Opinion

The farmer gets the blame again

There are heavy clouds on the horizon for burley farmers and it could rain down less dollars as a result on opening day in late November.

At the top of the list is the just made public intention of the Secretary of Agriculture to lower the support price for burley this year from $1.81 to $1.75.

Under the new "no net cost" tobacco program, the Secretary is given the right to do this.

Next is the prediction by at least one warehouseman that 150-200 thousand pounds of burley could go to the pool this year, because the crop may well turn out to be an 800,000 pound monster.

As usual, the tobacco farmer is supposed to take the blame for all this in his pocketbook, when he didn't have anything to do with the causes.

It wasn't the farmer who said burley stocks were short and it certainly isn't the burley farmer who keeps allowing more and more burley to be imported into this country with which to make American cigarettes.

It was the tobacco industry, who, with dollar signs instead of eyeballs, kept pushing for those changes.

Now, we are told there is too much tobacco. And that it's the farmers fault. Already he will now pay at least one cent per pound just for the privilege of selling his tobacco and now he is told he will probably get less money for his crop. Of course, the poor farmer finds all this out after he has shouldered the burden of all his expenses for the year.

In the true government way, the buck keeps getting passed down the line until it gets to the farmer. And when the farmer turns around to pass the buck, there is no one there.

A French philosopher said it best recently on educational television, "the trouble with the American people is they are smarter than the leaders they keep electing".

If there were ever a time to write to your congressman about keeping the burley support price at $1.81, it is now. The address is:

Larry J. Hopkins, 331 Cannon Office Building, Washington, DC 20515. Phone: 1-202-225-4706.

If that doesn't work, maybe we can get John Block out here to cut and house for a couple of days when it's 90 degrees. And then ask him again what it's worth.

Score one for Japan

Five Japanese banks have mounted a rescue mission for the state of Michigan. They have agreed to underwrite loans of $500 million which the state government needs to keep itself afloat.

Michigan generally borrows such a sum from private investors every autumn to cover its obligations until state taxes begin flowing in after the first of the year. The state's economy is so depressed right now, due to the slump in the auto industry, that its credit rating is too low to attract the usual investors. Hence the offer of help from Japan has been welcomed by state officials.

Score one for the Japanese in public ralations. They can assume that Michigan politicians will be less inclined in the future to complain about competition from Japanese imports on the U.S. auto market or to call for import controls. After all, you don't bite the hand that feeds you.

This is the first time an American state has been involved in such a credit arrangement with foreign banks, and we can hope it is also the last time. This is a dimension of "foreign aid" that should make Americans uncomfortable.

It is commonplace for capital from Japan and other foreign countries to be invested in the private sector of the U.S. economy. That is part of the two-way street of international trade and investment. But when foreign banks need to shore up the credit of our governmental institutions, things have come to a pretty pass.

Curiously, the Japanese loan guarantee is an expression of confidence in the state of Michigan, which implies optimism toward the eventual recovery of the U.S. auto industry. Let's hope the bankers in Tokyo are right about that, but we would suggest that Michigan look elsewhere for funds. Foreign debts of this size can be intimidating.

Hard times in Russia

The Soviet Union is facing a real problem — its birthrate is dropping dramatically.

This means, according to a private analysis by an American living in Russia, a shortage of workers and soldiers by the end of the century unless the trend is reversed. That's the way the Soviets look at people.

Murray Feshbach of Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., a leading authority on the Soviet population, has reported that birthrates have plummeted among Russians, Ukrainians and Byelorussians, while continuing at a high level in the Asian sections of that country.

Although Feshbach didn't come right out and say so, there probably is a very good reason — and a plausible one — for the slowdown in population growth.

Knowing what it's like to live in the Soviet Union, Russian adults naturally are hesitant to bring children into such a world.

There is a ready-made solution to the Soviets' problem: The Russians could make life for their citizens easier by ending oppression and allowing more personal freedom. But the bosses in the Kremlin aren't likely to consider taking such drastic action.

