Opinion

Solution may be in sight

From all early indications, there may be a solution in sight for the county's ambulance crisis.

It appeared at the time of our deadline that Blue Grass Medical Services had a pretty attractive offer to make the fiscal court. It is certainly the best news we've had around here in recent weeks.

And the folks who are considering running the service tell us that they are willing to give it a shot for little or no cash outlay (taxpayer subsidy). That should sit well with county taxpayers in light of the still simmering controversy over a five-figure tax subsidy to run the program.

Dick Cooksey of BGMS told us Friday that he feels his private service can make a go of it in Nicholas County by providing one ambulance and one attendant on a full-time basis and augmenting those with local, paid volunteers and back-up units from his Lexington service.

Cooksey said he didn't see any way a full-time service could break even by operating in Nicholas County exclusively. Three hundred runs a year just won't pay the operating expenses. However, by dispatching ambulances from Lexington to make non-life-threatening transportational calls, he felt the overhead could be kept sufficiently minimal to provide room to make the service pay. And as soon as those transportational calls were completed, the ambulance units would be right at home to be placed in service in Fayette County.

Cooksey said that if the court could provide housing and utilities for the service, overhead could be cut even more. Since the court has already said the basement of the armory could be used for such a purpose in a county-run service, it would seem that that request shouldn't be too hard to accommodate.

Cooksey also said that any subsidy from the county and the rates charged by the service per run, would be directly related. A liberal subsidy would decrease the cost of ambulance runs to the persons using the service. No subsidy would increase the costs to take up the slack. We would hope that as little, if any subsidy could be worked out. Let those who use the service pay for the service, at least as much as possible.

Many would question the positioning of only one ambulance in the county. A good question. What if the unit were out on call, an emergency arose, and another unit had to be dispatched from Lexington? Surely precious time would be lost.

Yes. But what if we had two ambulances and three emergencies, or three ambulances and four emergencies...the line of reasoning continues exponentially.

The hard facts of the matter are that a private service ...ys, at the time of our deadline, prepared to offer us one full-time ambulance located in the county, and others on call in Lexington to be dispatched if and when a multiple-injury crisis comes up. And they proposed to offer that service without the necessity of additional taxation. Our alternative at the present time is zilch...no service at all.

We can only hope that a rational, open-minded ear was offered to Blue Grass Medical Services at Wednesday night's meeting. And we can only hope that the pages of next week's Mercury can carry the news that the ambulance crisis is solved.

Otherwise, come January 1, we will all be up a creek without a paddle.

Time to cancel ticket

A category of wasteful spending that never ceases to agitate the taxpayer is international jet-setting by members of Congress.

Lawmakers know times are tough but they still can't resist traveling at taxpayer expense. And even though the cost of their jaunts are down from the $4.5 million spent in 1979, our representatives still are spending megabucks. During the first half of this year, 159 congressmen visited 46 countries at a cost of about $2.5 million.

The most expensive of these excursions was the $387,000 junket by 14 House members in January. They traveled around the world, visiting Tokyo, Singapore, Bombay, Cairo, Tel Aviv and Athens — to check out the Russian navy in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

A national news magazine reports that in August, during the overseeing recess, 41 congressmen, often accompanied by spouses and aides, traveled to some 30 countries. Accounting details are yet to be recorded for the public.

Meanwhile, Rep. Tom Corcoran, R-Ill., is seeking some reductions in junketing by offering a bill that would require in specific detail the objectives and costs of such trips — and that they be approved by roll-call vote.

Unfortunately, Corcoran's measure is given zero chances of passing. Congressmen will continue to take their little world trips until the taxpayers of the nation cancel their tickets.

Foreign investment needs closer look

Foreign acquisition of U.S. businesses, financial institutions, real estate, and agricultural lands has become so extensive of late that it has alarmed the public and become a lively issue.

The most spectacular was the recent $2.5 billion bid by Kuwait for the Santa Fe International Corp. of Alhambra, Calif. This would be the largest takeover of a U.S. company by a Middle Eastern nation.

U.S. banks have long been the target of foreigners. Of California's 20 largest banks, nine are controlled by foreign interests.

Earlier this year, London-based Midland Bank paid $820 million for controlling interest in Crocker National Bank, California's fourth largest. Other foreign financial institutions are investing heavily to acquire positions in U.S. banks. Japan is most active in California, with 19 banks.

Foreign concerns are acquiring U.S. natural resources at an astonishing rate. Already, they own almost 20 percent of U.S. copper production, and they are moving in on silver mining, oil production and refining.

