Opinion

An editor's random thoughts...

By Warren R. Fisher Sr.

If you ever read the rambling remarks in this column, perhaps you noticed that I took a few liberties with Sacred Writ last week, substituting the father for the son, and plumping the irreproachable Joseph down into the sheep pastures of old Laban, instead of his pertinacious, but somewhat reprehensible Daddy, the wily Jacob. I didn't notice it myself, in copy or proof sheet, until The Mercury was in the mails. And I haven't the temerity to shift the blame to our linotypist, who is a good operator and would "follow copy," I sincerely believe, if it blew out of the proverbial window. It is one of those unaccountable blunders that happen in newspaper offices and of course it was not due to ignorance of Old Testament history, all editors of country newspapers — though unregenerate in some respects perhaps — being deeply versed in the Scriptures...If I could be sure that any considerable number of our readers ever peruse the incongruvial remarks that appear on this page, I should be able to gauge rather accurately this generation's familiarity with the Hebrew chronicles. Hohum. Either few read what I write here; they are possessed of unusual forbearance; or the Bible, though it remains the best selling book, is not the most widely read volume in these parts. For it is now several days since the appearance in these columns of "Joseph in the sheep-breeding pastures of his father-in-law, Laban" and only two readers have called my attention to the error.

*****

The craftiness of the wily Jacob has always intrigued me. From the time he concocted a mess o'pottage and tricked his brother out of a rightful inheritance, until — deceived himself by the substitution for Rachel, the comely, of Leah, the not so beauteous — he staged his retaliatory filling of the pastures of his father-in-law with ewes ring-striped, streaked and spotted, Jacob's is a career of sharp practices. I think of him as the father of the not-too-conscientious horse trader and as the ancestor of the "shrewd business man," so called. Jacob was the sort, who at the end of a life of chicanery and business duplicity looks forward with calm certainty to the purchase of a box seat in realms celestial, through the shrewd exercise of that ability to bargain that has always stood him so well in hand. I would prefer, I think, descent in the line of Esau.

*****

It seems to me to be universally true of those who dabble in ink that we are incorrigible procrastinators. All my life I have intended to "write something," a book or a story; I was never very definite about it and somehow have never found the time. Now, as spring dances into summer and summer fades into autumn and autumn is stripped to starkness by winter, I intend to enjoy sitting in my yard more, or to go fishing more, or to have a lily pool — in short, to live a little as I journey along, more and more rapidly, it seems, through the changing seasons till another year is gone. Somehow I never get around to living for making a living; I never get to real writing for hack writing. I never "have time," somehow. Instead of using time, Time uses me. It is a sort of shiftlessness, of which one pleads guilty, yet does nothing about it. And so it is a consolation to find another — in this case a distinguished man — who pleads guilty to a lifelong shiftlessness of intent. Clarence Darrow closes his book, "Farmington," the story of a small mid-western town seen through the eyes of a small boy, with a thought that somehow carries a gripping pathos for me and earns the respect I always cherish for well written prose. He writes:

"All my life I have been planning and hoping and thinking and dreaming and loitering and waiting. All my life I have been getting ready to begin to do something worth the while. I have been waiting for the summer and waiting for the fall, I have been waiting for the winter and waiting for the spring. Waiting for the night and waiting for the morning. Waiting and dawdling and dreaming until the day is almost spent and the twilight close at hand."

*****

"Whatever else comes from Kentucky, Kentucky ham is the best in the world," said Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin at a recent dinner honoring Ambassador Bingham. Now here's a connoisseur of viands delectable who has some style about him, who sits up and takes notice, when he is served this clove-scented masterpiece of the art culinary in Kentucky. Were it not for the fact that I have a touch of after-Christmas blues from slicing too steadily into the ruddy heart of an old ham, of looking upon it too frequently when it is white-spotted, so to speak, and when it giveth its fragrance aright, I might here indulge in attempted panegyric and defend our product (for rebuttal is certain) against the claims of the Old Dominion's noted Smithfield ham in all its blackness, or the razorback and presumably acorn-flavored product of all points south. It would be easy to strengthen Mr. Baldwin's conviction, I am sure, could he be initiated into the homy gastronomic rite of lifting a really hot soda biscuit directly from the oven, anointing it well and at once with sweet country butter and enfolding therein a very thin slice of white-spotted Kentucky old ham. It is a desecration, I maintain, to treat this finished poem of Kentucky otherwise.

