# Opinion

## New section to feature lawmaking in progress

Beginning with this issue, the Mercury will carry a new section each week designed by our staff to keep you, our readers, informed as to what's going on with our lawmakers.

Entitled "Lawmaker's Roundup", this area of our paper will attempt to give some coverage to both the legislative and the judicative lawmakers, and to range from local to state to national focus as necessity arises. We will also offer some of the latest pre-filed bills that will be debated in the upcoming session of the state legislature. Even now, interim joint committees are busily at work preparing the agenda for our next legislature.

The laws which govern our daily lives are changing every single day, and far too often we don't realize what is going on until the law of the land is already set down. By alerting our readers of pre-filed bills in particular, we hope to give you an opportunity to speak your mind on an issue before it is too late. Writing your congressman or legislator really does help — but only if your opinion arrives while the debate is still pertinent.

We will also try to give you some reports of legal decisions that you wouldn't ordinarily get in your daily media. Often it is the seemingly unimportant legislation and court decisions which turn out to have the most profound ramifications in later years.

By giving closer attention to our legislature and its actions, we hope to also provide some valid criteria on which you can formulate a more informed choice on election day.

We hope you enjoy our new feature. Let us know your feelings about it. We feel, quite personally, that services like this are a big part of what responsible community journalism is all about — keeping you, our reader, informed and assisting democracy in action.

## Agree or not

### Challenge of legislator's eligibility brings back controversial memories

by S.C. Van Curon

The court challenge of the eligibility of two elected legislators brings to mind a challenge of a different nature in 1962.

The 1962 challenge was against state Senator Tom Raney of Pikeville who, elected in 1959, was sworn in as a deputy sheriff of Pike County after the 1960 legislative session, about the middle of his elected term.

State Senator Helen Garrett of Paducah and Representative Allene Craddock of Elizabethtown had their elections challenged recently because they were serving on appointive boards contrary to legislation passed in 1936.

Mrs. Garrett resigned her commission post two days before the primary and Mrs. Craddock said she became a candidate before being appointed to the board and never attended a meeting.

Circuit judges in both cases sided with the candidates.

The challenges were brought after the Kentucky Supreme Court had ruled that John Celletti of Louisville was an ineligible candidate in the Democratic primary because he was a member of the Kentucky Real Estate Commission.

In the Raney case, then state Treasurer Thelma Stovall refused to issue Raney his pay and expense checks as a state legislator, citing Kentucky law that says an office holder resigns his office once he takes the oath of another office.

In those days, legislators did not receive any pay between sessions, and Raney, a field officer for the United Mine Workers of America, signed on as a deputy sheriff in Pike County for a paying job.

Mrs. Stovall was a strong supporter of the A.B. Chandler faction of the Democratic Party that had been beaten by Gov. Bert T. Combs, supported by the Clements-Wetherby faction of the party.

Of course, Raney filed suit.

It went through Franklin Circuit Court where the decision was that Raney had vacated his seat under the constitution when he took the oath as a deputy sheriff.

It then went to the Kentucky Court of Appeals, the state's highest court at that time.

The appeals court decision was that the legislature is the sole judge of the qualifications and election of its members. Naturally, the Senate decided for Raney and he served the additional two years of his term.

At that time, this column argued that Raney's election and qualification wasn't the question before the court, but that the question was did he take the oath of office as a deputy sheriff. The records in Pike County showed that he did. Of course, the court was the final authority, but it was a good news story at the time.

As to the present decisions, the 1936 statute was passed during the depression years when the prevailing idea was to spread jobs around, not let one person hold two.

In later years, though, the legislature has seen the wisdom, especially since the interim legislative committee system was adopted, of having legislators on certain state commissions and boards so as to keep the legislature abreast of happenings between legislative sessions by reporting in committee meetings.

The problem is that whoever drafted the law putting legislators on boards and commissions failed to know about the 1936 requirement and put a repealer clause in the new legislation.

Apparently the compilers overlooked this technicality.

