Opinion

The sooner the better

Every once in a while a new safety feature for cars is proposed which has great potential for saving lives even though it is neither complicated nor expensive.

Fitting this description is a new rear brake light which would be mounted near the back window on all new cars. Under a new regulation announced by Transportation Secretary Elizabeth H. Dole, the third taillight would be required on cars produced after Sept. 1, 1985.

The potential for preventing rear-end collisions was shown in a 1980 Transportation Department study. In examining the accident records of 5,400 telephone company passenger cars, including 2,500 cars with the third high-mounted brake light, it was found over a 12-month period that the cars with the extra brake light had 53 percent fewer rear-end accidents.

Nearly identical results were obtained in a 1978 study of 2,100 taxicabs in Washington, D.C. by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety.

Ford Motor Co. agreed that it is "probably a good vehicle safety feature." In fact, Ford said it already had been developing high-mounted rear-end lamps and had planned to install them on four of its 1986 car lines even without the regulation.

If these studies are a good indication of the number of accidents that can be prevented, the sooner the new high-mounted brake lights are installed the better.

The great reformer

Unless I be convinced by Scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything, for my conscience is a captive to God's word, and it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience.

So spoke Martin Luther before the Diet of Worms in 1521, refusing to retreat from a bold challenge to the authority of the Roman church.

This 34-year-old priest had attacked the practice in the medieval church of selling indulgences, the spiritual favors which would shorten the time a soul must suffer in purgatory. What started as a theological quarrel would shake the church to its foundations and change the course of Western civilization.

Recently the world observed the 500th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, and a worldwide observance it was. The commemorative events cut across ecclesiastical lines. Even the Catholic Church, which vilified Luther for most of five centuries, has come to acknowledge his importance as a reformer.

The celebrations also crossed political walls. The communist government of East Germany conducted Luther commemoratives with as much enthusiasm as its counterpart in West Germany.

Luther was born on Nov. 10, 1483, into a world in which both spiritual and temporal authority flowed from Rome. By the time of his death in 1546, the spiritual authority of the papacy had been effectively challenged by the burgeoning Protestant movement, and the foundations had been laid for the rise of nation-states that would replace the medieval kingdoms and principalities held together by allegiance to the pope.

Martin Luther not only struck the spark that brought the great religious, political, and social upheaval known as the Reformation, he opened the European mind to realms of thought and speculation that brought the later Age of Enlightenment. He stood with one foot in the Middle Ages and one in an age of new intellectual horizons opening with the Renaissance.

Luther's translation of the Bible into German is credited with forging a national language from regional dialects, unifying the German people for the first time. It is still the standard biblical text in Germany. Luther was a master at writing sermons, and an able composer of music. His writings fill 100 volumes, and continue to attract theologians for their relevance to contemporary issues.

Luther is the spiritual ancestor of every generation's dissenters and protesters, those guided by conscience rather than obedience to custom or worldly authority. He was excommunicated by his church and sentenced to death for heresy. Yet he refused to compromise, and in the end many of his ideas prevailed.

The ecumenical movement has removed much of the bitterness once aroused by the mention of Luther's name. The anniversary of his birth can be observed by Christians of all denominations. The church which adopted his name embraces 69 million members in 92 countries, while Protestant Christianity as a whole, including sects with a direct or indirect debt to Luther, counts 350 million.

Rarely has a single individual so affected the history of his own times and generations to follow. As long as men and women seek a relationship with God and a life of faith, the voice of Martin Luther will echo down the corridors of time.

Here Abouts . . . . . with Emily A. Wolf

Ben, Mary Glenn and friends

The dust had barely settled, as the saying goes, on the 1983 football season and Coach Ben Pumphrey already had his 1984 game plan in writing.

Along with the Xs and Os were names of players and the role each played. And, as always the prediction that this would be the best team ever if everyone did his job.

Then, at the bottom of page three, this bombshell: "This will be my last year. Let's make it a winner."

Say it isn't so, Ben. But if it is I'd like to do the story of your coaching accomplishments. It will take a lot of huntin' and peckin' to list all the credits so give me plenty of time. OK?

***

It's been a good 40 years since I sang (?) for any musical group Mary Glean Shearer conducted at Carlisle High School. At least 39 years.

And it's been about that long since last we met. Know what she greeted me with a couple of weeks ago when our paths crossed here?

