Opinion

The double standard: Congress and rest of us

Practicing a double standard, Congress exempts itself from many laws it compels the rest of us to obey under penalty of fine, imprisonment or both.

The Labor Relations Act, requiring recognition of unions and protection of workers from unfair labor practices, is just one of several laws Congress doesn't obey.

A man who has worked 21 years in the Senate cafeteria and makes $13,000 a year was instrumental in forming the Capitol Employees Organizing Group. He succeeded in getting 60 percent of his co-workers to join. The Senate, however, refuses to recognize the group.

House restaurant employees make $3.65 an hour; Senate restaurant workers make $4.59 an hour. You'd think it would be the reverse because there are 10 times more representatives than senators. Many employees do not get overtime although they are expected to work as late as the House remains in session.

Congress is also exempt from the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which bans discrimination on the basis of race, color, religion, sex or national origin.

Members who back the exemptions say that Congress is a political institution that could not function if its 535 members couldn't select staffs and supporting personnel on the basis of political need. They hold that if a Polish-American legislator from a Polish-American district wants to hire only Polish-Americans, he has the right to do so.

But what if an Irish-American section of Boston wants to hire only Irish-Americans? He would be labeled a racist and a bigot and could be taken to court. Why? Because he isn't a congressman and only Congress is untouched by the law.

Congressional exemption from federal law is based on Art. I, Sec. 6 of the constitution, which says of federal lawmakers: "For any speech or debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other place." The courts have interpreted this to mean that members cannot be questioned about their personal hiring or about the general hiring of congressional employees.

Rep. Don Edwards, D-Calif., thinks this situation is a mockery of the liberal element of his party, which claims to be concerned with civil and working class rights. Sen. Dale Bumpers, D-Ark., said, "I think we ought to comply with the same rules we impose on everyone else."

We doubt if Congress will vote to eliminate any of its privileges unless a strong grassroots protest forces it to. But it would be nice if our federal lawmakers stopped making new rules for us — but not them — to obey. Nice, but not likely.

Clinch River reactor

This could be the year that the Clinch River breeder reactor is killed once and for all. Last year, Congress reluctantly spent $170 million to clear the ground and buy materials for the nuclear plant. But this year, more and more senators and representatives are seeing the long-delayed program for what it is: a dangerous and wasteful project.

Unfortunately, President Reagan wants $270 million to start building the Tennessee reactor next fall. Uneasy about mounting congressional opposition, he has created a private-industry panel to find alternatives to direct federal funding of the breeder. So far, the panel has proposed federal loan guarantees, tax-exempt bonds and contractual guarantees.

Such strategies contradict Mr. Reagan's, and industry's, free-market philosophies. Spending federal money on a losing proposition is improvident. Indirect federal subsidies or guarantees should be no more acceptable than direct outlays. That such a troubled project has survived so long is due mostly to the vigorous lobbying of Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, in whose state the reactor would be located. Without federal support, the Clinch River reactor wouldn't be built.

Its projected cost is at least $8 billion — 20 times the original estimate. Leading economists say it could not compete with other generators of electricity. Many nuclear experts point out that it would be technologically obsolete before its construction and that it would not enhance U.S. energy security. Worse yet, the breeder would introduce plutonium as an element of commerce. Plutonium is the awesomely lethal substance (486 million times more deadly than arsenic) of which nuclear weapons are made. Its production would endanger world peace and public health.

The project's hazards are many, its benefits nil. Congress should resist the new financing strategies Mr. Reagan proposes. The Clinch River breeder reactor should not be built.

Dunks and dollars

The National Basketball Association is having financial problems. Four of the franchises are said to be in serious trouble, and Cleveland is hanging on by its shoestrings.

According to reports, the 23 teams have lost more than $700,000 this year. And the season has a long way to go.

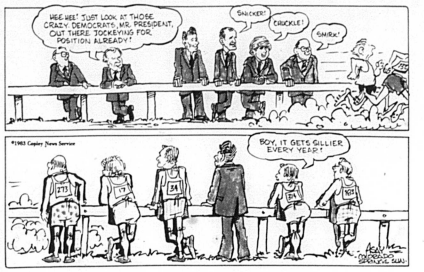
One reason that the NBA is in trouble is that ticket prices are high, and a lot of fans cannot afford to attend games as frequently as before. Perhaps, too, some families become surfeited with sports.