The judges didn't say so, but they must have reasoned that the intent of the legislature was to repeal the 1936 law when the new requirement passed.

This is not the first mistake made in legislation, and it won't be the last.

## What's in a tax cut?

It's strange but true: over the past 15 years, even though official rates of taxation went down, actual tax rates went up. Here is how it happened.

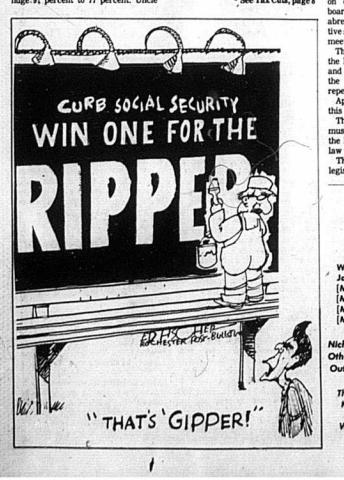
A great many citizens, hard pressed by inflation, started urging cuts in federal income tax rates back in the early sixties. As prices started going up, their wages and salaries went up, which pushed them into higher tax brackets. As a result, their after-tax income often was less than before they got their raises.

Congress responded to their pleas for relief with cuts in federal income tax rates in 1964 and 1965. The reduced rates during those two years averaged about 25 percent. For example, in 1964, the top-bracket rate, for those with the highest incomes, was trimmed from a huge .91 percent to 77 percent. Uncle Sam, instead of taking away nine out of every ten dollars of a top earner's income, was willing to accept a little less than eight.

On the other hand, the bottom-bracket rate was cut from 20 percent to 16 percent. In the case of a person in modest circumstances, Uncle Sam, who had been taking two dollars out of every ten earned, was willing to settle for $1.60.

In 1965, the top rate was trimmed again — from 77 percent to 70 percent. And the bottom rate was cut from 16 percent to 14 percent. Then in 1979, for most taxpayers, there was in effect still another rate cut. Personal exemptions were increased from $750 to $1000, and various tax brackets were widened, which meant that many people were

* See Tax Cuts, page 8




## Down Memory Lane

### Plans made to develop lake in county

**Thursday, June 29, 1961**

Officers were elected Monday at a meeting of the Nicholas County Development Corporation, an organization to plan and develop a 150-acre lake and resort area in the county. They are Charles M. Cox, president; William B. Parker and Dorsey Watkins, vice-presidents; William T. Straw, secretary; and Jim Rich, treasurer.

Beverly Brogan of Moorefield and Bettie Darnall of Fleming County, both local nurses, were selected by the Nicholas Fiscal Court as co-superintendents of the Johnson Hospital Convalescent Home. They will assume duties Aug. 1, succeeding Mrs. George Kendoffer.

Sometime after midnight Wednesday Gene's TV Shop, owned and operated by Eugene Clinkenbeard, was broken into and robbed. Stolen were the cash register containing $200, six high frequency converters, three portable televisions, 13 radios, six water heaters and 24 records, with a total value of $765. Entry was gained through a basement door.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Frederick a son, June 25 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mulliken a daughter, Deborah, June 25 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. M.E. Caudell Jr. a son, Mark Tobin, June 26 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Carolyn Lane Atchison of Berea and John Robert Walls, Sunday at the Cane Ridge Church. — Mrs. Phyllis Walker and Lucius Moreland III of Bourbon County, Saturday at the home of Rev. T.A. Coffey of North Middletown.

DIED — Robert Sanford Hardin, 88, retired Nicholas County farmer, Friday at Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Mamie McElfresh, 54, Wednesday at St. Joseph Hospital. — Dyer Thomas, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Davis, June 15 at Good Samaritan Hospital. — M.C. Garr Colliver, 73, of Flemingsburg, Sunday at his home. — Sanford C. Graves, 68, of Millersburg, Wednesday at his home. — Mrs. Elda Monson Gaffin, 90, Wednesday at Bourbon County Hospital. — George W. Parker, 85, June 23 in Bloomington, Ill. — Mrs. Lucy Cook Fryman, 53, of Georgetown, Wednesday. — Mrs. Letitia Lane Patton of Cynthiana, Wednesday at Harrison Memorial Hospital. — Charles Raymond Leonard, 66, of Cincinnati, Monday in Harrodsburg.

