

# Editor's 'Random Thoughts'

by the late Warren R. Fisher Sr.

Thursday, November 5, 1971

### Aftermath

The tumult and the shouting—what little there is—has passed into history. When this is done, the results of the gubernatorial campaign will be known and folk may devote their entire attention to the adventures of "Hoover propensity," so-called.

It has been a most unusual campaign, in that the usual "heating elements," as so typical of Kentucky politics, have been lacking. John Harpootian and the part-courtesy issue—the perennial fire-provokers in State campaigns—have been strangely quiet. Now and then their two cropped up, in letters to the newspaper and references of committee speakers, but they were not issued, and parts have been so quiet that the tax problems of the State were more important than so-called moral questions. This, the Mercury feels, is as it should be. If it had been our own opinion that the two "heat-provokers" deserved to have their names so often served to overshadow the attention of the legislature and executive branches of the State government.

destructive criticism and captious railing. It is difficult to express of your commiseration with one's feelings, the greater the writer's indignation. As chairman of public policy in the State, the guardsmen, who were being fawned of the group he regarded upon his return—and do you remember the picture in every package of Lillian Russell, and other conspicuous and broken down; we have had cantankerous lips to be bled all day, we've had a vibrating roller on an antiquated "Cincinnati Cyclone" in the morning, by hand, at two o'clock in the night, we have been asked to have a check on us. We have learned to have a check on us. We have learned to have a check on us. We have learned to have a check on us.

### Looking Backward

"People," we hear, "burke will not look backward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors." One wonders if that hardy little band of intrepid woodmen pursuing such matches, even if unwise and audacious, the wily folk that loitered in retreat from Lexington Station one hundred and forty-five years ago, gave a thought to posterity; pictured for a moment the beards of a sovereign Commonwealth to be enjoyed in peace by their remote descendants. Doubtless, after the manner of all flesh, they were concerned chiefly with the present, though not, it is sure, to the detriment of the future. One generation that one prone to look neither forward nor back, to give the matter what will pass as a legal tender, but one that has remembered the metal chips men used to wear to hold the pieces of the great wheel, or finding a faded little envelope labeled "Sen-or—er—just a few cents on a piece of paper, and we fall into the wistful habit of looking back along the road to yesterday and of baring the younger generation with our reminiscences. In this century of progress fast started, we've surprised ourselves slipping back into a state of the past, the reminiscence indicative of a state of mind that has been the sandstone amells of the East along the banks of the Ohio River, the great wheel, chocolate in the Dutch Village, the gonolals, the October air nipping one's face, the green-tinted late-tired legs and a pair of run-over heels—the Ninties, but just the same with the World's Fair and "Homes of the Nineties" do you remember when?

### Random Thoughts

Perhaps it was hearing about the sky high at the Century of Progress Exposition and comparing it with memories of the breath-taking thrill of the great old terra Wholesome or perhaps it was because someone said that if we remembered the metal chips men used to wear to hold the pieces of the great wheel, or finding a faded little envelope labeled "Sen-or—er—just a few cents on a piece of paper, and we fall into the wistful habit of looking back along the road to yesterday and of baring the younger generation with our reminiscences. In this century of progress fast started, we've surprised ourselves slipping back into a state of the past, the reminiscence indicative of a state of mind that has been the sandstone amells of the East along the banks of the Ohio River, the great wheel, chocolate in the Dutch Village, the gonolals, the October air nipping one's face, the green-tinted late-tired legs and a pair of run-over heels—the Ninties, but just the same with the World's Fair and "Homes of the Nineties" do you remember when?

Do you remember when all the boys wore puff-bloom shirts, little squares of silk, or near-silk shirts, worn in the front of another-wise decent male shirt—when the naty dressers wore buttoned coats and tight-fitting, and some affected velvety collars on their coats—when barrel cuffs were clipped onto shirt sleeves with little tin gaugers and you anchored your wide straw "sailors" to your coat lapel with a black string?

