Opinion

School board commended for hiking requirements

The action of the Nicholas County Board of Education at last week's meeting was quite commendable. And we give a hearty round of applause to the Board for what we see as a responsible, enlightened vote to increase the number of required credits for graduation from our high school.

We have already stated, quite clearly we think, our feelings on the issue. We see no need to digress further at this point. We simply wish to applaud the efforts of our high school teachers, Principal David McMillen, and of Superintendent Donald Elder, who championed the cause at the Board meeting.

In particular we note the action of the individual teachers in initiating this action. The effort is evidence of a concern for our young people that extends beyond the 8:30 to 3:30 classroom work day. It is evidence that should soften critics who claim that today's teachers are interested only in putting in their time and drawing their paychecks.

That position holds little water with us. There are a plethora of courses of study in a university which offer considerably higher economic rewards than pursuit of a career in education. It seems to us that the mere choice of a teaching career indicates a concern for rewards other than material gratification.

We commend the persons responsible for this positive step in the county's educational system. But the true reward will not come from the page of this humble newspaper. Nor will it come from the lips and handshakes of congratulatory citizens.

Rather, the real reward will come from the only place a true reward can come from for an educator — those students whose lives have been enriched by the educational process. For those who fought to improve that process at the Nicholas County High School, a most precious reward awaits.

Higher education must receive adequate support

Even though we become impatient at times with spending seemingly endless amounts of time, energy and money on research, development and higher education of our children, we know it is even more futile to consider cutting back such activities.

Like Columbus, our research efforts may sometimes go in the wrong paths or maybe even in circles before ending up in new worlds.

But who knows what will be the last research and development dollar that pushes us over the threshold of the ultimate cancer cure?

Who can tell whose child being educated in a public institution of higher learning will be the leader of peace tomorrow?

In the next several weeks, persons involved with institutions of higher learning in Kentucky will join others across the nation to celebrate the theme: "America's Energy is Mindpower."

We believe that is true even though we do not know the final price tag nor the new worlds that are likely to be discovered.

We do know that without mindpower we have little need for any other kind of power.

Agree or not

UK's football program may be more important

by S.C. Van Curen

Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. may have thought he was sending up a trial balloon when he mentioned replacing Fran Curci as football coach at the University of Kentucky.

That trial balloon has turned into a bombshell in the news. The sports nuts are not the only ones involved. Housewives, politicians, educators and writers of letters to the editors are voicing their opinions.

It's a ludicrous situation. If the president of UK had been fired, it wouldn't have made the papers more than a few days, and few people would have cared.

The tail has been wagging the dog for too many years. The quality of education at the University ought to be paramount in the minds of the people of Kentucky, but this is a quality that is taken for granted and no one gets disturbed when presidents and deans are changed. But you let something happen in athletics and the discussion mill catches fire.

This situation has caused more public discussion than all of the reorganization the governor has done or any of his other acts.

His attitude toward the governorship has caused considerable discussion, but people don't get upset about it like they do about trying to fire a coach.

Now, the governor ought to understand the "wait until next year" tradition about Kentucky football, and he ought to understand that coaches claim "building character" comes far ahead of winning games.

UK coaches have been "building character" for the last 30 years on the gridiron. The governor ought to understand that Curci followed more than 20 years of "character building" and a lot of the work had been accomplished. He faced a tough job in trying to break new ground.

So the recruiters searched the highways and the byways, the city slums and the rural thickets for likely candidates where character rebuilding was necessary.

Apparently the character builders didn't understand the effects of putting these recruits in a good-time atmosphere the university would have upon these recruits. Some experimented with booze and pot, others found it necessary to steal to keep up their social status and some seemed to enjoy forcing their attentions on the mademoiselles.

Not all of the hanky panky has been limited to the football candidates. Some roundballers have had their problems. One even defected for the pros and wound up as a guest of the taxpayers in a hotel with bars over the windows.

