Opinion

Voting is a duty in all elections

The word from County Clerk Rose Scott that voter registration is on the upswing in the county is good news...but not good enough. It will never be good enough until we report in the pages of this newspaper that 100 percent of the eligible voters in the county actually voted in an election. You see, that one small vote each of us possess is the fundamental form of political expression in this country. It is that small vote that puts into motion the preciously fragile process of the plebiscite which allows us to freely choose those officials who will handle our governmental affairs (and hard-earned dollars) in the upcoming years.

Sure, everyone knows that...so what? Well for some reason less than half of the eligible voters in our area (and our country) exercise their right to vote. The high and mighty have come up with all kinds of explanations: depoliticization, loss of efficacy, or plain old apathy. But whatever the reason, less than half of us take advantage of the basic right that distinguishes the free democratic world from that supressed by a totalitarian regime. But with all the high-flown rhetoric pushed aside, it's a shame that we don't value our vote more dearly. It's just downright important. In every election.

As Democratic State Chairman Tracy Farmer put it while addressing a group of graduating seniors at Lee's Junior College, "We are no longer isolated in the hills and hollers of...Kentucky, far removed from the world and its governments. Our very lives are dictated by national coal and oil policy." Indeed.

And we can add to Mr. Farmer's list, those decisions concerning international agricultural trade. Every day citizens of Nicholas County are personally affected by decisions on worldwide agricultural production and trade. Decisions made thousands of miles away, yet often by politicians elected right here. And with the rapidly expanding scope of agricultural markets across the face of the globe, the Rural American will have more and more at stake in the federal government's policy decisions in years to come.

Some quite obtuse, yet all the more graphic, examples of the extent of U.S. agricultural connections around the world:

— Last year the United States sold to western Europe alone nearly $10 billion worth of agricultural products. Of that, $507 million tobacco.

— Middle Eastern Countries bought $109 million worth of U.S. poultry in 1980.

— The U.S. sold nearly $593 million worth of coarse grains, wheat, soybeans, and sunflower seeds to Portugal in 1980.

— Greece purchased over $270 million in U.S. farm goods last year.

— Perhaps most surprisingly, foreign entities and individuals now own 7.8 million acres of the United State's agricultural land. That figure is 2.2 million acres higher than when the last report from the U.S. Department of Agriculture on foreign ownership was published...Feb. 1, 1980.

— Nearly 30,000 acres in Kentucky is owned by foreign (i.e., non-U.S.) concerns or individuals.

The only control we in Rural America have over the policy which determines the fine tuning of this intricately balanced market is the vote. Singularly, it is a rather frail and powerless gesture. But when combined with the critical examination of candidates and alternatives, and when organized and multiplied by the number of persons within a particular constituency...the vote becomes the driving force of a democracy.

Next Tuesday, we will vote for those local and state leaders with whom we must rub elbows as neighbors for the next few years. An important decision, and we urge your participation in deciding who those officials will be. The next time a national-level election rolls around, you may not be rubbing shoulders with those we choose, but we will be living with the decisions they make every single day of our lives.

The act of voting must be viewed not only as a right and a priviledge. It must be viewed as a duty and as the responsibility of every eligible man and woman in this country. To quote from Tracy Farmer once again, voting is a duty "you dare not ignore...you won't always be right and your side won't always win, for who among us is always right or victorious, but you dare not risk leaving your destiny in the hands of others." It is your duty. Vote Tuesday and every election day.

Agree or Not

Governor's helicopter not such a 'good buy'

By S.C. Van Curon

FRANKFORT — The state's unsuccessful search for a serious bidder for the governor's Sikorsky S-76 helicopter is showing that the early braggadocio about it growing in value and being such a good buy falls short of promise.

It's like the fellow the woman described as being "the most over introduced man" she ever met.

The purchase price is always pegged at $1.8 million, without explaining that it was purchased on a lease-purchase contract over an eight year period, renewable in two-year increments.

