Mayor proclaims Saturday Hunting and Fishing Day

Because of the outstanding contributions that America's hunters and fishermen have made to conservation, recreation and the economy, they are deserving of special recognition.

Since the turn of the century, hunters and anglers have been the leaders in nearly all major conservation programs. These sportsmen-conservationists are responsible for the founding of state fish and game departments in all 50 states. They asked that they, themselves, be required to buy licenses and that the money collected be used to support state conservation agencies. In the last 36 years alone, these sportsmen have provided $2.5 billion for conservation programs.

Through their publications and organizations—such as the National Wildlife Federation, Ducks Unlimited, Izaak Walton League of America and many others—hunters and fishermen have led the nation in the battle for a better environment and the wise use of our natural resources.

Therefore, I, William Power, Mayor of the City of Carlisle, Ky., do hereby proclaim September 28, 1974, as Hunting and Fishing Day and that this day be an annual observance the fourth Saturday of each September. I urge all of our citizens to join with sportsmen-conservationists in a rededication to the wise use of our natural resources and their proper management for the benefit of future generations. Further, I urge all citizens to take part in National Hunting and Fishing Day activities on September 28 to learn more about conservation and outdoor skills.

(Signed) William Power
(seal) Mayor of Carlisle, Ky.
Date 9-17-74

Hunters and fishermen asked for the establishment of regulated seasons and bag limits so that sportsmen could harvest the annual crop of game and fish without damage to the basic breeding population. The result has been that there are now more deer, elk, antelope and wild turkey in the United States than there were 50 years ago. Further, sportsmen's programs have benefited numerous species of non-game fish and wildlife through habitat development.

Hunters and fishermen, unique in all America, asked that their fishing and hunting equipment be taxed and that the money be used for land acquisition, research and habitat management for fish and wildlife for the enjoyment of all Americans.

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3839—Chev. Suburban ½ ton, P.S., P.B.	$2895
3877—71 Chev. Malibu 2-dr., H.T., P.S., P.B., air conditioned	$1995
3898—68 Chev. Pickup, 8 Cyl.	$ 995
3899—74 Riviera	$7495
3912—71 Mercury Station Wagon	$1695
3913—69 Caprice 2-dr. H.T.	$ 995
3915—71 Torino H.T.	$1395
3916—71 Ford Station Wagon, 9 passenger	$2095
3917—73 LeMans 4-dr.	$2995
3918—71 Pontiac Ventura 2-dr.	$1695
3920—73 Omega	$2495
3921—72 Nova, 2-dr.	$2295
3927—68 Impala, 2-dr., H.T., V8, standard	$ 795
3929—69 Impala, 2-dr., H.T.	$1395
3932—72 Malibu Sport Coupe	$2495
3935—68 Camaro, V8, Standard	$1195

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Junior Club women attend KFWC 'Bash'

Mrs. James D. Anderson, president of the Carlisle Junior Woman's Club (KFWC), and Mrs. Paul Hardin, chairman of the Education Department of the local club, attended and participated in the "Bell Ringer Bash" on Sept. 11.

The "Bash" was held on the grounds of the Guest Mansion at Spemthrift Farm. It featured a Kentucky cured ham picnic, a strolling fashion show, and a celebrity auction. Entertainment was provided by live music.

HONORED TRIO—Receiving plaudits of their peers and awards for excellence in their respective posts at the Blackburn Correctional facility at Lexington are: Al Parke [left], classification and treatment supervisor, and Don Reese [center], correctional officer. Also getting an award at a special Bureau of Corrections awards luncheon held recently near Ft. Mitchell was Dewey Sowders [right], newly appointed superintendent at Blackburn, who was cited for his contributions as supervisor over the Bell County minimum security forestry camp. The awards presentations was made in conjunction with the 15th annual conference of the Kentucky Council on Crime and Delinquency.

Hundreds of articles donated by celebrities were auctioned in the afternoon with proceeds going to Cardinal Hill Convalescent Hospital. Going on the auction block were such things as a golf glove from Arnold Palmer, letter openers from Barry Goldwater and Henry Jackson, Debbie Reynolds' shoes, a book autographed by Billy Graham, a Bible donated and signed by Oral Roberts, and hundreds more.

$5,000 was donated to Cardinal Hill by KFWC as a result of the auction and ticket sales.

Cardinal Hill provides care and treatment for orthopedically handicapped children and young adults. The program includes physical therapy, speech and hearing services, education, social services, psychological testing and evaluation, medical evaluation, pre-vocational exploration and counseling, among other activities. In a typical year, the patients may be from 12 to 25 years of age.