The message the governor seems to be trying to get across to Curci and the powers that be over at the University is to reduce the emphasis on "character building" and get into the winning bracket.

Now, about Brown's attitude toward the governorship:

A friend has the notion that Brown has abdicated the traditional role of governor. The friend points out that he has disdained living in the mansion. Other governors have lived there without mishap, and electrical repairs could have been made in a short time.

Friend also points out that the governor and his wife's prime associates are not Kentuckians. They seem to prefer the celebrity circuit.

Not living in the mansion, the Kentucky Democrat Women's organization and other women's organizations traditionally held state meetings in the mansion, as well as teas and parties, are now denied that privilege because the mansion stands vacant, not to mention that the first lady shows no inclination to be sociable with the prelerlarit, or even the women who are politically influential.

On top of that, few of his top appointees have chosen to move to Frankfort or even to establish a temporary apartment here.

UK football may be more important.

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Down Memory Lane

Big 'hop' at Blue Licks Springs

Thursday, July 27, 1961

Dr. Stanley F. Hutchings, local dentist, retired this week after serving Carlisle and Nicholas County for 42 years.

Mrs. Beatrice Giffin of Carlisle was recently commissioned a Kentucky Colonel by Lt. Gov. Wilson W. Wyatt.

Dr. G.T. Cowan has retired after 42 years of dental practice in Carlisle, and has sold his practice to Dr. William E. McGinety of Mt. Olivet, who will take over the practice here August 1.

Bachelor of Arts degrees were awarded to Mrs. Mabel Becker and Frank Conyers at Morehead State College August 3.

Lightning struck and burned the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ishmael on the Goose Creek Road Friday. In the same storm a barn filled with baled hay on the farm of the late Estil Ockerman on the Upper Jacktown Road was struck and burned to the ground.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. John H. Stone a daughter, Kathy Jean, July 21 at the Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. William Buckler a son, Jeffery Late, July 23 at the Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Mrs. Lillian Honican of Millersburg and Frank Hamilton of Bourbon County, June 29 at Methodist Church in Millersburg.

DIED — Henry Reed, 92, Nicholas County native, last Wednesday in Lexington. — Bruce Galloway Sharp, 62, Bath County farmer, last Tuesday at his home in Sharpsburg. — Marshall Gray, 58, of Paris, at his home. — Will T. Irvin, 87, of Davenport, Okla., formerly of Moorefield. — Mrs. Cloa Highlander Bretz, 50, of Millown, Sunday at her home. — William Barlow, 49, of Cynthiana, last Thursday at Harrison Memorial Hospital. — Russell B. Hinkle, 68, Bourbon County farmer, Monday at Bourbon County Hospital. — James T. Cleaver, 51, Bourbon County farmer, Monday at his home. — John Gordon McCarty, 60, Sunday at the Nicholas County Hospital.

Thursday, July 24, 1941

Businessmen back sewer movement. City council is expected to discuss at the August meeting the contracts presented to the city for a preliminary survey of the sewer project, by which the WPA will have a working plan for putting the project through.

A wind, hail and rain storm swept over Kentucky last Friday causing extensive damage to crops. In the county much damage was reported by washing rains. Licking River and Fleming Creek were out of banks for the first time in over a year. Henryville School was badly damaged by wind and the belfry blown away.

The Carlisle unit of the Kentucky Active Militia has been reorganized, and E.E. Pfantstiel promoted to the rank of Major to command the First Battalion, Second Regiment, of the Militia. Roger Womack was promoted to the rank of Captain to command the local unit.

Businessmen's Club votes to have flag on courthouse dome repainted.

Nicholas Countians asked to give more aluminum for the national defense program.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Kash Clark of Myers, a daughter on July 13 at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Isaac Pfarr.

