Opinion

Other voices

After burley what?

Burley tobacco is in trouble. "It don't take no mental heavyweight to figure that out."

The problems brought about by the '83 drought are only a drop in the burley bucket of the problems facing Kentucky's cash crop.

The problems are long-term and our community must take a long-term approach to the situation if we are to remain financially healthy.

According to recent stories in this newspaper, we are facing a two-fold attack on burley which will not simply disappear. Imported tobacco is slicing the demand for our burley. Tobacco companies have found that they can import tobacco from an African country, mix it with a pinch of burley and market the produce at a better profit margin than using domestic grades entirely.

The simple answer to this plight of foreign tobacco calls for import restrictions on foreign tobaccos. But then this becomes a political as well as foreign policy question. That little African country may well export raw materials vital for the defense industry. To place a tariff on foreign tobacco may well produce restrictions being placed upon that country's raw materials coming into the United States. Robbing Peter to pay Paul was stylish on Capitol Hill at one time, but no more especially when defense is involved.

Secondly, the continued attacks on burley by the health lobby are having an impact on tobacco consumption. Fewer Americans are smoking today than any other period in our history. Though no conclusive evidence has been presented on the health hazards of tobacco, the perception of tobacco in a jogging society has hurt the industry.

These two foes of the burley tobacco farmer will continue to haunt them as well as each of us in this community. The economics of burley tobacco in Harrison County necessitates our concern for the group. The sale of burley has a ripple effect throughout our local economy, providing jobs in both the private and public sector. No job in Harrison County would be immune to the further deterioration of the burley tobacco program.

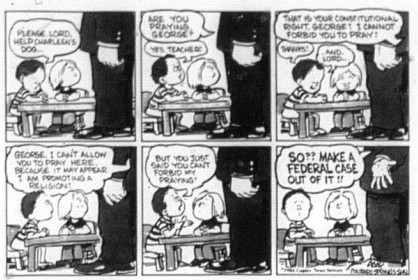
What we can do is prepare for the future through further diversification of our economy. Pollution-free industrial development is necessary to ensure our future economic health.

The Martin Countian, a newspaper in eastern Kentucky, dwells on the rhetorical question of "What are we going to do when the coal is gone?" Maybe our question should be "What are we going to do when the burley is gone?"

That is not to say that there will no longer be burley tobacco in Harrison County. It is saying that the burley program is in trouble and we must organize our resources now to minimize the impact of fewer tobacco sales.

Industrial recruitment has been passive in Harrison County. The Harrison County Industrial Foundation, the mayor and county judge's office and the Chamber of Commerce have been involved in this activity for years. However, no attempt to organize these efforts and develop roles and strategies have been made. It is, more or less, uncoordinated and without direction.

Members of these groups could do no better service to the community than to meet to discuss our long road ahead. A ship without a captain will continue to sail in a destinationless sea. — The Cynthiana Democrat



Agree or not

Meanwhile, back at the ranch...

by S.C. Van Curen

Frankfort — The now or never days of this session of the General Assembly are increasing activity in legislative halls for bill sponsors and lobbyists alike since there remained only 17 legislative days (as of March 12) and two or three of these are to be devoted to considering any bills vetoed by the governor.

The legislative calendar calls for legislative action through March 29 with the possibility of using March 30 to consider this work, depending upon the situation then. The legislature then will recess and return April 17 for the veto session of two or three days. Only 60 legislative days are allowed.

Time for introduction of bills passed last week, but there always is the possibility of an emergency arising which would be suspended.

However, this doesn't mean that some legislation that someone wanted introduced is absolutely ruled out for this session.

THERE'S ALWAYS that old tried and true route of piggy backing a measure as an amendment on a bill that has bright prospects of success. Too, there's the committee substitute route wherein a bill that is apparently dead is used as a vehicle where it pertains to the same subject area.

The number and title of the bill are used and the new matter is written in as a committee substitute for the original bill and it goes merrily on its way if it can get the blessing of the leadership.

