Opinion

September is national sight-saving month

To call attention to the gift that needs guarding — good eyesight — the National Society to Prevent Blindness and its affiliates are introducing a new theme to generate public awareness. "Save the sunsets" is the Society's way of telling Americans to take steps to save sight for a lifetime. The new theme messages caution that for half of the 50,000 people who are projected to lose their vision this year, it need not happen. According to the Society, half of all blindness can be prevented.

Eye-awareness — the realization that we have but one pair of eyes for a lifetime — is what the Society is promoting as it kicks off its 75th anniversary year.

The right time for preserving eyesight is before you have any persistent symptoms of visual disturbance. Unfortunately, most people tend to put off seeing a doctor unless there's something obviously wrong. Several leading causes of blindness — glaucoma, for example — rarely send out warning signals. The best safeguard against needless loss of sight is a regular professional eye exam, at least every two years. Children's vision should be tested by the age of three or four.

Write the Kentucky Affiliate, 727 Starks Building, Louisville, Ky. 40202, for information on how to protect your own and your family's eyesight. And help the Society save the sunsets, by making a generous contribution to the Kentucky Society.

Judicial candidates limited in campaign activities

As election campaigning approaches the November deadline, most candidates for Kentucky's governmental offices polish their promises and popularize their platforms in an effort to distinguish themselves from opponents. It is perfectly legitimate for some candidates to personally solicit funds, to align themselves with other strong candidates on a party slate, and to proclaim a particular party affiliation and endorsement. While candidates for offices in the state's executive, legislative, and local governments may engage in such normally accepted political practice, individuals running for the judicial offices may not participate in any of these activities.

Kentucky Supreme Court Rules prohibit persons running for a judgeship, whether judges or practicing attorneys, from engaging in "political activity inappropriate" to the judicial office.

Voters may wonder why judicial candidates do not take a popular stand on disputed issues of law, or promise to "lock up" all criminals. There is public confusion as to which political party or cause the candidate endorses or why a judge cannot recommend a particular candidate for office. Even in the voting booth, voters may become confused when they unsuccessfully attempt to locate their judicial selection under a party lever. Because of such confusion, many voters end up not voting for any judicial candidate because "I couldn't find it on the ballot."

Thus, the public needs to be aware of what individuals running for judicial office may or may not do, under the Code of Judicial Conduct of the Supreme Court Rules.

— Judges, and other candidates for judicial office, must be non-partisan, meaning they may not act as a leader or hold any office in, or make speeches for a political organization. They may not raise funds for or make contributions to political organizations or candidates. While a judicial candidate may attend political gatherings and speak on his or her own behalf as a candidate, the judicial candidate may not identify himself as a member of a political party in any form of advertising or speech. Only if the candidate is specifically questioned as to party affiliation may he identify himself as a member of a particular party.

Thus, on the election ballot or in the voting booth, all judicial candidates will be listed separately from party candidates for other offices. Persons who vote strictly by party line and pull a single lever to do so will miss selecting a judicial candidate unless they also take time for the non-partisan levers and make a selection for each affected judicial office.

— Judicial candidates may not make speeches for or publicly endorse a candidate for public office.

— A judicial candidate should not make pledges or promises of conduct in office other than the faithful and impartial performance of the duties of the office. The candidate may not announce his or her views on disputed legal or political issues, nor may he or she misrepresent their qualifications, present position, or other facts about themselves.

— A judicial candidate may not personally solicit campaign funds, but may have an election committee raise such funds and obtain statements of support for the candidate.

Additionally, according to opinions issued by the Judicial Ethics Committee, judicial candidates may not state themselves together as a ticket, nor may a judge endorse a candidate for judicial office. Lawyers become candidates for judicial office when they let it publicly be known that they are running for the office and at that time, become subject to the same restrictions as judges who may be running for the position and who are always subject to the Rules even when they are not actively running.

The Supreme Court Rules also prohibit the candidate's family members in his or her household, or employees under his direction, from doing what the candidate is forbidden to do.

The Rules' Code of Judicial Conduct became effective in 1976 with the full implementation of the unified court system and are designed to maintain the judiciary's integrity and independence from political influence. Both are considered indispensable to justice in our society. Infractions of the Code may subject the offender to disciplinary action or removal from office by the Judicial Retirement and Removal Commission, which is the disciplinary arm of the Court of Justice.