Letters ... from our readers

Thanks for Blue Licks picture

To The Carlisle Mercury:

The August 19th edition of the Carlisle Mercury carried several interesting articles on the Battle of Blue Licks and their Bicentennial Celebration. My family attended some of the festivities and especially enjoyed the drama of the Battle. Thanks to the Mercury, we knew what events took place and when.

Thank you for putting my picture in the Carlisle newspaper with the dioramas of the battle that my scout troop and friends helped me to restore and construct for display in the museum. Especially, thanks for rushing over at the last minute to take the picture. I hope some of the residents in Carlisle will come by the Blue Licks Museum to see the dioramas if they missed it during the celebration.

Thank you for putting out this special effort to inform people in our area about activities taking place before they happen so they can participate.

Sincerely,
Bill Planstiel
2270 Elmhill Court
Lexington, Ky. 40502

Historical marker fixed

(The following letter was sent to us for printing by Mr. Roy Shannon.)

Mr. John Wright, D.T.E.
Bureau of Highways
Box 347
Flemingsburg, Ky. 41041
Dear Mr. Wright:

The historical highway marker for the Old Concord Church, #625, has now been repaired and is at the Traffic Barn on Wilkinson Boulevard. Would you have your men pick up this marker the next time you have a truck coming to Frankfort.

Originally, the marker was located at KY 36 and Dorsey Street in Carlisle; but when the marker is restored, it will need to be approximately 150 feet west of the old location. This would be up toward the old armory on a straight road and away from the corner where the marker was located. The marker has been knocked down twice, so we want a safer location for it.

The plaque was repaired by adding the cap or sleeve part that fits over the post of the marker, and there are six screws to adjust the marker on the post.

We always appreciate your assistance with our program.

Sincerely,
Dianne Wells, Chairman
Kentucky Highway Marker Program

Agree or not

The Welch, Wellman, Campbell hassle

by S.C. Van Curen

Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. must have had some second thoughts about suspending the Kentucky State Police Trial Board as he promised some days ago when he named Adjutant General Billy Wellman as State Police Commissioner to replace Marion Campbell.

This action was triggered by a hassle between the KSP and Justice Secretary Neil J. Welch. Captain William Favors had been suspended or fired by the KSP Trial Board and Welch reinstated Favors. KSP is a part of the Justice Cabinet.

The Secretary of State's office does not have an order from the governor suspending the Trial Board. The only recent order it has received from the governor is No. 82-752, dated Sept. 9.

The governor took a different route to accomplish his desired results.

In appointing Wellman as commissioner, the governor instructed him not to use the Trial Board, Russell Dozier, the governor's legal counsel said. The governor took this route, Dozier said, because the commissioner is the one who must prefer the charges and appoint the members of the Trial Board under Chapter 16 of KRS.

This should be a very effective stop since the governor appoints the commissioner. If the commissioner should start any action before the board, the governor could fire him on the spot. In this case, a warning to Commissioner Wellman should be sufficient.

Under Kentucky Revised Statutes 16.140 that creates the Trial Board, paragraph 8 says:

"...there is created a trial board, which shall consist of the commissioner and of a panel of ten officers of the bureau appointed by the commissioner."

Paragraph one of the same section provides: "The commissioner, whenever probable cause appears, shall prefer charges..."

While the State Police may have felt secure in the powers of the Trial Board because it is created by statute and was reinforced by the 1982 Legislature, the governor seems to have found a way to put a stop to their feeling of independence.

The Legislative Research Commission has a friendly suit now in court testing some new legislation that seeks to give power to legislative committees between legislative sessions.

House Bill 345 is one of several passed relating to this subject. It seeks to limit the governor's authority to reorganize state government without the consent of the legislature between sessions.

In Chapter 12 of Kentucky Revised Statutes HB 433 provides:

"Unless required by federal law, the governor may not effect a reorganization plan under this section that contravenes:

"(b) A constitutional or statutory provision relating to an administrative body or to an organizational unit headed by an administrative body." This part became effective 6-13-82.

