Hungry, hon? Eat your heart out!

It would serve this country's whining, complaining penny-wise and pound-foolish housewives right if all the farmers started selling everything they produce to foreign countries.

The same goes for all the other food producers, processors, and distributors.

The typical modern American urban housewife, for all of her virtues—real and imagined—is a short-sighted, lazy, pampered little ingrate whose primary interests are her underarms, her hair, her hands, her hips, her over-indulged and overeducated children, her overweight and overpaid husband and the next thrilling episode of "General Hospital"—in that order.

A hard day's work in a grocery or a bakery would do her a lot of good. So would taking over the duties of a farm wife for a while. Maybe then she'd realize that these people have a right to make a decent living just as much as her union scale husband.

Whoever gave the urban housewife the idea that she's the only damned person in the world having a hard time making ends meet? When was the last time she had to send her kids off to school with a couple of cold biscuits and a hunk of fatback to hold them until suppertime, or flopped down, bone-weary after working from sunup to sundown, and worried about whether the frost was going to kill the money crop?

While milady of the suburbs is soaking in her tub in her Better Homes & Gardens bathroom, thousands of farm wives are scrapping off the dirt of an honest day's toil in a galvanized laundry tub. And while Miss City-britches is spraying on $10 worth of deodorant, skin softener, hair spray, and assorted beauty crap, the average farm wife is counting her blessings because she was able to swing for a bottle of Cornhusker's lotion and some Absorbine Junior.

If the urban housewife would stop organizing food boycotts and shovel a little cow manure, maybe she'd learn where milk comes from and how much work is involved before she strains herself ripping open that little waxed carton.

Boycott a grocery? Not me, sister. I still can remember how many people would have starved in this country if the independent grocers hadn't carried them on credit during the Depression.

Wise up! All that pretty food and those nice cuts of meat didn't just appear in the markets in a blinding flash of sparkledust. Millions of people worked their tails off to put it there for you—butchers, bakers, clerks, laborers, farmers, truck drivers, accountants, filling station attendants, and hundreds of other occupations. These people have dreams, too. They pay rent and taxes just like you do. And they deserve to make just as good a living as you do. Why single them out for destruction?

Why not your husband, the account executive? Why not your husband, the plumber? Why not your husband, the doctor? Why not your husband, the lawyer? Or why not—God help you—your husband, the newspaper writer?

You sit there in front of your color TV set with a $5,000 car in the garage, smelling like the Garden of Eden and looking 10 years younger than you are. You take a vacation every year. Your insurance premiums are paid up. Your husband has a good job. Your children are healthy. You don't have any chains around your ankles and the bombers won't come tonight. And you're going bananas because bread went up a penny a loaf! You make me sick.—Bob Brunfield of the Cincinnati Inquirer

AGREE or NOT

I Say What I Think

by S. C. VanCuron

FRANKFORT—Who's going to oppose Lt. Gov. Julian Carroll for the Democratic nomination for governor in 1975?

That question is stirring a lot of speculation in the political discussion here as government moves into the dog days of August.

The latest is that State Democrat Chairman J.R. Miller has put feelers out among the party leaders across the state but the man from Mississippi laughed it off as a rumor. When questioned about the rumor, Miller denied any intention, but he did use that old safety qualifier of "not at this time" to keep from closing the door.

When asked if Gov. Wendell Ford is planning to run for the U.S. Senate next year, Miller said, "He hasn't discussed it with me, and it hasn't been mentioned in our conversation." Miller also said, "We've got a fund raising drive coming up, and the governor has the 1974 session of the General Assembly before the U.S. Senate race in 1974." Miller dismissed the discussion of politics by saying it's too early. He did say you can probably find a dozen or more persons who are putting out feelers in both the governor's race and the U.S. Senate race. However, it's usually March in the legislative session when the real jockeying begins for position in the state races.

It's well known that Carroll is continuing to build his strength for the governor's race in 1975 and takes about every opportunity to fill speaking engagements across the state and to talk with local politicians. Observers here agree Carroll is the man to beat for the Democrat nomination.