MARRIED — Miss Edith Elaine Maxwell and Arthur Peffer Jr., both of Covington, on July 4. — Miss Dorothea Heverfield of Orlando, Fla. and W.P. Murdock Jr., also of Orlando, on June 26 at Winter Park, Fla. — Miss Bettie Mae Dalzell and Edwin Burris, all of Paris, July 19 at Lexington. — Miss Jane Cornish of Versailles and Robert Campbell Smathers, of Carlisle, July 12 at Harrodsburg. — Miss Dorothy Lawless of Clarksburg, W.Va., and S.W. Campbell of Carlisle, at Parkersburg, W.Va. on July 19. — Miss Helen Marie Hull of Camden Point, Mo. and Kenneth Fern of Ewing, July 13 at Camden Point. — Miss Violetta Ellen Wilkinson of Danville and Glenn Russell Shearer of Richmond, July 19 at the Centenary Methodist Church, Danville.

Thursday, July 28, 1921

Hop at Blue Lick Springs last Friday night was attended by the largest crowd ever seen at a similar affair in the county.

Fifty years ago last Wednesday the first work was started on what is now the Maysville branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

Leaving on an excursion from here to Mammoth Cave Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Tilton, Mrs. A.B. Tilton, Mrs. Brush Swartz, Miss Eliza Piper, Miss Pearl Moore and Ed and Will Thoffason and Ben Caldwell.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. B.F. Parson of the county, on July 26, a daughter.

MARRIED — Miss Lizzie L. Brooks, of this city, and Robert S. Coleman of Georgetown, at the Carlisle Christian Church on July 31. — Miss Lena Cheatham of this city and Chester Poor of Cincinnati, at the Carlisle Christian Church. — Miss Lucy Wagoner and Charles Florence, both of the Barefoot neighborhood, at the home of the bride on July 28.

DIED — Ezra M. Wasson, 66, at his home near Jacktown, on July 29. — Mrs. James Prather, at her home in this city on July 24.

The Idle Rambler

by James C. Smith

"When I started this song
I was still thirty-three,
The age that Mozart died
And sweet Jesus was set free.
Keats and Shelly too soon finished,
Charlie Parker would be,
And I fantasized some tragedy
Would be soon curtailing me."

— Harry Chapin, 1977

I hardly think that anyone could accuse me of being what some of the more vulgar would call a musical "groupie". But I confess to being a lover of those fine tuners of language who, with the deft power of their pens, can stab right at our hearts and touch the very essence of our being. I suppose then, I am a literary groupie.

One of those marvelous poets died last week. He was Harry Chapin. I will miss the soothing, yet compelling lines of Mr. Chapin. Thousands of hungry people all over the world will miss him too. Chapin was a torch-bearer in the fight against world hunger.

He knew all too well that two-thirds of the world's population goes to bed hungry every night. (Something we should all think about when we complain about how expensive roasts and steaks are.) Chapin played literally hundreds of concerts every year purely for the benefit of the World Hunger Organization. A magnanimous gesture.

To me, Chapin was a literary weaver of epic proportion. He was a sort of modern-day-musical version of the universal Homerian achetype. He had the ability to intricately weave through the fiber of an extended narrative, a certain sense of that spirituality that lives within all of us. His pen was truly powerful.

I would think that if Emerson could have overcome that sense of intellectual elitism I sense in some of his writings, he would have found Harry Chapin most appealing. I have noted a vague similarity in certain aspects of both's works. Chapin's self-defined "family anthem" was a song that began "All my life's a circle/sunrise and sundown...Emerson said much the same thing to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge on Aug. 31, 1837:

"There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending he never can find — so entire, so boundless."

I feel far too inadequate to continue rambling on about one whose talents were so great. Matthew Arnold once said that the only sustaining rationale for criticism is that it exists in order to propagate the best that is known and thought in all the world." I think that some of Chapin's finest work will stand that ultimate critical test.

Chapin concluded the verse I quoted in opening this column with these words:

"Well just today I had a birthday.
I made it — thirty-four.
Mere mortal, not immortal,
Not star-crossed anymore.
I've got this problem with my aging
I no longer can ignore.
A tame and toothless tabby
Can't produce a lion's roar."

