Opinion

Your contribution is needed now

Five days a week a white van from the Adult Training Center at Paris travels the highways and byways of Nicholas County picking up our adult retardates — out the Headquarters road for Judy, down Ellisville way for Harry, out East Union road for Earl, up on Chestnut hill for Cindy and out Upper Jackstown for Ced, then, in the back road to Paris and at the end of the run — the Center.

Here they greet their Bourbon County friends and their teachers. The Center is housed in an old gray house on the corner across from Duncan Tavern and the Courthouse. Within these cracked and crumbling gray walls a process called "Normalization" is carried on under the supervision of the Director, Yoniece Miller, and her staff, Dee Cunningham, Betty Riggs and Pat Jones. A myriad of activities, simple and complex, are taught and encouraged to help each participant to be as normal as possible. Since not all are handicapped in the same way some can do a lot while others can do very little. Therefore, the program for each participant is geared to his/her abilities.

They cook, sew, wash dishes, clean house, plant flowers, (the flower landscaping on the Courthouse lawn is their project) and they learn about good nutrition, work on their diets and some attend a weight-loss-exercise program at the Health Center. They learn to handle money, make bank deposits and write checks, learn and practice good grooming and manners and many other things that so-called normal people do. Here, all and any subject of life is broached and discussed, feelings and emotions, sex, religion, politics, etc. Emphasis is also on social functions, dances, parties, dinners, summer camp, and on various sports, baseball, soccer, bowling, running and jumping.

Within these walls small miracles are made to be; a girl, who cannot eat with utensils is taught to do so, so she can dine out; a boy, who could not handle a bowling ball, even Yoniece in frustration finally threw up her hands saying, "He can't do it," but she came at him again and again and now he bowls; a girl, who had a wish to walk down the street alone because she believed she could do it, but whose mother would never allow it, now walks down the Main street of Paris and crosses over Main street alone. Yes, miracles! After all these years, only here within gray walls with four miracle workers, four dedicated, selfless and dauntless teachers could these miracles happen.

If the Adult Training Center at Paris had not opened its doors to us do you know how Cindy, Judy, Earl, Harry and Ced would spent today? They would sit home and watch television, listen to records or radio, eat, watch more TV, do a few chores for their parents, watch more TV and spend hour on hour in boredom. And, what if that white van, due to lack of funds, stopped winding through our highways and byways each day? Do you know what our adult retardates would do then? Daydream — just sit home and daydream about those good days when they arose before dawn and excitedly hurried out to board the van, to exchange "Good-mornings" and "How are yous?" with the driver, Nelda or Carl, and to anticipate the busy and interesting day ahead at the Center. They'd think about their teachers and friends and wonder what they are doing without them. They would wish they could go again to a dance at Bates Creek or to Bell House to a Halloween costume party or get all dressed up and go to a dinner-dance at the "Y" in Lexington. Where else would they have these opportunities?

On Tuesdays they would wish they could go bowling in the afternoon as usual. They would hear on the TV News about the Special Olympics and they would think, "I was there." I bowled in the Olympics at Frankfort — I entered the 50 or 100-yard dash or the broad or high jump in the Olympics in Lexington — we won ribbons and got our pictures in the paper.

They would miss the paycheck they get made out to them in their very own name — checks which they receive for an 'honest hour's' work on such things as assembling ball-point pens or stuffing Jobe fertilizer spikes into boxes or other contract work which the Center is able to get for them. Since there are no sheltered workshops closer than Lexington, and since some of them could not perform there anyway, where else could they do meaningful work, under supervision, and make money to spend?

And, when June rolls 'round they'd dream about those five fun days in summer camp at Camp Wesley Woods — the good food (different from home food), the boat rides on the lake, the warm water of the swimming pool, tennis, crafts, games, practice for skits, new friends from other counties, music and dances, one night each sleeping in a tent, program night when they perform their skits for their parents and serve them freezers of ice cream which they cranked on all afternoon and that great experience of camaraderie around the campfire each evening before lights out. Where else would this group get a summer camp opportunity away from their families?

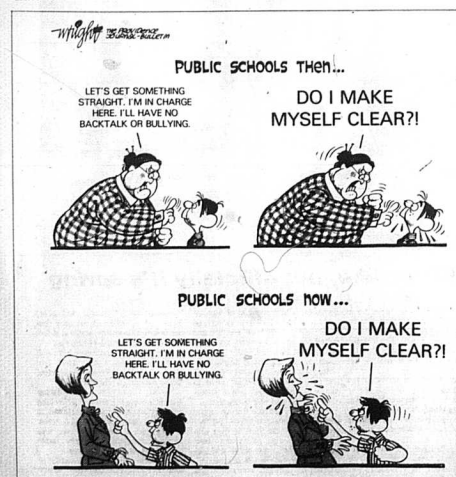
These are some of the things that will be only daydreams if the van ceases to thread its way over our hills and valleys.