Thomas O. Harris, commissioner of Environmental Protection and Natural Resources, gets mentioned as a potential candidate for governor, but party boss Miller parried this question that several names can be found that have been mentioned.

Another is Senator Billy Sullivan of Henderson who is president pro-tem of the Senate and is a strong backer of Gov. Ford. He gets mentioned as a potential candidate for governor and for the U.S. Senate. Miller said of Sullivan, "He's capable and qualified."

Jefferson County Judge Todd Hollenback is said to have feelers out for his prospects to challenge Republican Marlow Cook for the U.S. Senate. Fried Chicken Tycoon John Y. Brown Jr. also is viewed as a potential candidate, but he's not making any positive statements.

No potential candidate to oppose Carroll has been surfaced by Miller and the Ford Administration. The relations between Carroll and them still is on the chilly side, but Carroll plays it low key and refuses to provoke at incident or give Ford or Miller an opportunity to criticize him.

The other day Ford and Carroll were at a meeting of the Property and Buildings Commission—at opposite ends of the table. Neither mentioned the others name or directed any remarks to one another.

Ford has been getting all the national exposure he can on the political scene and his name is mentioned as a potential candidate for the vice presidency. As long as he keeps his name in the forefront no one in his party is likely to announce for the U.S. Senate until they find out Ford's definite plans.

When you get down to the lieutenant governor's post in 1975, you will hear the names of Parks Commissioner Ewart Johnson, Secretary of State Thelma Stovall and Atty. Gen. Ed Hancock. It's a lively summer topic.

MERCURY ADVERTISERS.
NICE PEOPLE TO BUY FROM.

A SONG OF THE PAST?

FARM & HOME

County extension agents
Estil J. Noffsinger
Sara Swango
Mrs. Margie Wilson

Caring for Knits

A look at men's knitwear from the customer's side of the counter. Some brief thoughts on the various fabrics and processes, plus some hints on what to be aware of when making a purchase.

Some comments on knits. One of the great pluses of knitwear is its easy care and cleaning. But here again, the watchword is: Be careful! When you consider that one fiber producer, alone, puts out 23 different types of acrylic fibers, you can imagine the complex of differing instructions on care.

Here are some quick tips on the care of knits:

Beware of severe laundering conditions for knits. This would include long wash cycle, hot water, high agitation, fast spin, also high temperature drying, overdrying, and excessively long tumbling. Instead, use a "Knitted Fabrics Cycle" if your washer is so equipped, or the "delicate" setting; use warm to medium water (according to color-fastness and amount of soil) for only six to ten minutes of medium or low agitation; use lowest spin speed to avoid wrinkles.

When you're loading your dryer, try to keep lightweight fabrics (most synthetics) separate from heavier weight fabrics (cotton, rayon, linen). The former dry much faster, and mixing of the two can result in overdrying of the synthetics, which is likely to cause shrinkage.

When caring for knitted fabrics, try to keep them apart from articles that have metal hooks, clips, etc., that might snag or damage knits. Or at least be sure all zippers are zipped and hooks hooked before going into the dryer. Turning knits inside out will also help prevent possible damage.

Your washable knits should be dry-cleaned every fifth or sixth cleaning for best shape retention.

Most commercial dry cleaners are geared up to meet the varying needs of knits in the cleaning process. The loosely knit, more delicate fabrics get what is called "custom" care, while tightly knit garments, more akin to woven fabric, receive more conventional treatment. Where such a two-system service exists, the difference between the two treatments lies generally in three areas. First, the "custom" garments are measured, both before and after the dry cleaning and drying processes. Second, the "custom" articles receive hanger, or "air" drying as opposed to conventional tumble drying. Third, the finishing process for "custom" articles is more detailed, including a special finishing unit for knits; removal by hand of any lint or fibers; measuring, plus blocking if necessary.

For those who want to do as much of their own garment care as possible at home, here's the most important step of all: **Follow that label!**

Twenty and forty years ago

Thursday, August 13, 1953

The McCann Business School, operated by Miss Mamie McCann of Flemingsburg opened in Carlisle last week in the Legion building.