Legislators are now facing the most gruelling days of every session. Bills have been thrashed around in committees, hearings held, amendments offered and are now in line for the voting process.

FOR EXAMPLE, there were 100 bills posted on the House calendar with two readings and ready for voting March 7. Bills will be pouring out of committees if this session follows the pattern of those in the past.

When the bill introduction deadline ended March 2 for the House, 1,021 bills and 114 resolutions had hit the hopper. The numbers in the Senate were 417 and 62, bringing the bill total to 1,438.

As of that date only 60 bills had been signed into law by the governor and one became law without her signature. Thirty-two others had been enrolled and were awaiting the governor's action, for a total of only 91.

MEANWHILE, the most essential piece of legislation, the governor's budget, is still awaiting passage as is her proposed tax measures. She has been busily engaged in seeking support from powerful groups such as labor and the Kentucky Education Association, as well as the general public. She seems to need some persuasion placed on legislators while there is no apparent rush to jump on her bandwagon.

She needs 51 votes in the House and 19 in the Senate as a minimum. All governors want all they can get since that seems to be a barometer of popularity and support for their programs.

The House, particularly, since its membership must all run for office this year, is not overly enamoured with the idea of increasing taxes.

Letters to the editors are also reminding the governor of her campaign utterances, "no increase in taxes, I'm familiar with, I've served as governor and have experience, this has been studied..." etc.

It's really not a happy time in legislative halls.

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

Final Four not all bad

Nothing captures the imagination of a community more than a basketball tournament this time of the year, especially if the home team is involved.

The Nicholas County Bluejackets were very much involved in post season play, advancing to the Final Four of the 100 Region before being sidelined by Pendleton County last Friday afternoon at Mason County.

Only slightly favored against MMI in District play and given no chance at all against Bourbon and Mason counties, the Jackets responded by winning the ones that counted.

Coach **Mike Kenney** and his staff are to be congratulated for fashioning a team that wanted to win and showing them how to go about it.

The long hours of practice and long bus rides to out-of-town games don't seem so long after all. Knowing that they did what no other NCHS team had done since 1959 might not be as sweet as playing in the Sweet Sixteen itself, a la the 1957 team, but it is certainly a big, big accomplishment.

While the basketball season is over for seniors Steve Hamilton, Jeff McGuffey, and Cliff Ramsey, there's no rest in sight for the weary warriors. Baseball practice opened Monday!

Coach **Billy Keen Anderson's** Bat Jackets open a 35 game, almost daily schedule April 2. More on this next week.

*****

Local readers of the Sunday Courier-Journal Magazine section may have noticed the following letter to the editor in the Feb. 26, 1984 issue:

"How could **F.W. Weeden** fail to name **J. Winston Coleman Jr.** of Lexington in his Jan. 1 list of noteworthy people who had died in 1983? Mr. Coleman, affectionately known as Squire, was considered to be one of the best historians in Kentucky. He wrote books, hundreds of pamphlets and articles on Kentucky history, and he edited 'Kentucky, A Pictorial History.' His best known books were 'Stage Coach Days in the Bluegrass,' 'Slavery Times in Kentucky,' '200 Years in Kentucky' and many, many more.

"The last 40 years of his life were spent collecting pictures and facts about our past that will be valuable to future generations of Kentucky scholars. Squire Coleman's library in Kentucky contained about 3,500 books, pamphlets and scrapbooks...He gave his entire library to Transylvania University. It will be kept in a paneled room in the main library where scholars can come and read about Kentucky's past. A large oil painting of Mr. Coleman will hang on the wall."

— Mrs. Hicel F. Asbury, 111 E. Chestnut Street, Carlisle, Ky.

*****

The writer, my mother, hadn't told me she'd written to the C-J, so it came as somewhat of a surprise to see a Carlisle, Ky. address, not to mention a somewhat familiar name as its author.