A few weeks ago Ced, who had been ill and away from the Center for six days, was sitting Indian fashion on the couch watching TV and listening to radio music 93 when his mother casually called out from the kitchen, "You'll be going back to the Center tomorrow." Hopping up he hurried to her side, and with a warm expression playing over his face, he said, "And all my friends will be SO glad to see me!" That was not the remark of an egotist. It was a young fellow speaking from the heart who had found a niche where he could belong, where he could relax, where he was just one of the fellows, where he had found good and true friends, where he, with all his limitations, is accepted and treated as normal.

If this be so for Ced, is it not so for Earl and Judy and Cindy and Harry — a place where they can feel, without any hint of vanity, "My friends will be so glad to see me?"

They are only five — Judy, Harry, Earl, Cindy and Ced — five very special fellow Nicholas countians. In the future others turning 21 and leaving the MR classes in the Nicholas County schools will have an opportunity to go on to the Center instead of home to just sit around. They are a part of our county family and it falls to the rest of us to give them that chance — the opportunity to do the normal things most of us take for granted. Let's keep that 'white van' rolling!

Send contributions to Bob Gipson, in care of Carlisle Methodist Church, 554 Sycamore Hill, Carlisle, Ky. 40311.



Down Memory Lane

Delinquent taxes down in '41

Thursday, March 30, 1961

The 113-acre farm of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Taylor of Millersburg, known as the Blake farm, located on the Moorefield road, was sold at auction Saturday morning in three pieces, to Russell Wills, Joe Allen Stone and Billy Conway, at $181 an acre average.

Maurice Cameron and Malcolm Berry were exhibiting a 44-pound rock catfish they netted in the Licking River Tuesday afternoon.

The Nicholas County-Carlisle Little League held its first meeting of the season March 23 and elected the following officers: Marion Sims, president; Tebay Rose, vice president; Ralph Shearer, secretary-treasurer; Tommy Johnson, player agent; Paul Housé, Luther Anderson, Paul Smoot, Raymond House, David Johnson, Bill Snapp, John Sibert, managers.

Jack W. Bowen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bowen, has been appointed to the rank of Lieutenant Commander of the U.S. Navy. He is stationed at Monterey, Calif. and is a student at the U.S. Naval Post Graduate School in Naval Engineering.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gray of Myers a son, Ricky Allen, March 21 at the Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Saunders of Mt. Olivet a daughter, Jennie May, March 22 at the Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dixon a son, March 25 at the Nicholas County Hospital.

DIED — Ronald Bradford, 23, Ewing farmer, Saturday in a car accident. — Mrs. Mary Harp, 86, Thursday at the home of a son near Paris. — William H. Bussell, 83, Thursday at his home on West Main Street. — Mrs. Johanna Overman Shaw, 80, of Paris, Thursday in Paris. — Isaac Conner Fletcher, 90, of Paris, Thursday at the Bourbon County Hospital. — H. Bernard Dotson, 53, Wednesday, March 29 of a heart attack.

Thursday, March 27, 1941

A list of delinquent taxes published in this issue of *The Mercury* is the shortest to appear in several years.

"Crack Corn" West was arrested this week by Sheriff Barton, and charged with stealing a horse belonging to Sam Smoot.

Mrs. James White of near East Union, while walking on the road Tuesday afternoon, fell and her shoulder struck a large rock. She was brought to the local hospital Tuesday night for x-ray which revealed her shoulder was dislocated.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harper and Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Dorsey were called to Louisville Sunday to be with Mrs. William Harper Jr., who was very ill. Mrs. Dorsey remained with her daughter.

A warning to local boys to be careful so as to avoid serious injury when flying kites, has been given by F.J. Hardesty, the Kentucky Utilities Company manager here. "Kite flying season is with us again," Mr. Hardesty said. It is lots of fun, but can be dangerous to youngsters.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. William Harper Jr. (at a Louisville hospital Saturday, March 22, a daughter. Mrs. Harper was formerly Miss Betty Sears. — To Mr. and Mrs. James Honaker, one day last week a daughter, Anna Marie. Mrs. Honaker was formerly Miss Mary Snapp.

MARRIED — Miss Katherine Berry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W.A. Boyd of Carlisle, and John C. Lawson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Lawson of Shelbyville, Feb. 15 in Nashville, Tenn. — Miss Mildred Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M.S. Walker of Corbin, and William Branaman Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Branaman of London, March 3 in London, Ky.