Cardinal Hill is one of eight facilities of the Kentucky Easter Seal Society. It is a non-profit organization and is supported mainly by the annual Easter Seal appeal. In addition, special gifts, donations, memorials and bequests help finance many needed services.

Hospital Notes

Sept. 11 to Sept. 17, 1974. Visiting hours are 2 to 4 and 7 to 8:30 p.m.

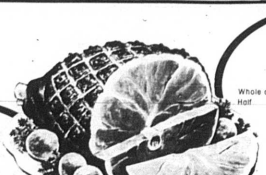
ADMITTED: Myrtle Whaley, Rita Bowles, Mabel Morris, Ollie Cannon, Abbie Cundiff, Sophia Jackson, Lucille Irvin, Bertha Marshall, Ethel McCarty, Lisa Berry, G.C. Grover, Liza Fuller, Howard Warner, Carlisle; Clifton Layman Jr., Maysilck; Sondra Barnett, Theodore Mitchell, Billy Wayne Watkins, Ewing; Napoleon Fite, Inez Beatrice Hurt, Mt. Olivet.

DISMISSED: Brenda Jolly and baby girl, Sherman Earlywine, Charles Purcell, Elmer Dampier, Lou Bradshaw, Rita Bowles, Howard Livingood, Henry Daiteile, Carlisle; Mae Cannon, Ewing; Linda Sue Smith and baby boy, James Fryman, Sharpsburg; Robert Baker, Rita Harber, Clarence Estep, Mt. Olivet; Cora Crump, Maysville; Johnnie Scuggs, Bethel.

Bourbon DRIVE-IN Theatre
At 7:45 FRI.-SAT.-SUN.
Bringing it back...See it again!
"WALKING TALL" R
At 10:00
Candice Bergen - Gene Hackman
"THE HUNTING PARTY" R

Will Not Be UNDERSOLD

IGA



Armour Semi-Boneless Ham
Whole or Half
89¢ lb
Armour Semi-Boneless Smoked Ham Slices $1.09 lb

White Potatoes
10-lb bag 89¢

TableTreat Brown & Serve Rolls
12-ct. pkg. 39¢

Old Fashion Cobblers
32-oz. box 99¢

TableRite Ice Cream
½ gal. 79¢

IGA Coffee
1-lb can 99¢

Gold Medal Flour
5-lb bag 69¢

TableRite Medium Eggs
doz. 67¢

Luck's Beans
17-oz can 3 for 89¢

Wilson Canned Milk
Tall can 4 for $1

American or Pimento TableRite Cheese
12-oz. pkg. singles 69¢

Drink Mixes
3-oz pkg. 3 for 29¢

Jif
18-oz jar 79¢

The Funk & Wagnalls New Encyclopedia
VOLUME I
49¢
WAS/ONLY $1.99

Hunt's Snack Pack 49¢
Hunt's Tomato Sauce 2 for 49¢

SPECIALLY PRICED MEATS
Fresher Smoked Picnic 4 to 8 lbs. 65¢ Sliced lb 75¢
Smoked Pork Chops lb 1.39
TableRite Bacon 2-lb 2.39
TableRite Bologna Regular/Thick 1-lb 89¢
Armour Star Wieners 12-oz pkg 69¢
Armour or Fischer Jumbo Bologna 8-oz Piece lb 79¢
Hot or Mild Webber Sausage 1-lb 1.09
TableRite Canned Hams 3-lb 3.99

FARM FRESH PRODUCE
TableFresh Broccoli bunch 49¢
TableFresh Red or Golden Delicious Apples 3-lb bag 89¢

SPECIALLY PRICED
Glamorene Spray'n Vac 8-oz can 1.49
Northern Gala Paper Towels Jumbo roll 2 for 89¢
Thin Spaghetti or Vermicelli Delmonico Spaghetti 2 1-lb bags 43¢
Lemonade or Grape Sweetened Kool-Aid, Canister 32 qt 1.19
Golden Grain Macaroni & Cheddar 7-oz 4 for 1
Creamy or Crunchy Jif Peanut Butter 18-oz jar 79¢

SPECIALLY PRICED
French American Spaghettios 15-oz can 2 for 45¢
Your Choice Peter Paul Candy Bars 6-pak 69¢
Clear or Lemon White Rain Shampoo 14-oz bottle 99¢
Regular, Extra Dry, Anti-Static Tame Creme Rinse 8-oz. bottle 99¢
Canine Prime Variety Dog Food 26-oz pkg 1.09
Kimbies Daytime Regular 20-ct. Toddler 24-ct. 1.79