Two Carlisle brothers, James, 26, and Kenneth, 19, McCarty, were hurt Friday evening when the motorcycle they were riding skidded into gasoline pumps of a service station on Main Street in Paris.

Cross Acres Grade A Dairy, operated by G.E. Curtsinger and son G.L. Curtsinger, began milk deliveries to local retailers. The dairy is owned jointly with Lewis Crosley, upon whose farm it is located.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Flora and family have purchased a home in Conn Terrace, Lexington, and will move there the last of the month.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Marshall of Cincinnati, a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, Sunday.—To Mr. and Mrs. Foster Pumphrey, a son, Mark Edwin, Aug. 6.—To Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Smith, Lexington, a son, Talbott Collins, Friday.

DIED—Marvin Brooks Morris, 28, Sunday at his home near Harrodsburg. —Humphrey Smart, 84, Dayton, Ohio, Monday.

Thursday, August 10, 1933

David W. Booth, fourth district magistrate, was appointed by the Nicholas County fiscal court, at a meeting held Tuesday, to fill out the unexpired term of the late Judge Paul Darnall.

All disbursements from the local relief office in the court house will cease Saturday night.

At the regular monthly meeting of Nicholas Post 17, American Legion, Friday night, E.R. Kendall and Lee B. Osborne were elected delegates to the state convention of the Legion to be held at Owensboro next week. John M. Wells and Vistor Carter were named alternates.

Among students registering at the University of Kentucky summer school from Nicholas county were Lalla S. Packman, Beulah Pickett Parsons, Mrs. Fannie Ruth Snelling, Charles G. Talbert, Nancy Elizabeth Talbert, Carlisle.

Following committees appointed at meeting of the Auxiliary of the American Legion Tuesday night by Mrs. John M. Wells, president: publicity, Mrs. Grimes Caywood; membership, Mrs. H.E. Colliver; rehabilitation, Mrs. L.W. Clark; Americanism, Mrs. W.B. Buntin; unit activities, Mrs. E.G. Metcalfe; poppy sale, Mrs. Stewart Dorsey; music, Mrs. Charles Crockett.

Miss Margaret Berry, county teacher, underwent a tonsil operation Tuesday at the local hospital.

Misses Ruth Kennedy and Frances Tureman will go to Chicago Saturday to attend the Century of Progress exposition there.

Sageser Kash, R.L. Norton Jr. and Charles M. Cox left Monday night for Chicago to attend the fair.

Miss Stella Wasson has moved from the Piper residence in the West end to the residence of the late Mrs. Bertie Potts on College Hill.

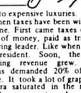
Mrs. J.W. Henry and daughter, Miss Lida Henry, have moved to the residence of Mrs. Katie H. Robinson on West Main Street, from the residence of Mrs. John Norvell.

MARRIED—Miss Margaret Snapp, Nicholas and Teddy Kendall, Cynthiana, March 31.—Miss Pauline Johnson, Sharpsburg and James W. Hazelrigg, Carlisle, in Cynthiana, Friday evening. —Miss Wenonah Suit and Bridges Moreland, both of Mason, at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Cleve Grover near Miranda, Monday afternoon.

DIED—Mrs. Nannie Letton Patton, at the hospital in Paris.

National award-winning syndicated hometown column

Russ Metz



Has success spoiled our old-fashioned mental marvels?

"The reason you don't see no more mental marvels like Rube Fields no more is because getting an education has ruined them," an oldtimer at the whittling bench was telling me the other day.

I listened because I'm not a mental genius and have to learn things as I go along. And we were talking about the fact that during the generation before ours had produced a number of mathematical wizards throughout the country and it appeared to be a mystery why there hadn't been any lately. That's when the old codger ventured his opinion. And he just may be right.

One such mental marvel was an illiterate North Carolina man, Jonse Mauney, a former slave, who awed villagers with his lightning calculations. Given large numbers and asked to add, multiply, divide, extract square root, or do other arithmetical operations, he issued correct answers instantly. His specialty was state how many seconds old a person was.

Although Mauney couldn't or wouldn't explain his strange gift – he simply said it came to him in the woods one day – such ability no longer mystifies modern investigators. Fast figuring, they have learned, can be literally child's play. It never came to me as a kid in my playing around.

