Opinion

It's me again: ...and you'll have to put up with MV's for the next five weeks anyway, if I last that long!

MURPHY, Murphy, why did you have to return after nearly 11 months absence? The snow birds just left town for the sunny climes of Florida with visions of basking on beaches at Christmas time, while us one have been battling a balky processor who's pump — one of two failed to work.

But never fear Libby, even though you lost the first take of Santa letters to the disgruntled processor Mr. F will have it up and running again in no time. Ha, he made that remark without asking Murphy's permission. We had three pumps and he knew they were new, but he'd forgotten he had cannibalized each pump over the years for the little rubber-like valves, neoprene is what they are composed of to withstand the caustic solutions that develop the photographic paper that the Compo produce. After four hours and several telephone calls last Thursday was over-with for all practical purposes. Compographic parts at Roslyn, Virginia was closed — call at eight in the morning we can take care of you then! I sure wish I knew where the ding bats were on this keyboard, I might get away with a few expletives!!!

And to think, I skipped my three o'clock eye drop because I knew if I used it I couldn't see to put the processor back together again. (Not that I'll get that task done any time soon).

Making a long mishap short, Friday I called Roslynn and had the audacity to ask the fellow how much the repair kits were, I was gonna order four while I had a chance. He said, "Hold the phone, I did, after an eternity he was back to inform me that pump assembly repair kits were now selling for $60." In 1983 I paid $45 for them and thought that was robbery. It's a good thing I don't know where they get their pump parts, if I could procure those little neophrene flapper valves at a reasonable price, I'd kiss that outfit goodbye.

I suppose though it really isn't their fault, read the other day where their business was on the down side and they'd be laying off help, retrenching and other devices to keep things in the black. I just ordered two kits! I don't have anyone to help with retrenching, I either make it or else.

*****

My buddy Russ Metz had a pump and I had contemplated going to Owingsville for same, but after the dusting of snow Friday morning decided that I'd best stay with the ship, so I dismantled the Compukwick, moved out Fisher's Kodak 214-K to a ferry-rigged platform and we're back in business. The Kodak processor doesn't have as fast a through-put, that is the photo paper fed into it doesn't come out as fast as the K-wickey runs so if you don't maintain ten to 12 inches of slack in the photo paper between the two machines there's a tug of war. After the first tug when we split a three-foot take of tips we found we had to quick. Most operators don't care to reset copy, it's bad enough to have to set it in the first place.

—MV—

Saying goodbye

As we round out 1985 with the last issue No. 52, we were searching for copy that might be enjoyable to others. Someone had left the pages of the 1936 filebook strewn on the floor of the editorial office. I thought my lucky stars I hadn't walked blindly into the room last evening, two steps with my big feet would have put the fole out of existence, but we of "course do have it on microfilm, both here and at the Margaret I. King Library, Lexington.

And if we are to believe a clipping from the Maysville Ledger-Independent, we haven't found time to check the microfilm in 1985-; but the Mercury is quoted as follows: "The Carlisle Mercury is authority for the statement that fifteen coons — four-legged ones — were caught out of one tree in that county last week." Our thanks to Ann (Mrs. Gerald Griffith) Emily's sister for sending the clipping our way.

*****

Old Files

Dr. Frank Mathias was telling us a few weeks ago that he'd visited the Independent at Maysville, while researching facts for his contributions to the look entitled **Kentucky's Governors: 1792-1985** and wondered at the time why the files there were not on microfilm. If I understood Frank correctly they had a gold mine of old issues of the Mercury and other papers that were crumbling into dust. It's a crime if they haven't been microfilmed, we know it's expensive, but when they're gone a part of heritage will have disappeared with them.

Well I guess I'd better scroll up then come back down, I've sorta forgotten, what I've written. I must gonna anyone out there has that difficulty.

Now I know where the procrastination comes from — suggest you read "An Editor's Random Thoughts" the article by my father which was published in the December 31, 1936 issue of the Mercury — hits very close to home and like my father we along with the farmers are still in very much the same old rut. But it is an enjoyable rut, why else would a fellow continue in same?

We agree heartily with the paragraph where he writes, "To our advertisers, subscribers and friends; to our corps of faithful correspondents (we're down to one) throughout the county; to each and every one of you, old and young, rich and poor, white and black. The Mercury would express the hope that 1937 will bring you more good than you anticipate and less of evil. May contentment and happiness be your portion and the tide of your life flow as smoothly as that of a river whose sands are golden."