The West Germans own and operate the A&P grocery chain back east along with Fedmart in San Diego, Calif., and numerous other businesses all over. Howard Johnson's, so familiar to American travelers, is British owned as is Travelodge, which is also based in San Diego. The list of foreign-owned U.S. businesses goes on and on.

But nowhere is foreign acquisition so feverish as in real estate. Texas lands, for example, owned by Prince Frantz Josef II of Liechtenstein, are larger than his European principality. In San Diego County, one Canadian investor is the largest landowner besides the federal government. Another Canadian owns one-fifth of all the land in Carlsbad, Calif.

Still, despite these boggling developments, the foreign "menace" is not serious — yet. OPEC investments in the United States, which cause the most concern, amount to less than one percent of total U.S. investments; OPEC nations hold less than one percent of all U.S. securities and less than one percent of all deposits in U.S. banks. Altogether OPEC investors hold only one-hundreth of one percent of all direct investment in this country.

Scare stories about foreigners buying up U.S. farmland a year or so ago were as misleading as the current alarm over business takeovers. Total foreign holdings of U.S. crop and timberland amount to less than one percent.

There are two reasons for the inflow of foreign money: Wealthy foreigners regard this country as the safest haven for investment in a disordered world. And, whereas Americans are edgy about lengthy financial commitments, foreigners take the long view in terms of decades. Moreover, foreigners recognize generally overlooked U.S. bargains in real estate and stocks.

Even though the House Commerce, Consumer, and Monetary subcommittee headed by Benjamin Rosenthal (D-N.Y.) has become aroused by the proposed Kuwait takeover of Santa Fe International, the Reagan administration remains unconcerned. The President favors a free flow of capital across borders as a corollary to free trade. He thinks the door should swing both ways.

Actually, U.S. investments overseas exceed foreign investments here by $61 billion to $66 billion. Moreover, during the first century, America was built largely by foreign capital.

This is not to say that all foreign investments are good or that they should not be monitored. Excessive foreign ownerships of U.S. banks, for example, could adversely influence policies of the Federal Reserve Board.

The time seems to have come, therefore, when the passive Committee on Foreign Investment, an inter-agency body in Washington, should become more active in the ways of the Canadian Foreign Investment Review Agency, which has the power to block purchases considered against the national interest. This situation certainly bears closer supervision than it has been receiving.

Agree or not

If emotions are cast aside KSU conversion looks good

by S.C. Van Curon

Robert Bell's proposal to convert Kentucky State University into "Capital Community College" as a part of the University of Kentucky system appears as the most feasible and rational suggestion offered to date considering present and projected financial circumstances.

It is regrettable that the future direction and goals of the higher education system cannot be viewed as a physical mechanism, with all of its parts reassembled, to construct a more efficient machine to serve future generations without emotionalism entering as a major consideration.

Sad to say, ideals such as this seem never to be reached.

And, in a larger sense, it is understandable that certain people involved want to preserve the traditional KSU for it has been a part of their lives and part of the history of Kentucky. Rerouting tradition to a new or different course has had its objectors since the history of man, regardless of the goal. The chief objection seems to be eliminating KSU as a predominately black university although the proposal includes establishing a center of black culture at the University of Louisville which would preserve the history and files of KSU and foster continuation of the traditions.

The University of Louisville has the largest black enrollment of all of the state supported institutions of higher education, much more than KSU which is about 50 percent black and with half of the total enrollment made up of night classes, predominately white.

KSU has by far the highest per student cost of all the others at $5,826 for the last school year in comparison to Murray State University, next in line, at $3,156.

The physical as well as the fiscal records indicate that KSU is a highly subsidized institution in comparison to the others.

Look at these statistics:

A study of degrees awarded at KSU shows for the 1979-80 and 1980-81 school years that nine baccalaureate programs conferred no degrees at least one of the years.

During the 1980-81 school year, 18 of KSU's baccalaureate programs conferred five or fewer degrees to students.

While other state baccalaureate programs in Kentucky averaged 20 degrees for 1979-80, KSU programs averaged only four.

The Bell report reveals the number of programs to the number of degrees awarded emphasizes "one of the major factors which cause this institution to incur costs which are completely out-of-line with other institutions." The report went on to say the costs are beyond the state's ability to support in the light of the current financial crisis.

The transition suggested by Bell would become effective with the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1983, for establishing the institute of government on the Frankfort campus and phasing out KSU at the end of the 1983 school year.