Case histories of 45 known prodigies show that they calculated as young children, usually before they could read or write. The rudiments of this ability proved to be simply knowing how to count, a good memory unburdened with any other knowledge, and an interest in playing with numbers. Practice did the rest. Intelligence was not particularly needed, though five of the 45 became noted mathematicians. Most stayed uneducated and at least six were feeble-minded, four being kept in institutions.

Rube lived back in the latter 1800's in my county and got a reputation as a mathematical whiz kid and a trencherman, not necessarily in that order. His folks ran a country store, which ran in the red because Rube was always eating the groceries faster than his pappy could haul them in in his jolt wagon.

When it came time to send Rube to school, dad breathed a sigh of relief and began restocking his bare shelves. Rube lasted about three days. In that short time he managed to clean out every lunch pail in the schoolhouse and keep the kids in a state of shock with creepy critters he'd bring in from the woods.

Somehow he got the hint that doing the inventory once a year with a sweep of his eyes was not exactly enough work even from a genius to pay for all the vittles he consumed in between, so Rube took off for the hinterlands. He bummed around the community telling people what time it was any hour of the day or night or how many times a wagon wheel turned on any trip as long as their hog jaw and hominy held out. Then he'd mosy into town and inventory a store for something to eat or a pair of boots. He always took the largest pair the store had. He reasoned he was getting more for his services that way. And I guess you'd have to say he was right again.

Rube only worked when he felt like it. One day a merchant asked him to calculate his stock for him. Rube declined. This infuriated the storekeeper, who punched Rube in the snoot. By this time in his career, Rube had considered himself something of a mystic and left town in a huff, letting it be known that he was hexing the whole kit and kaboodle by wishing a storm would come up and blow Sodom right off'n the hill.

The following Sunday when a dark cloud arose in the west, a panic started. Within a short time every livery stable was hired out. The roads were filled with people on horses, bicycles, buggies

and afoot, all claiming they were going on outings in the country. The storm fizzled and Rube was not the kingfish for a long time among townfolks.

Rube left the state after it became apparent there could be no reconstruction with the ravages of the Civil War and Fields both burdening the state. You get the idea someone hauled him off like you would a dog that had become a nuisance.

I reminded my whittling buddy that maybe the mental marvels of today were down at Huntsville, Oak Ridge and Cape Kennedy figuring how to populate the moon.

"With the number of lunch breaks they take, Rube would have liked it down there," he concluded.

–tpt–

At last we know why taxes are so high. It is something we have suspected for a long time.

A University of Wisconsin professor laid it on the line to a convention of the League of Women Voters. "You've had your fun and now you're paying for it," he told them. He said that because they thought it fashionable back in the 1950's to have large families, we now have lots of kids and high taxes. Both start out as innocent little additions and grow into expensive luxuries.

But then taxes have been with us for a long time. First came taxes of a kind, instead of money, paid as tribute to a conquering leader. Like when we elect a new president. Soon, the idea of producing revenue grew. Egyptian Pharaohs demanded 20% of all farm produce. It took a lot of grapes to keep Cleopatra saturated in the manner to which she was accustomed.

In Greece, they taxed doorways, and in Rome one historian wrote, "taxes fell like hailstones." Romans knew poll, income, excise and property taxes, and almost anything else imaginable including levies on togas and funerals. It took a lot of scratch to hold over Barnum & Bailey until they ran out of Christians.

Medieval taxes evolved from church tithes, following the earlier pattern of tribute payments. In the Renaissance, peasants, then tenant farmers, paid levies on the produce, Russia taxed beards and France fireplaces. An English revolution was touched off in 1318 when a tax collector was killed. One Brittany farmer beat a tax rap on horses by riding his cow to market.

Our own history is filled with tax disturbances including the Stamp Act which started the Revolutionary War. We don't revolt much anymore. Everyone knows that taxes are important. How else could you pay for such good bureaucratic work as the Interdepartmental Screw Thread Committee? This august body, which now costs an estimated $250,000 a year, was originally established by Congress in 1918. Its purpose was to hasten the conclusion of WWI by helping nuts and bolts come together. A complex task when you have so many nuts in Washington and we shouldn't expect results overnight. Maybe in another 55 years...