It's a good thing that I have things written down

As John DuFrese, I hope that's correct, said the other day when he was servicing our Compugraphic IV 8P TG and the MCS 5, the more you make use of the MCS 5 the better you'll like it and the more time you'll save in the long run. In the short run going direct on the Comp IV is faster if there's no Murphy around and everything operates correctly, but you have no backup. This tirade of random thoughts has been thought out over a period of days and stored on disk until I reached a preketer-mined number of lines or a depth of 165 picas. Like I were way back

See Vapors, page 3

Optional celibacy ...and they don't care that I flunked Latin in high school

After a particularly hard day at the office dodging brickbats and telling people we couldn't read their scribblings is the reason we misspelled their names in the paper, I remarked to my wife that maybe I need a new career.

"What else can you do?" she asked skeptically. I know she was thinking that I am too fat to climb utility poles and too lazy to dig ditches, which doesn't leave much else ...

"I have been reading the classified ads in that little scandal tabloid you brought home to find out about Rock Hudson's strange lifestyle," I said.

"You did what? And I don't read that kind of stuff. I bought it for the recipes in it," she advised.

"Ha! You and the other 18 million readers it claims. Anyway, I see a lot of careers I could pursue — cheap."

"Like what?"

"I could get a certificate of ordination as a Baptist minister from the Independent Baptist Churches of America. All I need is $50 and a stamped envelope to be in the business of preaching and dousing sinners."

"No way. You're not dousing through my house with wet clothes," she said.

"Or I could become a bishop, evangelist, missionary or chaplain for three bucks up."

"Does that mean you'll be leaving for Africa soon? Don't forget to write."

"Don't be cute," I said. "This is serious business. I bet you didn't know I can now become a Catholic priest, with no need to relocate or even abandon my present profession. Maybe then I'd stop getting those wild neckties for Christmas."

"You're not even Catholic. How do you think Pope John Paul would take that?"

"No matter. This is called a Bishop's nontraditional method, and even celibacy is optional."

"I think your option has run out in that department, Father."

"Maybe I need a degree or two first. I see an ad that offers 'college degrees, high school diplomas, certificates and other novelties.' The novelty of putting two kids through college at the going rate makes this offer pretty attractive."

"Your elevator is stuck on the second floor."

"I don't trifle with me, woman," I said. "Also in these little want ads are guaranteed hair pieces and a proven formula on 'How To Marry Rich.' You could be on very shaky ground, you know. For $175 I can always get a quickie Haitian divorce in one day."

"That does it. No more exotic, tasty food for you. You'll just have to survive from the same old recipes in my 10 cookbooks."

At this point we should have kissed and made up, but first I wanted to send away $5 for the 'Kissing Made Easy' lesson from this dude in Texarkana. If I'm too old for a new career, I must be too old to do any kissing the old, hard way.

— RM —

Les Waas is the founder and president of the Procrastinators Club of America. In a telephone interview, Waas listed some of the club's highlights:

"We went to the New York World's Fair a year after it closed so we wouldn't have to wait in line."

One time, our group walked in a circle carrying protest signs. The signs didn't have anything written on them because we still hadn't decided what we were protesting."

Waas notes that his club may soon decide whether to celebrate the arrival of 1985. "The board has to vote whether we're worth even celebrating. I don't understand why people celebrate the New Year when they don't even know what the year will be like."

— RM —

Sen. Richard G. Lugar (R-Ind.) was the Washington's Circus and Saints and Sinners Club roastee and it was his boyhood pal, William D. Ruckelshaus, who applied most of the heat.

Ruckelshaus said he called the Lugar resident to discuss his introductory remarks and a man answered the phone: "Lugar for President Headquarters."

Ruckelshaus said "Throughout his life and, indeed, well into the third decade of a mercurial public career, Dick has demonstrated the capacity for walking into an empty room and blending right in."

— RM —

This lady went into a hardware store and told the clerk, "I want to buy the smallest, finest file you have." Well, although it was none of his business, the clerk was a nosy type and he asked the woman, "What do you want it for?"