Looking back literarily.....

Sunday, July 25, 1856: George Bernard Shaw is born.

Sunday, July 26, 1875: Carl G. Jung is born.

Sunday, July 26, 1895: Robert Graves is born.

Tuesday, July 28, 1814: Parcy Bysbee Shelly and Mary Godwin elope to France.

Letters from our readers

To The Carlisle Mercury:

If it wasn't enough a short while ago for some mean people and hypocrites to kill us physically and morally, now it is time to kill our Snoopy — our dog — the life and happiness of our son.

Snoopy was found dead five minutes after he was released from the house, 100 feet down the street.

Maybe Snoopy was a dog, but like us, he was not a dog. He was like a good human being. He was loveable and faithful, wise and innocent. He was caring and profound. Just one look at him lifted our spirits.

May God take our revenge, and treat those bad human beings like they treated us.

Sincerely,
Matt Molnok
434 Broadway

'Snoopy'

Op-Ed page

Be kind to cremation workers . . . .please remove my pacemaker

Every job, I guess, has its occupational hazards. Even newspapering where the editor is constantly threatened with bodily injury or death because of his habit of misspelling names, putting the wrong poem into the hands of blushing brides and causing heart failure of grandmothers, who read about the apples of their eye getting busted and tossed into the slammer for various and sundry infractions of the law.

Our high-technology society has created an unusual on-the-job hazard for cremation workers. The problem is exploding pacemakers.

That's that little electric box implanted into the chests of some heart patients. And workers are discovering that when the batteries or power cells in pacemakers are subjected to high heat, the pacemakers explode with a big boom.

The explosion of mercury-zinc batteries in a corpse being cremated shattered the brick walls of a crematory, a British medical magazine reports, and a New York crematorium worker suffered a temporary hearing loss when an explosion blew out the door of a crematory oven.

The New York legislature got so many reports of similar incidents that it recently passed a bill requiring death certificates to state whether a body contains a battery or power cell. The bill allows crematoriums to refuse to create a body unless there is satisfactory evidence the power cell has been removed.

If exploding pacemakers don't keep you awake nights, then how about some juicy, unconfirmed rumors for an all-new anxiety. Omni Magazine runs an "unconfirmed rumors" contest each year and get some dandies.

The grand prize went to Daniel Cohen of Port Jervis, N.Y., who rumored "There is a strain of albino marijuana growing in the New York City sewer system. The nutrient-rich sludge has germinated the seeds that were flushed down the toilets during drug raids, resulting in extremely powerful plants known locally as Manhattan White or Subway Silver. It is hard to harvest, however, because it is guarded by all those alligators living in the sewers."

Other unconfirmed rumors that gained commendation:

Humpty Dumpty was pushed.

Parking meters are designed to speed up during the last 10 minutes of an hour.

Killing turkeys causes winter.

The old woman who lived in the shoe was on fertility drugs.

Hamburger is not a filet mignon that's come unglued.

Dolly Parton charges high fees for performing at Las Vegas because industrial type bras are so expensive.

Bob Brumfield must have read my copy for people who snore. He was telling about this remedy in his Cincinnati Enquirer column about taping a marble to a person's back at bedtime and this will keep him from rendering those nocturnal symphonies so disturbing to bed partners.

The marble remedy is based on the rationale that snorers sleep on their backs and the marble will cause the snorer so much discomfort he will roll over on his side and stop sounding off.

Bob said it would not have worked for his maternal grandfather, a master snorer of the first snort. He snored no matter how he slept.

"Not only did Papa snore, he snored so loudly that he could be heard next door. It was a sound approximating that of a chain saw ripping through a piece of white oak. Add the sound of a jet engine kicking into afterburner, and mix in a couple of angry brood sows, and you've just got it. When the sun went down, it was like the Hell's Angels were riding through town.