And if you didn't have taxes how could a gourmet quartermaster in the Army purchasing department corner the market on Kellogg's freeze-dried tuna-salad mix? He wound up with an 82-year supply of the stuff for our military commissaries in Europe, which is good enough for those GI grunts. That'll teach them to complain about the mutton messhalls.

Or take that 1500 tons of feathers the government has stashed away as strategic and critical materials to fulfill national requirements in the event of an emergency. The feather stash is deemed sufficient to keep our troops warm in the event of a major war along Hudson Bay. And the storage costs are only $59,000 a year so what's the beef. It costs only a little more to go first class.

When you spend enough money, you can't help but get a bargain sometimes. Take President Nixon's Heroin Hotline program, 41 long-distance connections manned by interviewers and narcs waiting for hot dope tips. It only cost $260,000 the first four months to get 28,079 obscene and crank phone calls.

Ben Franklin wrote: "Only two things in this life are certain – death and taxes." What the taxpayer resents is that they don't come in that order.

Onward, downward.

MERCURY VAPOURS

by Warren R. Fisher

This from J. Earle Bell's "About Most Anything" in the Union County Advocate, Morganfield:

"Couple of Sunday mornings ago we were standing out on the street before Sunday School time watching the parade in celebration of the 100th anniversary of Bowman Chapel CME Church, when all of a sudden we were tapped on the back by a fine gentleman with a big smile who told us, "I'm 97 years old" . . . He was Rev. Melvin Hunt, who now resides in Ohio, and is a former pastor of the local CME Church . . . The Advocate ran a feature story on him not too long ago . . . We just don't recall being tapped on the shoulder before by a 97-year-old citizen."

The Rev. Mr. Hunt retired Aug. 6, 1972 after serving the Carlisle Wesley Chapel CME Church for three years.

Friends of Rev. Hunt will see that his retirement did not take him out of circulation and that he is well and still traveling.

—MV—

Civilization is a system under which a man pays a dime to park his car so he won't be fined a dollar while spending fifteen cents for a nickel cup of coffee.

—MV—

Every now and then we notice that our fingers get crossed up on the typewriter keys. We would suppose it is from keeping them crossed around the Compuwriter.

—MV—

A new man named Dodgin was hired as foreman in a large factory. The first day, while making his rounds, he found two men sitting on a packing case in a hidden corner, and he stopped near them.

"Haven't seen you before. Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"We are too," answered the two men. "Sit down and have a smoke with us."

—MV—

Try it you will like it

"As far as electricity is concerned, it is not a matter of try it you will like it. It is more like try to do without it, and you'll hate it!" Gosh we'd never manage to get this newspaper published. There's not enough foundry type left to do a good sized hand bill and then trying to hand-crank an old job press in order to print what little we could set, just isn't our cup of tea.

—MV—

Danny Fair, Main Street, has a song which is being considered for commercial release in an album entitled **"The Now Sounds of Today"**. The information was furnished by Columbine Records. The song title is "65 Stang Ray."

The Carlisle Mercury

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Nursing Home News

by Mrs. Virginia Smith Donovan

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. James 5:16.

Recently Mrs. Spencer Taylor and Mrs. Frances Broderick visited Mrs. Effie Taylor and probably others. Mrs. Taylor's father, the late Eddie Sparks, was my first teacher at the Mt. Carmel School. I went with several of his half brothers. I think Frank Sparks lives around Hooktown now; read his name in the Mercury once in a while. Charley used to work for my daddy.

Elmer Frederick said Tincy Frederick who married his cousin was a good tobacco stripper.

If you hear the piano it's probably one of the candy stripers, May Ann Harper, playing. If she learns to play as well as her mother can sing they will make quite a pair. May Ann's partner, Pam Bowles, sits right beside her on the bench. May Ann said Mrs. Edith Blake was her teacher. We both agreed that she was a good one.

Mrs. Tincy Frederick's niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Frankie T. Reizenburg of Dayton, Ohio visited her Wednesday. They brought pretty flowers.