I asked her to jot down a little background on her mail-order relationship with the late historian. This is the way she worded it; to paraphrase might lose some of its warmth:

In December 1967 Hicel came home from Lexington and gave me the book "Slavery Times in Kentucky" by J. Winston Coleman Jr. She said Mr. Coleman had given it to him and for me not to let anything happen to it. It was autographed "To my good friend Hicel F. Asbury, Esq. with the sincere regards of the author" and the author, J. Winston Coleman Jr. Dec. 18th, 1967." Mr. Coleman considered it the best of all the books he wrote. It is one of my treasures.

In late November 1967 I wrote Morris Book Shop in Lexington to send me J. Winston Coleman Jr.'s new book "Historic Kentucky" and to get him to autograph it for me. I had read in the Lexington Herald Mr. Coleman would be autographing the books on a certain day. When my book came he had written "For Mrs. Hicel Faye Asbury, and in fond remembrance of Hicel Asbury, with sincere regards of the author...Dec. 2, 1967." (It is another treasure.) Of course I wrote Mr. C. and thanked him for the nice autograph and the beautiful book with pictures of all the historic places in Kentucky and a description of each picture.

He answered my letter and said how he missed Hicel especially at tobacco selling time as Hicel always saw that tobacco was on a good spot on the floor at 4th Street Tobacco Warehouse and Hicel would call out Mr. C.'s name so the buyers could hear. From that time on he sent me autographed pamphlets and four books and many letters.

Jack and Joanie Conley were also good friends of Squire Coleman. His friends affectionately called him Squire. He wrote the introduction to "The History of Nicholas County" and helped Joanie with it in many ways.

Squire Coleman would never lend a book but his home was always open to

*See Hereabouts, page 3

Down Memory Lane

Postage stamps now three cents; Lowry awarded Purple Heart

Thursday, March 15, 1984

The Nicholas County Memorial Library, headquarters for the Buffalo Trace Region, completed its first year Feb. 15 in its present location on Main Street. Register cards have been signed by 840 readers.

Miss Judy Wilson Whiteley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Whiteley, has been named to the Dean's List with honors at Centre College in Danville. Miss Whiteley is a 1982 graduate of Carlisle High School.

At a call meeting of the City Council Monday night, Council voted to accept the resignation of Eddie Barbee, who for the past 42 months has read water and gas meters. Gayle Vanlandingham was assigned the job.

The Nicholas County Jaycees and Mayor Bill Power, honorary Jaycee member, solicited local business to purchase cleaning materials for flood damaged Falmouth. They purchased 160 mops, 36 brooms and six cartons of soap powder that was delivered Saturday morning.

The first fire call for the new county fire truck came last Thursday afternoon when a car owned by Ronnie Lawson on Licking Pike was badly damaged. The call was turned in by Audry Earlywine, tenant of Clay Dayton.

BORN — To SP5 and Mrs. J.T. Hammonds, a son, Richard Allen, Feb. 26 at St. Albans Naval Hospital, St. Albans, NY. — To Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Tucker, Augusta, a daughter, Kimberley Sue, Mar. 12 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Hurschell Rawlings, a son, Stephen Ray, Mar. 13 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Dorothy Mae Mynear and Harry Sparks, Mar. 12 by the Rev. Frank Simons.

DIED — Frank Moore Hill, Mar. 10 at Mary Chiles Hospital, Mt. Sterling. — Claude Abner, 59, Mar. 12 at the home of his daughter, Mary Abner. — Glenn Pogue Shanklin, 78, Mar. 10 at home in Nicholas County. — Mrs. Sally H. Whirles, 68, widow of William Whirles, Mar. 13 at Nicholas County Hospital. — Sandra Annette Ward, three, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ward, Mar. 16 at St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington. — Mrs. Minerva Snelling Combs, wife of Fred Jacobs, Mar. 14 in a Springfield, IL hospital. — Joseph E. Kenney, 81, Mar. 11 at Lanan. — William H. Sims, 84, Mar. 12 at home in Lexington. — Mrs. Ella Reynolds Haggan, 80, Mar. 11 at Good Samaritan Hospital, Lexington. — Clayton H. Clark, 68, Butlerville, OH, Mar. 13.