Another reason the NBA is having money problems is that the average player receives about $250,000 a year, according to reliable reports. Some of the stars are paid more than $500,000 a year.

Careers are short, and wealthy owners want winners. In economic terms, this means demand exceeds the supply of top quality goods and drives prices up. But there may be a limit.

The players are talking strike. They threaten a walkout April 2. Who can blame these great athletes for wanting all they can get?

Answer: A lot of loyal fans and some marginal players who will lose jobs if rosters are cut next year so that greater benefits can be paid. At $250,000 plus fringes it is hard to feel very sorry for the players.



Agree or not

Stumbo in trouble with his stand on teachers retirement fund

by S.C. Van Curen

The Democratic gubernatorial candidates are busily engaged in rounding up special interest groups for endorsements as an important boost toward becoming an early front runner for the May primary.

Not only are the special interest groups important for the votes they muster among members of their organizations, but important toward swaying a large segment of voters who just naturally want to vote for the winner without regard to platform or specific positions. This also has a definite influence on political monetary contributions yet to come as well as other endorsements.

What happens between now and April 15 is going to be very decisive for at least one of three top candidates. The two frontrunners by that date are more than likely to be the important contenders for the party mantle.

Unions have been busy endorsing candidates along with the Kentucky Education Association. The three have made their bids to the Kentucky Retired Teachers Association with each of the three candidates promising to "keep the faith" with the membership regarding security of their retirement dollars and future income.

Only one questionable note has been struck and that by Dr. Grady Stumbo who sent a shiver through the retired teachers when he suggested the possibility of setting aside "a small portion of the fund to create a venture capital pool to help finance small business and create jobs in Kentucky." He said he would discuss this possibility with the board of KRTA.

Retired teachers who understand their system's financing well remember the years when the state failed to appropriate its matching funding as set forth in the statutes.

They also remember that Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. took, so to speak, $9 million from the fund in the last biennium's budget. Actually, the money wasn't taken from the fund. It was just omitted from the state's budget in that amount of matching contribution toward the retirement fund.

Historically, the state has been behind in its contributions to the fund, particularly in the 1950s and 1960s, to the tune of $45 to $50 million at present. However, through a little political and statutory mumbo jumbo the state is now current in its contributions. The explanation is given by analogy to a home mortgage. The payments are up to date, but the state still owes.

This came about when Wendell Ford was governor. He had enough money to make the state's contribution for his years and wrote into law a system whereby the state must meet its current contribution and in addition make a payment toward the former debt.

The law also provides if there is a surplus in the state's contribution, the state may take it back or make up by reducing the next contribution.

A surplus can be created when the retirement system overestimates what the state needs to pay into the fund to meet teacher contributions to the retirement system. This is where Brown took his $9 million in the last budget.

Teachers are also aware that governors of the past have been able to pass legislation to accomplish what they want to do. This is what sent up the caution flag to Stumbo's suggestion. He would do well to retract this at his earliest convenience.

Down Memory Lane

Henry Palmer retires as cashier

Thursday, March 28, 1963

Norman Kiser has announced that the rooms in the basement of the courthouse, formerly occupied by the ASC office, are being renovated to be used as permanent meeting rooms for Girl Scouts and Cub Scouts.

Henry Allen Palmer will retire as cashier of the First National Bank of Carlisle on April 1. Palmer, named vice-president in January, will remain with the bank in an advisory capacity to welcome his host of friends developed during his 42 years with the bank. Richard D. Jordan has been selected executive vice-president and cashier.

The American Cancer Society has launched its 1963 crusade in Carlisle and Nicholas County as of Monday, April 1, with Mrs. Frank Henry and Mrs. Bess Bromagen as co-chairmen.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. James A. Cox, Lexington, a son, Charles Andony, March 21. — To Mr. and Mrs. James Hamm, a daughter, Sarah Jane, March 20 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Marjorie Wilson and Robert Sumner, both of Carlisle, March 20 at Christian Church by the Rev. Norman Kiser.