New eight-year terms for all the 91 circuit and 14 Court of Appeals judgeships begin in 1984 and will be filled by election this November. Some district judgeships vacated during the past year will also be filled by election. While many candidates for these judicial offices are unopposed, all are subject to the Supreme Court Rules regarding political conduct in general. —

Judicial Dept., Administrative Office of the Courts

Letters from our readers

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I found the picture of the bug very interesting. I cannot tell you what it is, but it isn't a hellgrammite. They are of the dragonfly family and live through different stages.

The only way the boys were likely to have found a hellgrammite on the driveway would have been if some fisherman had lost it there. They are found under stones at the edge of a river or creek or in a damp place. They have single segment legs, lots of them, a soft body, and hard pinchers which they do not mind using. Their legs and body at a glance look somewhat like a thousand legger. In their flying stage, when I lived back in Kentucky, they were called snake doctors. I'm sure everybody has seen them in that stage back in those parts.

My husband and I owned and operated a live bait store in Ohio for 17 years. I have handled thousands of them.

Many men that would like to use them for bait do not because they dread the pinchers. One morning one flew into our store and pinched a customer on the arm. He quickly decided he did not want to try to use them to fish with.

Mrs. John Krehe
5851 42nd Street North
St. Petersburg, FL 33714

To The Carlisle Mercury:

With nothing much to do, and plenty of time to do it now that first week classes are over, I jotted down the little story enclosed. You may or may not find it of interest. George Chadwick, a local historian and friend in Xenia, sent me the enclosed xerox of an article of his on Blue Jacket. I had just seen a logo of a blue jacket — who ever heard of a blue wasp anyway? — in an advertisement in the Mercury. The two memories rang a bell. I thought why not write it up and ship it out. Maybe we can get Poky to wear a wig bonnet!

See you,
Faye

(Editor's note: The story may be found on page four.)

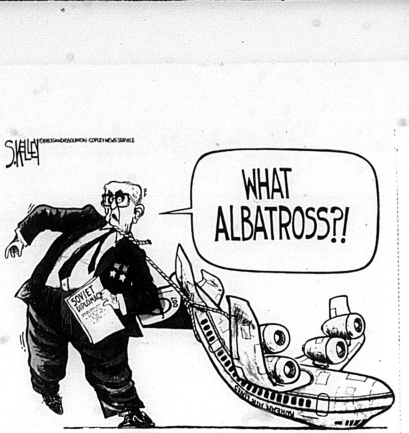
To The Carlisle Mercury:

Enclosed in a check for two years' subscription. Please keep the Mercury coming our way. It is our main "link" to Nicholas County any more, now that we are the "old folks." Among other things, Lou collects the Kay's Kitchen recipes. I like to keep abreast of what's happening in general.

My, how the years have flown. I took at the signs of fall around me and think back to the Golden Days when together with Clyde and "Red" Purcell and my departed sister Louise, we walked out of Mint Creek to school at old Goose Creek. Those were good days, even in the Great Depression.

Up the old road, through Carter's Woods where the squirrels were plentiful and sassy. Wild fox grapes hung in their splendor — persimmons were always plentiful. Hickory nuts, falling from the huge wild trees, gathered in bloom; corn in shocks. (They ruined the romance of corn fields when shocks became a thing of the past.) Your father used to refer to them, in rows, on

* See Letters, page 5



Agree or not

Taxpayer expectations may have to take back seat

by S.C. Van Curen

An inspection of the state's financial picture since fiscal 1971-72 strongly indicates the next governor is going to have to find new sources of revenue or be the greatest efficiency expert in Kentucky's political history if services are provided up to the taxpayers' expectations.

The first indication of trouble in the picture is that natural growth and some changes in the tax picture from 1971 through 1979 provided double-digit percentage increases in general fund revenue for those years, from a low of 10 percent to a high of 22 percent each year.

Contrast this with single digit growth in all the years of Gov. John Y. Brown Jr.'s administration, with the exception of 1981-82 fiscal year when growth reached 12 percent to a low of five percent for the past fiscal year and a projected increase of 5.7 for July 1, 1984, and the picture becomes starkly clear.