"He would even snore with a pillow over his face. I know, because we caught my grandmother trying to suffocate him a couple of times. All the pillow did was take the sound down into a slightly lower register.

"My poor grandmother didn't have a good night's sleep during the 60-odd years she was married to Papa. And after he died, she used to wake up in the middle of the night because it was so quiet. We had to buy her a Harley with straight pipes and let it idle all night beside her bed before she could get any rest at all.

"My mother inherited a scaled-down version of Papa's snore. In some ways, it was more disturbing than the original. With Papa, you could hear rumbling inhalations and a series of quick snorts. But you couldn't hear my mother inhale. All you got was sort of a 'pfff!' sound every few seconds. But the amplitude of the 'pfffts' was such that the sound would penetrate 10 inches of reinforced concrete and a half-inch of armor plate.

"My dad didn't snore. He ground his teeth in his sleep. Maybe he wasn't sleeping. Maybe he was just angry about Mom's snoring. Anyway, it sounded like somebody grinding two rocks together. 'Pfff!.....crunch'..... 'pfff!.....crunch' all night long.

"Then my baby brother came along, and he cried all night for a year. Thats when I enlisted in the Army."

— RM —

'I was talking to a sharp business type the other day about the wisdom of co-signing a bank note and he gave me this sagacious response: "Well, it's like a story my father-in-law used to tell. And it is a true story.

"A fellow wanted to buy some cattle from him. But to pay for the cattle, the guy first had to go to the bank and get a loan.

"After a time, my father-in-law got a call from the fellow. He said 'The bank will let me have the money, provided you will co-sign the note.'

"My father-in-law said, "Tell you what I'll do. I'll loan you the money, provided the bank will co-sign the note.' "

— RM —

Whether you are a baseball fan or not you have to wonder what can be done to use all those mammoth ball parks while the strike is on. All those empty, silent, hotdog-less stadiums ought to have some activities during the lull.

But before you strain your brain, ponder what the advertising folks at Fahlgren & Perrias Agency have suggested for Riverfront Stadium at Cincinnati until the Mercedes and Pararris return to the players' parking area:

Deep-dish pizza: Fill the stadium with dough and host a Queen City Dish Pizza Festival.

Cast-on: Stock the stadium with catfish and open a pay lake.

Landmark: Turn the stadium on its side and feature it much like the Gateway Arch in St. Louis, only call it the Cincinnati Circle.

Fan-tasy: Fit the stadium with a huge fan to blow away unwelcome storms, remove haze or smog and cool down Pete Rose when he comes to town.

Unidentified fanciful object: Outfit the exterior with lights, shoot photos and sell them to the National Enquirer as a real UFO.

Pick your seat: Sponsor an All-Ohio Musical Chair competition.

Litter bug: Fill it with kitty litter and open a home for stray cats.

Onward, upward.

Two different Kentuckys

Summer provokes fond memories

by Mary Fern Rush

(Editor's note: Mrs. Rush is the daughter of Mr. Paul Ockerman, Pittsburgh, and the late Mrs. Georgeanna Young Ockerman, and the maternal granddaughter of Mrs. Nathan (Louise) Young Sr., and the late Mr. Young. Her paternal grandparents are Mrs. Jess (Fern) Ockerman and the late Mr. Ockerman. Mrs. Rush is the Society Editor of the Cynthiana Democrat.)

Most people when asked would choose autumn as their favorite time of year, but ask for a favorite childhood memory and I'd bet it would nine times out of 10 have a summer setting.

It's true in my case. Though now I hate the heat and am careful to avoid the sun and its wrinkle-setting rays, it was not always so. Sunlight seems to color the best of my girlhood reminiscences so I guess I once was a summer lover.

I suppose it's because my favorite time was vacation with the grandparents in Kentucky, always a summer trip. Something about those days have made them intensely memorable though they were really a short span of time.