DIED — Kash S. Watkins, two, March 24 at Nicholas County Hospital. — Ollie West Hamilton, 89, March 20 at home. — Samuel Oscar Shrout, 79, March 18 at Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Anna Holland Thompson, 75, March 21 at home in Oakland Mills section. — Mrs. Maude Thompson Helvey, Cincinnati, OH, March 21 at Bethesda Hospital. — Mrs. Ada Mae Ingram Jochum, widow of Robert Henry Jochum, Lexington, March 21 at home. — Mrs. Ira Estill Phillips, 78, March 25 at Virginia Nursing Home, Paris. — Mrs. Gertrude B. Mason, 79, widow of W.T. Mason, March 20 at Bourbon County Hospital. — Mrs. Mary Collins Massey, 76, March 24 at home in Huntington, W.Va.

Thursday, April 1, 1943

Mrs. James Boyd, formerly of Carlisle, now of Lexington, came to the Mercury office last week to pay her respects to the new editor, and incidentally remarked that she had been a subscriber of **The Carlisle Mercury** for the past 64 years.

Mrs. and Mrs. James Simons have purchased the 156-acre farm from the estate of the late Dennis Conway. The farm is on the Stoney Creek Road.

Vernon M. Craig, of this city, has been transferred from Ft. Thomas to the Eighth Armored Division at Camp Polk, La.

BORN — To Lt. and Mrs. J.S. Bleymaier, Walla Walla, Washington, a son, March 24. — To Mr. and Mrs. Aden Ilfuncy, Cincinnati, OH, a daughter.

DIED — Mrs. Mary Ellen Mynear, 78, Sunday at home near Rose Hill. — Ben Wade, 67, Friday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Stanley Moore, Batavia, OH. — Mrs. Jennie Collins Wilson, 73, Wednesday at home in Paris.

Thursday, March 29, 1900

Judge Tilton has appointed O.W. Brady as Magistrate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of S.P. Rogers.

D.J. Crow, former foreman of the Carlisle Democrat, begins publication of **the Lexington Democrat**, new daily newspaper launched last week.

George M. Wilson is appointed postmaster at Blue Lick Springs to succeed W.J. Kenton, who resigned.

DIED — Thompson S. Parks, native of Carlisle, at his home in Chicago on the 22rd. — John Fitzgerald, 72, at his home near Carlisle on the 21st. — John Alexander Taylor, 67, at his home near Carlisle on the 22rd. — Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Kennedy, at their home in Carlisle on the 22nd. — Infant of Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy of Cane Run, on the 27th.

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

Warren R. Fisher ..... Editor & Publisher
Jim B. Wanke ..... Editor
[Mrs.] Katherine T. Fisher ..... Managing Editor
[Mrs.] Janie Duncan ..... Assistant-to-the-Publisher
[Mrs.] Libby J. Moss ..... Computwriter Operator
[Mrs.] Ann Shearer ..... Receptionist

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Nicholas County, one year ..... $7.00, *sales tax included*
Other Kentucky counties, one year ..... $9.50, *sales tax included*
Out-of-State, one year $12.00

MEMBERS
The Kentucky Press Association
Kentucky Weekly Newspaper and
Western Kentucky Newspaper Association

NNA NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

Letters from our readers

Looking for information on Banta family

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I am writing a family genealogy book on the Banta family which came to Bourbon and Nicholas counties in the 1790's. I am wondering if there would be any descendants of these early pioneers in your area that could give me information about the following people:

Henry and Sally Shuck Banta of near Flat Rock, Bourbon County, the family of Peter and Judy Banta, General Samuel Fulton and his wife Margaret Banta Fulton, Andrew J. Banta, the George Dwelly family, James C. Bryan and Rachel Banta, the Boardman family, the family of Anna Banta and Reason Brand, Abram Banta and his wife Dorcas Hedges, the Hedges family (the famous Hedges Estate) and James and Elizabeth Stockdale.

If there is anyone who would be willing to do research for me in the Nicholas County courthouse records or in the county library for a fee I would be happy to hear from them. Do you have a county historical society?

I would appreciate if you would print the above in your paper and also the address I have printed at the top of this letter, in the hopes of contacting someone who might be able to help me with information. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Lewis R. (Elsa M.) Banta
Box 93
Soldiers Grove, Wis. 54655

Op-Ed page

Wimps of the world . . . We've been cowering since it all began

The Wimps will inherit the earth, I guess, which isn't all that bad, but it may be a dull hereafter. The earth may be slow getting back to its swinging status again, because the Wimps are not going to rock its axis or knock any dents in it with atomic mistakes.

"Some of my best friends are Wimps," says Arthur Hoppe in the San Francisco Chronicle. "But would you want your sister to marry one?" he asks—and then answers by saying, "Sure, why not?"