**Thursday, June 26, 1941**

Bobby McCann, son of Mr. and Mrs. George McCann was struck by an automobile Wednesday when crossing Main Street on his bicycle. Luckily he was not hurt and his bike was only slightly damaged.

A general meeting of the 4-H Club was held Friday evening at the East Union School, with 35 members present and several visitors.

The Farmers Stock Yard sales climbed slightly above last week with hogs and cattle showing strong gain.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Clavell on Wednesday, June 18, a son. He has been named Jackie Lee. Mrs. Clavell was formerly Miss Goldie Thornsburg.

MARRIED — Miss Eunice Ganelle Wills and Charles Bashaw were married Sunday night at the Grassy Lick Methodist Church in Montgomery County. — Miss Helen Keene Veach and Donald H. Fair, on Saturday, June 21, at Marion, Ark.

DIED— William Selby, 63, farmer, died at his home in this county Thursday morning. — G.C. Varner, 56, died at his home in Harrison County near Nicholas County line Friday morning. — Billy R. Barton, 38, son of Nicholas County Sheriff, L.B. Barton, died at 7 o'clock Saturday night at the Johnson Memorial Hospital. — Mrs. Adaline Reynolds, 63, wife of the Rev. Robert Reynolds, died at her home in Mt. Sterling. She was a native of Nicholas County, daughter of the late E.M. and Permelia Wagoner. — C.C. Nixon, 63, carpenter, died at 4:30 o'clock Tuesday morning at his home in Dorseyville. — A.W. Shrout, 71, farmer, died at his home Tuesday afternoon on Locust Street in this city.

**Thursday, June 26, 1921**

Lee Davis, 22, drowned in the Licking River near Locust store Monday while attempting to swim the river.

Forty-one pupils will receive diplomas Friday upon graduation from the common schools in the county. Exercise to be held in the city school auditorium.

The Court of Appeals Friday held that the compulsory school attendance law is valid, reversing the decision of Judge L.P. Fryer in the Nicholas circuit court.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hamilton, of the county, Saturday, June 25, a daughter. — To Mr. and Mrs. George Linville, of the city, Saturday, June 25, a daughter. — To Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gaunce, near Centerville, formerly of this county, on June 20, a nine-pound son, Garnett Jackson. — To Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of this city, on Saturday, June 25, a son. The father of the child died a few days before the birth.

MARRIED — Miss Elizabeth Willis and Walter Thompson Hawkins at Louisville last Saturday. — Miss Edith Alice Campbell and Sterling B. Blake, at Lexington, Thursday, June 23.

DIED — Anna Ruth, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fuller at their home near town, Monday. — Mrs. Sarah Ratliff Burns, 86, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Andy Shrout near Paris, Tuesday. — J.W. Troutman, at his home in Lebanon, Ind., Tuesday.

## The Idle Rambler

by James C. Smith

Doubtless, there are several dozen recent graduates of NCHS that are wandering around the county this summer with only one thing on their minds. "What am I going to do now?"

That's not an easy question to answer. But for those few that are possibly considering a shot at the world of journalism, I may be able to help in that big decision.

While the eternal question of "How can I make the most amount of money with the least amount of effort?" is still unanswered (you think I'd be doing this if I knew the answer?), comrade Frank Warnock at the **Cynthiana Democrat** has come up with a pretty accurate little quiz to measure one's natural proclivities toward the real-world realm of day-to-day journalism.

This test could save someone a lot of heartache later on, but mainly it weeds out the mild, the meek, the ill-advised and the dreamers.

Read each question and answer it honestly.