Part of this funding would go to advance black student opportunities and black faculty at all state-supported institutions."

Opportunities would be available for all college and university students of Kentucky at all of the state-supported places of higher learning. Recruitment of blacks would be further encouraged.

Theories always can be made to look good, but facts sometimes are the exact opposite. While KSU is known as the predominately black university in Kentucky, the facts are that far more black students attend the University of Louisville for the simple reason the black population is concentrated in Kentucky's largest center of population.

From the standpoint of convenience and financial rationale, U. of L. is the natural magnet for young blacks seeking a higher education.

The institute of government would offer a new opportunity, especially for young people in state government, and the community college here

*See Agree or Not, page 3

Down Memory Lane

Two Civil War veterans pass away

Thursday, November 30, 1961

The Carlisle-Nicholas County Chamber of Commerce purchased 10 new English lantern Christmas decorations for the city.

Mrs. Alma Cloyd, administrator of the Nicholas County Hospital, suffered a broken nose Friday when her auto collided with a car driven by Everett Barbie, Hillsboro, Route 3.

The upgrading of 14 light fixtures and changing of 30 suspension lights to the bracket type may begin the first of the year, Morris Whiteley, Kentucky Utilities manager, reports. The work costing the utilities company over $7000 in materials was approved by the city council Sept. 8. The lights will increase the city's bill approximately $50 per month.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rose a son, Phillip Lee, Nov. 21 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Letcher a son, Patrick Keith, Nov. 24 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Farrow a son, Michael Anthony, Nov. 27 at the Nicholas County Hospital. —To Mr. and Mrs. W.C. May of Plymouth, Michigan a daughter, Angelus Lynn, Nov. 19.

MARRIED — Miss Tressia Elaine Hollar and Danny Sampson, Nov. 24 at the Rose Hill Methodist Church.

DIED — Mrs. Ella A. Mattox, 46, Columbus, Ohio, Thursday at the Methodist Hospital in Pikeville. — Luther A. (Jack) Dillon, 71, Atlanta, Ga., Friday at home. — Mrs. Eunice Thomas Harney, 79, widow of Orville Harney, Saturday at home.

Thursday, November 27, 1941

Junior Buntin, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Buntin, submitted to major surgery last Wednesday at a hospital in Cincinnati.

The Farmers Stockyard reported the selling of 1192 head of livestock Tuesday.

Carlisle has a namesake. A letter from a friend of the Mercury in Oklahoma met a young lady from Carlisle, Arkansas. She explained that her home town was named after Carlisle, Kentucky: a man by the name of McCormic, came to that section of Arkansas, organized the town and was successful in having it named Carlisle in honor of his home town in Kentucky.

MARRIED — Miss Mary Ella Bunn and William Gaines Fuller Saturday, the 29th at the Immanuel Baptist Church, Lexington. — Miss Katherine Berry and Ethll Hughes, Nov. 22 at Millersburg. — Miss Thelma Feeback and Henry McHugh, Nov. 22 at the home of the Rev. Sweazy, Carlisle. — Miss Martha Beatrice Vice and Arthur F. Shipman, Nov. 19 in Plainfield, Ind.

DIED — Clarence Poe, 53, Thursday, Johnson Memorial Hospital. — The two-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Guy, Sharpsburg, Tuesday at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — Mrs. Waller Darnell, 91, Saturday at home. — Mrs. Eva Stanfield Jolly, 56, widow of James Jolly, Fleming County, Tuesday, Johnson Memorial Hospital.

Thursday, December 1, 1921

Charles Mathias received painful burns on his right hand Monday morning when he attempted to remove a pan of hot grease from an oven at the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary Mathias.

Two aged men, both of whom served in the Union Army in the Civil War, died at their home in Henryville the past week. Wayne Watson died last Friday and Elijah Tyler died Sunday.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huddleson, of this city, on Monday, Nov. 28, twin daughters. — To Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connell, a son, on the 19th.

MARRIED — Mrs. Annie Daugherty of this city and Orland D. Briggs of Parks Hill, last week. — Miss Maggie C. Clark and Wave Fayne Burgess, both of Bethel, last Thursday. — Miss Myrtle Garrison and William Andrew Price Thursday, Nov. 24.

DIED — J.C. McConnaughhay at his home in Larned, Kansas. — Archibald L. Scudder, 79, at his home in Covington, Sunday night after a long illness. — Mrs. Martha Josephine Biddle, at her home in Paris, Monday.