I hope you won't think I'm tooting my own horn, which a Wimp would never do, but the fact of the matter is that we Wimps make magnificent husbands.

Gentle, considerate and generous to a fault, that's us Wimps. And never once in the more than 40 years of marriage have I raised my voice to my dear wife, not counting the times I have yelled for socks without holes, someone to answer the doorbell and why our checkbook is the only one I've seen with a negative balance.

Should she, in a fleeting fit of pique to which women (God bless 'em!) are rarely prone, say something like, "Did you have to spill the brown gravy on the yellow couch?", I simply retreat into my Wimp shell to avoid a scene. And if some people mistake brave stoicism and selfless forbearance for sulking, I'm truly deeply sorry.

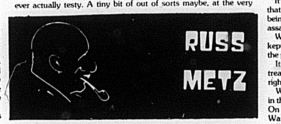
But perhaps the most charming quality we Wimp husbands possess is that never, under any circumstances, do we criticize. Every dress you buy is beautiful; every meal you cook is delicious; and every decision (almost) you make evidences the wisdom of Solomon. And if you're married to a Wimp, you get to call all the decisions, for his contribution consists solely of: "Whatever you'd like, dear."

Best of all, you can decide which movie to see, which restaurant to patronize and what vacation to enjoy without any fear whatsoever of subsequent carping. The worst you will ever hear is "Gosh, I thought a C-Czech musical comedy about a boy's summer dipping sheep in Hradpomuk would be delightful, too." Or "Who cares what it cost?" Being served by waiters on rollerskates was a new experience." Or, Gee, your kids of having the whole family get together for a week in a one-bathroom cabin sounded like fun to me. And it sure wasn't your fault we all got the bug."

We do manage to get our opinions across, of course, but only indirectly. "It's gorgeous on you, but I think I do like your blue one even better." Or "Golly, that's the best peached salmon with green sauce I ever ate, but you're wasteing such exquisite gourmet cooking on an old meat-and-potatoes man." Or "Next year why don't you pick a romantic spot where we could have a second honeymoon? Alone?"

The tolerance of us Wimp husbands for sins of both omission and commission surpasses, if you don't mind my saying so, human understanding. Who else would say, "Heck fire, anybody could accidentally throw a paycheck down the garbage chute." Or "Well, we certainly surprised the Joneses by showing up for Wally's surprise birthday party a week early." Or "Who needs binoculars anyway, for whale watching?" Or "I don't see why all those cars waiting for you to get into this parking spot should be in such a darned hurry."

And I see no reason whatsoever that such tolerant remarks should ever make anyone testy. No, heaven forbid, that Momma is ever actually testy. A tiny bit of out of sorts maybe, at the very



most. But please don't say I said so.

So your sister couldn't do better than to marry a Wimp, unless she, too, is a Wimp. Wimp marriages are dreadfully boring affairs as neither party is able to make a decision on doing anything. Women, they drag on forever as neither would dream of asking for a divorce. Fortunately, they are extremely rare as Wimps find it virtually impossible to risk rejection by popping the question.

The only thing that bothers me is the teensy suspicion that there are times when Momma doesn't realize how lucky she is to be married to a Wimp — such as when they mistakenly gave us a dipping sheep in Hradpomuk would be delightful, too." Or "Who room with two single beds on our first honeymoon.

But I've never put the question to her. I hate scenes. Besides, being a Wimp is not all that hard. It gives you something to hate yourself for when you wake up in the morning.

While we certainly don't wish to brag about it, we Wimps have made numerous discreet contributions to the progress of the human race.

For example, the first Cro-Magnon man, Yarg, was a Wimp. Raised among the mental Neanderthals, Yarg was appalled by all the fussing and fighting around the kill. He was thus left with the less popular cuts of meat. And to Yarg goes the credit for ox tail soup, sweetbread surprise and pate de fois gras.

In classical times, Wimps didn't rush around hunting Golden Fleeces or Holy Grails or even snipes. But some of their ringing words have come down to us—such as those of the Roman general Accomodatus, who, on seeing his legions were outnumbered 30-1 by the Hunds, said: "Veni, vidi, nisi bonum." (I came, I saw, I said the hell with it.)