It was probably the predictability of those summers that made them so warm and special. Inevitably the trip would begin with Carlisle cousin Nina making fun of my Pittsburgh accent and trying to goad me with her "you Yankee" taunts.

How impressed I always was when my mother and Mamaw Louise got together. Out back of the house on Sycamore Hill, on the sidewalk under the trees, Mother could ask and talk about people, hundreds of people, that she'd known as if she hadn't been away for the years she had. How did she remember all those people, their families and friends?

For me there's something very de'ja vu about drinking a cold Coke out of one of those small bottles, especially if it's under the July sun. I can close my eyes and hear my mother and grandmother talk and I can still feel my wonderment at the marvel of small-town living.

There were, however, two very different Kentucky's for me to enjoy. Time was split between the city Mamaw and the country Mamaw and they each had their special attractions.

Papaw, though, was not one of them. At least not those summers he would make fun of the amateurWay I snapped beans or holler at me for climbing in the gingko tree.

But Mamaw Fern was enough of a fascination to make up for my grandfather's greatness. Even now I feel the thrill of pride mixed with horrow as I see her go out back, grab a chicken, lay it on the stump and expedite its way to the dinner table. (Yuk! It really was pretty disgusting, Mamaw.)

Never one for the rusticities of true country living, I never could down that fresh milk with unidentifiables floating in it or that homemade butter. It was years before I acquired a taste for country ham.

But Mamaw had a way of making orange Kool-Aid taste special by lacing it with real orange juice and we'd swing on the front porch amid a forest of gargantuan houseplants that summered outside. She always had the most unorthodox containers for her plants — chamberpots, buckets and boxes — but they did the trick.

The most special time by far, was the Fourth of July and Carlisle's Blackberry Festival, the one week when my two Kentucky's would meet. If I had been staying in the country, we'd all pile into the car (women in back, men in front) and travel to town where Papaw would claim his spot in front of the druggstore and wait for the square dancing to begin. I'd find Nina and we'd revel in the courthouse midway, too young to notice how horrible its hawkers were, too busy straining to see the fireworks over the roof of the Deposit Bank.

It was a very special time. Though I can't now name the friends that for years I lived next door to in grade school, I can name you a dozen of my cousin's friends that I saw once a summer. Does the warmth of summer somehow heighten the senses so that occurrences that are really not at all extraordinary seem to glow in retrospect?

I don't know. I just know that each time I make a hollyhock doll from pink blossoms and buds I'll think of summer at Mamaw Fern's and each time I skip cracks in an old street sidewalk I'll think of summer at Mamaw Louise's.

Blind teacher sues for aide to help with discipline

A blind teacher in the Pittsburg, Pennsylvania public schools has charged that the board of education should provide her a fulltime aide to maintain discipline during class instead of firing her because she can't keep the class in order. Her attorney has also proposed that the district transfer her to a school with less rowdy students. The district alleges the teacher has received unsatisfactory ratings since she began teaching in March 1981. The board has taken action to suspend her with pay pending a hearing for termination next month.

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By
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Exec. Vice Pres.
First National Bank
Why is a loan approved by the bank?
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Several things are considered before any loan is approved, or rejected. Naturally, the first requirement always relates to the "Three C's". Capacity (ability to repay), Character (moral integrity) and Collateral. These are not all of the things considered however. Other reasons are whether or not it will be good for our customer and the bank alike. One thing that people do not understand about the banking business is that when it comes to loan decisions, we want to do what is best for our customer. It follows naturally that what is best for our customer, is best also for the bank.
We want you to know more about our business!!!

An editor's random thoughts . . .

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
June 16, 1932

Blackberry Cobbler

(Reprinted from our files at the request of a cobbler-loving colleague who has "et out on the porch" in his time.)

Says a paragrapher in the Louisville Times:

"The only trouble with blackberry cobbler is that there isn't enough cobbler if you have room left, and there isn't room enough if you have any cobbler left."

