Opinion

Guest editorial

You just might like the hunt

by Roger Womack

The Central Kentucky Foxhunters Association, Incorporated, will, through its annual field trials and bench show, bring to Nicholas County the outstanding gala autumnal outdoor sporting event of 1981. This event is open to the public and all are encouraged to experience the exhilaration of fresh air and sunrise on the plateau of the Clay Wildlife Management Area for the casts of the hounds at daybreak.

Hounds will be cast in the early rays of sunlight on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday (September 29, 30, October 1). The hounds will be under judgment for five hours each day. There will be 14 mounted judges, under the supervision of Dr. Elizabeth Ann Wright of Lexington as the Master of Hounds.

The hunters with their hounds will arrive on Monday, September 28 for registration and entry for the meet. The bench show will be at 7:30 p.m., open arena, at the equipment shop on the CWMA, upper entrance to the area.

The burgoo supper will be held at 6:30 p.m. Tuesday, September 29 at the equipment shop of the CWMA, followed by the business meeting. Burgoo, a thick stew or soup of meat and vegetables, originally served at political rallies or other outdoor gatherings and barbecues. It is a succulent and nourishing meal. It consists of just about every vegetable you can imagine, in addition to the meat, principally beef and pork, to which is added chicken, pheasant, dove, duck and squirrel. Venison, bear and antelope meats are very seldom used, as the taste is a bit strong and garney.

Burgoo is cooked outdoors in large iron kettles. The procedure calls for hours of cooking. Burgoo is well seasoned with salt, pepper, red pepper, barley, onions, A1 sauce, etc. and of course sufficient water. The Burgoo King, Roger McCarty, will direct and supervise the cooking and seasoning process. Burgoo is an expensive preparation and thus there will be an appropriate charge for the serving. Plastic cups and spoons will be furnished, but from experience, a small saucepan with handle and a soup spoon brought from home is best.

The association wishes to express its appreciation for the interest that is being shown by citizens of Carlisle and Nicholas County. Special attention is directed to The Carlisle Mercury, for its support through the efforts of James C. Smith, Editor and General Publicity Chairman for the hunt. Sims Jewelry and Abraham's Store are to be commended for the attractive window displays they have arranged with the hunt motif.

An affair of this nature is good for our county. It can become an annual event with the continued interest and support of the general public. We are very fortunate to have the Clay Wildlife Management Area, with its cooperative and accommodating director, Charles Wilkins. The area has prospects for the establishment of hiking trails (a mini-Red River Gorge) for youth groups, church leaders, scout masters and the like. Those interested can follow up on this observation.

This event is a bloodless type of hunting which is enjoyed by both man and beast. We believe you would like it. Come and see.

Agree or not

The menu will be sweet and sour in two amendment questiions

by S.C. Van Curon

The only statewide interest on the ballot this November is the two constitutional amendments, and one of those is beginning to stimulate some interest.

One of the amendments provides for one-term succession for the governor and other state constitutional officers, and unlimited terms for county sheriffs.

The other amendment is a two-pronged affair. One part would extend the homestead exemption tax feature to handicapped persons. The other would provide a maximum of a five-year moratorium for taxes for the restoration of run-down business property.

Last week a non-partisan committee to spearhead opposition to the succession amendment was formed. The leadership is composed of prominent Kentuckians in both major political parties.

Two prominent newspapers, The Lexington Herald and the Frankfort State Journal are editorially opposed to the succession amendment and have so stated their cases.

The chief complaint of both newspapers is that the amendment makes no comparable provision for upgrading or strengthening the legislature. The governor's office of Kentucky is almost the nearest thing to a dictatorship in the democratic form of government.

Both newspapers have pointed out that Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. gave the legislature more independence in the 1980 legislative session than any governor in memory; however, they point out that the amendment will endure for years after governor Brown leaves office.

The Kentucky legislature has a 60-day working session every two years and its veto power has been almost nil since the present constitution was adopted 90 years ago.

However, the legislature, under the 1979 constitutional amendment, may recess at times, providing they get their 60-working days in by April 15. This now gives the legislature time to be in session after the governor has processed all the bills passed in the session, thus enhancing their veto power. Before the amendment, the legislature had adjourned before the required date for the governor to sign or veto bills.