Thursday, March 22, 1984

Jimmie Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hall of near Carlisle, submitted to a major operation last week at St. Joseph's Infirmary in Louisville.

The new revenue act will boost local mail rates from two cents to three cents an ounce on Mar. 26 and air mail will jump from six cents to eight cents. There will also be a slight rise in parcel post, registered mail and money orders.

Mr. and Mrs. C.T. Lowry, Lower Jackstown Road, have received a letter from their son, PFC Douglas Lowry, who has recently been reported wounded in the Italian campaign. He has been awarded the decoration of the Purple Heart.

The Nicholas County Health Department has set Monday, April 2, as Clean-Up Day for Henryville. On this day rubbish, old tin cans, etc. will be hauled away by county trucks free of charge, provided it is placed in boxes, barrels, or other containers to make for easy hauling.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, a son, Mar. 15 at Good Samaritan Hospital, Lexington. — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jennings, a son, Mar. 15. — To Mr. and Mrs. Audrey Earlywine, a son, Mar. 17. — To Mr. and Mrs. Scott Whitehouse, a son, Sunday.

MARRIED — Miss Clarine Sexton and Lloyd Wilson Hughes.

DIED — Harmon Gaunce, Tuesday at Good Samaritan Hospital, Lexington. — Mrs. Mary Lou Kendall Stone, 72, Friday at St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington. — Mrs. Zettie Francis Laughlin, 66, Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Letton Hedges. — Mrs. Robert Dollins, 40, Fairview, Thursday at St. Joseph Hospital.

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Letters

from our readers

Dotters

March 20 a time to pause

To The Carlisle Mercury:

As Kentucky's Commissioner of Agriculture, I am inviting people across the state to join me in celebrating National Agriculture Day on March 20.

I feel it is fitting for us to spend the first day of spring honoring the men and women who work hard throughout the year to provide us with the food and fiber we require in our daily lives.

Agriculture is Kentucky's No. 1 industry. Despite the disasters which befell our 1983 production year, Kentucky remains first in the nation in burley tobacco production. We are among the top 20 states in the production of white corn, soybeans, corn for grain, corn for silage, sorghum for grain and silage, hay, popcorn, winter wheat, cheese, milk, cattle and hogs.

More than 180,000 Kentuckians are employed by farming operations. In most cases, these people produce the raw materials which are then processed, refined, packaged, transported and sold by thousands of people in hundreds of other industries.

Agriculture contributes approximately $3 billion annually to the Commonwealth's economy. As you can see, farming is not important just to farmers. Each Kentuckian has a direct interest in the food and fiber system.

The theme for National Agriculture Week, March 18-22, is "Agriculture: It's Your Heartbeat, America." After reading the above facts and figures, I think you'll agree, that says it all.

I hope every Kentuckian will pause for a few moments on March 20 to think about the importance agriculture plays in his or her life.

Remember, Kentucky Soil Touches All of Us.

Sincerely,
David E. Boswell
Commissioner

Op-Ed page

Dogs are better judges . . . they could sniff out best masters of the show

One of the town dogs, a big black friendly animal, greets me each morning at the door of our office. I speak softly to him and he responds with a wagging tail. I always speak to dogs, unless he happens to have my ankle in his mouth.

The last dog we owned was a Husky, a retarded breed of strange blood and stranger habits. It slept on top of our station wagon during any snow storm and tried to eat up any four-legged creature it could catch. On one pursuit of another dog, it ran into the front end of a pickup truck, washing out the grill and head lamps and denting the hood. Luckily, I had home owners' insurance for idiot dogs.

But normally dog owners are proud of their pooches. They carry their pictures around in their wallets, showing them at every excuse, and often entering them in dog shows just to prove they look better than the others.

I would like to see this reversed; a show where the dogs would decide which human beings are the best dog owners.

We have an idea that dogs would judge their masters with a great deal more tolerance and sympathy than men judge dogs. Dogs instinctively know good human beings, and also have good memories. I can get within a mile of a mean dog and he wants to gnaw my shinbones. Once you tincan a dog, the stigma hangs on. It seems, for every dog to pick up in a couple of good sniffs.