It was a Wimp, Hogar the Gerbil-Hearted, who discovered America in 793. But when he returned home and people asked where he'd been, he scuffed his toe in the sand and said modestly, "Oh, just fooling around." So Leif the Lip received the credit.

It was a Wimp, Sir Gaddings-Hite, who first employed a phrase that has become the very catechism of all high adventure. One being asked why he declined to lead a grueling, death-defying assault on towering Mount Kung-Fu, he said, "Because it is there."

Wimps are survivors. It was a Wimp, Etienne le Morceau, who kept his head during the French Revolution by replying, when told the peasants were without bread, "Let them eat my cake."

It was Wimps, of course, who invented the white flag, the peace treaty and the proper response to a sergeant who demands, "All right, men, do you want to live forever?" (Yes.")

Wimps, however, will fight when the cause is just. Many served in the American Revolution under the banner, "Please Don't Treat On Me." And it was a Wimp admiral in the Spanish-American War who cried, "Damn! The Torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"

But, generally speaking, the Wimp motto has been, "Make Love, Not War." So it is to the Wimps that we owe our civilization. Thus in a world dominated by Yahoos, you may still stumble occasionally on a small enclave of safety, quiet and reasonableness. And should you do so, if it's not too much trouble, think a kind thought (we crave no public praise) for us Wimps.

— RM —

I trust you have some friends who are hard to describe. Perhaps this will help you better illustrate the type of person he (or she) is:

- His elevator doesn't go to the top floor.
- He's half a bubble off plumb.
- His cornbread is not quite done.
- He's crazier than an outhouse rat in a thunderstorm.
- He is a 60-watt bulb in a 100-watt socket.
- He was hit on the head by a pressman and it scattered his type.

- On the highway of life, he's 'Not a through street.'
- His lights are on but nobody's home.

Onward, upward.

This that and 'tother

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
Sept. 20, 1958

Up mighty betimes and shivery cold and in a blue funk, for this day I have contracted to have my tonsils out for better or worse. And now I know how the condemned man must feel and wonder much how it is that such "eat a hearty breakfast," which I would not do if I tried. So, badly scared, to the hospital, my wife, poor wretch, standing by and I like nothing so much as a little last setting out for his first day in school. And yet so strong is the desire to appear jaunty and brave, that I fashion me a quip with which to greet those who are to lay me unconscious and carve upon me — a quip that is forgotten somehow, after all — and a sorry one I have no doubt.

Presently to be shown my room, in which I walk up and down, like a creature in the zoo, wondering why Nature left our gill-slits in us anyhow, until a nurse comes with a little needle to give me a soothing drug, which soothes no doubt, else had it been necessary to lay me by the heels and drag me to the surgeon. And now I know I would run. Often I have wondered, were I a soldier under fire for the first time, what I should do. I should run forsooth, unless I were mighty angry and I should have to be mad clean through.

Soon to be dressed in a smock which ties in the back and queer leggings, so that I feel shamed and like a very ninny and manage a few weak damns, but mighty weak ones. And I say to myself, "Fool, this is a minor operation!" But the country boy in me does answer back: "Sometimes they don't wake up." And though I know that it was chloroform that used so often to bring on deeper sleep than was intended and that ether "rarely does" or "almost never," somehow I wonder how I could have wasted yesterday and made no will, nor told my wife, poor wretch, many things of business. And now, if it happen I be one of the exceptions that proves the "almost never" rule, the lawyers will get much of my scant leavings, for I do know the fees and costs and charges of these "infant heirs" settlements and the "fifty cents per inch solid eight point" of the court sales (I would have 'em there) and — the rumble of the tumbril!

***

Poor Marie Antoinette, sitting stiffly, head erect, undaunted as the little cart rumbled to the guillotine. One should emulate Marie Antoinette, but all women are brave and few fear operations, even when facing major voice. "No ma'am," I said mighty meekly. "Some say it is like getting on a big truck." I wonder why she should have said that to me, but women are smart. Almost at once I felt easier. I have seen folk drunk; in fact I have seen folk away beyond what you would call drunk and they nearly always lived, breathe in, blow it away, breathe in, blow it away, whose? that drip, drip, drip...this was ether...the old head swirl around and round. "Lady," I said, "the drinks are coming too fast." Far away the nice voice, "I don't want to rush you." Now that was kind. Acting a baby..."what t'hell, Bill, what t'hell"..."lifted a pole of dust on the bar" and called for drinks for the house" — agues! laughed a demoniac voice in my ear and we were away, dodging worlds, circling comets, moons, stars, round and round through illimitable space..."the wind that blew between the worlds it cut him to the bone"...whizzing, whizzing, slowing down, the moons going out...fainter, fainter..."the horns of elfland faintly blowing"..."sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea" — ah! the old familiar world again, two nurses entirely uninterested in my conversation and a consuming desire for a cigarette.