One of the chief problems of Kentucky's governmental system is that the governor has almost complete authority to expend state funds after the legislature adjourns so long as he stays within the budget and abides by specific legislative directives. Some past governors became expert magicians in shifting state funds to suit their whims and political interests.

Several governors have canceled road projects let by the previous administration and shifted funds to other objects. Most governors have had full discretionary power in the use of surplus funds, and others have had capital construction funds placed in one pot to do with as they pleased in choosing approved projects.

The chief objection to the succession amendment is that any governor can use the powers of his office to almost insure his succession. His powers of usage of state funds is such that legislators and citizens alike would almost have to obey his wishes if they wish any favorable state services for their areas.

Kentuckians would be treading on dangerous territory to permit any public official with such power to succeed himself in office.

The second amendment is a mixture of the sweet and the sour. The sweet is the provision to extend homestead exemption to the handicapped.

The sour is the tax moratorium for five years on restoration of run-down property. This would be an invitation for speculators and out-of-town residents to purchase such property; restore it and rent it at high price, or sell it for a profit after his moratorium on taxes has expired.

At the same time, the conscientious property owner who has properly maintained his property must pay taxes to support city services the restorer gets for free. There's no justice in such favoritism.

Consider the impact of these amendments when you vote.

Fat Congressional pensions

There has been considerable discussion (not all of it enlightening) on Capitol Hill in regard to Social Security.

At the same time members of Congress have succeeded remarkably in hiding their own fat federal pension plan from public view.

A former Republican representative from Massachusetts, Hastings Keith, has been troubled for a long time by the escalation of his pension. So much so, in fact, that he testified before a House committee back in 1975 that his pension had been "going up so fast that it is becoming scandalous."

When Keith retired in 1973 after 14 years in Congress, his pension was $1,560 per month. In two and one-half years it climbed to $2,095 and he told the committee that it would nearly triple to $6,000 per month by 1990 if inflation continues at about six percent a year. He's well on his way. As of last March, Keith says, his monthly benefit has soared to $3,420, which isn't bad for being on the job only 14 years.

Twice-a-year indexing of the total annuity for inflation is among factors contributing to the problem. It is estimated that taxpayers pay $4.50 for every $1 an individual on the federal payroll contributes for his or her pension. It will soar greatly in the years ahead. Unfunded liabilities of nearly $1 trillion will have to be borne by taxpayers in the future to provide pensions for federal bureaucrats and the military.

The newest round of budget cuts proposed by the Reagan administration seems to include the Congressional pension in plans for delaying cost of living increases (full details of the cuts weren't made public until after our deadline). But even if this is the case, it is a small token. The pressures of inflation hardly produce the same life and death struggle to a retired congressman on a fat federal pension as they do to millions of retired Americans subsisting on Social Security. He may have to sacrifice a trip to the Bahamas. They may have to sacrifice a trip to the supermarket.

The Congress should start on itself. The members should dump their lucrative pensions, join the Social Security system and see firsthand how most of the rest of the country has to scrape to make ends meet.

Members of Congress, especially Democrats, make a big production about being on the side of the poor and the working class. They could prove it by putting their pensions where their rhetoric is. Such a move might even make them better representatives of the people.

Letters

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Regarding the picture of Carlisle orchestra which appeared in the Mercury two weeks ago — The man on the back row is J. Benson Collins and not Ava Hoffman. Benson is a graduate of CHS, a graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and lives in Akron, Ohio.

Thought you'd like to know.

W.B. Griffin

(Editor's note: Thanks.)

To The Carlisle Mercury:

As a local resident, I feel the need to write and express my views on the PARKING problem, in which Carlisle has one that is very severe.

If I come home for lunch or come home after work, the area in front of my building in which I park is usually taken by some person, whom I shall not mention, that works in one of the local businesses.

If I might suggest to the City that they rent the parking lot across from Edward's Garage, and require the merchants to purchase a parking permit, or pay a fee (to help pay the rent on the lot) and park in there. That way, their cars will be in a good place, convenient to downtown, and off the street.