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James C. Smith ..... Editor
[Mrs.] Katherine T. Fisher ..... Managing Editor
[Mrs.] Janie Duncan ..... Assistant-to-the-Publisher
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Op-Ed page

We're chasing our own tail . . . and even staying warm doing it

We live in a warm house and it's driving us into the poorhouse.

I can remember when I didn't pay as much for rent as I did on heat alone during a mild winter month. Hell, I can remember when I didn't make in a month what it cost to heat our house for the last four weeks.

Dial it down, bundle up, conserve, conserve and freeze. Runny noses are cheaper than gas bills. My wife laid down the law, so we brought in an energy expert to ferret out the leaks in our house and tell us how we could stay solvent and warm at the same time.

It seems that if I spent the next 100 years of weekends poking insulation into every spot that lets the heat escape, install a new gas furnace and a wood furnace to supplement it and get a window-tint job, it would cost only $5,901 and that would save maybe $400-$600 in the first year on our estimated utility bills.

It does not count the price of a new chain saw, gasoline, hauling charges and stitches in the legs, all acquired in getting enough wood to burn in that extra furnace. That could easily come to another $1,000 a year, with the kind of luck I have.

Now for even more savings, he suggested installing a solar domestic water heater at $5,524, and a thermosyphon air panel for $363 and that would save an additional $63 the first year.

Let me refigure this thing. For $12,425 spent now, I will have an estimated savings of maybe $500 a year, cold feet and the prospect of coming down with some God-awful disease from living in a vacuum.

Yet another expert tells us that making your home like a refrigerator creates another monster. The thing can't breathe, the air inside gets stagnant, unless you open the doors and windows regularly and that blows all your savings in fuel bills.

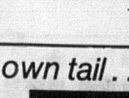
We're like a dog chasing its tail. But at least the dog is staying warm.

— RM —

What are your pet horribles? Draw up your own list and add them to these and we'll compare notes over warm beer and cold spaghetti:

— A huge wet dog in your living room.

— Rock and country singers who have made a fortune with no talent.



— Crabgrass.

— Smelly perfume in church.

— Finding enough postage to mail a warranty post card.

— The messages on recording devices that automatically answer phones. As Will Rogers might say, I've never heard one I didn't hate.

— Raw eggplant.

— Cooked eggplant.

— People who are late, and don't apologize for it.

— Anyone who regularly punctuates his speech with, "don't you know," "man," "like" and "y'see what I'm saying."

— People who call you on the phone and demand to know "Who's this?"

— Bald men who part their hair at ear-top and try to comb it over the ivory.

— Getting stuck behind a big 18-wheeler when you are trying to read overhead road signs.

— People who phone you during lunch or dinner hours.

— Those who tell you how to lose weight.

— Paying $200 for a squirrel dog that goes back to the car.

— RM —

The man had first visited the United States about 50 years ago and then returned to his village in Italy. After a half-century, he came to America again.

University of Pittsburgh professor Lou Petrone and his wife, Theresa, had the visitor as a guest at their home. A fine cook, Lou prepared a barbecue feast, which was served outside on the patio.

After a while, the Italian visitor asked the location of the bathroom. Theresa directed him to the second floor of the house. The man returned to the patio, his brow slightly wrinkled. Seemingly confused, he kept shaking his head. Lou asked if there was something bothering him.

"Well," the man from Italy said, "I'm a little mixed up. When I was here 30 years ago, people ate inside their homes and went to the bathroom outside. Now, they eat outside and go to the bathroom inside."

That's the kind of progress we've made in the last 30 years.

— RM —

One first-grader, who obviously was upset during class, was questioned by his teacher.

"Mother says I'll have to keep going to school 'til I'm 18," he said, sobbing.

"Don't expect any sympathy from me," the teacher told him tartly. "I'll be in school until I am 65."

Then there was this teacher, who'd been having trouble with an unruly boy in her class, stopped by his home after school to speak with his parents.

The boy came to the door. "They was here," he told the teacher, "but now they's gone."

"Where," demanded the teacher, "is your grammar?"

"She's taking a nap," he said.

Still another teacher, who found herself simply unable to cope with one mean little boy, finally went to see her doctor.

"Never before have I had such an unresponsive student," she told the doctor. "I can't reach him in any way. It's driving me wild."

"You must calm down," the doctor said. He prescribed tranquilizers.

Then after a couple of weeks the doctor telephoned the teacher. "Have the tranquilizers calmed you down?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"Well, how's that kid?"