Agree or Not

Population mobility since WWII favors sun belt areas South and West

By S.C. Van Curen

FRANKFORT — Mobility of the population of the United States since World War II has some indications of being one of the nation's biggest domestic problems of this century.

And the remainder of this decade may see this problem reach its climax.

The 1980 census reports only emphasize the growing problem of the older cities of the industrial Northeast and Midwest, showing the shift of population from the frost belt to the sun belt cities of the South and West.

It is the reversal of a trend started by World War II when great numbers of the citizens of the South and West moved to the industrial Northeast and Midwest to produce the materiel for war. It was a national emergency and the nation responded with almost frenzied patriotic zeal. The population moved where the established factories were until more industrial facilities could be built in the South and West in a move to scatter our national productive ability as a security measure.

Our young men went to war, but the majority of the training camps were in the South and West where our young men got a taste of the vastness of this nation and more freedom from the crowded industrial cities where they were born. The climate was more adaptable to training and the government could get land much cheaper than it could in the heavily populated areas.

New industry was built in the South and West to keep from jamming all of the people in one small area of this nation, chiefly because there was plenty of labor to be had in the South and West that had always lagged economically behind the East and Midwest.

Kentucky felt the loss of population during and following World War II, but the 1980 census shows the trend reversing and the state has kept apace of national growth while the large cities of the East and Midwest have lost population in large numbers. People have migrated from the colder climes to the South and West which has become known as the Sunbelt.

Financially these big cities have been or are now in trouble and the future sure doesn't look bright for them. They have asked the national government for financial help, and in cases where help has been provided the help has proved little more than a bandaid instead of cure. The problem is worsening in cases of the large cities where many of the residents are moving to the suburbs to escape being crowded.

A presidential study commission on the financial problems of the cities has recommended the decline be accepted, pointing out that federal help programs of the past have failed.

Retirees have fled the colder climes for the South and West, notably Florida, California, Arizona and Texas.

Giant industries have moved to these states and cities like Miami, Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, El Paso, Phoenix, Tucson, and many towns along the California coast have mushroomed in population since World War II.

One study group has recommended that some federal financial aid be given to the jobless of the East and Midwest to move to the Sunbelt and West to seek jobs, but this would merely be shifting the problem from one part of the nation to another and putting undue stress on the newer cities which have fought their way up from nonentity to an important place in the commerce of this nation.

Since the depression this nation has tried all sorts of government programs to solve our real or imagined problems with partial success. There have been more failures than successes and the new generation seems to want to turn away from the social nostrums for a more workable solution.

The South and West were handicapped by unequal and oppressive freight rates as an outgrowth of the Civil War that the North inflicted on the South as punishment.

That changed after World War II by necessity and it is now a nation of true equal economic opportunity.

Maybe what this country needs is to let the Northeast and Midwest experience the trials and tribulations endured by the South and West to earn this equality.

Down Memory Lane

Influenza epidemic subsiding

Thursday, January 12, 1961

The Nicholas County Board of Education reorganized with the re-election of three members: Woodrow Gaunce, chairman; Eugene Letcher, vice-chairman; and Raymond House.

Carlisle City School board members were sworn in at the January 9 meeting: Clay Dalton, chairman; W.R. Buntin Jr., vice chairman; R.L. Talbert and Thomas Johnson.

The two Carlisle banks, the Deposit and the First National, elected officers for 1961 at their annual stockholders meeting Tuesday:

Deposit Bank: James W. Parker, president; Sterling Blake, vice president and cashier; Mrs. Anna Mae Davis, assistant cashier; Charles K. Watkins, teller; James Parker, Sterling Blake, Nathan Young, Roger Womack and W.B. Parker, directors.

First National Bank: Dr. W.G. Irvin, president; Dr. B.F. Reynolds, vice president; Henry Allen Palmer, cashier; Frank Stone, assistant cashier; Joe Blount, teller; Dr. Irvin, Dr. Reynolds, Clay Dayton, George Gaffin, Cleary Fightmaster, Dr. William S. Snyder, G.D. Kincaid, Henry Allen Palmer, directors.