DIED — Nathaniel P. Conway, 82, at his home in the Bostain apartment on Elm Street Friday.

An editor's random thoughts . . .

By Warren R. Fisher Sr.

Oh would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears!
When every tale Hope whispered then,
My fancy deemed was only truth.
Oh, would that I could know again,
The happy visions of my youth.

— Mark Lemon

Soon now will come Spring, bearing her gifts of jowl and greens, radiant in her dress of dogwood bloom and apple blossoms — and the fish will be bitin'! And we're going out to try 'em some day right soon, the Lord willing, even if we do lose a lap in our eternal race with the sheriff. We'll go fishing, but we can't go a-fishin', as we did some umpty years ago. What an event that first Friday afternoon and Saturday was, when the call came fragrant from the fields, sparkling 'neath the tears of April! There was the odor of violets, of damp earth, of growing things, of life, in that gentle breeze which crept into the mustiness of the school room. Teachers, we trust, have more human understanding of boy nature these days, for then they diagnosed our reaction to that breeze, manifested by a sudden and total lack of interest in education and the future of youthful brains, as "spring fever," which was but another way of dubbing us lazy dullards. Poor lads! We were heeding the call of something older than education. Our forefathers, as unincumbered by the veneer of civilization as they were guiltless of shoes and stockings and starched collars, were calling to us down the ages, singing into our hearts a paean of Spring, of life renewed after the death of Winter. And with that call came to us the knowledge that down in the creek the fish were biting. That afternoon we would seine the minnows.

To the grown-up boy, who thrills to "wetting his line," seining the minnows is a nuisance. To us it was no small part of the pleasure of the game. The invigorating tang of icy water on bare feet and legs, the crawfish bites, the occasional little sunperch, with his aldermanic stomach, which our seine brought up and which, like good sportsmen, we threw back, albeit reluctantly, were only a few of the "adventures" one enjoyed while "getting the bait." Sometimes a sturdy little black rock-perch would slither disdainfully over our seine, and once a small bass zipped across, we remember, and caused two startled boys to lose a dip of "black-head" minnows. And then the trip home in the twilight and the search for a quiet pool in which to hide our precious catch brought satisfying recompense in the knowledge of a secret shared.

There was not so much sleep as usual that night, but then one was repaid by a delightful, if drowsy, sense of anticipated joys, as one awoke ever and anon, to listen for the sound of rain upon the eaves. For rain, too much of it, was an ogre that could spoil the most carefully planned holiday. More than often Nature teased her devotees and we awoke to streaming skies. Even then we had faith, for did not grown-ups say, "rain 'fore seven, stops 'fore 'leven?" And the wonder of it was that frequently it did stop and we had a half-day, which was better than none at all. However, if the 8 o'clock brought the promise of a clear day, that's when a fellow didn't need a friend, for he was in touch with Nature.

Can you, who have rattled down to the creek in an old "no-top" buggy, hitched your horse to the sweeping branch of a willow and hurriedly "changed water" on your minnows, ever forget the thrill of rigging up and baiting your hook? It almost gave a fellow the "buck-ague," especially if the other boy had already "thrown in" and was "gettin' bites." After all corks were floating and everyone had been cautioned not to talk and you had waited half an hour and no startling rush of a hungry bass had drowned your gaudy little float, youth, unaccustomed to restraint, began to reassert itself and the day of days had begun.

About an hour later, you will remember, the other side of the creek began to look good. If you could only get over on that rocky bank, or down by that pile of drift, there'd be bass or "new lights" on your string in no time. About the next minute some boy would begin rolling a weather eye at the sun and wondering if it wasn't "pretty close to dinner time." Needed little urging to "set your pole" and join the others at the spring. The food? Well, mother had "fixed" it for you and lest some millionaire, of cavalier purse and milk and cracker digestion, might read this screed, we'll humanely refrain from pursuing that subject further.

"Sumpin' look all my bait; betcha he was a whopper, look how he pulled my pole outa th' bank!" Did anyone, except a gentleman of color, fishin' for gain, ever catch anything on a set pole? We never did and yet your youthful fisherman always tries it. The possibility is there and he's not taking any chances. And so back to fishing, a trifle discouraged at the catch, which comprises one small "newlight," a perch, whose curiosity got him hooked in the side and an infant "red-eye."