***

Long are the thoughts of those who lie patiently in the little white cots along the corridors of pain, the corridors of hope, the halls of death, of which are hospitals. One comes to know that we who are in health scurry more carelessly than ants about our little tasks, unconscious and inconsiderate of our sick, to whom each day is like a year, "a year whose days are long." I think it is not a worthless experience for one to lie wakeful, surrounded by pain, patiently in the little white cots along, by hope, by death, by birth; to hear the clang of an ambulance bell in the night the whirr of an elevator, the rumbling of the little wagon that may be a chariot of hope or a car of death. From it I learned that I shall not be ready, ever, I fear, for the summons which calls one our sick, to whom each day is like a year, "a year whose days are long." I

*See This that 'n 'other, page 4

In this corner...

If you can't lick 'em...

by Jim Butler Wanke

Don't ever depend on the federal government to be able to find any paperwork from any year to support anything you might ever want. Keep your own copies of everything.

That is my piece of advice, based on my own experience with several departments of the government.

I will say that several local and state offices of federal agencies do not fall into this category. But in the big cities they lose too much paperwork.

This week I have been fighting with the Community College of the Air Force at Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama, the Personnel Service Detachment of the U.S. Navy at Patuxent River, Maryland, and the National Military Records Center in St. Louis.

I might add that my record is rather good in dealings with the federal government during the past few years. For one thing, I have taken a page out of their book. I never give up. The second thing is you have to know you are right.

This latest fight is over a missing transcript of courses I took while on active duty that are convertible for college credit.

Blue Cross

Now that I have learned how to deal with the federal government, I need to work on my relationship with Blue Cross and Blue Shield. There I am in need of help. They are still continuing to insist that my son is not my son. They have denied a dental claim for him three times now because their computer says he is not a member of my family.

At least the federal government answers my letters eventually, but Blue Cross only answers with computer forms that have been spit out by a printer. I may not get paid on this claim until my son gets out of college. But I have got him taking Data Processing, so that if I can't solve this problem, maybe he can.

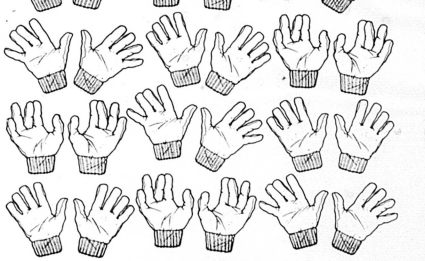
The basis of my dislike for computers is that they are too impersonal. I just don't like the idea of talking to someone who is being held prisoner by a computer.

And the language they use. The man at the Maxwell Air Force Base computer told me this week: "I can't access the computer until you give me you SSAN." Of course, I told him I didn't know what an SSAN was.

"Your SSAN is your social security account number," he replied with a snobbish tone in his voice.

And this word...access. They say they want to access the computer. Why can't they just say they want to "talk" to the computer? Access is a dangerous word to be creeping into so much usage in our society. Can you imagine the trouble a man would be in if he stopped to talk to a lady friend on the street and said, "I'd like to access your computer."

He'd probably get slapped in the face.



One application of Devrinol is worth a lot of hands.

The longer your tobacco herbicide lasts, the fewer times you have to hand cultivate. And you have to cultivate a lot less with Devrinol because no tobacco herbicide keeps your fields clean longer.

Devrinol applied preplant gives you full season control of a broad spectrum of grasses and broadleaf weeds — even suppresses ragweed. To control both purple and yellow nutsedge, you can tank mix Devrinol with Tillam.

While Devrinol is tough on weeds, it is one of the most gentle preplant herbicides you can use for your tobacco. And one of the most economical.

This season, get a healthier, weed-free crop with less cultivations. Apply long-lasting Devrinol herbicide. Follow label directions.

Stauffer Chemical Company, Agricultural Chemical Division, Westport, Connecticut 06881.

Stauffer

Devrinol
FOR TOBACCO