Ten cases of hepatitis have been reported in the county in the past few weeks, with several possible cases in the process of diagnosis by local physicians.

Ecton Jacobs, a Nicholas County farmer, was handcuffed and robbed of approximately $1,000 January 4 by four unidentified men, according to Sheriff John Anderson. Jacobs dragged the chair to which he was handcuffed half a mile to a neighbor's house where he called Deputy Sheriff Bill Dollins.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas Letcher of Clarksville, Ind. a son, Jeffrey Thomas, Dec. 29 — To Mr. and Mrs. Dennis McDonald a son, Jan. 5 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Billy A. Grimes a son, Jeffery Kash, Jan. 4.

MARRIED — Wanda Hamilton and Albert Bussell Jan. 3 at the home of Rev. Samuel E. Phillips. — Editha Lee Springer and George B. Spencer III Dec. 18 in Escondido, Calif.

DIED — James H. Hunter, 84, Nicholas County native, Jan. 5 at Richmond, Pa. nursing home. — Oliver T. Berry Sr., 74, Monday at his home in Arnold Heights. — Mrs. Rosa Tucker Mason, formerly of Lexington, Ky., Monday at her home in Lexington, Va. — Julian R. Fisher, 70, Carlisle native, Monday at his home in Los Angeles, Calif.

Thursday, January 9, 1941

"Aunt Bith" Neal, one of the oldest colored women in the county, died Friday night at the home of her nephew, Perry Mark, in Henryville. She was believed to have been nearly 100 years old. For many years she was cook in the home of the late J.T. Tureman.

The influenza epidemic which has prevailed throughout the county for the past two weeks is subsiding, local physicians say, and fewer cases are reported.

There were 51 more births than deaths in Nicholas County during the past year. There were 158 births and 107 deaths, according to the annual statistical report.

MARRIED — Miss Elsie Ruth Sugg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sugg, and Mr. Preston Eugene Gaunce, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lora C. Gaunce, all of Nicholas County, on December 31.

DIED — Arthur Newton Brashares, 71, Friday night at his home in Dorseyville. — Mrs. Sarah Thomas Curtis, 80, native of Nicholas County, Monday at the home of her son in Millersburg. — Mrs. Jimmie Anne Shankland, 90, last Wednesday night at her home on Dorsey Avenue. — Mrs. Kathryn Wilson Weaver, 67, Sunday night at her home in Moorefield. — Leonidas W. Clark, 44, of Carlisle, Thursday night at St. Joseph's Hospital in Lexington.

Letters— from our readers

Mercury Vapors

by Warren R. Fisher

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Having lived outside the city limits for only two years I didn't realize how many services the Nicholas County Fire Department offered to county residences.

On New Years Day in the late afternoon we decided to start a fire in the fireplace. After lighting it the smoke started coming from both sides of the closed doors of the double fireplace! We couldn't believe the smoke that came out, since it had worked perfectly well all through Christmas and last winter. The smoke became so dense that we opened the outside doors and windows and pulled the smoke out with a large fan.

Friday morning I decided to call Woodie Wilson to ask him what I should do about finding my problem. He was so kind to volunteer to come out with two of his firemen and they found that the wire grating on top of the chimney was completely sealed with soot and gum from the wood fires over a period of two years.

Woodie took the wire off for me and he and his assistants checked the damper to be sure it worked. So after much cleaning and clearing away, we can enjoy our fireplace again.

I am so grateful to live in a county where the people who serve us are so concerned about our problems. The kindness will always be remembered.

Gladys Duncan
Route 3, Carlisle

Ever feel out-numbered?

— MV —

I suppose I've always felt that way, but not so distinctly as when a news release from the Veterans Administration crossed the desk the other day —

Is your name Smith? Or Johnson? Or Williams? Brown, Miller, Davis or Jones?