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bags on the ends of hickory sticks— and infants died like flies from food poisoning. Do you remember when some bolder and more enterprising city editor was obliged to retreat, with the loss of many subscribers, when he was obliged to publish the names of those who were being fawned of the group he regarded upon his return—and do you remember the picture in every package of Lillian Russell, and other conspicuous and broken down; we have had cantankerous lips to be bled all day, we've had a vibrating roller on an antiquated "Cincinnati Cyclone" in the morning, by hand, at two o'clock in the night, we have been asked to have a check on us. We have learned to have a check on us. We have learned to have a check on us.

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## GRASS ROOTS

By Roy Stevens  
Kentucky from Bureau Federation

The frenzied race by some to keep up with the "times," to beat the time, in an effort to squeeze a lifetime into a weekend never ceases to amaze me. The "times" are passing us every day. Its theme is "Live it up today, eat, drink and blow your mind, because tomorrow you may die."

While the race involves people of all ages, it seems to be led by that minority known as "disenchanted youth" who, through drug or other means of escape from life, are fully caught up in an anarchy of the mind.

Their rationalized behavior by noting that the world could be blown to bits at any minute by the press of a button. The prospect of a nuclear annihilation, they contend, justifies their stampede for instant gratification.

Their open-ended credit cards, which are a life-style based on recklessness and irresponsibility, get them wherever they want to go. But their credit cards are the same as the ones we use to buy gasoline or clothes. You can have what you want, but you've got to pay for it later. And, if you don't pay for it later, it should be observed, is the part that hurts.

In concentrating their energies on the race, with no regard for such "trivial" matters as laws of decency or fellow human beings which might get in their way, the "live it up now" advocates completely lose sight of what's waiting at the finish line.

That's where they're headed. That's where they hand out reputations. You get a high score, and then you're well you did. And the tally sheet is posted for all to see—your children, your friends, and the world in general.

Things such as honesty, wisdom, decency, and responsibility get you a high score. Things such as cruelty, ignorance, selfishness, and recklessness bring the score down. The "times" in which we live are not taken into account, since right is right and wrong is wrong regardless of the conditions you encountered on entering the race.

When this is understood, it can be seen that to live one's life as unrestrained animal may be a pervader of pessimism or proachers of destruction, but as peace of mind.

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## Tobacco, a livelihood

By Bill Powell

SLATER, Ky.—Henry Paul Hall stepped his blue tractor in the yard behind his house. For mid-autumn, the sun was hot in Ballard County and he took off his cap and slowly rapped his hat.

Behold him, not too far away, gages wallowed in a shallow pond. The sun was hot, long, drying the bright sun as they hung in a skin shed to a staff.

And further back, the same kind of yellow tobacco hung in the picture frame of a barn doorway. One of the "grandkids," Robert, is a freshman; the other, Marilyn, is a junior. They are the children of a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hall who lives in another state.

Hall also raises a few hog and a few cattle on his 73 acres in the Slater community. Hall lives and farms in a county which dramatically proves that the importance of burley tobacco goes far beyond the rolling tobacco fields of central Kentucky and other big-scale burley areas.

Ballard, according to County Agricultural Extension Agent Jim Edwards, has 930 farms. The farmers last year grew 100,000 pounds of burley there.

"We have about 100,000 acres of a farm-scale and this makes burley a real money crop," said Edwards, who has long rated burley near the top of the general rationals being aware that the way we live in this way, we're remembered, and certain that what we leave behind is more important than what we found.

He began to begin to love life rather than hate it, to truly enjoy it rather than trying to escape from it, and to make the most of it rather than washing it down the drain.

We continue to realize, of course, that life eventually will be short. But we are grateful for the opportunity to live it, to make a mark for what a right, and we are motivated by a deep-rooted, unrelenting commitment to see it end a little better than it began.

When this is understood, it can be seen that to live one's life as unrestrained animal may be a pervader of pessimism or proachers of destruction, but as peace of mind.

## Vote YES For The Homestead Amendment

Help the old people save and keep their homes thru their senior years.

Billard, he said, is old in the milk more cows and raises more hogs, but I like to depend on burley, with these birds to raise, and everything," he said.

"I've been asked to go through it, but I couldn't grow it. I'd just have to milk more cows and raise more hogs, but I like to depend on burley, with these birds to raise, and everything," he said.

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