"Not only are you nosy, you can't talk good English," replied the woman. "You ended that sentence with a preposition. But I'll tell you what I want it for anyway. You see, I bought this sweet little canary bird and he just sang and sang his little heart out for years. But then he stopped. Not one note has he sung for months now. I understand if I take and file his beak down to a point he'll start to sing again. So that's what I want the file for — to file my little old canary's little old beak."

"Lady," said the clerk, "you ain't playing with a full deck. Anybody with no more sense than God gave a legislator knows that in the first place, filing a canary bird's beak is no job for an amateur and in the second place, if you go and file a canary's beak down to a point, the canary won't be able to pick up the seed and he will curl up and die of starvation."

"Don't give me none of your sass," said the woman huffily. "I didn't come in here for free veterinary opinions from a nuts and bolts salesclerk. I came in here to buy a file which I know very well how to use without any advice from a Mr. Goodwrench. Now are you going to sell me one or am I going to take my trade somewhere else where the help minds their own beeswax?"

"You're making a big mistake," warned the hardware man. But he sold her the file.

About two or three weeks later the hardware clerk was in the supermarket and he found himself standing in line at the checkout counter right behind the woman who'd bought the file.

"Well there," he said. "Did you file your canary bird's beak down to a point?"

"Yes," said the lady, looking slightly uncomfortable.

"And he is singing again?" asked the hardware clerk.

"No, he is not," said the lady. "As a matter of fact, if you got to know and you are obviously gonna keep buggin' me 'till you do, he's dead."

"Aha!" crowed the clerk. "See there? See there? What did I tell you? What did I say to you'ntandin' right there behind the counter in the hardware store? Didn't I say if you went and filed that poor little old canary's beak down to a point, the poor critter wouldn't be able to pick up the seed and he'd starve to death? Didn't I say that? Didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, Mr. Smarty Pants," said the lady. "But it wasn't starvation that killed him at all. How about them apples, Mr. Know-It-All?"

"It wasn't?" said the clerk. "He didn't starve to death?"

"He did not," said the lady triumphantly. "That bird was dead when I took him out of the view."

Onward, upward.

Dear Santa Claus:

My name is Charlie Warner and I'm 10 years old. I want a tape recorder, a football, the wrestling ring and some wrestling figures and any other surprises that you want to bring.

P.S. Don't forget my girlfriend Shawna and my daddy.

Love,
Charlie

Dear Santa,

My name is Amy R. Sparks. I hope you have been in good behavior this year.

I have been a good girl and I have helped mother around the house. We help each other, daddy also.

I would like for Christmas a guitar, Ken doll clothes, Barbie wicker furniture, Little Mommy tote bag, Get in Shape Girl set, a pair of Cuga tennis shoes and a pair of leather lace up shoes.

I will leave you some milk and cookies.

Your good friend,
Amy Ross Sparks
1933 Dixie Hwy., Moorefield

Dear Santa,

My name is Eric Wayne Sexton and I am six years old. I have tried to be a good boy but it is hard. I would like a 4x4 truck, a computer, transformers, and some clothes.

Don't forget my mommy, daddy, mamaw and papaw and all other boys and girls. I will leave you some cookies and milk under the tree.

Love,
Eric

Dear Santa Claus,

My name is Jay Grant and I live in Vanceburg, Ky. I have tried to be very good this year but it's awfully hard for a 3-year old like myself to be good all the time. It seems there's so much to get into. However, Mommy and Daddy think I've been pretty good so for Christmas I'd like for you to bring me a helmet and a shovel gun, a blue airplane, Construx, a tractor and wagon, a bobble lawn mower and a jeep.

I love you very much and ask that you not forget my Sissy or my cousins Scot, Brad and Whitney. They like sports stuff. I will leave you some cookies and milk under the tree.

Love,
Jay

Dear Santa Claus,

My name is Allison Leigh Grant and I live in Vanceburg, Ky. I have been very good this year and help Mommy around the house all the time. For Christmas I would like a Rainbow Brite purse, Rainbow Brite telephones, a Little Tykes kitchen set, a Cabbage Patch cycle, a Real Baby and anything else you think a little 4-year old girl would like.

Please remember my little brother Jay and all the other little boys and girls in the world who aren't as fortunate as Jay and myself.

I will leave you some milk and cookies under the tree. I love you.