FRESH BAKERY GOODS
IGA Crescent Rolls 8-oz pkg 33¢
IGA Cinnamon Rolls 9.5-oz can 29¢
TableRite Buttermilk 18-oz pkg 65¢
FROZEN FOOD DEPT.
IGA Waffles 5-oz pkg 2 for 29¢
Sea Pak Shrimp Batter Round 18½-oz can 1.49
Birdseye Cool Whip 9-oz pkg 59¢
SPECIALLY PRICED
IGA Presweetened Ice Tea Mix 10-qt. pkg 69¢
Solo Kitchen Dispenser 15-ct 41¢
Solo Cozy Cup Refill 9-oz 50-ct 59¢
Chef Boy Ar Dee Chili with Beans 15-oz can 49¢
Keebler Saltine Crackers 16-oz pkg 57¢
DAIRY DEPT. SPECIAL
TableTreat Variety Breads 16-oz pkg 39¢
TableTreat Cinnamon Rolls 8-pak 39¢

Good Only At IGA Thru September 29
Plain or Self-Rising Gold Medal Flour 5-lb bag 69¢ with coupon
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Good Only At IGA Thru September 29
Hunt's Snack Pack 49¢
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Good Only At IGA Thru September 29
Hunt's Tomato Sauce 15 oz. can 2 for 49¢
Limit 4 coupons per family
THIS IS A VALUABLE COUPON

8-16 oz. ctn. plus bottle deposit Pepsi Cola $1.19
Prestone gal. While supply lasts Anti Freeze $6.49

Writings of the late Warren R. Fisher, Sr.

THIS, THAT and T'OTHER

OUR "MOUNTAINS"

Leaving the "if-it-hadn't-been-fors" and the "I-told-you-so" and the usual primary postmortems, which already beginning to swirl in the stale atmosphere of tobacco smoke Saturday night, were "going strong" Sunday morning, we loaded the old car to the gunwales, so to speak, and headed eastward for our "mountains." And even there the "election" followed.

"Did you hear how the race for senator came out in Clark?" The voice came clearly down the creek to where we stood, amused at the vivacious, yet none the less vicious scolding of a female wren, whose home in the vine-covered trunk of an old locust we were being given to understand had not been placed there to be stared at by intruders. The voice continued and we left, the little virago, who with tail cocked impudently, darted after us with a parting curse in bird language, and strolled back toward the group about the fire, where the odor of bacon and coffee mingled with wood smoke to form a perfume delectable which may not be purchased in bottles.

He had ridden up and hitched his mule a few moments before; had learned our names and made known his; had satisfied his yearnings for news political, and as we approached seemed to be touching lightly and rapidly, but restfully withal, upon farming there and otherwhere, the scarcity of labor, the thieving proclivities of the shiftless and the general "orneryness" of the present generation. The man was a veritable vocal machine-gun, and his cartridge-clip of words seemed inexhaustible. But he was interesting, for from the frailties and shortcomings of the youth of today he now lifted his verbal barrage from the present and dropped it into the distant, and hence rose-tinted, fields of the past.

He told us how his grandfather, at the age of fourteen, with a companion of the same age, had "run away" from their homes in Old Virginia and walked through, building them a shanty "about a mile" down the creek, and that when "great-grandfather," who had a "chance" of money and "colored people," came through in search of the lads, he rode one pony and led another for the use of the prodigal sons on the return journey. He found the boys in a rude cabin, broiling venison and wild turkey, and they had a corn patch, though where the seed corn came from our storyteller allowed was information his ancestor failed to pass on.

At any rate the old gentleman "liked the lay of the land," and recognized the value of the spot as a mill-site and for the location of a "still-house," (a legal and popular pursuit in those days) so he "rode to Lexington," passing through Winchester, "a town of two houses," and bought provisions for the youthful pioneers. Then he returned to Virginia and brought out a colored man and his family, whom he set to work hewing and marking, building and clearing for mill and still.

All of this he told rapidly, sketchily, yet before one's eyes arose the picture of those fourteen-year-old boys, the spirit of high adventure in their breasts, the blood of the pioneer in their veins, pressing westward through the wilderness, answering the call of the Red Gods, the everlasting Whisper of the explorer:

"Something hidden. Go and Find it, Go and look behind the Ranges—
"Something lost behind the Ranges
Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

He left us in the gathering twilight, a gaunt, stooped figure on a well-fed mule, a picture typical of higher hills and deeper valleys to the east.