Dogs know what kind of person a man is, but they don't renege on their responsibilities or try to trade them off for a better master. Once a dog has taken a master, he takes him for better or worse.

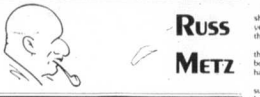
At our show, the dog will have to bring his owner in personally and certify to his relationship. The dog will not have to turn on a pedigree on his master, because the pedigrees of most human beings are forged or greatly exaggerated.

The entry will, however, have to conform to certain rules. He will have to behave well on the bench, neither starting rumors nor fights over whose dog is best. He must be bathed, well-groomed and disarmed. He cannot smell of gooseliver, cigar smoke, ham gravy or pasteboard juice or anything else that might influence the judges. He cannot show tendencies to chase cats while under restraint.

Preferably, the owner should be able to sit along, but he will not be required to speak for his food, or lie down and play dead, even if this is his natural posture.

The entry will be required to wear pegged britches which clear the ankles for the sniffs of the judges. In the ring, the entry will not growl at other dog owners. There will be no "Up, boy" or other degrading commands that might influence the judging.

It is my feeling that no vote of the judges will ever be needed. After a few sniffs around the ankles and some looks into the faces for a kindly glance, the dogs will quickly settle on one best owner.



RUSS METZ

After that, we are not responsible for what happens. There are more dog in dog owners than in dogs.

— RM —

Sometime back I read where Jim Atkins, a Washington humorist, had insured his joke collection for $5,000. Now all he needs is for his jokes to catch fire to turn them into a serious piece of money.

Atkins advertised himself as a comedy writer for a national magazine and for a number of Congressmen. There is nothing worse than a Congressman trying to be funnier than he already is, so Atkins' jokes are going to have to catch fire someplace else.

Actually, he had taken out insurance only to dramatize the problem that joke writers have in getting their jokes stolen. That is the last thing a humorist ought to fear. He should be afraid they will be told.

To be more precise, Atkins' lines gags. This is humor with a built-in virus. And he puts out a sample of his assured product: "How do you find the address of the China Lobby?" the caught man asks. The answer, of course is "You look in the Yellow Pages."

This sounds pretty funny coming from a Congressman, particulary if some of his constituents are of Chinese descent are are still smarting from his vote favoring a tax on chop suey.

Congressmen have learned it is best to use a surgical approach toward taxpayers. They anesthetize their constituents with a couple of snappy, store-boughten jokes before slicing off another chunk of their paychecks.

The kind of gags that wow them in Washington are:

"I just found out why President Reagan agreed to withdraw troops from Lebanon. He found out there were no notary publics to verify the absentee ballots we would mail to them."

"Have you heard about the robber who grabbed a woman's pocketbook and collapsed in the Washington subway with a hernia?"

"If the dollar bill shrinks any more, George Washington is going to have to get a haircut."

"Some judges are getting tougher on crime. They are issuing sterner warnings and giving longer suspended sentences."

"The Reagan administration has withdrawn its order for bureaucrats to stop talking to newsmen. Instead he had all little old ladies removed from all fences."

You can see why an insurance company would jump at the chance to insure this kind of hilarity. It's a lot safer than a life policy on the fellow who tells them.

— RM —

Then there were these three men, the only survivors of a shipwreck. They had been marooned on a deserted island for two years, keeping themselves alive by eating bananas and coconuts that grew there.

One day a strange-looking old bottle washed on shore. One of the men pulled out the cork and a huge genie emerged from the bottle. "Thank you for freeing me, masters," the genie said. "I have the power to grant each of you one wish."

Great!" shouted the first man. "I wish I were in Paris surrounded by champagne, gourmet food and beautiful women."

In a flash his wish was granted and he disappeared.

"My wish is simple," said the second man. "I wish I were home with my wife and kids." Again there was a great flash and the second man disappeared.