"Emily, do you know I'll never forget" ... and she went on to recall how I'd jump the count and do a solo when I should have waited for the rest of the chorus to begin. She even remembered the name of the song I always messed up on.

You'd think after all these years she would have forgotten, but she says whenever she needs a good laugh she thinks of me.

(As I recall, she didn't find it a bit funny at the time — and neither did I.)

Mary Glenn (Mrs. Ches Shearer now of Lexington) extracted some beautiful music from her students, many of whom still share their special talents from time to time at church programs and funerals. She insisted on excellence, and by golly, we practiced and practiced and practiced 'til they got it right. I never did (get it right), but I smiled a lot.

"They also serve who stand and ... smile!"

***

Speaking of talent, one of Mary Glenn's finest was Frances Kerr Henry, now Mrs. W.R. Bustin Jr. of Frankfort.

Wouldn't it be fun to assemble some of those voices for a special program, say, at the L&N Depot? We're sorta a part of the "historical society scene set," aren't we?

And speaking of the Historical Society, it's membership will be serving complimentary coffee and hot chocolate, beginning at 5:30 p.m., at the depot prior to the big parade this Saturday night.

Everyone is invited to stop in and sip a hot cup of cheer before moving on up the hill to watch Christmas parade festivities.

Incidentally, homemade crafts and baked goods, created by members of the Nicholas County Hospital Auxiliary, will be sold at the depot, beginning at 9 a.m. If any are left, they'll be offered for sale again during the 5:30 open house.

It's a super time to Christmas shop for handcrafted gifts and goodies from the kitchens of some of the finest cooks anywhere.

***

And while you're watching the parade floats go by, remember they didn't just happen overnight. It took lots and lots of hard work to create the Christmas theme you'll be applauding as it rolls down the street.

Underneath the decorative crade are yards and yards of plain old chicken wire which had to be stuffed with napkins or other material. If you think that's a fun way to spend your pre-Christmas time, just ask Roberta Darbro, one of the hole-pluggers working on the Woman's Club entry. It's a drag.

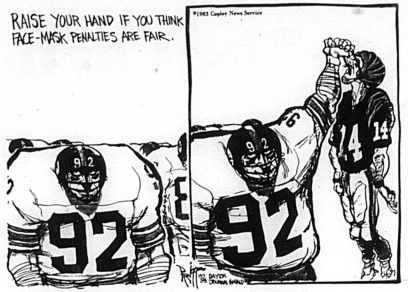
To all the volunteers who'll be on the sidelines Saturday, all your hard work is appreciated. Pride of creation, of contributing to a community-wide project, is the stuff that keeps us involved in a tradition worth preserving. Thanks so much.

***

Somebody Said — Anything worth doing is worth doing well.

EAW

RAISE YOUR HAND IF YOU THINK FACE-MASK PENALTIES ARE FAIR.



Agree or not

Kentuckians weigh Brown's accomplishments

by S.C. Van Curen

In two more weeks Kentuckians will think of the accomplishments of the Brown administration and listen to hopes and promises of the new administration of Gov.-Elect Martha Layne Collins.

Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. leaves behind four years of work that draws mixed reports of praise and criticism which happens to some extent in every administration. The rating balances out many times.

He draws the highest marks on getting a handle on the financial affairs in a recessional period when state income took a nosedive and cuts had to be made. While reductions in spending ran into the millions, services to the people did not suffer in comparison, although there was some drop in fringe areas.

He put more money into education and continued to press for improved standards and greater accomplishments in this field.

For the first time in recent history, Gov. Brown let the legislature be independent of the governor's office. He presented his program of legislation and left it almost solely to the legislature's assessment, explaining his position the best he could.

Hundreds of needless state employees were cut from the payroll and the old time patronage system was dumped in favor of what Brown termed as a "business" operation.

He didn't take a hand until late trying to elect a successor and he didn't load the payroll in late months trying to further this end as many governors in the past have done.

Much of his effort was devoted to business and industrial development in which a fair amount of success was registered considering the national economic picture.

Governor Brown didn't have the money to launch new programs or expand the state's road system to any significant degree.

On the critical side he got off on the wrong foot by taking planning for his inaugural activities, parade, etc., away from Frankfort people and importing an out-of-state ax marshall instead of using a Kentuckian.

The first family chose not to live in Frankfort which alienated them from this community and the Browns continued to hold state events outside the capital city which Frankfortians consider a no-no. Consequently, the Browns were never really considered citizens of Frankfort. They were just commuters who officed here.