The sun, a giant disk of orange crimson, was just slipping below the horizon, as we came out of the little valley onto the road which skirters the flat fields where once shimmered the waters of a prehistoric lake. Soon we should be rolling easily on a paved highway, slipping rapidly past the clean pastures, the wooded uplands, the comfortable homes of the Bluegrass. But somehow our thoughts were with the gaunt man, jogging down the creek on his sure-footed mule. He had brought us a picture almost at first hand, plainly painted yet none the less vividly etched, of one incident in the forming of a Commonwealth. Some there were of these hardy spirits, who content with venison and wild turkey and partridge broiled over their wood fires; loving the early morning mists of their hills and the peaceful solace of the moon track in our storyteller allowed was information his ancestor failed to pass on.

At any rate the old gentleman "liked the lay of the land," and recognized the value of the spot as a mill-site and for the location of a "still-house," (a legal and popular pursuit in those days) so he "rode to Lexington," passing through Winchester, "a town of two houses," and bought provisions for the youthful pioneers. Then he returned to Virginia and brought out a colored man and his family, whom he set to work hewing and marking, building and clearing for mill and still.

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A Page From The Diary Of
A Country Editor

Up fairly betimes, and find a typical Kentucky morn, or the kind when the ringing call of the crow comes clearly across miles of sparkling sunshine; when the pastures are grey with frost, save for steaming patches where fat cattle have slept. On such days the smoke rises like a wispy arrow straight to heaven, one remembers hog-killing and the steaming lard kettles, the fat, juicy sausages and cracklin' bread. Such days in Kentucky did always make me think of the rural England of Pickwick and Sir Roger de Coverley, of kitchens hung with hams and pepper pods, of ruddy, apple-cheeked squires rollicking at their bunt breakfasts. All of which comes of reading, no doubt, if ancestral memories be discounted, for I have never been to England and doubtless never will be, save through the eyes of books.

So to breakfast of wheat cakes and fresh eggs, golden meated and lightly boiled and coffee of a potency to warm the cockles of one's heart, wherewith I am cheered mightily and fail to reading the Sunday papers with an eagerness unusual (for they invariably oppress me with their bigness) and note the usual Sunday morning crop of murders and robberies. And I read of one woman who has slain her husband, a practice that we males must, of necessity, frown upon, yet I wonder why more of it is not done. And I would be, doubtless, save that woman has learned tactfulness through the centuries and prefers to use "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" in preference to pistols, when she would bring the male to heel. Failing all of which, there remain tears, the which no male worthy of the name may withstand.

It does seem to the casual observer that the world grows worse, what with murders and fiendish happenings, and thoughtful scriveners of the press are at their wits end to account for it all. Many do blame the Eighteenth Amendment and make out a good case for their arguments; which theory is refuted with many statistics by t'other side. So that one knows not what to blame for this reign of lawlessness that plagues us, nor what means of correction there may be. As a consequence there is a deal of hopelessness in the outlook of many, a tendency to consign this old world to the demnition bow-wows and have done with it. As witness a correspondent of The Mercury, who wrote last week:

The cold wave hit our people quite hard, but the crime wave sweeping our state and others seems to be hitting us harder. We doubt if the world in general is growing better.

Which is a sentiment I cannot accept, believing that the world does grow better, as it has grown better through countless years. Fiendish crimes and waves of lawlessness are but infinitesimal phases of growth, in my opinion, like the old "growing pains," (doubtless the result of infected tonsils) that plagued the youth of those of us who were young in the days of the puffed sleeve and the bustle. I believe that Tennyson actually did "dip into the future far as human mind could see" in his Locksley Hall, and in that extraordinary poem I find a line that may be pondered by those who doubt the ability of the life that walks and creeps and crawls on this whirling sphere to adjust itself to a destiny magnificent, a destiny undreamed of in our philosophy—

"For I doubt not, through the ages,
one increasing purpose runs;
And the thoughts of men are
widened with the process of the
suns."

Another way, forsooth, of saying "God's in his Heaven; all's right with the world," a preachment much heard in churches, but put to scant practice and given little faith, else there would be no fear and much more contentment among those who strut and fret their brief hour upon the stage of life. But, Lord! I do preach, a role I would not usurp from the dominies.

"LEGGO BY DOSE!"

