shadows send us over the hill and home.

* * * *

Reading tonight there comes to me a sounding line from the Scriptures, one that has always intrigued me. It must have been written I think, by one who felt his inability to enjoy to the full, to appreciate as it should be appreciated the wonder that is the world about us--the beauty of field and stream and forest, the grandeur of the heavens, the immensity of space--

"The heavens declare the glory
of God,
And the firmament sheweth his
handiwork."

Something beyond the groping mind of man, this handiwork, this glory of the heavens, beauty of the earth. Very wonderful it is and passing beautiful to me, and though I have a feeling of inability to enjoy to the full the loveliness of an earth that blooms each spring but to die; that dies each autumn but to bloom again I may learn faith perhaps from it all- and from the little folk that now begin to sing through the still nights, valiantly vocal until touched by the finger of the frost, I may learn courage and contentment.

Musing thus, there comes to me from the leafy coverts of the maples the sweet quavering croon of the little brown owl like a peaceful benediction.

So, presently, in mighty great content to sleep.

The Flag And The Fourth

Symbols play a very important part in our lives. The values we most esteem as Americans are symbolized by our flag. It is through symbols that man lives and loves. Those ages are the noblest which place the highest value on symbolic worth as a means of indicating real values.

Every day in most of the schools of America our nation's children recite their pledge of allegiance to our flag and to our country. Nowhere is the flag more honored than by our military forces throughout the world. It should be honored in every home in the United States. Freedom that is taken for granted will be taken away.

HELLO AND WELCOME

The Circuit Clerk
Beulah Hughes

National Award-Winning Hometown Column

THE HO TWIN
By Russ Metz

"Have you been pollinating your petunias with my electric toothbrush again," I asked my little bride the other funky morning. The Chinese army had marched through my mouth barefooted again.

"It's the chlorophyll in your bourbon toothpaste," she answered sweetly. "You know how lecherous that stuff gets when it's stoned and you tickle it."

Life starts off enough on the shaky side at our house in the morning without being attacked by an amorous toothbrush with bad breath. I'm not in any mood for fooling around at that early hour.

Progress passed me long ago. It used to be when our young son asked about the birds and the bees I could tell him. What I didn't know I could fake. When I couldn't fake it, I could send him to see his mother.

But how do you tell a young boy that the father of the tomato he is eating is an electric toothbrush?

Don't look so startled. It threw me, too, the first time I heard about it. And I've been dabbling in this bird-and-bee business a long time. While everyone else was trying to get abortions on people, I was trying to get an apple tree to have a miscarriage. Apples dropped on your doorstep can be almost as upsetting as orphans, you know.

But back to the birds and electric toothbrushes. Ever since Dr. Frankenstein hacked up a batch of people and sewed the pieces into one beautiful, lovable monster, creation has gotten a little out of kelter. Artificial insemination of animals and people is old hat. There is even talk of creating a super race through one super gene strain. A woman in Australia goes on fertility drugs and has a litter of nine.

So when this fellow was explaining to us how a proposed new greenhouse to raise tomatoes would operate, a natural question came up: If you are going to grow these tomato plants inside a glass house, away from the bees, how would the blooms become pollinated so they would produce tomatoes?

"Each day a workman must tickle each bloom on the plant with an electric toothbrush," he told us. I've been suspicious of those things ever since.

A fellow getting replaced by the ice man, a fat drummer or a meter reader I can understand. But losing out to an electric toothbrush is carrying this fun and games thing out of the ball park.

"You have a dirty mind," says our son's mother.

"And a toothbrush with a nasty taste, too," says I.

When I saw this old horror movie on the late show about plants from another planet coming to earth for the purpose of wiping out our civilization, I thought that was about as ridiculous as anything Hollywood has dreamed up. Maybe not. The plant probably figured out their father was a toothbrush and it made them mad enough to want to kill everything that had teeth.

I don't believe in playing around with nature unnaturally. We got enough genuine nuts falling off the tree now without a new batch of hybrids from tampering with the buds. Even if you do understand it yourself, it's too hard to explain to your children.

We love westerns at our house. And one night we were watching this movie, in which a cowboy was told by his foreman "Go in the corral and rope that gelding for me."

Immediately, our son spouts, "What's a gelding?"

Mother looks at me with a "you got the ball, baby, look" and I knew I should have gone to that club meeting. The what's are not usually as hard as the why's to answer, if you can keep it that simple. You need to play it quick, calm, cool and collected. I simply told him:

"A gelding is a horse that runs with the herd, but only on a consulting basis."

--tpt--

This being National Ignoramus Week, I submit this little problem for bank embezzlers, IRS investigators, expense account padders and other flim-flam men:

Three men were in the city for a convention. They took a hotel room for $30 and each man paid $10. Later the desk clerk discovered he had made a mistake and that the cost of the room was only $25. He sent a bellboy to the men's room with the $5 that was due. The bellboy, knowing he had to split the $5 three ways, kept $2 for himself so each man would receive a dollar in refund.

Each man received his dollar, which meant they paid only $9 for the room. Three times $9 is $27 and $2 for the bellboy's share comes to $29. Where is the other dollar?

--tpt--

Anyone who has showed up on time for a club meeting to find no one there, or tried to collect club dues, or waited for a committee to do something, knows his community is ripe for a Procrastinator's Club.

They have one in Milwaukee and members believe in putting off things as long as possible. Not long ago the club got around to protesting the War of 1812 with appropriate slogans like "President Madison: This Is Your War."

You don't catch them getting on their high horses about anything. They believe in asserting their rights on putting things off until the problem goes away or they have time to think about it. Naturally, any member who pays his dues on time is automatically thrown out of the club for being completely out of step with everyone else.

I attend about as many tardy meetings as the next procrastinator in my town. And you soon learn to cool your heels or join the late crowd. So it seems the reflective thing to do is form a Procrastinator's Club and act natural.

Anyone quick to join should be blackballed and an appropriate starting project could be a protest against cold feet immigration law. Picket signs should be directed against the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria, with the message: "Spaniard, go home."

Menane.

An electric toothbrush on your family tree can look mighty suspicious

Welcome to Carlisle And The Blackberry Festival.

Duncan Electric Shop

Daniel Boone Story At Fort Harrod

The Legend of Daniel Boone is showing nightly (except Mondays) at the Old Fort Harrod State Park Amphitheatre in Harrodsburg. The focus of this exciting outdoor drama is on Daniel Boone, the man, and how through his struggles in helping settle the Kentucky frontier, he became Daniel Boone, the legend. His yearning to be a free man with plenty of elbow room around him caused him to endure great personal sacrifices and suffer many disappointments. Dick Callaway, Boone's friend and the father of his son-in-law, became very bitter and disillusioned, blaming Daniel for the loss of land claims and accusing Boone of treason. The danger and excitement... the many hardships the pioneers suffered...the happy moments in their lives are all seen in this drama of Kentucky's Heritage. Much research was done to insure that the Legend of Daniel Boone is historically correct in its chronology and major events. The play, written by Jan Hartman, Guggenheim Award winning playwright, starts at 8:30 p.m. (EDT).

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