Somewhere down the line a ceiling will have to be put on all state job classifications. State salaries have almost tripled since July 1972 when the average state salary was $583.34 and grew to $1600.73 this July. This is a monthly figure.

The state has been trying to stay apace of inflation which accounts for the big change in salaries. For years, state employees were at the bottom of the line in average salaries.

From July 1972 to July 1980, Brown's first budget year in office, state salaries moved from $583.34 to $1173.48, or almost double. From 1980 through this July the average state salary was $1600.73, or almost double in the four-year period.

Meanwhile, all other costs have grown equally and demands for still more money are coming from education. The public realizes the plight as Kentucky lags behind other states in this field.

The difference is not so great in the amount of money spent, but the results. When both are combined, the picture isn't pleasing by comparison with some other states, although the problem seems nationwide.

Governor Brown talked of revamping Kentucky's tax structure, but never came up with a workable plan. A transaction tax was discussed as the major source and would have done away with the personal and corporate income taxes, sales and inheritance taxes.

Without a revamping, the only source left is to extend our present taxes to encompass more sources. Property taxes could be extended to cover coal in place. The sales tax could be extended to cover services, increase the gasoline tax and cigarette tax.

For example, coal in place is taxed at the rate of one tenth of one percent per $100 valuation, which in effect means no tax.

Increasing the extraction tax would

* See Agree or Not, page 5

Down Memory Lane

Curfew ordinance passed by City

Thursday, September 19, 1963

Dr. Jack Shepherd, Georgetown dentist, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shepherd, pulled two children from a burning car last night on Hamilton Pike, Georgetown, Monday. He was going to his office when he saw smoke pouring from one of the car windows. As he opened the door the front seat burst into flames. Reaching over the blazing front seat, he found the children and pulled them to safety.

City Council in a called meeting Thursday, Sept. 12 passed an ordinance to become effective this week that persons under 21 years of age be off the streets between 10:30 p.m. until 5 a.m. Penalty for parents of juveniles, a minimum of $5 and maximum of $50. In addition, a jail sentence of not more than 10 days may also be assessed.

John Tapp of the Concord Road brought in a seven pound 9 ounce Pinkerton tomato that he had grown to the Mercury office recently.

Chief of Police Eugene Kelley announced Tuesday that the city police are placing more safety drives in Carlisle. Cars with no tail lights, faulty headlights, loud mufflers and other defects will be stopped and given a citation. Owners will have 48 hours to correct the faulty parts and if not corrected a warrant will be issued.

Sam Finch, truck driver for the Wells Produce Co. while trying to avoid a detour sign near Jellico, TN, ran his truck into a field last Wednesday. The truck was considerably damaged but Finch suffered only bruises and abrasions.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Haney, a son, Gregory Cameron, Sept. 13 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Malone, a daughter, Karla Lane, Sept. 12 at Pattie A. Clay Infirmary, Richmond.

MARRIED — Miss Mary Carolyn McVey and James Wilson Ring, Aug. 31 at the Moorefield Methodist Church.

DIED — Mitchell Fred Reeves, 77, Paris, Sept. 15 at Bourbon County Hospital. — Richard Sidney Grimes, 22, Paris, Sept. 15 at home.

Thursday, September 23, 1943

Mrs. Walter Wyrick, owner of the Lyric Theatre, has given the use of the theatre for the promotion of bond sales by declaring that on Monday night, Sept. 27, 7:30, all persons who purchased bonds of any denomination on Sept. 27 will be admitted free to the show.

The annual meeting of the Nicholas County Sheep Protective Association was held at the Baptist Church, Sept. 18. Preceding the business session, luncheon was served by the Women's Missionary Society to approximately 38 members.

PFC James George of Carlisle has been among hundreds of U.S. soldiers helping to gather Britain's biggest harvest in history. They work side by side with school children and men and women volunteers.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Gibson, Harrodsburg, a son, at the Good Samaritan Hospital. — To PFC and Mrs. Gaylord T. Barton, a son, Sept. 21 at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Jane Frey and Capt. John Paul Slaton, Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emery Clark.

DIED — Dr. H.M. Yancey, Maysilick, Friday at Hayswood Hospital, Maysville. — Mrs. W.P. Crouch, at the home of her son, the Rev. Owen L. Crouch in Wichita Falls, TX. — Mrs. John Newell, 76, Tuesday at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Lexington.