Comes two o'clock, and a wise lad, one who afterward became president or something, we imagine, produces a can of worms and allows he is done trying for the big ones. So is everyone. Now we are sitting in on a game we know. Down the creek a giant sycamore, its roots undermined by the waters from which it drew its strength, gave up the fight and toppled into the unfriendly stream years ago. There we find 'em — the game little fast-biting sun-perch, and as the sun becomes a "blood red orange" in the West, a

*See Random thoughts, page 3

The Carlisle Mercury
(USPS 090-820)
Established 1867
Phone (606) 289-2444
Published every Thursday at 224 Locust Street, Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky 40311. Postage paid at Carlisle.

Warren R. Fisher ..... Editor and Publisher
(Mrs.) Katherine T. Fisher ..... Managing Editor
(Mrs.) Janie Duncan ..... Assistant-to-the-Publisher
(Mrs.) Libby J. Moss ..... CompuWriter Operator

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Nicholas County, one year ..... $6.30, *sales tax included*
Other Kentucky Counties, one year ..... $7.35, *sales tax included*
Out-of-State, one year $9.00

MEMBERS
The Kentucky Press Association
Kentucky Weekly Newspaper and Western Kentucky Newspaper Associations
NNA NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

Kentucky Afield

By John Wilson

That April 15 tax deadline is creeping closer every day, so those of us who put things off until the last minute are going to have to get busy soon.

But in the rush to get your returns in the mail before the deadline, don't overlook line 20 on your Kentucky income tax return. This line gives you the opportunity to contribute a portion of your refund to wildlife.

The money donated from these refunds will be divided equally between the Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources and the Nature Preserves Commission. The money is to be used

*See Kentucky Afield, page 3

An Editor's random thoughts . . .

Continued from page 2

perfect day ends with full strings of the shiny and rotund little fellows.

Supper that night! Again for the sake of those whose digestions have not kept pace with their purse, we refrain. And yet we will say, that after that supper, so good it seemed to be alive, that even "taking a bath" brought forth no growls of protest and the shoes and stockings and the golden tents looming in the offing drifted peacefully into dreams of cork that bobbed once or twice and then darted under the still waters above that old sycamore log.

Yes, we're going fishing, the Lord willing. Would that we could go a-fishin' once more.

Agree or Not

The new trend, pay as you go hard medicine for most to swallow

By S.C. Van Curon

FRANKFORT — Proposed federal and state budget cuts have local government fiscal experts scurrying around trying to find the answer to a problem that hasn't been fully defined.

The federal cuts haven't been made, which in turn means that the state can't be exact because so many federal grants are included in the state budget.

It came upon this nation like a spring storm, the people wishing it wouldn't happen, but knowing full well that it was inevitable because of the recurrence of past history and the forecasts that had been made but had gone unheeded.

Reality must be recognized, but as usual the two parties in Washington are jockeying for political positions, each hoping to come out ahead in public opinion. Instead of this, the congressmen should get down to recognizing the message the people gave them last November in ousting the Democrats from control of the White House and the U.S. Senate. We can't have business as usual like it has been in Washington for the past 40 years and not expect to be in trouble.

We've been saying for more than 40 years that this country can't continue to spend more than it is taking in and continue to be healthy and progressive, but there are those in government who don't want to get the budget balanced and operating on a pay-as-you-go basis.

The government can't continue to pay for all of the social and economic problems of mankind problems that some of our congressmen want to finance to further their political well-being.

There is something wrong when a man can get a larger net paycheck drawing unemployment than he can working at the federal minimum wage. There also is something wrong with a system that encourages larger welfare checks for women who keep having more children out of wedlock. The more children, the bigger the check.

For those of us who began to make a living during the great depression, today's welfare world would have been Utopia...a guaranteed good life without work, as some would have you believe.

There is something wrong when a man is penalized for taking a part-time job to earn an honest way as happens now. A man takes a job, although it might be temporary, and is dropped from the unemployment rolls. What this means is that many men will not take these part-time jobs, or that they receive cash payments, unreported to government sources for this part-time work.

The solution in the depression years was the creation of several government agencies that provided jobs for the unemployed. The pay was small, but so was the minimum wage and the average per capita income. The small wage made it possible for a man to live.

The Works Progress Administration (WPA) was one of the dollars-per-week to build public buildings and permanent projects such as roads, bridges, etc. Hundreds of school buildings were built across the United States as well as other structures.

The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCO) worked in national forests, built nature trails, bridges and like projects. This was for the youth of our nation.

The point I'm trying to make is that the people worked for what they got during the depression years. Maybe they didn't work hard, but they worked.

That's what we need to do today to re-establish the work ethic in this country. The Pilgrim's idea of no work, no eat was hard. It just wasn't administered properly and humanely.