The contract with First Security National Bank and Trust Co. of Lexington calls for monthly payments of $12,500 until June 30, 1982.

If renewed for another two years, the payments jump to $25,700 per month. If renewed for the third two-year period the payments move to $32,900 and for the fourth period they move to $40,100.

The interest rate is a very favorable eight percent in light of today's market.

If the state doesn't find a market for the plane before the 1982 legislature, the General Assembly could appropriate enough to pay off the balance owed on the plane and save interest. By June 30, 1982, the principal will be reduced only $7,089.06, leaving the state owing $1,825,906.92 on the original purchase price of $1,833,996, the subcommittee revealed. The interest alone for the first two years is $292,910.92, not much out of a budget of more than $8 billion, but a lot in the eyes of the average Kentuckian.

If paid out over eight years, the total cost will be $2,663,869.57.

Airplane usage by governors has increased since 1960, and few Kentuckians complain when the use is official business and deemed necessary, but Gov. Julian Carroll's use for his family brought complaints.

Gov. John Y. Brown uses the helicopter on official business and commutes from his home in Lexington to the Capitol with it instead of using automobiles furnished by the state.

The helicopter is not more costly than jets other governors have had, and Gov. Brown has a point when he says the helicopter is more flexible because it can be landed almost anywhere in the state, whether there is an airport or not.

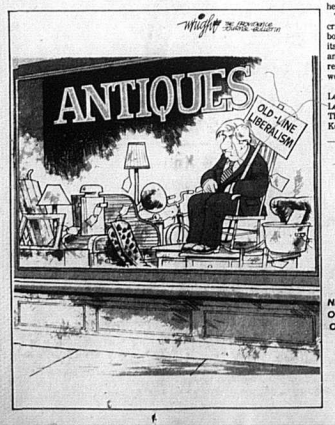
The subcommittee complained that the plane was purchased illegally since it was not in the 1980 budget. In the 1979 special legislative session, the Senate passed a bill requiring a line item budget and the budget passed as HB 931 in 1980 is a line item budget, but the plane purchase is not mentioned and no appropriation was made for such.

However, after the plane had been purchased, there was little that could be done to rescind the deal.

In light of the shortfall in the budget, the governor has called for sale of most of the planes in the state's fleet, including his pride and joy, the helicopter.

The plane has brought plenty of criticism because of the way it was bought and used. The big sales pitch on its purchase that it was such a good buy and could be sold at a profit wasn't really needed but has just made things worse as time goes by.

He used it to fly from his home near Lexington to the Horse Park in Lexington for the Derby breakfast. This is a little much for some Kentuckians.



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Warren R. Fisher ..... Editor & Publisher
Jaines C. Smith ..... Editor
[Mrs.] Katherine T. Fisher ..... Managing Editor
[Mrs.] Janie Duncan ..... Assistant-to-the-Publisher
[Mrs.] Libby J. Moss ..... CompuWriter Operator
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Down Memory Lane

Cincinnati train routed through city

Thursday, May 25, 1961

Miss Doris Cloyd, Administrator of the Bourbon County Hospital, was presented the Civitan Citizenship Award May 20 to the "Outstanding Citizen of the Community." Miss Cloyd was previously the first Administrator of the Nicholas County Hospital, serving from Aug. 1, 1950 until April 1, 1958.

John Straw, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Straw, was named valedictorian of the Carlisle High School graduation class of 1961. Roy Dotson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Dotson, was named salutatorian.

Miss Judy Kay Caswell, sophomore at Nicholas County High School and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Caswell, was named Miss Nicholas County at the 4-H Style Revue.

The Nicholas County Development Corporation was formed Monday at a meeting of about 24 interested persons, including the five incorporators, Dorsey Watkins, Charles M. Cox, William B. Parker, William T. Straw and Dr. W.R. Kingsolver. The main purpose of the corporation at the present time is the acquisition of land lying north of Carlisle for the construction of a lake and recreation area.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Burden a son, Lemuel Phillip, May 18 at the Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wells a daughter, Lillian Lacy, May 19 at the Nicholas County Hospital.