Well, making a long story short by skipping over most of their article the VA claims to have 305,000 Smiths in their computer files; 203,000 Johnsons; about 150,000 Williamses; 145,000 Joneses, and around 137,000 Millers. Then one gets to the not so common names and there are 53,000 Robinsons, nearly 27,000 Fishers and the same number of Richardsons, and between 23,000 and 24,000 each of Schmidts, Ryans, Snyders, Butlers and Wallaces.

VA has a good point, if you write them about anything, be sure to provide the VA identifying number if at all possible, because many of us blokes have the same first name!

— MV —

No Nonsense!

Elsewhere in **The Mercury** we've an advertisement for No Nonsense® hose. Then while thumbing through the new Sheaffer Eaton Textron 1981 Dealer Ad Planner what do we run upon but No Nonsense® pens with a choice of four tips. Our calligraphy has never been good, hence we make use of typewriter whenever possible or just set our nonsense on one of two CompuWriters depending on the mood. I suppose we'll have to be ever careful of how we use those two common words, no and nonsense, else we run afoul the registration laws, like I would sorta like a Coke now but there are times when a ton of coke would come in quite handy.

Another press release 'tis nothing but an ad!

A device called a Chimney Scrubber has been developed by Wayne T. Dodge of Edgecomb, ME 04556. The scrubber is a uniquely designed tool consisting of stainless steel coil-spring brushes attached to a stainless steel chain which hangs from a pulley mounted at the chimney top. With a pull of the chain at the bottom of the chimney that forces the coil brushes up the chimney and scrubs away dried-on creosote. For more info write W.T. Dodge & Co.

— MV —

Read and repeated

The new emergency telephone number, "911," is giving some individuals problems. It seems they can't find the "11" on the dial. — Trade Talk.

Big oil representative: You want coal? We own the mines. You want oil and gas? We own the wells. You want nuclear energy? We own the uranium. You want solar power? We own the er-ah-Solar power isn't feasible.

A raving beauty is the girl who finishes last in a beauty contest.

The only thing worse than being married to your job is being divorced from it.

I was never able to understand why the "patriotic" Iranian students demonstrated here rather than rushing home to join their army.

What a lot of people are looking for these days is less to do, more time to do it in and higher pay for not getting it done in the first place.

I like to see people laugh. I like to laugh, even at myself. Everybody is too serious. What this world needs is some sunshine and laughter. —

Mulebergers by Larry Stone, Central City

The Carlisle Mercury
(USPS 090-820)
Established 1867
Phone (606) 289-2464
Published every Thursday at 234 Locust Street, Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky 40311. Postage paid at Carlisle.

Warren R. Fisher ..... Editor and Publisher
(Mrs.) Katherine T. Fisher ..... Managing Editor
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(Mrs.) Libby J. Moss ..... CompuWriter Operator

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Nicholas County, one year ..... $6.30, *sales tax included*
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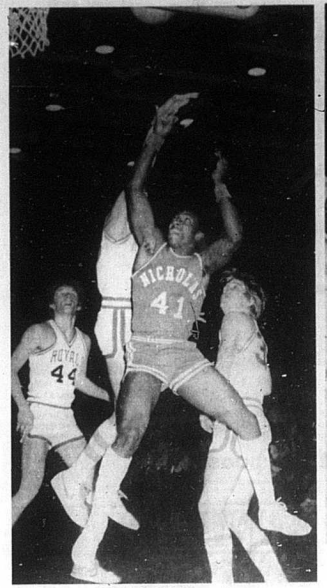
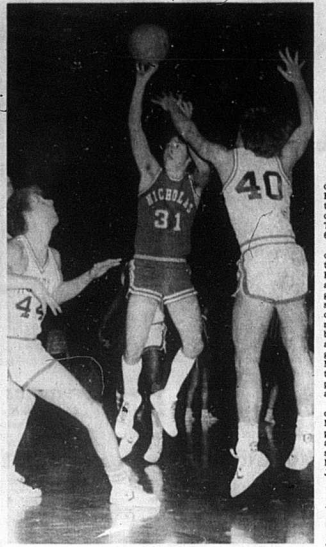


Baseline drive

Nicholas County's David McGuffey goes in for a basket following a strong baseline move in last Friday's Burley Classic action. — Mercury photo.