The aged, afflicted and the children should be taken care of, but why should we encourage abuses of unemployment and the handout system.

Our problem is that our politicians have been using public funds for too many years on pork barrel projects to insure their tenure in office.

What this country needs is more politicians who belong to that respectable tribe which is known as the Shabby Genteel...too proud to beg, too honest to steal.

Kentucky Afield

Continued from page 2

only for non-game wildlife — those species not sought by hunters.

The fish and wildlife department's share goes into a special "Non-game wildlife fund" and will be earmarked for research and management of non-game species. The Nature Preserves Commission will use its share in its program to acquire and protect significant natural areas.

The contributions will reduce your refund by the amount you contribute, but may be deducted from next year's taxes the same as any other charitable contribution.

Because almost all funding for wildlife programs has come from sportsmen (through the sale of hunting and fishing licenses) most of the attention has been devoted to game species. Sportsmen's dollars have financed the development of scientific wildlife research and management, disciplines which did not exist 50 years ago.

Today we have the techniques for doing effective research and management on non-game species. What is lacking more than anything else is money. With inflation eating into governmental as well as private budgets, it's impossible for sportsmen to continue to finance all the wildlife work and habitat acquisition that needs to be done.

So we are asking for donations from the rest of Kentuckians (at least those who get state income tax refunds). Kentucky has a wonderful diversity of wildlife, one which you can help preserve for future generations by giving a little of your tax refund.

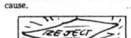
So don't overlook line 20 — and if you have your taxes prepared by someone else, be sure to tell the preparer you want to "do something wild" by contributing to this very worthwhile cause.

GET in Shape For SUMMER
THE Fun way! The Aerobic way!
Ginger's School of Dance
445 N. Broadway
Carlisle, Ky.
TRY It. 1st Lesson FREE!
For information stop by and see us on Saturdays from 9:00 'til 3:00 or Call 289-5153

PAINT A ROOM
YOU CAN DO-IT-YOURSELF
You'll be proud of the professional-like job you are able to do.
Reg. $11.98 PECAN NOW 8.98
Reg. $11.98 FROST NOW 8.98
Reg. $10.98 BIRCH NOW 8.98
Reg. $11.98 BACK COUNTRY NOW 9.98
Reg. $12.98 CHESTNUT NOW 10.98
Reg. $12.98 MAPLE NOW 10.98
IT'S SUCH A BARGAIN
It costs so little to panel a room, yet it adds so much. You'll find a big selection of panels and all the tools and materials to do the job in this store.
WE HANDLE ALL THE MATERIALS YOU NEED
• More than 25 different panels in stock.
• 5,000 patterns of wallpaper to choose from.
• 1,400 colors of paint available.
Reid & Vice, Inc.
Ph. 289-7175 Carlisle, Ky. and Ph. 724-5454 Mt. Olivet, Ky.

All-Risk Federal Crop Insurance is now available from M. C. Blair INSURANCE AGENCY
Before you spend a fortune planting your crops this year, think about protecting yourself with All-Risk Federal Crop Insurance. Just Call: 289-2492
Find out how the benefits of all-risk insurance can be tailored to your farming operation.
All-Risk Federal Crop Insurance. In good years and bad, it pays off.
All-Risk Federal Crop Insurance

Autowize AUTO PARTS STORES
Carlisle— DEE JAY AUTO PARTS 289-2208
340 W. Main Street
Everything For Your Car: U.S. and Import
Win Free Tune-Ups for Life.
Enter Champion Spark Plug's "Free Tune-Ups For Life" Sweepstakes today! We've got all the details and entry forms. There's nearly 5,000 prizes in all!
CHAMPION
FOR BETTER MILEAGE TUNE UP WITH CHAMPIONS
BATTERY SALE
EXCHANGE
GROUP 24
Similar savings on other ratings
SAVE NOW— don't get stranded later!
WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW ASK THE PARTS PRO



Letters from our readers
See Letters from our readers, page 5

Emily Dickinson wrote more than nine hundred poems, only four of which were published in her lifetime.

Spring Really Is Here!
Stop in and see Carter's New Collection of styles for ladies and men in spring's newest colors and fabrics.
For The Ladies
J. G. Hook
David L. Brooks
Lady Warren
Ms. Sero
Thompson
Izod
Levi
London Fog
Gordon of New Orleans
For Men
Varsity Town
Stanley Blacker
Higgins Slacks
Arrow Shirts
Izod
London Fog
Beau Brummel Ties
Nunn Bush Shoes
Pen West
Carter's Clothier
Carlisle, Ky. Phone 289-3126