Brown never had any major scandal in his administration unless the present investigation of sign encroachment on highway rights of way develops into one. It is now under FBI investigation.

One big plus was the appointment of Grady Stumbo as Secretary of Human Resources. Dr. Stumbo untangled a scrambled network of inefficiency that had operated without competent guidance since its reorganization by Gov. Wendell Ford. It's really too large and covers too many divergent fields of services for one person to oversee competently and efficiently.

There was a little flap of expense account adding in the Department of Labor but it was penny ante and hardly worth mention.

Highways and Personnel drew the most criticism for the governor. Transportation Secretary Frank Metts installed his "business" system in highways and replaced district engineers with laymen and sought to fire some career engineers.

The engineers won reinstatement in the federal courts and now have damage suits in court against him personally that resume this week in Lexington.

Metts also lost in a sense in the cancellation of a conflict with a Frankfort engineering firm by reaching an agreed settlement. The head of the firm has a large damage suit in court against Metts personally. He scrapped a photogrammetry department rated among tops in the nation and let millions in personal service contracts.

Brown's claims of reducing the payroll related only to the number of employees for dollar-wise it was higher than ever.

While he claimed there was no patronage in his administration, salaries were hiked to the limit for his appointees and they in turn hired friends in positions outside the Merit System at high salaries.

A merit pay plan offered by the Brown administration drew a storm of complaints and criticism from state employees and never got fully implemented. To top it off, the governor's own merit pay was a source of embarrassment.

*See Agree or Not, page 2

Down Memory Lane

Elder names new County lake

Thursday, December 5, 1963

Police Chief Eugene Kelley reported Monday that thieves entered Woody's Auto Repair and took an estimated amount of $5 or $6 from the cash register and the coin box of a drink machine. The incident occurred either Saturday or Sunday night.

Ben Pumphrey, Paris City School coach, a native of Carlisle, was listed Thursday in the Courier Journal as the coach of the year in Class A division.

Billy Mac Gaunce, night patrolman in Carlisle police force, Monday night has resigned to accept employment with the Nicholas County Board of Education as a bus driver.

John Tobitt Elder, son of Mrs. Warren Fisher, has been awarded a $25 Series E Savings Bond for his suggestion of "Lake Carnico" as name for the new lake project in Nicholas County.

Don Smith, president of the Utopia Club, has presented a $100 check to Charles Watkins for the new rural fire truck.

Frank Weaver, Moorefield postmaster and grocery store operator, has been selected to the board of directors of the First National Bank, Carlisle, it was announced Monday by Richard Jordan, executive president.

Sue Irvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Irvin, a member of the Morehead State College concert choir will participate in the fourth annual choral clinic on the campus Dec. 6-8.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hay Hamm, Maysilick, a son, Nov. 12 at Hazywood Hospital in Maysville.

MARRIED — Miss Wanda Hurst Huddleston and J. Stanley Richard Jr., Nov. 27 at the Paris Christian Church.

DIED — Thelma Hay Lynam, 53, was killed Nov. 28 in an automobile-truck collision near Gallatin, TN. — Bobby C. Bennett, 28, Lexington, Nov. 24 at St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington. — Jess Clinton Buckler, 71, Fleming County, Nov. 30 at the Fleming County Hospital. — Mrs. Pearl Dotson Miller, 77, wife of Hamer Miller, Nov. 28 at Nicholas County Hospital. — Norman Jolly, 72, Nov. 29 at home on the Cream Alley Road.

Thursday, December 9, 1943

Quite a large number from Carlisle attended the inauguration of Governor Willis Tuesday at Frankfort. Among the group was Sam Reynolds of the Mercury mechanical department.

Miss Annabel Hamilton will present a group of pupils from her piano class in an informal recital Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 p.m. at the Christian Church.

Judge Walker Shepherd has been appointed chairman for Infantile Paralysis Fundraising Drive.

The Carlisle Community Cannery will be open for use in canning meat Tuesday and Thursdays when needed.

The average on burley tobacco markets in central Kentucky was upped to $48.58 at Tuesday's sales at most of the floors in Lexington and other central Kentucky warehouses.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Carol Vice, a daughter, Dec. 5 at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Floyd (Buddy) Mattox, a daughter, Nancy Faye, Dec. 4 at home on Lower Jackstown Road.