As a safety measure or reserve power for the future, the legislature further provided in Section 21, "The governor's reorganization power is

*See Agree or not, page 3

Down Memory Lane

Horse runs, rural carrier injured

Thursday, Sept. 27, 1962

Harry T. Letton has been named to a state farm committee for senatorial candidate Wilson W. Wyatt. Letton will serve with 18 other Kentucky farm leaders, as an advisory group for Wyatt during the United States Senate campaign.

A one-fourth inch plate glass window in the office of the Lyric Theatre was broken about 6:30 last Wednesday with a piece of wood found on the pavement.

An 11-year-old boy is charged with breaking the window and taking the cash drawer from beneath the counter.

Robert Hawkins, 45, of near Myers, was injured Sunday night when a car in which he was riding left the telephone pole near his home and caught fire.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ishmael of Paris, a daughter, Lisa Bridgette, Sept. 19 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tedder of Marion, Ind., a son, Jon Raymond.

MARRIED — Miss Janet Lysell and Paul K. Letcher, Aug. 4 in Dayton, Ohio. — Miss Brenda Hubbard and Billy Wood Allison, Sept. 21 in Carlisle. — Miss Bessie Watkins and Calvin Thornsberry, last Saturday. — Miss Faye Watkins and Wayne Alexander, last Saturday. — Miss Rowena Mae Toy and William S. Curtsinger, Aug. 26 in Millersburg.

DIED — Mrs. Zula Shaw Green, 75, Tuesday at the Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Gladys Cray Alexander, 56, of Maysville, Sept. 13 in Haywood Hospital.

Thursday, Sept. 24, 1942

W.F. Clark of Carlisle, prominent merchant, farmer and stock man, was elected a director in the Burley Tobacco Growers Pool from this district composed of Bracken, Robertson and Nicholas counties.

Henry Howe Bramblett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bramblett of the county, was one of the successful applicants who this week was announced as having passed the Bar examinations in Kentucky.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Joe Smart of Moorefield, a daughter, Sept. 17 at Good Samaritan Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dotson, a son, Friday. — To Mr. and Mrs. Billy Vaughn of Dorseyville, twin boys, Sunday at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Marion Clay Scott, a daughter, Tuesday at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Christine Brandenburg of Dayton, Ohio and Corp. Harland Craig Barton in Dayton. — Miss Virginia Redmond of Paris and Ray Basta, Sept. 12 in Lexington.

DIED — Mrs. Lee Reed Ratliff, 80, widow of Charles Ratliff, Tuesday at the Christian Widows and Orphans Home in Louisville. — Mrs. William Alexander, daughter-in-law of the Rev. and Mrs. Jesse Alexander of Harrodsburg, Tuesday at Norton Infirmary in Louisville. — Mrs. Nancy Ellen McCann, 74, widow of James M. McCann, Thursday at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — Mrs. Nannie Gillispie Jerrane, 82, Wednesday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W.E. Piper. — Oscar Johnson, 84, Friday at home in Millersburg.

Thursday, Oct. 5, 1922

Carlisle High School lost its opening football game to Paris by a 10-0 score.

Carlisle Christian Church celebrated its 100th anniversary.

Fire of undetermined origin in the Carlisle Cash Grocery on East Main Street caused an alarm to be turned in shortly before midnight Sunday. The blaze was extinguished before the arrival of the fire wagon, with slight damage.

Howard Allison, substitute rural mail carrier, received painful injuries Monday when his horse ran away. Mr. Allison had taken the bridle off the horse to feed and when he became frightened. The buggy and harness were badly damaged.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Everett D. Smith, a daughter, Gladys Coons, Sept. 22. Mrs. Smith was Miss Sarepta Hostetler before her marriage.

MARRIED — Miss Thelma McKenzie, 17, of Bourbon County, and William Henderson, 21, of Nicholas County, Tuesday. — Mrs. Elizabeth Morris and Burris Morris, both of this county, Thursday in Paris. — Miss Gladys Fisher Bishop and William B. Carson, Thursday in Paris. — Miss Frances Gillispie, formerly of this city, and Edgar York of Batavia, Ohio, Sept. 28.