I am speaking about the businesses that DO NOT have private parking for their employees. They, too, (the ones with private parking), are being harrassed by the local merchants parking in their parking spaces, even in front of their store, which I think is very inconsiderate.

So come on Carlisle, you have a parking problem, one that needs an answer NOW, and the ones that are being harrassed are waiting, and waiting, and waiting.

So what do you say? It might be worth looking into!

Thank you for letting me have my say.

Sincerely,
Carolyn McFarland
P.O. Box 99, Carlisle

Down Memory Lane

Lyric Theatre erects electric sign

Thursday, September 28, 1961

B.J. Alexander of Eastern Avenue has retired after serving the public for 40 years. He operated his own grocery for 11 years, was connected with the Dot Food Store for nearly four years and spent 12 years as manager of the A&P Store.

Directors of the Carlisle-Nicholas County Chamber of Commerce voted to purchase 18 new permanent Christmas decorations.

Miss Nell Crayeraft started working for The Carlisle Mercury last November, keeping the office open on Saturday and extracting tidbits that made up the Mercury's 20 and 40 Years Ago column.

Mrs. Bobby Duncan of West main Street was called to El Dorado, Arkansas last Wednesday by the death of her father, Mr. Osborne Robinson.

The Nicholas County Development Corporation obtained a deed Friday, Sept. 22 from Mrs. Sue Ingles for a farm of approximately 500 acres.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smart a daughter, Donnita Jean, Sept. 21 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Marvin J. Doyle a son, Sept. 25 at the Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Roach a daughter, Sept. 25 at the Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Judith Carol Allison and PC3 James David Harris, Sept. 19 at Community Methodist Church, Dayton, Ohio.

DIED — Gene W. Hunt, four, in Lexington, Sept. 3. — Mrs. Mildred Clary Shannon, 46, Bourbon County Hospital. — William John Cluff, 25, Buffalo, N.Y. at St. Joseph Hospital. Mrs. Fannie McCarty, 77, Monday at Nicholas County Hospital.

Thursday, September 25, 1941

Judge and Mrs. D.M. Curry celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Sunday at Johnsons Mill. They were married in 1891 in Paris, Ky. Mrs. Curry was formerly Miss Mary A. Hearn of Paris.

The Lyric Theatre has erected an electric sign in front of the building.

Billy Tolliver, 15, suffered a fractured left arm Wednesday while practicing with the Musketeers at the city playground.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. David Shipp of Lancaster a son, John Lee, Sept. 9.

MARRIED — Miss Louise Burris and J.C. Booth in Paris.

DIED — Geneva Bishop Duncan, 17, Wednesday, at home near East Union.

John J. Larkin purchased the farm belonging to the estate of Martin Furlong at $60 per acre.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Smith of Eminence, a daughter on September 20.

MARRIED — Miss Nannie Lynam, 36, and A.B. Workman, 68, both of the county, at the county clerk's office Wednesday. — Miss Chlorine Howe Baldwin and Cassius Shelton Thompson, September 16.

DIED — Carl Lynam, two-weeks-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Lynam, at their home near town early Monday morning. — Mrs. D.C. Yates, formerly of this county, at her home in Fayette County Monday night. — Frank Ingels, 74, at his home on the Maysville and Lexington Road, Sunday morning.

Thursday, September 29, 1921

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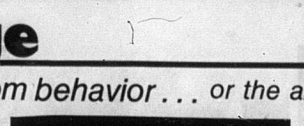
Op-ed page

The ABC's of classroom behavior . . . or the art of shooting paperwads



Back-to-school ABC's:

A red apple a day from teacher's apple-polishing pet would cost around $35, give or take a few rotten specks.

B in line when books are passed out, the bells go off and the yellow school buses drive up.

C you in September (or even August) for clouds of chalk dust, class clowns, cramming and cheerleaders.

D is for daydreamers, dirty gym socks and dancing at the prom.

E gad-there are 175 school days this year filled with exams, essays, erasers and even a few eager students.

F is for the good things of school: fotos, free periods, football, fire drills and field trips.