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

You shoot 'em, you buy 'em . . . that was the code of the Old West

When you're feeling rotten, you can always count on friends to cheer you up. One of them did by giving me a copy of American Cemetery magazine to read. Since I wasn't so sure I was going to beat the puny rap, I read the thing. Everybody likes to go out in style, you know.

This is not the lively literature I like to read, but it does have some interesting stuff in it, once you get past the fancy layaway equipment offered for sale by those who will be the last to let you down.

I didn't know that deputy marshals in the Old West usually were held responsible for the funeral costs if an outlaw in their custody was killed. I always thought they just left him for buzzard bait.

This rule could get a little expensive, if the deputy developed a habit of shooting first and asking questions later. Isaac C. Parker—unjustly maligned as "The Hanging Judge"—had 200 deputy marshals to cover an area of 74,000 square miles that held some of the most vicious criminals in the Indian Territory. The brave lawmen were instructed to "bring 'em in alive—or dead" and they did exactly that, giving rise to legends and television series.

They were not paid for bringing back dead outlaws, however. It's no fun hanging dead ones. A deputy had to arrest his man and deliver him safely to the court. Or serve papers in lesses cases, or he could collect no fees or mileage.

Neither could he leave the corpse unattended. If the man was forced to perforate had no friends or relatives to dispose of the body, the deputy had to bury it at his own expense. After toting the remains of an outlaw across the back of a horse through the hot badlands for five or six days it is easy to understand why it was not readily accepted by friends and relatives.

Another interesting item told about the famous cemetery of Pere Lachaise in Paris, where the legend of Victor Noir flourishes. A statue put over Noir's grave is said to cure sterility.

Noir was a newspaperman shot down in 1870 by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. Maybe Noir misspelled his name in a news story, or printed some juicy gossip about Bonaparte, but Noir's funeral brought on a strike that paralyzed Paris.

A superstition arose: women who rubbed Noir's statue would be cured of sterility. For more than 100 years his grave has been visited for this purpose and the dark green patina of his statue has been polished away to a brassy shine at the feet, hands, nose and mouth.

I know a lot of brassy newspapermen, who claim they can cure sterility in women if given half the affection that statue is getting. But they are so busy dodging the fate of that Frenchman, they don't get much of a chance to prove it.

— RM —

Bo Derek may be pleased at the "10" rating her movie has given her, but when she is put on the one-to-10 scale some banks are using she may not be so honored with her "10."

These flinty old bankers are not concerned with a rating systems based on body measurements and facial contours. Theirs is based on your ability to back up with hard cash the checks you spring on other folks.

The action begins when you purchase merchandise and present your check in payment. Without asking any questions about the validity of the check, the cashier will enter your driver's license number into a computer. And, like magic, that number flashes into a master computer out there in the netherlands.

A tiny microchip makes the decision. It will absorb the current fed into it and then search its innards to see just how solid a risk you are. If it returns a "1" this means you have sufficient funds to cover that check in the Podunk Bank.

If it flashes up a "10" it means your paper isn't worth plastering a bathroom with it. And the banker could suggest you never darken his door until you are financially responsible.

Then there's a gray area that causes indecision, so the computer and the cashier of your check has some latitude. It could flash back

RUSS METZ

the word to the place where you are attempting to cash your check that your are a "5." That means the cashier will have to call the manager and he must have to decide for himself if you are leaving the country, or just shifting your feet to keep the chiggers from getting a good bite on your shin boones.

If enough banks start using this number system, you could get pegged with a high number you don't deserve. The check you laid on your freeloading relative when you knew it would bounce may come back to haunt you.

Once dad made a lot of gold kick ring out of gold back during the Great Depression. But it stretched out of shape on the breaking plow and he was forced to sell a laying hen to buy a galvanized one to get in our crop of broom sedge on time.

You'd think our philosopher's stone and the government printing plant would make a good combination. We could keep the gold supply in balance with the paper money turned out in Washington. Then we could continue the American tradition of settling all accounts with foreign countries that have never bothered to settle accounts with us.

I would give the family philosopher's stone to Fort Knox, where they seem to need gold, except right now we're using it as a paperweight to hold down the books of green stamps we're saving to get a box of Wisconsin cheese.

We have learned to do without gold. But not groceries.