President Wilfred John Funk of Funk & Wagnalls (publishers of the Literary Digest) had a composition accepted by The New Yorker (weekly smartchart). The composition:

OH, DOCTOR!
Mastoids, sinuses, and such
Bother children overmuch:
Sphenoids, ethmoids, frontals,
And ears are hard to understand:
In the happy days of old
Children merely got a cold,
But a common cold is dull
And the fee is nominal.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

Through the steady roar of an April shower came the liquid love-note of the purple martin. The rain dripped from the eaves of the tiny portions of his house, yet he sang, cheerfully, bravely, secure in his belief in the sunshine that follows the rain.

"Singin' in the rain!" How few of us have the faith which is sure of the sunshine behind the clouds. How pitiful, after all, is the faith of him who arrogates to himself alone of all animals the possession of an immortal soul. The feathered friend, the unfailingly faithful dog, has no place in man's Heaven, yet one wonders if in compensation there is not vouchsafed to them eyes to read clearly that mirror of life in which we see, "as through a glass darkly."

Singing in the rain! What a lesson in faith for him that boasts of an immortal soul.

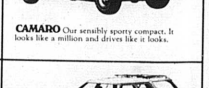
CHEVROLET FOR 1975.
CARS THAT MAKE SENSE FOR TODAY.

Nova LN Sedan

Monza 2+2

MONZA 2+2 The small car of tomorrow will probably be a little more powerful, handy and comfortable than ever. The 1975 Monza 2+2, shown above, offers this today. It has advances like rectangular headlights set in a soft front end, fold-down rear seat, and a new 4.3-litre V8 engine available.

NOVA In the background above, our new Nova LN Sedan. A luxurious Nova with thick carpeting and wide-back reclining front seats. For 1975, all Novas have been emphatically restyled along the lines of elegant European sedans. Nova's always been good. Now it's beautiful.


CAMARO Our sensibly sporty compact. It looks like a million and drives like it looks.

CHEVROLET'S NEW EFFICIENCY SYSTEM FOR 1975 It's the key part of a program aimed at helping our new cars run leaner (more economically), run cleaner—and save you money every mile.

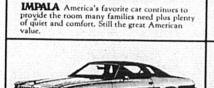
The Efficiency System is standard on all 1975 Chevrolets with V8 or 6-cylinder engines. It's a series of significant engineering improvements working together for the very first time.

Components include High Energy Ignition, catalytic converter, Early Fuel Evaporation and steel-belted radial ply tires. In sum, the System is designed to heighten the pleasure and lower the cost of driving a 1975 Chevrolet—to bring you a better running car in many ways, along with improved fuel economy, more miles between recommended maintenance and an engine that stays cleaner internally because of no-lead fuel.

Your Chevrolet dealer will gladly give you the details and answer your questions. See him and the terrible 1975 Chevrolets starting September 27.

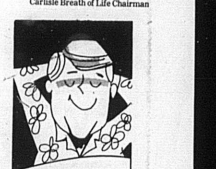
IMPALA America's favorite car continues to provide the room many families need plus plenty of spirit and comfort. Still the great American value.

WAGONS Big ones, small ones, in-between ones. Practical wagons that make sense for America. And you.


CHEVELLE Mid-size, easy to drive, room for six, mid-priced, strong reputation for value. America's most popular intermediate.

MONTE CARLO Its special ability: making you feel good. About the way it looks and drives. About your own taste and judgment.

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA
Chevrolet



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- Exclusive Knit 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

LETTERS

Continued from page 7

Carlisle who contributed so generously to the Breath of Life Campaign, and to the volunteers who gave their valuable time and, untiring efforts in all the campaign activities. We also heartily thank The Carlisle Mercury for its interest and excellence in reporting the plight of these children and our campaign to help them.

All of these people have shown they really care about lung-damaged children. They have helped raise a total of $313.25 in the Nicholas county area, which will support NCFRF programs for diagnosis, treatment, research and public education.

I want to say a very special thanks to my co-chairman, Mrs. Paul Hardin, my publicity chairman, Mrs. Bobby Duncan, and all of my volunteers.

Those volunteers who were not listed last week are Mrs. Judy Scott, Mrs. Hanson Ellington, Bonnie Gates, Mrs. Mike Jones, Mrs. A.D. Payne, Mrs. Larry Mitchell, Mrs. Ronald Howard, and Mrs. Charles Judge.

Mrs. James D. Anderson
Carlisle Breath of Life Chairman