G eez, I thought school would be fun this year, but grades, girls, geometry, worries galore.

H if our team could just get the ball through this thing...

I I school principal. Who you?

J means jocks, jeans and junk food.

K is for kindergarten, not mandatory, but a head start on the ones who didn't go.

L is looks, man, and that's what it is all about with the girls.

M means multiplication tables, multiple choice, middle school monitors and missiles that never threaten Russia.

N never put chewing gum on a chair. That's tacky.

O say, have you learned the patriotic songs: Do you want to? / Or people everywhere. What if you just want to be alone?

Q as in "Quick, she's not looking..." and quit.

R you ready for recess, relays, reading and roll calls?

S is special. Saturdays, Sundays, spring break and substitutes.

T eachers. How can they be so different?

U need to work on your pronouns if you are ever to be university bound.

V stands for vocational ed, volleyball and voted the most likely to whatever.

W is work, which is necessary but seldom fun.

X marks the wrong answer. And it is how you'll sign your name if you do not learn to write.

Y are we studying that again this year? Because we didn't learn it last year.

Z ero as in zoology and as in not knowing the answers on your exam.

— RM —

Down in Texas, the Aggies often become the Polacks for the subject of jokes. That's Texas A & M, a mighty fine university where not all graduates try to crank a cow's tail to get milk.

I haven't seen Jim Browder's Aggie calendar for 1982, but understand it has the usual goodies, such as under Jan. 10: "Superman must be an Aggie-he wears his underwear outside his suit."

The calendar also sets aside Jan. 16 at "National Nothing Day," an Aggie holiday and lists famous aggie inventions, among them left-handedness and the toenail fairy.

Some of the calendar's other lowlights: "The Aggie mosquito bit Dolly Parton on the back."

"The A&M grad refused an Army commission...said he'd rather have a straight salary."

"An Aggie willed his body to science. Science is contesting the will."

In a sequence on the May page, titled "History Would Have Been Different If These Men Had Been Aggies": Isaac Newton would have discovered apples. Thomas Jefferson would have known all men aren't created equal. Michaelangelo would have painted the basement floor.

— RM —

One day in 1961 when Russell Baker was covering Capitol Hill for the New York Times, he was coming out of the Senate chamber when he was seized by Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson.

"You!" Johnson yelled. "I've been looking for you!"

And he dragged Baker into his office, made him sit down and launched into a monologue about how important he was to the Kennedy administration and the world in general. While he was talking, Johnson scribbled something on a piece of paper, rang a buzzer and handed it to a secretary when she entered. She left the room for a few minutes, then returned. She gave the paper to Johnson who was still talking.

He glanced at it, crumpled it up and threw it away. After a while Johnson finished his one-sided conversation, shook hands enthusiastically with Baker and dismissed him. Later, by stealth, Baker retrieved the piece of paper. Johnson had written: "Who the hell is this I'm talking to?"

The story is from a new book, "Presidential Anecdotes," by Paul F. Boller Jr., and tells stories that were told about the presidents or the presidents told about themselves, such as:

Once when Calvin Coolidge was considering appointing a man to his cabinet, one of his aides objected, "But Mr. President, that fellow is an s.o.b."

"Well," said Coolidge, "Don't you think they ought to be represented, too?"

And it was Harry Truman, who expressed a wish many of us would concur in. "Give me," said Harry, "a one-handed economist. Every economist I talk to says 'On the one hand...but on the other...' "

Another: At the end of the workday, President and Mrs. Truman enjoyed a small libation. Shortly after they moved into the White House, Mrs. Truman asked the butler to bring a couple of old fashioneds. He mixed them expertly with fruit slices and bitters and served them.

The next evening, Mrs. Truman gave the same order, adding, "Can you make them a little drier?" The butler tried to oblige. But when he heard that Mrs. Truman had complained again, he sulked.

Then next instructed to make a couple of old fashioneds, he just poured straight bourbon over ice. Mrs. Truman tasted the drink and beamed. "Now that," she said, "is the way we like our old fashioneds."

— RM —

And there is a story about Soyer, the famous cook who once served the French royal family. Soyer was the head cook at the Reform Club in London in 1848, when he became so appalled by the famine that year in Ireland that he went over there to set up soup kitchens.