"Who cares?"

— RM —

And while I'm kidding you, it seems to me moms ought to provide the leadership in establishing some kind of uniform code for "potty" when children have to go to the bathroom.

You hear every kind of cutesy expression used by parents to try to make this procedure respectable in mixed company and sometimes with interesting results.

One boy, who was an overnight guest, was trained to say "whisper." Well, that night the kid got the urge and appeared by uncle's bed and said nervously, "I have to whisper."

And Uncle Sol, not wise in the ways of mother's pet phrases, said, "Come here and whisper in my ear."

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
November 10, 1932

Up after a night of fitful sleep bedeviled by clamorous, foolish dreams, to find the golden earth robbed of her autumn beauties and the pale leaves drifting listlessly to soggy death. It is one of Nature's days of weeping for her lost loveliness; for the roses of June and the plenitude of beauty that is August and the riot of color that is October's robing for the final grand ensemble of the Festival of Summer. Today the vine clings to the mouldering wall and thoughts come to poor mortals of the briefness of their little span, the futility of their puny rushings hither and yon and the wistfulness of their fond illusions. Nature pierces with her tears the boasted veneer of civilization and as our ancestors cowered with the coming of fireless dark, or scurried to their caves before the blast of the North Wind, so we withdraw into the fastnesses of the soul's despond and the dolor of bitter thoughts, when November's skies foretell the coming of the Change.

So that on this morning of soggy stillness and sweating window panes, even my morning coffee has lost its potency and I am conscious of an unease as

..."troubling as the vague thoughts begotten by that season wherein summer is not yet perished from the earth, but lingers wonly in the tattered shrines of summer."

And how tattered are those shrines this soggy morning, those leafy bowers from which the catbird sang so poignantly his evening song a little while ago and that only yesterday were burnished with the red and gold of Autumn. Now a bare arm upstretches from a tattered, dripping gown and soggy heaps of tinsel finery are heaped about the feet of my maples. Alas for a Summer that is gone, an Autumn that drifts weeping into the icy arms of Winter! I would get back this morning to a season half enjoyed, to honeysuckle and the hum of bees, to flowers and bird song. I fain would wander down through the purple iron weeds of a pasture I once knew and skirt a field of hemp and come at last to a pool, rocky of bottom, blue grass growing to the water's edge, and slip off the garb of civilization in one quick movement and feel the stimulating chill of an old swimming hole that called like a thirst, to boyhood as summer waned. I would get back, forsooth, to life's summertime, to youth's April, to manhood's June, that now in retrospect seem so delightfully desirable. And yet one can't get back; we pass this way but once and it is as well no doubt for the sake of our fond illusions. For seldom are the Danubes blue and the fresh water of the swimming pool I remember with such enchantment might turn out to be but the muddy waters of a stagnant little pool. Imperial Troy, some cynic has said, was "but a mud fort upon a wind-swept hill."

*****

Hohum! What a fit of the doldrums, bred of an indigestion very likely and from an overdose of politics, with preachments concerning which I have rallied the Democrats intensely of late and annoyed and vexed my Republican friends, world without end, no doubt. And I am right glad and heartened even in my beastly humor on this wan and dripping day, that come Tuesday, we shall see the end of the tumult and the shouting for another four years. But as this is written I am quite sure of some things — that this country will continue to fulfill its destiny; that there will be food to eat and clothes to wear and money to spend; that folk will love and marry and raise families; that the rich will grow richer and the poor will be with us as always; that some will be lucky and others unlucky; that brains and individual effort will avail, as in the past — in short that the good old world and this Nation will manage to wag on, whoever is balloted into the seats of the mighty on Tuesday following the first Monday in November. For no man is indispensable in this very matter-of-fact world and all too soon are any of us — even the most exalted among humans — forgot when we are gone.

"The eternal Sahl from her bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us — and will pour."

So that today the lone bird song of the morning, the ever-valiant bubbling, ringing call of the Carolina wren seems more important to me than the periods, platitudes and perorations of politicians. For in that song there is hope and the promise of another spring.

So to read the morning papers and such a hodge-podge of political forecasting of majorities that by the time this is read someone is sure to be convicted of being a dullard at numbers as well as in the art of political forecasting. And there is so much last-minute "warning" of the untoward

*See Random thoughts, page 5

The Idle Rambler

by James C. Smith

Thanksgiving day seems like an odd time to shatter historical myths about the early Pilgrims, but to renegade young turks no more opportune time exists.