The genie turned to the third man. "And you, sir?" he asked.

The third man looked glum. "I don't know," he replied. "I'm lonesome. I wish those guys were back here."

— RM —

If you are of Scottish descent, you'll like this one. It was in the Battle of Bannockburn and England's King Edward had his troops lined up ready for the battle. But there was not a single Scot to be seen. Finally, round the brow of the hill came a solitary Scot.

He was small, his kilt was too big, and he carried a huge sword. He squared up to the English troops, shaking his sword at them and heaping insults on their heads until Edward sent five men to get rid of him. They vanished behind the hill.

Presently back came the wee Scot alone still hurling defiance at the English. This time Edward sent 20 soldiers after him. Some time later the Scot reappeared and renewed his insults. Enraged, Edward send a hundred men to subdue him.

Time passed, and then a tattered English soldier staggered down the hill calling, "Go back, it's a trap! There are two of them!"

Onward, upward

Tramp sign painter

by William D. Cochrane

(Continued from last week)

South of Pine Bluff between Grady and Dumas to the immediate west there was bayou country and between Dumas and Lake Village on Highway 65 I spent almost three weeks. Here is how it happened: I was riding along in the boonies about half asleep, hadn't even seen a swamp rabbit, when all of a sudden I came upon a building down a way out here near nowhere.

There was a crudely painted sign, OASIS, and beneath this, "soon to be a resort of renown." There were signs of busling activity, carpenters, brick masons and helpers of both. I saw this small building with the sign office, Boone Construction Company. I pulled up in front of this office and went in. Inside there were men bending over drafting tables studying blueprints and building plans. Sectioned off by latticed fence and gate was a lady making a typewritter talk. She looked up at me standing in front of her and asked, "Could I help you?"

"Maybe, maybe not. I am a sign painter and I thought there might be some work here."

"Ben, there's a sign painter here. Do we need any?"

This Ben fellow came up and said, "Come into what passes for my office and let's find out." He led me into a small adjoining room and pointed to a chair where I sat down. I am Benjamin Boone, hall of Boone Construction Company. Are you local?"

Then I gave him the whole six yards of what I was doing. He looked a little skeptical at first. He asked me to give any good?"

I answered, "You could probably find better in Memphis or Little Rock but it would be at a much greater price. Yes, I'm good and I am here."

"If you are and are reasonable then we may have a lot of work for you."

He gave me the setup. The rambling brick structure being built was to be a motel complete with restaurant, swimming pool, etc. There was a group of men working here, about 20 in all and most of them were local. However there were four house trailers (now we would call them mobile homes) on the grounds. Three of them housed more or less itinerant craftsmen such as I. Including me there would be six persons living in these house trailers.

The other trailer was occupied by the Boone brothers. Deep wells had been drilled and there was abundant water to supply the needs of this undertaking. One part in the back of the motel complex had been set up and had been temporarily partitioned off into a dining facility and each day at noon a man who ran a restaurant in Lake Village catered food. (Immediately my mind went back to the CCC rock quarry and the late chief truck. I would bet that would not be found here. I could not see the Boone brothers pulling up with any such foolishness.)

There was one person living in the two bedroom house trailer. He was the painter, Edgar Mosley, called Mose and not Ed. I moved into the other bedroom. Surprisingly, this group of workers turned out to be a congenial group. In the three weeks that I was there I can't remember any serious trouble. A little arguing, a bit of bragging, and a whole heap of lying.

The lady secretary-receptionist was also a Boone, sister of Ben and Ed. She had a small apartment in Lake City.

Mose was the typical wandering painter-carpenter. He had been just about everywhere and had done a little of everything, or so he said. He was 42 years old and divorced, said he once had a good wife but she was too good and too smart to stay with him. He liked his bottle but he could handle his likker well. I never saw him completely drunk nor obnoxious in any way. He kept me well entertained at night with his stories. He was originally from Texas, a town south of Houston called Wharton. He said he had tried to be a sign painter in his younger days but he didn't have a rig like I did. All he had was a sign-kit with a few quill brushes and some cheap enamel paint. "I wasn't in your class, boy."