Soyer instructed aristocratic ladies in how to make nourishing soups for what were then called "the hungry poors." He was a master at preparing delicious broths that helped many of the hungry people.

On the death of one of those high-class ladies, the family was somewhat startled to learn from the lawyer in charge of her estate that ample funds had been set aside to supply the poor with "a brothel to be named after her."

All hands and the cook were subsequently relieved when the lawyer found another note explaining the lady's confusion about synonyms for "soup kitchens." "Here," she wrote in an elgant, sloping, Victorian hand, "are three recipes for excellent broth for my brothel."

Onward, upward.

Some 300 active volcanoes ring the Pacific Ocean from Chile to Alaska, to Japan, and New Zealand. Most land volcanoes erupt along the edges of the immense plates which make up the Earth's fragmented crust.

Light, warmth, and moisture may cause a chameleon to change color, National Geographic World magazine says. So does the lizard's mood. A disturbed chameleon may turn dark or show a pattern of bars on its skin.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.

September 24, 1936

The cool of fall is in the evening air these days and blackbirds are flocking. Soon an early frost will begin its artistry on trees and pastures and Nature will don her going-away gown...Fain would I enjoy it more, this beauty of late summer — the satisfying quiet of the season's completion of her fecundity. Once again would I wander down through the purple iron weeds of a pasture I once knew and skirt a field of fragrant hemp and come at last to a little pool, rocky of bottom, bluegrass to its water's edge, and there slip off in one quick movement the scanty garb of boyhood and feel the stimulating chill of the waters of an old swimming hole that called like a thirst to boyhood, as summer waned...Alas, one can't get back; we pass this way but once. It is as well perhaps, for seldom are the Danubes blue and the fresh waters of the pool imagination bodies forth from the memories of boyhood might appear but a stagnant mudhole in a little creek. Imperial Troy, someone has written, was but a mud fort on a wind-swept hill...Yet the out-of-doors is fair enough these dreaming days of Nature's completion of her fecundity. Quietly, grudgingly she mothers her children of leaf and blossom, her crops ripened under the sun swelling in the rich earth. And throughout the still nights, the little winged musicians of the grass and leaves fiddle a crooning lullaby to these lusty infants of the Universal Mother — growing, growing through the moonlit nights, growing under the golden sunlight of peaceful afternoons — making ready for the Harvest.

*****

The old fashioned morning glory — which swarms over the bean rows in late summer and early autumn, making a very pest of itself to the lazy gardener, always brings back to me with its dainty fragrance the dew-spangled mornings of boyhood, when each day began in a thrill of anticipation and adventure beckoned with every dawn...It brings the feel of grass to bare feet, the smell of garden loam, cobwebed and dewy, glistening butterbean tents beneath which the earth grew dusty dry as summer waned...Lucky the lad who has lived intimately with gardens, though I hated them, when weeds were to be pulled and rows hoed and the cool shadows of elms and willows that arched over the swimming hole called to one down the endless rows and sometimes so strongly as not to be denied...There is that in gardens, I think, which calls to something that lives in all of us — from the smell of fresh-turned earth in early spring when one gardens in small plats, sowing lettuce and radishes with a zest that is of the freshness of springtime and not to be recaptured — until the corn blades begin to add a dry rustle to their whisper, the morning glories to flaunt their evanescent beauties over the butterbean tepees undisturbed; and from a nest of pawpaws, ripening in dry grass, matted now where lettuce bed radish rows burgeoned in April, comes an aroma of sweet heaviness and betraying strength — if there be other lads about...Yes, lucky the boy or girl, it seems to me, who has known gardens and bird song at dawn, the clatter of the binder in the golden wheat, the silver sides of minnows flashing in a winding branch, sweet-stung bare legs from riding bareback; warm little grass chairs where rabbits had sat in the pastures, the ring of milk against the bottom of a tin pail, the fragrance of old milk cellars, flight of bats at twilight, plaintive call of lambs, tinkle of sheep bell, barking of dogs. All of these come back to me with fragrance of the gay, varicolored cups of the morning glory.

