

Babson's forecast

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However, there may not be a smooth flight for the stock market, if only because of the overhanging danger of

labor troubles which will threaten virtually the entire year ahead. Nevertheless, barring an unpredictable major adverse development, many of the clouds which have been in the doldrums fall have an opportunity to catch up with the parade. Among the groups that can give a good account of themselves in 1973 are those related to the energy crisis, the research and development in chemicals, electronics, and insurance issues; and those which stand to benefit most from the increase in business capital spending and stepped-up foreign trade. The intense atmosphere along the labor front in the new year could also attract investors to the stocks of concerns dealing in equipment that would out back excessive labor costs.

Promising though the stock market outlook may be at this transition period—1972 into 1973—the staff of Babson's reports is of the opinion that investors should employ a healthy measure of conservatism in their investment moves. However, for instance, one who wishes upward; to operate on a long-term investment game plan. Give due consideration to the fundamental quality of investment selections and to securing at least a reasonable degree of diversification for your portfolio. In addition, keep on hand some investment reserves at all times.

Grace G. Edisson, M.D.

What is a physician who's spent all her life in major eastern seaboard cities doing in rural Kentucky? If she's Grace G. Edisson, M.D., the answer is— plenty.

As director of District Three of the Division of Tuberculosis Control, State Department of Health, Dr. Edisson supervises treatment of patients, and TB detection efforts in 34 counties, including Nicholas.

She is an associate professor in the Department of Community Medicine, College of Medicine, University of Kentucky. She's always late to faculty meetings, but once there, can hold her own with her academic and professional physicians and professors who admit she's caught them by surprise.

She's also building a house, gardening and developing what she refers to as "the nasty habit of going to auctions, because I spend all my money." Originally from the Philadelphia area, Dr. Edisson is a graduate of Wellesley College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. She was a Fellow at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, New York City, for two years.

Prior to coming to Kentucky, she conducted a three-year pilot study for Albert Einstein College of Medicine, treating New York inner-city TB patients at home instead of in a hospital. Dr. Mac (anderson, M.D., director of Kentucky's TB Control Division, heard the report which gave at the American Thoracic Society. He immediately set about recruiting Dr. Edisson for his staff. He planned to initiate similar at-home TB treatment in Kentucky and wanted "the best person I could find" to help set up the program. Dr. Edisson came to Kentucky on Jan. 1, 1972.

The Old Farmer



"There's no sense in advancing your troubles. The one will lay them."

MAY ALL YOUR WISHES COME TRUE

Hope this coming year is a charmer. Our igneous thanks to all our patrons.



Time for a Happy New Year!



At this merry New Year, we send greetings and hope we can continue to serve you.

Sims' Jewelry

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

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HAPPY New Year

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Duncan Electric Shop



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Ratliff Bros.

John Keasler



One of the things that metropolitan newspapermen miss is that people seldom bring them anything. Newspapermen on small papers are brought practically everything, and looking back, I think I had a lot more fun on a country weekly than I do now.

Of course, the intervening 25 years may have something to do with it. But people on the small papers, would, say, bring you rocks shaped like ducks. Or potato shaped like pigs.

Once when I was on my home town weekly — "The Plant City (Fla.) Courier" — a farmer brought me a real armadillo. "John," he said, "I've never guess what I got in this orange crate."

"What have you got in the orange crate?"

"John," he said, "I'll just be darned if I know."

I put my head down, peered into the orange crate and jumped back, climbing the wall like a wide-eyed squirrel. Armadillo may be old but in Texas but a Central Florida boy remembers his first nose-to-nose eyeballing with an armadillo. It certainly breaks a hangover up.

"I have written many pieces of prose about potatoes. No two alike, and some of them worthy of Wode, or, at least — the ones I rhymed — Nick Kempy."

We would take the giant potato (turnip, carrot, whatever had gone out that week) across the street to the A & F, and weigh it. The story would appear:

"O.C. Smith Grows Huge Potato." There is a certain rightness to this and if the potato were both giant and shaped like a duck, pig, or whatever, it was a well-kept week. I have yet to have this feeling of accomplishment on a daily newspaper. The things people bring to metropolitan newspapers are so dull they would bore the horns of a billygoat.

(Except occasionally a start brought in by a great agent. But you do not get to keep the start.)

Arrowsheads are big news on most small papers. We had some pretty good arrowheads finders around Plant City, and I still treasure the memory of one headline:

"Local Man Finds Another Arrowhead." Also, diamondback rattlesnakes were good copy. Provided they were more than five feet long. (And — my one firm rule — dead.) You would get somebody over from the Arcade Photography to get a picture of the snake (and snake owner) if it were over six feet long.

The fascination was that when you worked on The Courier you never knew

More Fun On Weekly

what somebody might bring in that day. It might be the biggest paying masthead in East Hillsborough County.

Or it might be, and often was, a big strawberry shaped like an ox, shamrock, or whatever. (We did not write about giant strawberries, however. Strawberries were, and are, Plant City's main money crop, so you couldn't say any berry — regardless of size — was unusually big, or you would have a line outside the office, not to mention feeds, flatlights and canceled subscriptions.)

Lots of times people would bring you a sweet potato out in the truck.

"Yes," the editor would say, "Our Mr. Keasler will be right out. Hey, John! Sweet potato!"

All I would go to get it. "All my friends said I should bring it in and get it written up," the potato owner would say.

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much in matters of presumed common importance that sometimes it seems (50) basic purpose of the Fourth Edition is getting lost. The Giant Sweet Potato.

I'll read surveys and graphs, of modifiers of public opinion, but I'll really be thinking of a strawberry shaped like an arrowhead.

On the story I remember I wrote about this big turnip which was shaped exactly — if you were sufficiently visionary — like a male's head.

That was the last story I felt fully qualified to report on the more I read the more I think it is the only thing anybody fully understands, particularly the people writing the stuff.

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Scots celebrate Hogmanay, day

What's Hogmanay? It's the Scottish name for New Year's Eve — and first footing is what they call the tradition that dictates Scottish hospitality for the New Year celebration.

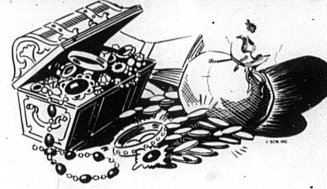
The first person to cross the threshold of any house on that occasion is supposed to do so bringing gifts to his or her host — gifts of food or coal, both tokens of warmth and friendliness. In return, the first-footer receives a drink.

But that's not all. People used to compete vigorously for the honor of being

a first-footer, and ran races from door to door. Their hosts might or might not be happy to welcome the visitors. If the first-footer were a woman, it meant bad luck for the year. But it was good luck if the first person across the threshold were a man, especially one known to have been born feet foremost — still better if he happened to be dark rather than fair.

Why the word "Hogmanay"? That's a mysterious still-similar words occur elsewhere, but origins are uncertain, at best.

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