I had to silently agree because he had painted the OASIS sign that I saw upon my arrival. One night he told me of his shoe polish sign.

His story: "I was broke, about half hung over and needed a drink in the worst way. Saw this brand new drug store with a purty plate glass window, made my sales pitch and give the man what I considered a fair price, a nice robin's egg blue sign with a drop white shadow. Now, right away, I could tell he was a chesapeake cause he said, "You sign painters are all alike, a dime's worth of cheap paint and five or six dollars for 30 minutes work. All I want is a one word sign, DRUGS in black letters, no shading, no frills and I'll pay you one dollar to do it. I finally settled for the dollar plus a fountain Coke with a shot of pure grain alcohol in it. Now I had some black liquid shoe polish that had thickened to the consistency of paint. With this, I laid the sign on his window and got my dollar. He made some smug remark about he was smarter than any tramp sign painter. I would like to have seen him when it rained, or if he ever washed his window and his sign went trickling down onto the sidewalk."

Another of his stories: He was boboing in a little town in Oklahoma and he went up to a lady's front door (just couldn't lower my pride by going to the back door) to bum his breakfast. The lady of the house tried to shame him, "Young man, just where is your home?"

"Well, lady, to tell you the truth, the last time I saw it, a switch engine had it just a belling it down the track."

I left her standing in the door with her mouth open as I stepped down into her yard and left, without my breakfast.

Oh he was full of them, but he was not the only one. I could not contribute to any of these tall stories. I was just a babe in the woods, so to speak, but I was a gullible listener and I enjoyed hearing them spout off.

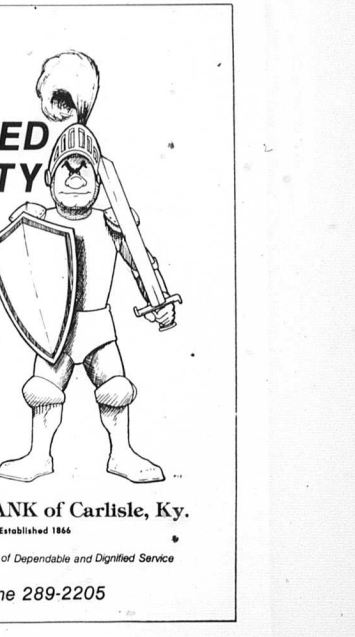
After the noon meal each day I was open season as I seemed for tall tale telling. There was a carpenter's helper that came out with this gem: "This here tale is sponed to be the real truth. There was this old gentleman who had retired from one of the country's leading railroads. He was 66 years old and his wife was two years older than he was – Timothy and Melissa Peterson. They were moving to Alabama. It seems that Melissa had a black iron skillet that she thought more of than she did of Timothy. She had made the decision to leave that this skillet rather than trust it to the movers, but due to the last minute of bustle and confusion they had left the skillet back at Thayer, Missouri, and somewhere between there and Memphis they discovered this fact and Melissa Peterson blamed it all on husband Timothy. She fussed and fumed, griped and groaned so much that Timothy couldn't even nap in peace. In Hickory Flat, Mississippi, the two fast trains met to take on water, one going west and the one going east, the one on which the Petersons were riding. As the eastbound ground to a stop Timothy got up, retrieved his hat and started down the aisle toward the door. Melissa Peterson called out, "Timothy, where are you going? Timothy, I said where are you going?"

"I'm going back to Thayer to get that darn skillet." Then he disappeared into the westbound train as it pulled out of Hickory Flat.

The more work that I did, the more professional I became. The first thing that I did was to replace the OASIS sign that was first seen when entering the project. I built the new sign smaller and more conservative. I painted a somewhat subdued oasis on the background with the letters OASIS imposed over the scene. At the bottom I lettered in smaller letters "an undertaking by Boone Brothers Construction, Helena, Arkansas."

The Boone Brothers really went for

*See Tramp, page 5



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