Onward, upward.

The stuff has been attracting women and murderers for more than 25 centuries, but nobody can figure out who first decided this was the thing to get riled up about. The oldest gold coins in existence date around the 7th century B. C., which is a fur piece back.

Gold is ideal for its monetary role. It has a handsome color, is easy to polish and shape and won't rust, tarnish, or corrode. It just lays there and gloats. The supply of it has always been limited enough to make men greedy for it and yet, there is enough to serve the needs of trade.

Up until April, 1933, you could take paper money into about any bank in the world and get it converted into gold. Then the U.S. Treasury reneged on its promise to pay off Americans wanting to convert their gold certificates, but still honored the demand of foreign countries. Which is about par for the course, since we gave those countries all that paper scratch to buy up our gold.

At that time, dad could see all our gold was going to be pretty worthless, so he bought a Southern Indiana hill farm against the chance the country would go on the sassafras standard and he could recuperate his loss.

Gold as a precious metal apparently originated in the far east, but you wonder how countries not discovered found out about it. When the Spaniards marched into Inca and Aztec lands they found gold stacked up like they knew if was coming in style.

If they weren't pretty sure it was going to get valuable, they wouldn't have gotten themselves carved up by the Spaniards over it. But who told them?

Our family has never gotten too excited over the supply of gold. When we get low, we put our family philospher's stone back into action and mint up a new batch. A philosopher's stone will turn anything into gold and dad even used it on the sassafras bushes on our farm. It worked well enough except there was no market for gold sassafras bushes and it gave the sassafras tea a metallic whang.

The philosopher's stone has been in our family for generations. But we never mention it. Gold tends to bring people with picks and shovels to dig up your lawn, looking for gold fishing worms.

Once dad made a lot of gold kick ring out of gold back during the Great Depression. But it stretched out of shape on the breaking plow and he was forced to sell a laying hen to buy a galvanized one to get in our crop of broom sedge on time.

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We have learned to do without gold. But not groceries.

Onward, upward.

'Stop the war and cut the grass'

by William D. Cochrane

boot on the corner of the desk. I didn't sit on the desk top myself and I sure wasn't going to let anyone else do it. What I wanted to do was to grab that other leg and jerk him off onto the floor, but real calm-like I walked up to him and said, "Lieutenant, didn't you tell me that your grandfather was General — (now retired)?"

"Yes I did, First Sergeant,so what about it?"

"What do you think he would have done had he come into his office and found you in this position on his desk?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. What do you think, First Soldier?"

"I don't think, I know what he would do. Just what I am about to do. If you don't get your lard—— off my desk I'm gonna throw it off."

He hit the floor and said, "I'll see you later," and left the building. We didn't have any more trouble. Christmas time rolled around and this young officer went home on leave. When he came back to the unit he came into the orderly room and said, "First Sergeant, I have a message to you from my grandfather. He said to tell you he was happy to know that the Army still had some first soldiers in it." Pardon me digressing but I had to get that one in while I still remembered it. Now back to Korea and trouble there.

I had been in the company just long enough to know I had inherited a mess of pottage of the worst kind. One look at the duty roster and I knew all the flies made me want to break down and cry real tears and maybe pray that a big fire would break out and destroy it all. I rummaged around in the desk of the former first sergeant who had returned to the States and found copies of the results of the inspection — what they had failed.

It could have been worse. Except for a few shortages which I could easily make up by borrowing from the other companies; one first sergeant I had known back at Benning and he told me that he could help me in any way I needed; and one or two other small things such as housekeeping, the big failure was in administration and I could sure tell why. I had already found out that I didn't have a company clerk and no company commander. I thought that I had four, maybe five NCO's that looked pretty good and all they needed was the proper guidance and motivation and I was sure that I could furnish that very quickly and very expertly.

The next morning my clerk arrived. He was a clean-cut looking young SP4 named Ray Bonds. I got him settled and when he came back to the orderly room I clued him in on our situation, showed him the results of the failed inspection. It didn't panic him and I could tell by his remarks that I had inherited a clerk above the average. At least that was maybe a good omen. I hoped so.

The clerk and I decided right away the first thing to do was to get a little eye wash in place by painting the orderly room and the commander's office if ever we did get one, and maybe if we got the place clean and brightened up it would give us some incentive to tackle those awful files. I called S-4 (Battalion Supply) to check on paint and brushes and lo my surprise they had it and we could have what we needed.