DIED — Geneva Christian Bussell, 8, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bussell, Saturday at her home in Milltown. — Morrie F. Vice, 61, Sept. 15 at his home near Mt. Zion. — John Richard George, Monday at his home in Dorsiana. — Miss Alethea Martin, last Thursday at the home of her sister near Maidens, Va. — Mrs. Elizabeth McCormick, 58, Monday at the home of her son-in-law, Rolla T. Hall. — Thomas Ratliff, suddenly last Thursday morning on his farm.

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Op-Ed page

Comfortable congressmen . . . too quick to spend our money

Some economists are predicting the federal deficit of $114 billion in the next fiscal year. If true, that will add another $10 billion or so to our interest payments.

A $114 billion deficit would mean that our government would go into debt at the rate of $310,000,000 every 24 hours, or more than $200,000 a minute. In other words, the government piled up another million or so of debt while you were reading this piece.

When some future history buff sits down to write "The Decline and Fall of the United States," he undoubtedly will place the blame on the genius who invented air conditioning. At least he certainly should, because therein lies the problem.

During the halcyon days of Cal Coolidge and Herb Hoover, when federal spending amounted to only $3 billion a year at most, Congress went home during the hot summer months and the president usually went fishing.

But now, with all government offices air conditioned, our elected representatives remain in Washington the year around, dodging irate constituents and devising new schemes to spend the taxpayers' money.

Therefore, I propose when elected President, to command that all air conditioners in government offices (except mine, of course) be shut off permanently. Then, perhaps our esteemed senators and representatives would get out of town for at least a few months each year, thus saving us billions of dollars they would have spent during the warm months.

If that isn't enough, I would cut off all heat in their offices and the floors of the House and Senate. Then they'd have to go home in the wintertime, too. And, when that happens, I want all of you to come see me on Capitol Hill and we'll throw a wing-ding of a party in the House and Senate and enjoy some of the money those congressmen would have spent if they'd been using the place.

— RM —

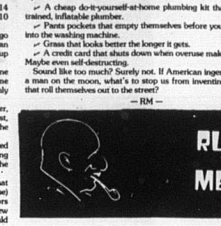
Just about everything you may consider necessary in this world already exists. We have no-wax floors, the wheel, instant pudding, self-cleaning ovens, automatic transmissions, Permapress shirts and disposal diapers. Who could ask for anything more. I can.

There are a lot of things I think the Thomas Alva Edisons and Madame Curies among us could work on. I cannot understand why no one has thought to invent:

- A garbage disposal that won't eat jewelry or forks.
- Self-cleaning rabbit, hamster and bird cages.
- A sofa that looks as good at home, surrounded by old magazines, stray socks and beer cans, as it did in the store, surrounded by oriental rugs, oil paintings and new magazines.
- A television set that automatically screams out toilet bowl and sanitary pads commercials.
- A politician whose nose lights up when he exaggerates or plain lies. It could end the energy shortage in Washington.
- A car that gets 100 miles to the gallon and runs on junk mail.
- A cheap do-it-yourself-at-home plumbing kit that includes a trained, inflatable plumber.
- Pants pockets that empty themselves before you dump them into the washing machine.
- Grass that looks better the longer it gets.
- A credit card that shuts down when overuse makes it too hot. Maybe even self-destructing.

Sound like too much? Surely not. If American ingenuity can put a man on the moon, what's to stop us from inventing trash bags that roll themselves out to the street?

— RM —



A number of years ago, so the story goes, there was an old mountaineer, a real despot who ruled his family with an iron fist, who suddenly became ill and appeared to have died.

There were no funeral directors back in the hills then and embalming wasn't practiced. So, as was the custom, the widow and the female relatives washed and dressed the body and it was placed in a wooden coffin a neighbor had made. After the service, as the coffin was being carried out of the house, one of the pallbearers stumbled and one end of the box bumped heavily into a gate post. The knock somehow revived the "Corpse" who sat up and cursed everyone in sight.