1. **For Memorial Day I would like to:**
A. Go swimming
B. Drink beer
C. Enjoy a picnic
D. Attend a Memorial Service, one of the dozen that are occurring in town and get yelled at by the participants of the programs you didn't attend

2. **I like to spend my evenings:**
A. With my family
B. Watching a favorite TV show
C. At the local tavern
D. Attending city commission, school board and fiscal court meetings

3. **My next off I plan to:**
A. Go to the Bahamas
B. Sleep
C. Play tennis
D. What day off?

4. **The aspect I most enjoy about photography is:**
A. Creating art
B. Capturing a mood
C. Making a portrait
D. Taking pictures of dead fish and deer

5. **I dream to write:**
A. The quintessential American poem
B. The world's greatest novel
C. A highly publicized screenplay
D. Obituaries, wedding announcements and a six-part series on the town's sewage system woes

6. **To remain healthy I plan to:**
A. Exercise on a regular basis
B. Eat bran
C. Join the spa
D. Smoke cigarettes, drink lots of coffee and exercise my fingers a lot on a machine called a typewriter

7. **When I talk on the phone I like to:**
A. Discuss the weather
B. Talk politics
C. Ramble about whatever
D. Get yelled at by irate, unreasonable people

8. **On beautiful summer weekends I like to:**
A. Go see a baseball game
B. Go to the beach
C. Go camping
D. Attend the garden club's outing, the local civic club's Saturday night program and a two-alarm fire

9. **My greatest accomplishment as a journalist will be:**
A. Exposing a corrupt politician
B. Writing an award-winning series
C. Becoming managing editor of the New York Times
D. Figuring out the school board's budget

10. **At the next event I'm invited to where I'm promised a free meal for publicity I'll probably eat:**
A. A T-bone steak
B. Quiche lorraine
C. Chocolate mousse
D. A cold hotdog and a flat Pepsi

For those who answered A, B or C on any question, killing off a rich aunt may be your only hope. But for those who, consistently defying all logic and common sense, chose D, grab a notebook, camera, pack of No-Doze and a big shot of patience.

And you better not come looking for my job. You'd probably get it.

**Looking back literarily...**

June 25, 1903: George Orwell was born (Eric Arthur Blair).

*See Idle Rambler, page 3

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## Letters from our readers

**To The Carlisle Mercury:**

I always enjoy reading the reprints of your father's editorials and columns, but the one this week was of particular interest in that it pertained to KPA meeting of quite some time ago. It wasn't dated, of course, but I would hazard a guess that it was about 1936 or 37.

The Danville meeting was before my time — that is my time of going to KPA sessions — but I remember most of the people your dad mentioned and, in fact, knew several of them personally. I only wish that I had known your father. He was one of the great Kentucky writers of his time.

Mary and I enjoyed seeing you and Kay again at Cave City.

Best regards,
Archie S. Frye
The Graphic
Georgetown, Ky.

**(Editor's note: Good guess! It was written in 1936.)**



# Op-Ed page

## Boob or the tube? Who cares . . . wasn't worth understanding anyway

RUSS METZ

You have often heard, and lawyers probably understand it better than anyone, when four people witness an automobile accident or some other incident that might end up in court, you are likely to get four different versions of what happened.

It is about the same thing with television and Dr. Jacob Jacoby, head of the consumer psychology program at Purdue University, and his pals took on the job of finding out if television viewers understand what they are watching.

Findings include: More than 90 percent of all television viewers misunderstand part of what they see regardless of what kind of show they are watching.

The range of misunderstanding is between one-fourth and one-third of any broadcast, whether the broadcast is entertainment, news, commercial announcements or public service.

Viewer age, education and other democraphic characteristics have little bearing on this misunderstanding and cannot account for it.

Here we sit in front of our idiot boxes an estimated average of 6.3 hours per household per day. We soak up televised information like Bounty paper towels soak up spilled coffee, but 90 percent of us misunderstand from one-quarter to one-third of everything we see...

It's all pretty scary. I keep reading that most of what Americans know about anything is learned in front of a television set, either at home or at school. TV has become not only America's entertainment medium, of choice, it is our primary source of information and education.