Jumper

Bluejacket cager Barry Bretz stops for a jump shot during Nicholas County's opening round game with Mason County, kicking off the Burley Classic in Maysville last Friday. — Mercury photo.

Jackets open '81 with tough loss in Burley Classic

By Peggy Steward and Meg Conley

1981 proved to start in the wrong direction for the Nicholas County Bluejackets as they were overcome by the Mason County Royals Friday night during the Burley Classic Invitational Tournament at Maysville by a score of 66-51.

The Bluejackets received the ball out-of-bounds when a Royal player tipped the ball. With the assistance of Barry Bretz, Donald Markland was able to score the first two points of the game. Mason matched the points as soon as they were down the court. The clock showed 6:30 and the score still remained 2-2 after a series of turnovers by both teams. Mason broke the tie but as David McGuffey went up for a field goal attempt, he drew a foul from a Mason player. McGuffey was two for two at the foul line. The quarter progressed with Mason gaining a lead and holding it till the quarter's end.

At the beginning of the second quarter Markland tipped the ball to McGuffey. With the ball in the Jackets' possession, Bretz made a field goal attempt, with Mason rebounding and scoring. Mason continued to score until McGuffey pulled through to make the Jackets' first two points of the quarter. The clock was stopped at 3:37, score standing at 21-13, as Bretz approached the foul line. He missed the shot. As the clock ticked down to 2:05 The score was raised to 29-17, with Mason controlling the lead. When the half fell to an end the Jackets were still behind by a score of 33-21.

The third quarter held hope for the Jackets as they seemed to gain more control of the ball and being able to score more as a result. The clock ticked away and with 3:06 on it in the quarter, the Jackets had pulled within four of the Royals. As the quarter closed the Jackets had fallen within six points of the opposing team, 46-40.

After two tip offs the Royals took possession of the ball for the fourth quarter. Steve Anderson, with a couple of quick moves, stole the ball from Mason. With 6:36 remaining the divider was brought to four again. As the game continued the Royals strengthened their lead by ten. The clock ticked down to 34 seconds and even though Mason had won the game, they still managed to get two more points in before the buzzer went off to end the game.

The Jackets will play Paris Saturday evening at 8 p.m. at home.

J.V. Cheerleaders

The Bluejacket Junior Varsity Cheerleaders won a second place for their cheering efforts in the Mt. Olivet-Deming Girls Varsity basketball tournament last week. The J.V. squad, pictured right to left, is: (kneeling) Monica Moore; (row 1) Meg Conley, Lisa Shaw, Peggy Stewart; (row 3) Stephanie Ockerman, Gayla Kelly and Cyndi Allison. — Mercury photo.

Cawood Comments

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By the voice of the University of Kentucky Wildcats Cawood Ledford

CHEERLEADERS SHOULD LEAD CHEERS

LEXINGTON — "Cheerleader: one that calls for and directs organized cheering." The scholars who write the definitions in Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary obviously haven't been to many sporting events lately. Cheerleaders don't call for and direct cheers anymore. They build pyramids.

Lori Young, a high school cheerleader from Pennsylvania fell from the shoulders of a male teammate recently and had to be taken to the hospital. A University of Kentucky cheerleader was taken from the football field in an ambulance after her partner failed to catch her in her flying descent from a stack of humanity. The Wildcat yell leaders went to the national finals last March with one of the young ladies wearing a sling for an injured shoulder and another with a broken nose. It's a credit to their talents that they still finished second in the national competition.

Cheerleaders don't lead cheers anymore, they try to make like the flying Wallendas.

Sadly, it isn't their fault. Most of them have gone to summer camps and clinics from the time they were small children right on through high school. They are taught acrobatics. They are taught gymnastics. They are taught very little about stimulating the spectators. They are taught next to nothing about cheerleading.

Not only is this trend toward stacking bodies, one on top of another higher and higher, a dangerous practice, it is of little or no help to the team. In a game that is close, a game that has come down to the final play, a game in which the team needs all the moral and vocal support it can get from the partisans in the stands, it is very difficult to scream, "fight, fight, fight", when the cheerleaders trot out and build a human pyramid three bodies high.

I'd like to see the cheerleaders go back to calling for and directing organized cheering.

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