The old man lived for more than a year, as mean and hateful as ever, then fell ill and died again. Once more the body was prepared for burial. Once more the corpse was placed in the coffin, a service was held and the pallbearers, mindful of the past, very shuffled out toward the yard gate, the long-suffering widow lifted her head and cautioned:

"Watch out for that post!"

— RM —

Whenever I feel depressed and sorry for myself, I always call Rigsby, who has more troubles than anyone, Lewis Grizzard of the Atlanta Journal not excepted, by the other day.

We went to lunch. I ordered chicken salad. Rigsby ordered tuna fish.

"We're all out of tuna fish," the waitress said.

"O.K., chicken salad," Rigsby said.

"Sorry," the waitress said, "your friend got the last of the chicken salad."

"I'll just have a cup of coffee," Rigsby said.

The waitress brought my chicken salad and spilled the coffee all over Rigsby's sports jacket.

"I can't believe it," Rigsby said. "This jacket is the only piece of clothing I had left after the fire."

"What fire?" I asked.

"It's a long story," said Rigsby.

"Tell me."

"I opened a new account at the bank," he said. "They gave me a choice of two prizes, a toaster and something else. I took the toaster. The first time I used it, it caught on fire and burned down my apartment."

"What was the other prize?" I asked.

"A smoke alarm."

We talked some more as I finished my chicken salad, and Rigsby sat there with coffee all over his sports jacket.

"You know what happened at work?" he asked.

I didn't know.

"They found out we were using a chemical out in the plant that causes cancer in laboratory animals."

"Think you're safe?"

"I'm fine, but the chinchillas I was raising in the back room behind shipping and receiving all dropped dead from cancer."

Everything happens to Rigsby.

"You heard about my divorce?"

I hadn't heard.

"My wife caught me with another woman and took me to court and sued me for everything."

"I hope you got a sympathetic jury," I said.

"Sympathetic?" Rigsby answered. "They came back in after a couple of hours of deliberations and asked the judge for more instruction."

"What could they want after two hours?"

"They wanted to know if they could give the death penalty in an alimony case."

"What about the other woman?" I asked.

"She's terrific," said Rigsby. "She's beautiful, she's sweet, and her father owns four liquor stores . . . if only she didn't have herpes."

Your luck is bound to change, I told my unlucky friend.

"Never," he said. "I was in a shopping center and I registered for a trip one of the department stores was giving away . . . I won."

"See, your luck is changing," I said. "Where's the trip?"

"West Beirut," Rigsby said. "Braniff charter."

Onward, upward.

Random thoughts of a country editor...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
September 8, 1932

Continued from last week

There I call a friend of eighty days to join us and after lunch, in the queer, greenish light of the eclipsed sun, we put out for Herrington Lake, which I never never see. And reaching the end of Dix Island, I am amazed at the fancy which had pictured this water as a lake of broad expanse, spreading out to great width, whereas I find an artificial river, with the tops of dead trees, grey and ghost-like showing above the waterline. There is utility — and good fishing at times no doubt — but a slaughtered beauty lifts its naked arms where the redbud glowed in springtime along rocky cliffs and the fronts of autumn painted with gaudy brush. No, I am not yet prejudiced by the ballyhoo of the "line of smoke stacks" fellows, who wrote of the "beautiful lake" that would be formed by the proposed power dam at the Falls of the Cumberland.

Oh, well, we came to fish and fish we did, from a motor boat, with plugs that wabble and wiggle, with spoons and bucktails and whatnot. And I made a monkey of myself with my awkwardness, being used to stillfishing, save for amateurish attempts in years past at fly-casting, which I regard as the acme of the angler's art. So I "cast" and forget to "thumb" and backlashed annoyingly, so that my companions are in danger of being hooked and lacerated, till I am covered with confusion. But I am touched by the encouragement of my kind-hearted lad, who, after the manner of boys, cannot bear to see his daddy fail to excel, so that I persevere and finally get my plug away in true overhand flick once or twice — which much serve for no "strikes." For we had none. Doubtless fish are caught in Herrington Lake, but evidently they knew I was coming. Thus it has been with me always of recent years and so I have not wet a line for more than three years. Some day, the Lord willing and my financial condition permitting I am going where fish are and where they will "bite" and where even an amateur can catch something larger than a sun perch.