Here's a writer who sits up and takes notice. We had wondered frequently why and from whence came that feeling of sadness with which we have more than often confronted a cobbler weltering in its crimson gore. We should not have been sad, being all fortified with fried chicken and cream gravy and salt risin' and corn pone and tomatoes and butter beans and cucumbers sliced to a gnat's heel, when the cobbler was brought on. One should feel glad at such times and in harmony with Nature and in tune with the Infinite. But now we know that the cobbler was an anti-climax. Being itself a midsummer's masterpiece of the art culinary, it is not fit for blackberry cobbler to play second fiddle, even to fried chicken and cream gravy.

Now our up-stage neighbors to the west and south, having clothed the hillsides of old Nicholas with blackberries of the nonesuch and nonpareil varieties, through the medium of song and story and pert paragraph, and this newspaper being duly appointed arbiter of forms and fashions and things au fait in the matter of blackberries and the by-products thereof by said paragraphers pert and pertinacious, we do hereby lay down the following arbitrament repealing all judgments, recipes and dictums of such authorities as Will Ardery, Mrs. Johnson and Emily Post's etiquette book.

And we do allow that cobbler should be eaten or et or otherwise taken internally first and foremost, before a man has his interior anatomy all gaumed up with chicken and old ham and hoe cake, beans, corn, cucumbers and tomatoes, buttermilk, iced tea and what have you. All these have a tendency to maintain squatter's rights upon the domain so occupied, to have and to hold and to resist any invasion of their freehold by later tenants. This is no way to treat a blackberry cobbler!

No, sir! A cobbler, a real cobbler, its blue blood ebbing away there on the dish, martyred by an artist culinary to make a poem for the palate of an epicure, deserves top of menu as well as top of column next reading matter. It should be flanked by trenchers of golden honey, pitchers of creamy milk, tankards of foaming buttermilk, waiting goblets in which the ice tinkles. It should be taken preferably at high noon on an old back porch, where the climbing roses riot and the honeysuckle wreaths its festoons, where the breeze comes laden with the heavy sweetness of mid-summer and one may hear the musical drip of water from the buckets of a pump.

With such an atmosphere one may proceed at once to loosen his collar, roll up his sleeves, pin back his ears and get a firm grip on fork, spoon or his pet means of food conveyance, add honey to taste and fall to. There can be no question of room when the cobbler constitutes the bill of fare from soup to nuts; there can be no question of enough cobbler if you live in these parts. Just shove up your chair and eat hearty.

Tomorrow? Well, tomorrow you may be yourself with yesterday's ten thousand years, as the poet has it, or you may be talking to someone and suddenly there will come a dreamy look in your eyes and you will fold your arms rather suddenly at a point south of the lower ribs and you will bow gracefully to the memory of that pastry par excellence, that poem culinary. You will feel like going away somewhere and lying down and being alone to commune with your thoughts. But it won't be the cobbler that did it. You can blame it on the honey. And think, you will have settled the question of how much cobbler a man can eat, given the necessary amount of anatomy to wrap around it!

— Notice — To Taxpayers

I have completed the 1981 property tax assessment for Nicholas County. I have reassessed all commercial and residential property in the city and county. I had no recourse due to the decision of the Supreme Court's ruling in the 1980 P.V.A. law suit against the Department of Revenue. I must value property at 100% Market Value according to sales. Farms (10 acres or more) were reassessed for 1980 and no increase was necessary for 1981.

Any taxpayer who received an increase on his assessment will get a notice in the mail soon. Any taxpayer who feels he was assessed too high according to market value, should appeal his assessment to the local Board of Assessment Appeals. If this total assessment is lowered extensively, the requirement will not be met and the assessment will not be certified. This could result in late tax bills and possible increases by the Department of Revenue.

The inspection period is from August 3-8 and August 10-15. The hours are 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. weekdays and 9-12 on Saturdays.

Rose Brady
Property Valuation Administrator,
Nicholas County