You see, although Plymouth Rock may be the country's oldest tourist attraction, a University of Cincinnati professor says that the early Pilgrims who were supposed to have landed there in 1620 probably never saw the thing.

Robert Arner, head of the UC English department, has been researching myths and legends emerging from the Colonial experience.

"Early Americans were symbol-conscious and associated Plymouth Rock with the Pilgrims," said Arner. "Actually, the Pilgrims never mentioned the rock."

The first mention of the rock, according to Arner, was around 1740. In 1770 the Colonists began the celebration of Forefathers' Day in earnest. The popularity of the symbol of the Rock grew out of a deep need to establish a new parentage — the Pilgrim fathers — for Americans on the eve of the Revolutionary War," he says.

Why does Plymouth Rock, a gray slab of granite, continue to be so popular?

"Maybe it's because it's associated with the concept of nature's nation, a favorite American idea," said Arner.

The rock was moved in 1774. In the process of moving, the rock broke. Half of the rock was moved to the Liberty Pole in Plymouth and the other half was buried.

"The rock has always been promoted as a symbol of American unity," Arner asserts. It's somewhat ironic, therefore, that the stone is broken in two places. It would make a most excellent symbol of disunity."

In the 1880's, orators and poets looked at the stone in terms of its Biblical symbolism, the researcher claims. "Also, some felt that the stone tied America to England and to tribal Germany — the Northern Translation theme favored by Thomas Jefferson."

Plymouth Rock may be the one monument in the country that continues to evoke positive feeling," he said. "In this age of skepticism and political cynicism, it stands for democratic anonymity and is not burdened, as are the monuments to Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson, and others, with any negative feeling often attached to individual personalities. Whatever else the Pilgrims were, they were not demogogues as some of our heroes and even Presidents have been."

(Confidential to Dr. Arner: Please have the report you promised on San Tee Claus, the Aztec's real-life version of Robin Hood, in my office by Dec. 21. And yes, I did persuade several friends to serve lasagne and won ton soup this year at Thanksgiving. They said your iconoclastic theories are for the birds. They're all going to serve turkey next year.)

Agree or Not

Continued from page 2

could encourage parents in surrounding areas who work in Frankfort to bring their children here when they come to college for their first two years. This latter opportunity is now available, but, for reasons unvoiced, isn't used to any extent.

If emotions could be cast aside, a solution might be more readily reached.

Matthew Jouett was the most distinguished portraiturist west of the Alleghenies in the early 1800's and possibly the best ever from Kentucky up to modern times.

Dotson Bros. Auto Sales
8th Street — Paris, Ky.

78 Monte Carlo, P.S., P.B., air, cruise, tilt, stereo, 305 engine	5295
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77 AMC Pacer S/W, air, P.S., P.B., stereo, 6 cyl., auto	2195
76 Datsun Pickup, 4 cyl., 4 speed	1995
76 Olds Cutlass S, P.S., P.B., air, low Price of	2695
76 Monza, 2 dr., auto., P.S., stereo, 4 cyl.	2199
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76 Chevy Malibu Classic Wagon, P.S., P.B., air, new radials	1895
75 Chevy C-10 Pickup, auto., P.S., topper	1995
75 International Scout, 4 wheel, P.S., P.B., air, stereo	2695
75 Ford Ranger, P.S., auto, 302 engine	2195
75 Dodge D-100, P.S., auto., 318 engine	1595
75 Chevy C-10 Van, short wheel base	1695
75 Dodge Dart, 4 dr., P.S., P.B., air, 6 cyl., auto	1695
75 Olds Cutlass S, P.S., P.B., air, stereo	2295
75 Monte Carlo, P.S., P.B., tilt, stereo	2495
75 Buick Le Sabre, P.S., P.B., air, tilt, cruise, stereo	1895
75 Chevy Caprice Classic, 2 dr., P.S., P.B., air	1695
75 Chevelle Malibu Classic, 2 dr., P.S., P.B., air	2195
75 Ford Maverick, 4 dr., P.S., P.B., air, stereo, 6 cyl.	1995
75 Buick Century Wagon, 350 engine, auto., P.S.	1295
75 Plymouth Fury, P.S., P.B., air	895
75 AMC Hornet, 2 dr., V8, auto., P.S.	1495
75 Camaro, P.S., P.B., auto., cragers, stereo	1995
75 Plymouth Duster Custom, P.S., P.B., air	1995
74 International D200, heavy duty, P.S., auto.	1495
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