This morning when Barbara came she had a card and a letter for me. The card was from Joanie Conley. It had the picture of the hotel where she and Jock were attending a seminar in New York.

The letter was from my good neighbor and friend Edna Huddleson, thanking me for the birthday card she received from me July 11. She also said the Clarks and Hunts made them good neighbors. Said she hadn't seen her good helper, Bessie Frederick, since school closed.

Believe it was Friday that I had such a pleasant surprise. My cousin, Nora Burris, Louise Delaney and Carolyn Snapp came to see me. Nora is about the nearest to a sister I ever had. Her mother and mine were sisters and my daddy and her husband were first cousins. My girls, all three, call her Aunt Nora. Nora said so many Kenton county teachers called her to ask about me. Kenton county holds a "big spot" in my heart, for I spent half my life there.

Rev. and Mrs. David Ohrt of Wilmore visited Mrs. Elizabeth Hickey and others Sunday.

Mrs. Ruby Letcher is working for Lizzie Ratliff who is away due to illness.

The new minister of the Methodist Church, Rev. Richard Chamberlin, had charge of the Sunday worship service. About 20 were present. The scripture was taken from John 14th chapter. Rev. Chamberlin said we should enjoy our religion now and not just try to keep it as a sort of insurance policy. Harvey Gaunce and Mrs. Sterling Blake sang a duet, "He Loveth Me." I believe the Methodists have found another good preacher.

Frances Hughes came Monday afternoon. Everyone was glad to see her. Her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Veach Duckett, came with her and Mrs. Duckett's daughter, Mary Elizabeth Cowan came too. Mrs. Duckett and her daughter were from North Carolina. Mrs. Duckett had not been back to Nicholas county for 34 years. When I get back to see J.A. Caywood who is in a nursing home in Boone county I'll have so much to tell him. Every time I go to see him he asks about the Fishers, Veaches and Hopkins'. He was my "boss" for 33 years while in Kenton county.

Nurse Helen Fisher said while her son "Butch" was in the local hospital she met some of the Donovans who asked about me. These were the Fleming county ones.

Turner Donahue said when he first married and lived at Saltwell Mr. and Mrs. Vernie Stone ran a grocery and cream station there and he bought all his groceries at their store.

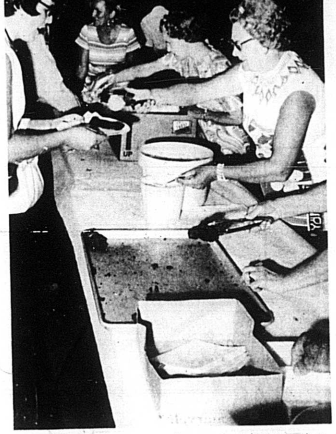
Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Campbell and family came to see Dennis' aunt, Mrs. Aurel Weathers, but she had gone to visit her brother Bruce at Falmouth. Mrs. Weathers had a nice visit with her brother but was sorry that she didn't get to see her nephew and family while there.

WISH I'D SAID THAT

"Nowadays a lucky coin is any coin you still have."—**Lee R. Call**, Star Valley (Wyo.) Independent.

"You should learn from the mistakes of others. You can't live long enough to make all of them yourself."—**Dale Holdridge**, The Langford (S.D.) Bugle.

"Carry only today's burden, don't add to it the burden of yesterday and the day before."—**Mrs. Gary Hiott**, The Pickens (S.C.) Sentinal.



Fish Fry

Have some slaw and tarter sauce to go with the generous chunk of fish served at the Nicholas-Robertson County District fish fry Aug. 1 at Blue Licks State Park.—Mercury photo

MEDICINE CHEST

by H. BOSWELL YORK, R. PH.

Would you recommend several drugs which are good for treating urinary tract infections. -- P.S.

It would be foolish for me to recommend any medicines for treating any infections. Selection of a medicine for infection takes into account such factors as: (1) Which one works best against the bacterias, (2) which one causes the least side effects, (3) which is the easiest to administer. It is unusual for a medicine to meet all criteria perfectly. The selection will be a compromise. You should, however, let your physician know of any side effects. He may have a better alternative.