*****

Soon will come the first month of Autumn, and I would enjoy to the full its color and beauty, ere the fields are bleak under the raging blasts of November...Soon will come the flaming glories of the trees, the riot of colors marking the orderly assurance with which Nature sets about her preparations for the coming of Winter...The leaves will drift to earth and the limbs will be laid bare, yet where the leaf parted is left a tight-

*See Random thoughts, page 8

The Idle Rambler

by James C. Smith

Attempting to scratch out a column in the midst of remodeling is no easy task. With a carpenter, two electricians and the dreaded Mrs. Katherine T. Fisher running amuck around the office, very few paragraphs clatter from my typewriter uninterrupted. Mr. F. has given up. Yesterday he threw up his hands, screamed something about silk purses and sow's ears, placed the project under the reigns of his better half, and retired to the back shop to do job printing. When Mrs. F. gets on these improvement binges, I think she gets on his nerves..."LIBBY!!!Come write this column for me!"

Excuse me, I was interrupted again. Where was I,...Oh well! Come to think of it Mrs. Ann Shearer is not a whole lot of help through this ordeal either. She has more ideas on how to make this place look...nice...(perish the thought) than Mrs. Fisher does. I want a vacation until this is over!

Hmm...what shall I write about amidst this rattling and banging...Did you hear the one about the Priest who bought the racing donkey...

Is this stream of consciousness writing? I hope not. Need any help in the back shop Mr. F.? Got anything I can plagerize that no one around here has possibly read? Good. Here is my column for the week: *Question delicate et dont, selon les oges et les saisons, on aurait pu donner des solutions assez diverses. Un homme d'esprit me la propose aujourd'hui.* What, this won't work either, come on Libby, that fancy typesetting thing-a-majig has to have accent marks on it? Oh well, Sainte-Beuve is boring anyway.

Which reminds me, my roomie, Bob, was worried about me the other day. He came and stared at me while I sat on the toilet carrying on an extended dialogue in French with myself. He thought that was (weird. I don't see anything wrong with it. Do you?

I think he's the weird one. Just last night he came through the door with two bags of groceries and a gallon of milk swinging from his arms. He plopped down the groceries, stood quietly for a moment then looked me straight in the eye and said something really strange.

"Have you ever tried to figure out which brand of paper towels is the best buy?"

"Are you kidding?"

"No, seriously. It's impossible. First you have to figure out the square footage and then divide that into the price to get a unit pricing measure that you can use for comparison. Then you have to do the same thing with all the other brands. Then you must take into account such elements as thickness and weight, and arrive at some quantitative numerical representative for..."

I tuned him out, much like I am now tuning out the voice of Mrs. F. that I hear faintly beckoning from the upstairs storeroom. Little does she know, I am chronicaling this whole ordeal for posterity.

Enough. I can no longer cope. I'll finish this tonight. Sorry.

— JCS —

It is tonight. I am still shell shocked from the ordeal of the past two days. I must quote a very meaningful passage from one of my favorite plays, Samuel Beckett's **Waiting for Godot:**

Vladimir: Oh pardon!
Estragon: Carry on.
Vladimir: No no, after you.
Estragon: No no, you first.
Vladimir: I interrupted you.
Estragon: On the contrary.
(They glare at each other angrily.)
Vladimir: Ceremonious ape!
Estragon: Punctilious pig!
Vladimir: Finish our phrase, I tell you!
Estragon: Finish your own!
(Silence, they draw closer, halt.)
Vladimir: Moron!
Estragon: That's the idea, let's abuse each other.
(They turn, move apart, turn again and face each other.)
Vladimir: Moron!
Estragon: Vermin!
Vladimir: Abortion!
Estragon: Morpion!
Vladimir: Sewer-rat!
Estragon: Carate!
Vladimir: Cretin!
Estragon: (with finality), Crritic!
Vladimir: Oh!

I have never understood that play. I pray that I never will. *Mais enfin, je suis en attendent Godot!*

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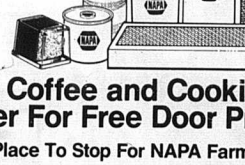

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