If most of us misunderstand much of what we see, we all are living in fantasy land. Worse, each person's misunderstood view of reality is different from the next person's. Yet each person thinks his pals all saw the same thing and experienced the same reality. Weird.

The ancient Greek philosophers used to kick around the idea of objective vs. subjective reality. I wasn't there, but I think the idea was that true, pure, objective reality exists, although none of us can possibly see it. What we see are intimations, shadows and reflections of objective reality.

The stuff we call reality exists only in our individual minds and hearts. It is subjective, a kind of construction we build from all the intimations, shadows and reflections. It not only can vary from person to person, it inevitably does. For this reason human beings are well advised to react gingerly to that which seems real and unchanging. Everything is made of the mist...Plato knew what he was talking about way back there in 400 B.C....

— RM —

Some day, members of Boy Scout Troop 40 of Fort Worth, Texas, will be able to read assistant scoutmaster Gary Matthews' log of their Oklahoma canoe trip and laugh. They left on a Wednesday afternoon and arrived at their destination, a river camp, shortly after midnight.

Matthews' log for Thursday:

8 a.m. — Load canoes and head for river.

10:50 a.m. — All in water on our way.

11:15 a.m. — Danny and Craig swamped canoe in fast water and overturned (each said it was the other's fault).

11:40 a.m. — Richard and John overturned. Jerry and Don overturned trying to help.

Scout master running up and down bank mumbling to himself and checking boys and equipment.

Noon — Break for lunch (same spot canoes overturned).

1:30 p.m. — Back on river.

1:45 p.m. — Paul and Ken swamped canoe on river bend in fast water. Canoe sank. Mark and Tennie got caught in fast water at same spot and wrapped canoe around a tree. Canoe broke in half. Richard and John's canoe overturned. Richard grabbed a tree limb and climbed to top (no one saw him). After 10-minute search, Richard hollered down out of tree and asked what we were looking for.

Scoutmaster running up and down bank mumbling to himself and shaking head.

2:15 p.m. — All boys safe and accounted for.

2:15-3 p.m. — Looking for sunk canoe. Never found. Lost all of Paul's equipment.

3:30 p.m. — Joe and Richard overturned canoe rounding bend. Gary and Bill rescued Joe and canoe. Richard was already on bank. Mike and Dan overturned canoe. Steve and Drew got caught in fast water and wrapped canoe around stump. It broke in half.

Scoutmaster running up and down bank mumbling to himself and shaking head.

3:45-7 p.m. — The boys were split in three different places — right bank, left bank and island in middle of river. Got boys same side of river, fortunately only few hundred feet from a river camp ground. No phone, no water, one light pole with 40-watt bulb.

10:30 p.m. — All boys fed and down for the night.

Total of losses: 3 canoes, 6 paddles, assorted equipment.

Friday's log:

7:30 a.m. — Rise and shine. Spend morning checking gear, sorting out equipment, drying.

Noon — Loaded canoes on trailers, went back to camp.

3 p.m. — Took Paul into town for some clothes. Took David to hospital for tetanus shot.

Saturday's log:

9 a.m. — Loaded vans.

9:05 a.m. — Busted power steering hose on Ken's van.

9:15 a.m. — Loaded boys into remaining cars and went sightseeing. Left Ken to take van to town to get fixed.

6 p.m. — Set up evening campfire, got truck stuck, buried up to axle.

8:30 p.m. — Got truck unstuck.

9 p.m. — Had campfire, then sat around, sang songs and talked about what a swell time we had.

Sunday's log:

Got up, held church service, loaded cars, said goodbye to beautiful Oklahoma.

— RM —

Sandy Suemick, of Denmark, Wis., was telling about her sister, Carole, facing her 45th birthday and bemoaning her fate.

"After 44, it's downhill aging all the way. That's why I don't call these wrinkles in my face smile lines, I call them skid marks."

This wasn't my usually optimistic, happy sister.