I called a noon formation and laid on a meeting of the whole company at 1430 hours (2:30 p.m.) in the mess hall. When everyone was seated, I got up, said "At ease," and continued with, "just in case some of you have seen me hanging around here for a few days, holding a formation or two, I will now formally introduce myself as Bill Jemison but to you that means nothing except that you know my name that you had better not use. You'll know me as First Sergeant. This young soldier seated to my left is our new company clerk, SP4 Ray Bonds, and together we have been trying to figure what kind of unit we have here. Any company, especially any infantry company that fails its annual inspection, can't be much. You have just failed yours so that makes you, in my estimation, about as low as you can get on the totem pole. The few days that I've been here I have seen no pride, no esprit de corps, nothing. I have talked with a couple of NCO's and they tell me that it is not all your fault, that you've had no leadership from the top on down. OK, I'll buy that, and at the same time I will admit that the biggest part of the unsatisfactory came in the field of administration and that's my baby. I've never failed an inspection in my life and I have never been in a unit that failed one. The clerk and I will take care of that. We have no company commander and until we get one in, Lt. Booker will be acting CO. He is at battalion headquarters now in a meeting. For the time being your going into the village is out. You are confined to the company area until further notice and your platoon NCO's will define this area to you. I usually don't bump my gums in this long a speech. I want you to go to work in your areas where you were low and prove to me how wrong I was in my estimation of you. At the present time I will entertain no questions. My only answer would be work, work, work. A lot depends on what Lt. Booker brings back from battalion. Platoon Sergeants, take charge of your platoons and let's get with it."

In two days Bonds and I had transformed the paint peeling orderly room and company commander's office into a bright new world. We had chipped the old paint away and had painted the ceilings an off-white and the walls and trim a pale robin's egg blue. Then we started on the records. What a job. I had never seen such a fouled up duty roster in my life. I told Bonds the only way to legally straighten this one out would be to get a complete company roster, decide who would pull what duty, get the names of the ones that would be exempt because of job assignments, and start just like we were a brand new unit being formed, but we would need a com manding officer to do that. If a permanent one had not arrived, then Lt. Booker could do this. I soon found out that my clerk knew what he was doing. I had got myself a dandy Hallelujah!!!

The next day was Friday and we finally got a company commander, and if size was any sign of ability, then we had a great one. The first indication we had of his arrival was of this booming voice saying, "I do believe I smell fresh paint." I was down on my knees trying to unstick the bottom drawer of a filing cabinet. I hobbled to my feet and reported. He returned my salute, stuck out this huge paw of a hand that reached halfway to my elbow and said, "What were you doing down on your knees, Top, praying?"

"I could have been, at that, sir. This is Specialist Bonds, our company clerk, and he is about as new as I am."

"I am Cpt. Peter Broome. Think maybe Bonds could scare us up a pitcher of coffee without too much trouble?" Bonds was already disappearing through the doors on his way to the mess hall.

"He had a lot, Top!"

"It could be worse. They tore us up on administration, and rightfully so. It's the worst mess I have ever seen and I've stumbled in on some bad ones."

"That bad, huh?"

"That bad, Sir."

"Can you take care of it?"

"Yes sir," and I told him the only legal way we could handle the duty roster. "I'm sure that you know that the highest grade you can get after getting an unsatisfactory on an inspection is a satisfactory, and if we get another unsatisfactory, well, that's it for all of us, but we'll pull it out. Trust me, Sir, we'll make it."

"I don't have much choice, do I?"

"No, sir, I guess not."

"Okay, it's your ball game, Top. Don't let me get hurt."

Everyone worked. I could hardly believe my eyes. The transformation from a rag-tag tramp looking outfit into a good looking, almost sharp, infantry company was almost amazing. Later, on several occasions, I was to be proud of this unit. And Captain Peter Broome would be one of the two best company commanders I ever had.

The reinspection was to be on Tuesday and we were as ready as we could be on the Saturday before. The CO and I talked it over and decided to take a chance and let half of them go on pass on this Saturday and the other half go on Sunday.

I blew the whistle and fell the company out for a short formation. I told the platoon sergeants not to worry

Continued next week

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