But pleasant the coming of evening on the water, the nosing in to the wharf, reminding me of my infrequent visits to the seaside somehow. And pleasant the drive back over the old trail to Lexington, with talk of this and that, old friends and other days. So to a late and tasty supper with my old friend who is strange to see him domestic, with a charming family, who when last I visited him was a rollicking, andi I thought, incorrigible bachelor. But Time, given her way, does seeming miracles forsooth. So, late and with more contentment than of recent months, to bed.

***

Up to bright skies and the accustomed heat, but undaunted we pursue our vacationing and near high noon are off for the Falls of the Cumberland. Out of the road to Richmond, where we hear a foolish rumor that folk are being turned back from the new road under construction out of Corbin; so turn and take the Nicholasville road to Camp Dick Robinson and over to Danville for lunch, where I gravitate naturally toward a newspaper office and meet Editor McIntyre and Hi Hutchenson and later, on the street, Chester Shearer, who tells me he has fished that morning in Herrington with no luck. So that I feel less like biding the rods in my ancient car, for we take them to the Cumberland with the undying hope that attends all anglers.

Presently off to Stanford, where Logan had his fort, and down the road toward Somerset, but stop at Hall's Gap for one of the most enjoyable hours of the trip, to climb the towers and peer through the telescopes at the great expanse of the Bluegrass plateau toward Perryville and Danville, which are just penetrated and the range of the Knobs. Close at hand are Stanford and Rowland, a bit farther away the red water tower in Lancaster, and by the left the water tower in Danville; and where an eminence charming family, who when last I visited him was a rollicking, andi I thought, incorrigible bachelor. But Time, given her way, does seeming miracles forsooth. So, late and with more contentment than of recent months, to bed.

***

Up to bright skies and the accustomed heat, but undaunted we pursue our vacationing and near high noon are off for the Falls of the Cumberland. Out of the road to Richmond, where we hear a foolish rumor that folk are being turned back from the new road under construction

my country and I love it.

So to daily along the road to Somerset, where I call Cecil Williams, the screiver, and learn that we may drive to the Falls in an hour and a half. But Cecil no doubt is unaware of the limitations of my ancient chariot, for it is twilight when we turn into the mountain lane at Parker's Lake and dark comes with a rush among the pines. My bold lad sticks to the wheel, though the turns and declivities might well be precipices in the glow of headlights none too bright, and the feeling that one has perhaps left the road is none to cheering on an empty stomach to one who has not ridden or driven a mountain road in many years. Now and then we come to a house in a clearing, learn that we are "about eight miles" from the Falls, which distance, at the next house some three miles on seemingly, has shrunk to "about seven or eight." But at length lights and the top of the river hill, where we stop, carrying our luggage down into the hotel.

Supper finished, to sit on the long porch, where tops of beech and pine and the broad leaves of the wahoo come friendly close; and driveway comes the unceasing murmur of the falling water. Fires of night picnic groups wink across the river; a car drives down on the great flat rock of the river's edge and we see preparations made for camp in the headlight's glow. Gradually the lights fade out, the sound of voices dies away; only the unceasing murmur of the white cascade tumbling over its rocky ledge. And so to bed, the woodsy odors coming sweetly on the night breeze. Drowsing I remember a well chosen line: "Here the voice of God is never hushed." And another, which means more in the peaceful quiet of these most ancient temples: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handwork." So, lulled by the soothing murmur of falling water, to sleep.

Agree or Not

Continued from page 2

repealed." This portion becomes effective Jan. 1, 1984.

Most of the present reorganization Statutes were passed in 1960 under Gov. Bert T. Combs, but have been modified some since then.

The abolishment of the governor's reorganization power, effective Jan. 1, 1984, might be viewed as a weapon for the establishment of more independence for the legislature just in case the governor wins the present case in court.