DIED — Mrs. Ina Mann Argo, 79, Wednesday at Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Bertie Lee McFarlin, 65, Bath County native, Thursday at her home in Mt. Sterling. — Mrs. Margaret Alexander Flora, 88, Monday at the Nicholas County Hospital. — Roy Lee Herndon, 64, Irvine, Sunday at the Estill County Hospital. — Albert H. Barkley, 70, Circuit Judge, Cynthiana, Monday at Harrison Memorial Hospital.

Thursday, May 22, 1941

Robert Parker gave a birthday dinner Tuesday in honor of "Aunt" Sally Hamm, who celebrated her 84th birthday.

Mayor W.C. Talbert said today that nothing definite had been done in regard to daylight saving time. The city council does not meet until Monday, June 2, and the matter may be taken up then.

Mrs. James Hamilton celebrated her 81st birthday at her home on the East Union Road Sunday.

The storm last week brought the much needed rain for farmers of Nicholas County, and conditions have been relieved considerably. The only damage reported in the county was a few limbs blown from trees. In Carlisle a sign in front of the Western Auto Supply Company was blown through the window.

Misses Alice, Lena and Mary Ellen Pumphrey and Edna Anderson, narrowly escaped serious injury on Saturday afternoon when the car driven by Alice Pumphrey collided with a car driven by Marion Anderson on a sharp curve on the Stony Creek Road near the Pumphrey home.

MARRIED — Miss Emma Tucker, 15, Harrison County, and Ray Mitchell, 19, of Nicholas County, May 15. — Mrs. Nell Burke of Shelbyville and Henry Welsh of Carrollton on Saturday, May 10 in Jellico, Tenn. — Miss Thelma Heizer of near East Union and Frank Ring, also of that section of Nicholas County, on May 3 in Covington.

DIED — Mrs. Mae Letcher Hughes, 47, died Tuesday at her home near Pleasant Valley. — Mrs. T.S. Barnes of Owingsville, died Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L.D. Brother. — Mrs. Frances C. Poe, 79, wife of Thompson Poe, died Friday at her home on the Maysville and Lexington Road. — Arnett Clay Bussell, 23, died Sunday at his home in the Moorefield section. — Mrs. Charles Tait, of Silver City, N.M., died Monday night. Mrs. Tait was formerly Miss Lena Ledford, a native of Nicholas County. — Greenup Dudley Bramblett, 82, died at Johnson Memorial Hospital Sunday night. — Edward Henderson, 72, proprietor of the Henderson Hotel, died suddenly Thursday afternoon.

Thursday, May 26, 1921

Miss Hazel Deatley, member of the graduating class of the Carlisle High School, has never missed a day of school or been tardy since she started 12 years ago. She received two medals for her achievement.

On account of a wreck on the main line of the L&N near Falmouth Sunday night in which 13 cars of a freight train were derailed, all passenger transfer between Paris and Cincinnati were routed through Carlisle Monday, going by way of Maysville.

Five Carlisle students will graduate at Lexington colleges this summer as follows: William Bowen and Miss Mary Graddy Brock of Transylvania; Miss Helen James, granddaughter of Mrs. W.J. Kennedy, at Sayre; Miss Mary Lou Ingles and Miss Kattie Henry from University of Kentucky.

MARRIED — Mrs. Anna Belle Roberts of Moorefield and Willilm M. Tucker were issued a marriage license Wednesday. — Miss Allie D. Smith to Noel Gaunce at Saltwell Saturday.

DIED — Miss Alma Dean Prater, 21, at the home of her parents near Plum Lick, last Saturday. — Washington L. Vaughn, 79, at the home of his son in this city last Friday morning. — Joseph Banks Johnson, 67, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hamilton Sunday night after several weeks' illness. — Joseph Allen Jones, 67, at his home in Moorefield Tuesday.