MARRIED — Samantha Livengood and Robert Platt, Dec. 6 at the Methodist annex by the Rev. E.H. Barnette.

DIED — Hanson Walton, 54, Sunday at home here. — Mrs. Carrie Day Yates, 70, at home in Breckinridge. — Mrs. Allie Conyers Barr, 59, Friday in Middletown, OH. — Infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Smith of Moorefield.

The Carlisle Mercury
(USPS 090-820)
Established 1867
Phone (606) 289-2464
Published every Thursday at 234 Locust Street, Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky 40311. Postage paid at Carlisle.

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Op-Ed page

There must be a better way . . . except when the wind is out of the East

If I ever get in the mid-Georgia section of the country, I'm going to look up a veterinarian named Dr. Jack Tuttle. I'd like for my dog, Rags, to meet his dog, Snot. About five years ago, Doc Tuttle wrote a piece called "There must be a better way," which was published in the Livestock Breeder Journal and which is still making the rounds of county agents, Soil Conservation people and all those folks who have tried to pick velvet beans when the wind is out of the East.

There must be a better way . . .
Than working cattle with a wet plowline and a pine tree—or an old agron and a yard dog. A better way than a three-strand barbwire corral—a four and a half foot wide chute—a head gate of flooring and ten-pennies, or a head gate of 2 x 4s and 20-pennies, or a head gate of 2 x 6s and 30-pennies.

There must be a better way . . .
Than no holding pen—or a holding pen that used to be a chicken house—or a hog pen—or a tool shed—or an equipment lean-to/with harrow still there)—or a holding pen that's a hay barn with brown rats and black snakes.

There must be a better way . . .
Than Bi-tch boots and 12-inch mud. A homemade cud—hollow tail or hollow horn—stomping a Stetson . . . trying to chew Blood-hound . . . inject Bang's vaccination into a finger to get a week off . . . yellow weeds and briars . . . metric system . . . picking velvet beans by hand . . . snakes and tall grass . . . keeping records on back of envelope—filling on dash of pickup . . . tractor and chain as only calving tools . . . and picking more velvet beans!

There must be a better way . . .
Than year-round calving—300 pound weaning weights—castrating with pinchers—castrating with bands—post mortems—buying high, selling low—bindle twine instead of a nail—breeding weanling age heifers—breeding a sumbitch to a sumbitch—joining a strike—barbed wire gates—1000 pound gates, hernias—a rotten post, a rotten board, hernias—picking velvet beans.

There must be a better way . . .
Than having heard said —
"Do wild dogs wear flea collars"?
"Are registered calves born with a number in their ears"?
"Is 10cc the same as 1 ML"?
"I thought she would have been dead by today."
"Naw, he won't bite."
"She's gentle, we can catch her in the pasture."
"I do believe that was the bull calf we were hoping to turn out."
"Doc, you can quit now—she ain't breathing."
"Check her for syphilis"?
"Lady, it weren't no cat man that bowed that cow up."
"Pour it on her feed . . . I thought you said feet."
"Lookout! She's coming over the fence!"
"Lookout! She's coming through the fence!"
"Get off my got-dam foot!"
"If you'll shine that ole mule's rear with lard, it'll also help his appetite."
"Mister, you cows are in the road."
"You sho can't work cattle when the wind is out of the East."
"Pay you Saturday."
February snow day: "Now here's a basket of shucks—bust yourself wide open."
"Lady, that must have been a genuine gentleman that bowed your cow."
"If they ever get to 35 cents, I'll sell every one of them."
"Winter will never catch me with this many again."
"Never seen it this hot before."
"Never seen it this cold before."
"Never seen it this wet before."
"Never seen it this dry before."
"Your dog's name, son"? — "Snot" — "What"? — "Snot" — "What"? - "SNOT" — "SNOT" . . . "THAT'S WHAT!"

"I'll never pick another velvet bean . . . there had to be a better way".

Yes, it is all true. I have heard it all at one time or another over the past 30 years. I must say, truly there is a better way now for we have come a long, long way. What I have written here are a few excerpts from a book I'm writing. I might call it "We Found A Better Way," or "All Creatures Wild And Wooly," or "A Dog Named Snot". One thing for sure, I just can't write when the wind is out of the East.

— RM —

RUSS METZ

After living with the same wife in the same old house for 42 years, a friend finally realizes that wife-to-husband communication requires no spoken words.