"Carole," I argued with her, "you're an attractive woman. I know your family likes you just the way you are."

"Well, if that's true," she wailed, "when I'm feeling romantic and blow in my husband's ear, why does he get up and close the window? Why do the kids tease me about my hour-glass figure shifting to bottom heavy?

"I tried jogging," she continued, "and found my bladder didn't like the jiggling and jarring.

"I tried exercising on the floor but ended up napping on the carpet.

"I've tried lots of face creams but a dermatologist advised me I needed industrial strength Oil of Olay and they haven't patented it yet."

Nothing I would say would pacify her. It took a woman of great age to bring her up short.

On Mother's Day, our whole family visited my grandmother, a frail 90-year-old reduced to a wisp of her former self by illness, at the nursing home which has been her home for many years.

Carole leaned over the thin body strapped in the wheelchair and shouted into the hearing aid, "Well, Gangee (our nickname for her) how are you?"

Her reply, destined to stop all complaining: "Do you want to trade places with me!"

Onward, upward.

## An editor's random thoughts . . .

Issue of June 29, 1933
by Warren R. Fisher Sr.

(Like a reprieve to a condemned man, there came the other day, when the thermometer was soaring in crazy fashion and we felt particularly baked and brainless, a request from Mrs. James W. Miller, of the county, that the following "Random Thoughts" be republished. Phew! Thank you, Mrs. Miller; it just fills the column.)

There still stands along many of the main highways of Kentucky small houses, close to the roadway, bringing to mind with those whose memory runs to a score and ten of years the toll-gates which once dotted every turnpike.

They were a nuisance, the grown-ups said, and one supposes they were. Driving a mettlesome horse, it was no small feat of horsemanship to make a successful pause at these barriers, while toll was being paid. But there was always something interesting, even romantic, to this writer, in the slow upswing of the long pole. More than often the tollgate keeper's wife counted the toll, on her fingers usually, and doled out the change with all the meticulous care of women, ever unused to handling money, when dealing with that precious commodity. Any everyone, we are sure will remember the children, (why were they all towheaded?) that clung to her skirts as she unwound the rope and let the weighted pole swing high. These tots stared at the traveler shyly and more than one youngster envied them their point of vantage.

Wild young blades were known to send their mounts hurtling over toll-gate poles hung a trifle low; others "beat" the gate by fast driving sometimes, but the majority of travelers were honest and the tempo of the age was slow. One wonders just what would happen to these pole barriers in this day of speeding cars.

*****

And do you remember the "dead Irishmen", those grave-like mounds on the steep hills of old macadam turnpikes? The fastest driver was compelled to slow up or be jounced off the road. The purpose of these mounds across the pike was to turn the water into the ditches. The automobile came and proved to be a necessity that was the mother of the high-crowned road, an invention not satisfactory as motor speeds increased. Now we have a seemingly flat roadway, banked on the curves, that "sheds the water" equally as well.

In the old days of the privately owned turnpikes, the roadside "paddy" with his napping hammer was a familiar sight. These nappers of rock, sitting on planks, worn smooth and polished by use, astride the roadside rock piles, were intriguing figures to the small boy. Frequently youngsters sat with them during the summer days and watched the ease and amazing dexterity with which rock split neatly under just the right tap of the disk-headed hammer. Most of rock breakers were old men, weather beaten, stiff of joint, sun-tanned and silent. We remember seeing one old fellow on whose rock pile we were permitted to do some "napping," take a small bottle of white powder from his pocket and measure out a potion on his knife blade. Afterward he would become talkative for awhile. Later we knew what was in that tin-foil wrapped bottle. Morphine could be purchased by anyone at country stores, anywhere, for less than a dollar for a bottle that would now bring many dollars at bootleg prices. The old nappers of rock were the sons of Erin who were laid to rest, so the myth of childhood ran, under the grave-like mounds that cut across the steep turnpike hills. And many of us who were youngsters in that day believed it. One may easily imagine a boy of today being told such a fairy tale. "Oh, yeah?"