An editor's random thoughts . . .

By Warren R. Fisher Sr.

Up betimes for me and to stroll in my backyard garden, where Spring pretends her coming in the tight-wrapped buds of peonies and the myriad voices of the little feathered folk that now begin to make the fields vocal with their melody of joy in an earth reborn. And again my purple martins teeter uncertainly about their porches on weak legs that ages since have lost their importance to curving swallow wings, swift and incomparable. And in their merry chatter, their bubbling laughter and the flute-like whistle of the male, Spring speaks for me and there surges back into my heart that hope of something which lies over the rim of life's horizon, beyond the sight of mortals — that wistful sense of a possible fulfillment that is age-old, that is to all men and very sister of the Spring. And under the graceful canopy of my weeping willow, which burgeons aforetime into full leaf, there comes momentarily to me a feeling of peace, unased in these times that by our auto and avoid the rush to the breaking point, so that a sweet note first heard comes like the voice of summer and the flutter of wings in my bird bath tells me that my favorite of all lovely singers of the fields and trees, the slim, grey aristocrat of the feathered choir, the catbird, is come again to make her ill-guarded nest in the shrubbery. Ever I shall remember that fecund May, when she made her nest in the honeysuckle on my porch, so that we might look down into her jewel casket of woven twigs and come close to the brooding bird that sat valiantly steadfast and curved like a slim, grey bow on her blue-green eggs, though the beady eyes showed her terror of our nearness. And I shall not forget how her mate sang from a nearby tree in which cherries ripened in scarlet clusters, singing loud, singing cheerily in the sunlight of early morning and the fulness of mid-day singing with plaintive, reassurance as twilight came on — for the catbird sang to my heart that spring, for I, too, might sing, though crudely in comparison, to a blonde nestling of my own. And now she comes on flying feet to call me to breakfast, to question me, to chatter endlessly and like a very magpie, after the manner of her age and sex. And suddenly, with the yearning of paternity for the baby fast merging into little girl, I am conscious of a kinship with those feathered folk of the wild that now so determinedly, so patiently and with such cheerfulness and sweet music go about the business of love and home making and the rearing of broods. Who shall say that there lies not over the rim of that horizon, beyond which our eyes may not see, a change for these, as much to be desired as is visioned by the fondest hopes of man?

• • • • •

So to breakfast, which of late has lost for me its relish, save for coffee and a nibbled crust — though I do make up for it bountifully at evening, when I should not. And soon to make ready for a journey, to which my wife, poor wretch, looks forward with keen anticipation, while I, bedeviled by the many anxieties of human ken, am loath to undertake it, so that I remind myself of a sledge dog that wearied and drooping yet fights to retain his place in the traces. But soon, with much hocus-pocus in order that my blonde bedeviler may not fall into tears and wailing at our departure, we are away into a countryside never, it seems to me, more beautiful in any spring. There is no grandeur of beauty in our Bluegrass Region of Kentucky, no ruggedness of rock or hill, but a soft melting into each other of rolling hills of green velvet, splotched at this season with the warm auburn of plowed fields. To me the region brings a sense of peace, perhaps because it is home, perhaps because to my mind it is the most beautiful countryside I have ever seen. And though I have listened to glowing descriptions of the meticulous beauty of rural Britain; though I realize that in the loving care a long line of generations has lavished on English estates there must of necessity come a mellowness and a finish that our more carelessly tended fields may lack, yet there is a diversity of beauty in the Bluegrass, I am sure, that speaks a various language of loveliness not surpassed by any region on earth. But then this is my country and I love it. Its fat cattle in woodland pastures, its colts afrolic in the paddocks, the meanders of little branches, cutting miniature canyons through green velvet meadows, its old brick houses, its whitewashed post and rail fences, topped with a flat board, its old stone walls, weathered and grey, riotous with Virginia Creeper and the trumpet vine, its fields empurpled with the blue seed pods of the ripened grass in June, clean swept by the strippers later to shine like burnished gold; the steep, shady banks of the creeks and the sweep of turf to the water's edge of the lovely Elkhorn — all these, and more, speak to me of that lovely region which enraptured even the grim Boone as he first looked out upon this fertile table-land from the knobs above the swift-flowing, rocky stream he named the Lubegrud.