One of my children reacts severely to insect bites and stings. Can you tell me the name of a first-aid kit which prevents the reactions from being severe? -- M.L.T.

It's called Ana-Kit and it's manufactured by Hollister Stier. This kit requires a prescription, so contact your doctor. It should cost you less than $6 and provide you with much peace of mind.

What does the Antidote and First Aid for Poisoning Chart say about plant poisoning? -- Mr. M.

It says: "Keep calm -- do not panic -- call for help. Any plant is a potential poison. Induce vomiting if convulsions are not imminent. Give artificial respiration if necessary." Send a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to me, plus 25 cents, in care of this newspaper for this valuable chart.

What are some of the items in a medicine chest which could cause allergies when you use them while sunbathing? -- Mrs. K.

Antibiotics, birth control pills, perfumes and colognes. If you develop a sun allergy, chances are it's due to something you rubbed on or something you took internally.

Why aren't people routinely vaccinated against smallpox anymore? -- M.L.

There has not been one documented case of smallpox in the United States since 1949. In the opinion of the Federal Drug Administration and other public health agencies the benefits do not outweigh the risks even though the risks are very small.

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GET YOUR $ WORTH

BY SALLY AND JIM ADAMS

THE BEST MATTRESS FOR YOU: I

Last June the strict new flammability standards for new mattresses prescribed by the Federal Trade Commission went into effect. That spells greater safety for you, particularly if you're in the habit of smoking in bed.

It also means that the extra cost of building mattresses that will pass the rigid flammability tests will be passed on to the consumer – probably about $10 at the retail level.

Which isn't so bad. You spend a third of your life in bed, and a good quality mattress will last 10 or 15 years – so the cost-per-night is only a few pennies. That's why we advise you to buy the very best mattress you can afford – it's a good investment in comfort and health.

Do you need a new mattress? If your old one is more than 10 years old, take a close look at it. Does it have lumps and hollows, bulging sides, springs you can feel through the ticking? If so, now is the time for a change -- better quality mattresses are usually on sale in August. Here's what you should consider before you buy.

What kind of mattress will you be happier with – innerspring or foam? Innersprings come in two basic types. The open coil has springs joined by ties or clips, with anywhere from 180 to 1,000 springs for a double size. The more springs the better, in terms of firmness and long wear. The second type is called the Marshall mattress, with springs in individual cloth pockets joined together to form strips. A good one will have about 800 coils.

Many people today prefer a foam mattress, made either of latex (rubber) or urethane (plastic). They come from four to six inches in thickness and are nonallergenic, mildew-proof and mold-resistant. They meet flammability standards. Further, a foam mattress doesn't have to be turned over four times a year, as you should do with an innerspring.

Since you're going to buy a good quality mattress (we hope), you won't go wrong with either innerspring or foam. But where you can go wrong is in the crucial matters of size and firmness. Chances are you're sleeping on a mattress that's too small and too soft. We'll discuss those important points next week.

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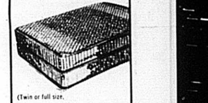
WAKE-UP RARIN' TO GO
when you sleep on a
SPRING AIR
BACK SUPPORTER
MATTRESS



(Twin or full size, mattress or box spring)

- Exclusive Karr flexible end coils for firm inner support with luxurious surface comfort.
- "Health Center" provides extra shoulder-to-knee support.
- No slope toward edges, no sag in middle.

Garrett's

TRU-TEST
PAINT MATES

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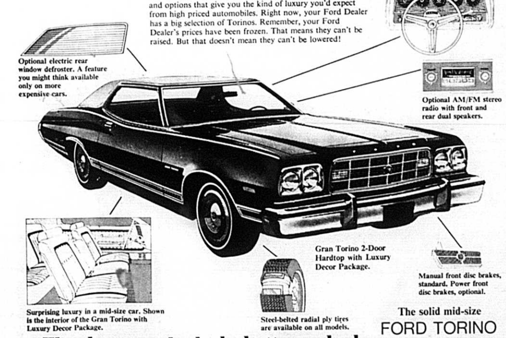

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