Or, it can be viewed as a weapon they can use if need be.

Understand, the 1984 legislature can repeal, amend or strengthen this or any other law on the books.

Given this latter fact, the Kentucky State Police Professional Association probably will be before the 1984 legislature trying to get Trial Board powers independent from the governor's reach.

Brown won't be around in 1984; so, why should he care?

Fiscal Court sets 13.9 cent tax rate

The Nicholas County fiscal court tax rate will remain the same as last year at 13.9 cents per hundred dollars of assessed valuation, Judge-Executive Reese Smoot told the Mercury.

Smoot said only the health department rate was missing from the information needed to have all the rates.

Nicholas unemployment is down

State preliminary figures for July show that Nicholas County unemployment is down to 8.6 percent, with 263 persons out of work in the county.

At one time this past summer, as many as 320 persons were not working in Nicholas County.

The Bluegrass area, which includes Nicholas County, had the lowest unemployment of any state area, with 8.3 percent, but that was an increase.

Chamber to meet

The Carlisle-Nicholas County Chamber of Commerce will meet at Mitchell's Restaurant (formerly Vaughn's) at 8 p.m. Monday, Sept. 27.

Hallmark
SUMMER
Odds & Ends
SALE
★ Tablecloths
★ Plates ★ Cards
★ Napkins
1/2 Price
Timex
Watches
20% off
Hopkins Drug Co.
Your Prescription our specialty
289-2274

In this corner... *By Jim Butler Wanke*

Doing something about the weather

Most folks believe that when it rains, people can get depressed. And when it snows, folks can get claustrophobia... or "cabin fever." In other words, the weather can affect people's moods and actions.

Now comes the shocker. There are folks who believe that people affect the weather. Yup, exactly the opposite.

In other words, when you get a real mad on, and just seethe with anger and emotion, those feelings are given off by your body as waves of unseen energy. Those waves go out into space and interact with other waves of energy and cause weather changes.

So watch it...just because you had a fight with your mother-in-law, I don't want it to rain on my parade.

This whole school of thought would lead one to believe that Tropical Storm Chris, for example, might have been caused by Fidel Castro having one heckuva fight with his wife.

This idea could spawn a whole new wave of fighting. Instead of guns and tanks, we would make it hail on our enemy, and stick him with six feet of snow, just by thinking it up.

All this is not so far fetched as it might seem.

It is already proven that young babies are sensitive to their environment enough to know when their mothers are emotionally upset. They cry as a result. These babies cannot yet see, they certainly don't know how to talk or understand adult conversation, so how do they detect their mother's anxiety? By unseen energy; those anxieties were transmitted to the child through the energy of a touch or through the air.

If electricity and radio waves can go through the air without being seen, why can't thought waves?

There are already numerous examples of this that just have to make sense.

A lady in Indianapolis was on her way to work one morning, when for some reason she could not understand, she turned the wrong way onto a street that she never used, to go to work. And she started speeding up too. She didn't know exactly why, just that something was telling her to go this way and fast. The street dead-ended at the beach... and there in the water was her teenage son, drowning! She saved his life, because something told her to turn the wrong way at the stoplight.

The lady in Indianapolis was being told, by unseen energy waves, or thought transfer, that something awful was happening and she was needed.

No doubt, you have heard stories like this. There are numerous stories about a wife waking up in the middle of the night with a start, knowing that something was wrong with her husband, who was away on a trip. She could not sleep the rest of the night. At 1:30 the next afternoon, she gets a call that her husband has been severely injured in an auto wreck.

These stories seem to happen a lot with people who are very close to each other, such as husband and wife, or twins, or mother and son. The answer to this is that their closeness has caused them to be tuned to the other person's thought patterns.

I'm convinced that thoughts travel through the air, just like electricity, so why can't they affect the weather?

I know it's crazy, but think of all the other crazy things that we smart Americans always thought was impossible...like flying through the air, riding 60 miles per hour in a horseless carriage, and talking to another person over a wire attached to wooden poles.