Letters — from our readers

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I would like to say a great big thank you to everyone who had a hand in the Head Start exercises and for an excellent and well-served meal. I enjoyed the play and activities the little ones put on. They were ever so cute.

With the President's budget cuts staring us in the face, I only hope that the Head Start programs will continue.

I would like to say thanks also to those mothers and fathers and interested persons who attended the rally in Louisville last Saturday in support of our community services.

Brenda Crawford

To The Carlisle Mercury:

The voters of the 30th Senatorial District (Bourbon, Scott, Harrison,

*See LETTERS, page 3

Gallon Donors

Pictured above are employees of Blue Grass Industries and Blue Grass Knitting who have donated one gallon of blood to the Central Kentucky Blood Center. They are: (front row) Sandra Cull, Shirley Trussell, Carolyn Snapp, Elsie Burden, Kenneth Earlywine, Bobby Gaunce and Arthur Buzzard; (row two) Ray Wagoner, Eugene Kelly, Bascom Sorrell Jr., W.J. Alexander, Larry Jolly, Eddie Hill, Bob Brady, Wayne Sorrell, Bill Teddar and John Caswell. Gallon Donors not pictured are Roy Gaunce, Terry T. Trussell, Jackie Howard and Estill Helpinstine. — Mercury photo.

Library notes

All Nicholas Countians are invited to come into the library and take advantage of the books and services of the library.

Hours are Monday, 11:30 to 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The library is closed on Wednesday.

Mrs. Jorita Anderson is the librarian and Mrs. Fredia Sparks is the bookmobile librarian.

Some recent books received by the library, along with a capsule review are:

Everything You Need To Know To Have Great Looking Hair by Louis Gignac and Jacqueline Warsaw. This is one of the most informative as well as one of the most engaging manuals on hair care we have seen. In describing the four basic ways to cut hair, Gignac dispenses lots of tips: in a one-length style, the back should be a bit shorter than the front because hair in the back grows twice as fast.

Dr. Atkins' Nutrition Breakthrough: How To Treat Your Medical Condition Without Drugs by Robert C. Atkins, M.D. Atkins here proposes another revolutionary idea: using dietary controls and vitamin supplements, rather than drug therapy, to treat and control a wide spectrum of common illnesses.

Bravo Romeo by Ralph Peters. Major Jack Thorne in Military Intelligence is tiped off that leftist terrorist have stolen explosives to bomb an American Army post in Germany. He persuades his superiors to send him to investigate. But he arrives too late in Bad Sickingen, and suddenly finds himself set up as a murder suspect and on the run with a girl student.

In Shelly's Leg by Sara Vogan. This novel opens splendidly with a practice session, for a women's fast pitch softball team in a small town in Montana. This is a fairly uncomplicated novel, but it is lively, rich in character and reality and superbly written.

Loon Lake by E.L. Doctorow. The strange, lyrical adventures of a young man during the Depression.

Forever After by Kate Lizlo. Sara McFarland is charming, intelligent and capable. She has a family, a career, and a terminal illness. Jason Darvey is her doctor. At 44, he is absorbed in his work. But when Sara comes along, she affects him as no patient ever has. **Forever After** is the story of the lifetime of love they share during one winter.

Charleston by Alexandra Ripley. The author has brought her native Charleston to life with thrilling immediacy and authenticity of detail. And she has given us a heroine, and a story, that match the appeal of the most romantic of American cities.