Say there's a disagreement early on a cool fall morning and the husband thinks he's gotten the better of the exchange.

He leaves the breakfast table for his morning shower.

And the wife expresses her displeasure this way:

She goes out into the yard and turns on all the water sprinklers.

She starts the washing machine, full load, full cycle.

She puts three or four dishes in the dishwasher and turns it on for a big load.

Finally, she goes upstairs and flushes the commode.

The result: The person in the shower is alternately frozen and scalded by surges of cold and hot water. The only communication after that was the husband promising himself he will never again leave the breakfast table thinking he has gotten the better of his mate. At least not until he can get his skin back to normal.

Recent gatherings from Paul Dickson's Murphy Center for the Codification of Human and Organizational Law:

William E. Brodersen's Never-Never Land: 1. Never shake hands with a man holding a chain saw. 2. Never try to put on a pullover while eating a caramel apple. 3. Never kiss the hand of a lady after she's been to a self-service gas station. 4. Never try to adjust your clothing in a crowded elevator. 5. Never wave at your friends at an auction.

James W. Hiestand's Law: People who forget to turn off their headlights almost always remember to lock the car.

Sir Berkeley Moynihan's Revelation: Statistics will prove anything, even the truth.

Richard Smolik's First Law of Politics: A politician will always be there when he needs you.

Craig Whatley's Axiom: Money usually ruins a good idea.

— RM —

When was the last time you came up with a creative idea? Was it this morning, yesterday, last week, last month or last year?

Maybe you need "A Whack on The Side of The Head."

In his book by that name, author Roger Von Oech tries to change the way people think so they can open themselves to more creativity.

Von Oech says that, although set patterns of thinking and behavior are necessary for day-to-day functions, these attitudes "can get in the way when we're trying to be creative."

He calls the attitudes mental locks and says they are hazards to thinking. I knew something was keeping me from thinking straight while going around corners and maybe it's one of the 10 mental locks he lists:

- The right answer.
- That's not logical.
- Follow the rules.
- Be practical.
- Avoid ambiguity.
- To error is wrong.
- Play is frivolous.
- That's not my area.
- Don't be foolish.
- I'm not creative.

Try playing the fool once in a while, von Oech says. Make a mistake or casionally and grow from it.

"As you can well imagine," he writes, "it's difficult to get your creative juices flowing if you're always being practical, following rules, afraid to make mistakes, not looking into outside areas, or under the influence of any of the other mental locks."

I can't wait to go home and spring this on my wife just to let her know I'm going to the Green Fern Bar to find a key to a couple of my mental locks, but will need a metal one to get back into the house sometime after midnight.

Onward, upward.

Pearl Harbor — A Soldier's Experience

(Continued from last week)

The men now began to roll out and crowd to the windows and the porch to see for themselves what was happening. I went back to the porch and saw a man caught in the middle of the quadrangle, moving from side to side of a small, low structure there as planes came from different directions. He finally got a break and ran for better cover. I saw a cook in his whites peek around the corner of a mess hall just in time to catch a bullet in the forehead — the first man I ever saw killed in war. Around the quadrangle, men came out of several mess halls to see what was happening, found themselves under fire, but were unable to get back inside because of others still crowding out. Nevertheless, casualties in our battalion were surprisingly few. They included our Battery Executive Officer, Lieutenant Cassell, shot through the face. He recovered.

Tall, dark-haired PFC Warren Harriman came dashing up the stair, a trickle of blood from a small cut streaking his pale face. "They're shooting real bullets!" he cried in amazement. "They're killing people downstairs!" Then the squawk box from our first floor Orderly Room came to life with the breathless voice of our C.O. Captain John W. Ferris, who had run all the way from his family quarters. "Everyone on the ground floor. Move immediately to the ground floor. Stay inside, stay in the corridors. This is no drill. This is no drill. Those are Japanese planes. Everyone to the ground floor."

We had been so busy watching the planes that no one had begun to dress, and now the men began streaming downstairs, a few grabbing a garment or two but most of them wearing only the shorts and T-shirt that are a soldier's pajamas as well as his underwear. I had read of the fairly recent German airborne invasion of Crete, and I envisioned myself out in some gawa thicket in my shorts and bare feet, trying to fight Japanese paratroopers, so I began dressing. Further, it occurred to me that helmets and gas masks lying in wall lockers would not be useful to men on the ground floor, so I called out to those around me that they should take at least those two items. A few did, but most of them ignored me. I was just another PFC, a radio operator with only 15 months in service. So I was very soon all alone in the room that had contained some 40 men.