*****

And do you remember the yellow butterflies sucking the moisture from roadside puddles; and the "horse-hair snakes" that wriggled in those puddles? To a small boy a drive of 20 miles furnished the prospect of interesting, if not unusual, adventure. The pace was slow enough usually for the driver to note roadside happenings; to stop sometimes in June to "run down" a young rabbit; to pause at a bridge and watch until fishermen "got a bite," to unlimber the pronged slingshot for a try at a defiant squirrel on the limb of a hickory. Sometimes older boys carried a flobert rifle in the bed of the buggy, when young rabbits sat in the pike toward sundown on August afternoons. Frequently a squirrel grew too bold and now and then, if you carried a few "twenty-two longs," you might get a hawk, that usually wary bird being apparently unable to distinguish his enemy, astride, or being drawn by a horse, from the harmless and friendly quadruped.

There was it seems as we look back, a sense of almost human comradeship with the horse one drove, a friend to be "rested," after a steep hill had been negotiated; a fellow-traveler, whose comfort you considered, when you came to a roadside pool, or a branch, unbridged, that cut across the turnpike. Then you drove in, and if you were wearing your Sunday shoes, you climbed out on a shaft and unhooked the check-rein and loosened the throat-latch.

Other times, other manners. The boy of this motor-driven age misses lots of sights and sounds, perfumes and beauties of the roadside. The pace is too fast for observation and there is little loitering along the way. Somehow we can't help feeling that they miss a great deal that is valuable as well as exciting to a normal boyhood; that pages from Nature's book are hurried past unread; lessons unlearned, which might bring solace in later years, could call up pleasant memories in later years. But perhaps the compensation comes in the thrill of speed, a glorying in the power of the machine, this era's god.

*****

One wonders if they breed the genuine Kentucky "walking horse" these days. Theirs was the poetry of equine motion and many miles could be traveled comfortably behind those ears which wagged gently in rhythm with the "running walk." We have seen walking horses" at fairs of late years, but seldom one of the kind where one could tie up the lines, give her a slap and have her walk away, "ker-luck, ker-luck," in that old rhythmical gait.

We remember an old grey mare, tailless through an accident, and cruelly tormented by flies, on whose back we believe a pail of water might have been balanced without spilling a drop, so smooth was her running walk. And these old girls could run, too, when a wide stretch of pasture offered and they were properly urged.

No one rides any more for pleasure it seems, except in the parks of the large cities. And, Lordamercy! how self-conscious they look and how some of them held their bridle reins like they were driving a trotter. And the horses — perhaps it's the style in gaits — but surely Calvin Coolidge's mechanical contraption couldn't churn up the interior anatomy of its rider more.

You may have your fancy-gaited nags and your high "parking" horses, if you please, but give us one of the old "walkers," whose ears wagged and upon whose neck you could drop the reins with the assurance that whether you slept or not, she would do her stuff, ker-luck, ker-luck, ker-luck, ker-luck.

*****

Home in the grey of twilight. Off with the saddle and sweaty blanket, or unfasten the traces, loosen the belly-band and let your faithful friend walk out of the steaming harness and to the water trough. The crunch of corn in a stall, an armful of hay in the manger and you between the shafts to the buggy house.

Now it is a screech of brakes, the snapping off of the ignition — easy now a journey's ending.

Perhaps it's age, but somehow we can't but feel that those who missed the toll-gates, paddies on the turnpike, "dead Irishmen," walking horses and all, are to be pitied.

## The Idle Rambler

*Continued from page 2

June 27, 1606: Cervantes is arrested and charged with complicity in the death of a nobleman fatally wounded outside his window; he is later exonerated.

June 28, 1712: Jean-Jacques Rousseau is born.

June 29, 1613: The Globe theatre burns down during a performance of Shakespeare's **Henry VIII**.

June 30, 1936: Margaret Mitchell's **Gone With the Wind** is first published and becomes an immediate best seller.

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