The Zoo That Never Was by R.D. Lawrence. A biologist has a clinical interest in animals; he also has a gift for understanding and writing about them. The Lawrence family did not deliberately collect wild animals, nor did they keep them as pets; they rescued orphans and injured birds and mammals, cared for them and released them in the vicinity of North Star Farm.

The Flowers Of The Forest by Ruth McDougall. This story is about Anne and Duncan MacLorne, poor Scottish immigrants who come to America at the turn of the century and who, after a short stint in a shoe factory in New Hampshire, head further north to start a sheep farm and a family — which in no time swells to five children. This story and these characters are so vibrant and fascinating, the prose is so beautiful and eloquent, that there is a real sadness when the novel ends.

The Pew Group by Anthony Oliver. For sheer, glorious fun and surprises, Welsh author Oliver's first novel is hard to best from the moment it takes off with the fatal fall of Rupert Corder, antique dealer of Flaxfield, an English village. Mrs. Thomas, mother of the widow Doreen, hastens from home to Cardiff to make the funeral a gala and stays on to play a role in a tangled mystery.

Death In A Cold Climate byRobert Barnard. With almost uncanny skill, Barnard builds an excellent psychological thriller on a crime unindictable by legal means. (Mystery).

Paragon Walk by Anne Perry. Perry's third novel about crime in Victorian London means a return engagement for Inspector Pitt, his wife Charlotte and her sister Emily, Lady Ashworth of exclusive Paragon Walk. (Mystery).

King of Kings by Malachi Martin. Fact, legend, myth and history merge in an epic portrait of the first great captain-king, the shepherd boy who slew Goliath, conquered the Philistines, overthrew Saul, and became the leader of the Jews.

Letters

Continued from page 2

Woodford, Nicholas and Robertson Counties) have a rare opportunity to nominate an excellent young statesman to the legislature. John Swinford by education, experience, family background and character is superbly equipped to serve the voters of this district. Farmers and teachers know him well. He is a member of a distinguished family of lawyers, community and religious leaders. Both parents and grandparents were legally trained and devoted to their churches and community. With ten years legislative experience, including majority leadership, Mr. Swinford will be able to give the district the kind of intelligent influence, forthright and sober direction the Bluegrass deserves.

I have studied Kentucky politics and political leadership for 50 years and can heartily endorse Swinford's nomination without doubt or reservation.

Signed:
Jasper B. Shannon
Farmer and Political Scientist
131 Duncan Avenue
Paris, Ky.

7.1 percent unemployment in Nicholas

Preliminary figures for March show that there were 206 Nicholas Countians without work. That yields an unemployment rate of 7.1 percent, as compared to the 9.1 percent rate for the state overall.

The bluegrass region continues to have the lowest unemployment in Kentucky, but the Department for Human Resources says the number of persons seeking jobs in the area has risen steadily since this time last year. The average unemployment rate for counties in the Bluegrass region was 7.0 in March. That compares with a rate of 4.6 percent in March of 1980.

Nationally, the unemployment rate was posted at 7.7 percent for March.

— Elect —
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Magistrate 5th District
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Navy & Camel
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20% Off

Arrow Tournament Knit Shirts
Solid & Stripes
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$17.00 Now $13.50

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All Cotton, Dacron & Cotton Solids & Stripes
20% Off

Western Straw Hats
35% Off

Dress Straw Hats
25% Off

Florsheime Shoes
All New Stock
20% Off

Beau Brummell Ties
25% Off

Ladies Blazers
J. G. Hook, Austin Hill, Lady Warren
20% Off

Ladies Skirts & Slacks
J. G. Hook, Austin Hill, David Brooks, Lady Thomson
20% Off

Ladies Dresses
J. G. Hook, Izod, Gordon of New Orleans
25% Off

Blouses & Knit Tops
Sero, Austin Hill, Izod & Gant
20% Off

London Fog
Jackets & All Weather Coats
25% Off

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