As I proceeded to don all the field gear I owned, I heard the notes of alert call — "To arms! To arms!" — and I knew it was played by our own battery bugler, PFC Van Swaney of Call Creek, Texas, who was detailed as bugler of the Division Artillery Guard. Coming through the sounds of attack, it was rather an impressive thing, and I suppose it may have been the very first formal call to war for Americans in that greatest of all wars — to date. Van Swaney, 19 years old, with blue eyes and a freckled bulldog face, stood out in the open with bullets flying about him and played the call twice without error and without rushing. If they ever decide to make a monument to the "Pineapple Soldiers" of 1941, I think it should be of Van in his campaign hat, wool OD shirt with tan tie, khaki trousers, and canvas leggings, his bugle to his lips, calling the nation to war. Like the others, Van did just what he was supposed to do — his duty. If there was failure, it was not in the lower echelons.

I was nearly five minutes behind the others, but at last I was ready to go. I laced it to my feet and headed for the stairwell — and fell flat on my face. Up I jumped — and fell flat again. Then I realized that I had put my leggings on wrong and the strings of one were catching on the hooks of the other, tripping me most effectively. I sat on the top step of the stair and corrected that situation. Then I really was ready for war — except for a weapon.

Once I got downstairs — probably about 15 minutes after Sakamoto's rude intrusion upon my shaving — I headed for the Supply Room, where our weapons and ammunition were secured. I stepped over a man who lay bleeding on the corridor floor, and joined two others who were trying to break down the Supply Room door. The three of us succeeded, and once inside we found tools with which we broke into the steel-barred Arms Room, meanwhile wondering where on the devil was Sergeant Ken McCart with the keys. Fact was, Sergeant McCart had spent Saturday night at the Motor Pool with one of Sergeant and former professional boxer Otto Mann, drinking beer. And now he was outside Mann's room there, shooting 8mm movies of the Japanese planes.

We had recently turned in our M-1911 .45 caliber pistol and received the old M-1903 Springfield rifles given up by the infantry when their new Garand M-1s were issued. However, I grabbed a Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR) and began loading magazines for it, 20 rounds of .30 caliber cartridges per magazine. When I had three magazines loaded, I headed for the quadrangle, completely forgetting Captain Ferris' orders to stay indoors. Just as I arrived, one of the bombers came blasting low over the buildings behind me, firing at the building across the quadrangle. I threw up my BAR and let go a short burst at him as his rear gunner sprayed bullets in my general direction. He missed, and I probably did too, and in a couple of seconds the plane was beyond the buildings. I waited around for a short time but no more planes came within my range. They were disappearing from the area, and I think I was the only man in my battalion who actually fired at one of the attacking planes that day — with one exception. The exception was the battalion commander, Lt Col William F. Bichoe later Brigadier General, who was seen out in the open, stomping and cursing and firing at the planes with his pistol.

Since no more targets presented themselves, I joined a number of other men in our Day Room. A man lay on one of the two pool tables, his T-shirt stained with blood. No one seemed to pay much attention to him but I suppose the medics were somewhere about. Captain Ferris had been dispatching men in small groups to the Motor Pool and ordering trucks to start getting the battery ready to move out. The others were staying under cover and awaiting orders.

In the midst of the noise, the talking and milling about in the Day Room, I recognized the high-pitched, whiney voice of a fellow radio operator, PFC Carl Brown of Columbia Grove, Ohio. Like me, he had picked up a BAR but he wasn't entirely familiar with the weapon. He held it pointed at the ceiling as he examined it closely and asked loudly, "How in the hell do you get this thing to fire?" There was! At that instant, he found out how, and before he knew it, several rounds had blasted into the ceiling, bringing down plaster over everyone. Carl Bunn was a droll young man with innumerable friends and a passionate devotion to beer and Columbia Grove, but he was never to see his hometown again.

Continued next week

Agree or not

Continued from page 2

plemented. Mrs. Collins has promised to replace it with something else.

Some critics think that he didn't devote his full interests to the job of being governor and spent too much time away from the office and out of state. This is a question that cannot be satisfactorily answered for either side.

It was a change that people will see go with mixed emotions.

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