Love,
Allison

Dear Santa,

All of the boys and girls in our classes have been working very hard all year long. They wanted to send a special holiday greeting to you and Rudolph, also they are including a few suggestions for Christmas morning surprises.

Morning class — Chip, animal claw truck; Jonelle, prem; Shasta, My Little Baby Pony; Brandi, Glamour doll; Kim, My Little Pony Dream Castle; Cora, Radio Gobot; Clif, Bashasorous; Malinda, charm necklace; Lori, Starlight Rainbow Brite; Ashley, My Little Pony Dream Castle; Crystal, handcuffs; Josh, train set; Sarah, handcuffs; Geneva, playhouse; Shane, Big Foot truck; Jason, Dragon Blaster; Andrew, Wheeled Warrior; Ursha, Hugga Bunch; Jeff, Big Foot truck; Kyle, Land Shark; Rachel, three wheeler; Alvin, truck; David, Buzz Off doll; Tracy, bike; Kristy, Real Baby; Billy, Army gun.

Afternoon class — Bryan, Gobot; Amanda Ring, Premie Cabbage Patch; Amanda Earlywine, baby doll; Cassidy, Cabbage Patch clothes; Elizabeth, Baby Brite; Jeremy, truck; Brad, mask; Erin, stuffed animal; Kristina, baby doll; Jeff, Transformer; Greg, Voltron; Jessica, Cabbage Patch swing; Jason, Big Wheel; Jennifer, Sleepy very good this year but it's awfully hard for a 3-year old like myself to be good all the time. It seems there's so much to get into. However, Mommy and Daddy think I've been pretty good so for Christmas I'd like for you to bring me a helmet and a shovel gun, a blue airplane, Construx, a tractor and wagon, a bobble lawn mower and a jeep.

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Jay

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Please remember my little brother Jay and all the other little boys and girls in the world who aren't as fortunate as Jay and myself.

I will leave you some milk and cookies under the tree. I love you.

Love,
Allison

Dear Santa,

My name is Amy R. Sparks. I hope you have been in good behavior this year.

I have been a good girl and I have helped mother around the house. We help each other, daddy also.

I would like for Christmas a guitar, Ken doll clothes, Barbie wicker furniture, Little Mommy tote bag, Get in Shape Girl set, a pair of Cuga tennis shoes and a pair of leather lace up shoes.

I will leave you some milk and cookies.

Your good friend,
Amy Ross Sparks
1933 Dixie Hwy., Moorefield

Dear Santa,

My name is Eric Wayne Sexton and I am six years old. I have tried to be a good boy but it is hard. I would like a 4x4 truck, a computer, transformers, and some clothes.

Don't forget my mommy, daddy, mamaw and papaw and all other boys and girls. I will leave you some cookies and milk under the tree.

Love,
Eric

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Love,
Jay

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Please remember my little brother Jay and all the other little boys and girls in the world who aren't as fortunate as Jay and myself.

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Thank you for thinking of us and please remember all the other boys and girls all around the world.

Mrs. Becker's and
Mrs. Wilson's Kindergarten

Dear Santa Claus,

My name is Kendall Blane McLean and I'm two years old. I've tried to be good all year, but when you're two it's impossible. This year I would like for you to bring me a Fisher Price barn set, a tractor and wagon, chain saw, Masters of the Universe figures and Battle Cat. Also I need a toy box to put all that stuff in.

Please don't forget to stop and leave things for Tweety, Mark, Kim, Shawn, Terry, David, Niki and Tiffany, who live in Georgia; Nathan and Sonja, who live in Paris; Tyler, Amera and Cameron, who live in Richmond, and little Ashley because it's her first Christmas. Also don't forget me Daddy, Mommy and big brother David, and Mamaw Kelly and Mamaw and Papa McLean and all my aunts and uncles. There will be something to eat for you under the tree.

I love you,
Kendall Blane McLean

Dear Santa Claus,

My name is David Foster McLean and I'm seven years old. I've tried to be good, but it's too hard to do, but I hope you still stop and see me anyway. This year I would like for you to bring me a Transformer semi truck, a Big Foot and a Bible. Also please bring some Masters of the Universe figures for me and my brother to share and also Battle Cat and a toy chest. I won't tell you not to forget to bring other people in my family stuff, because my little brother took care of that in his letter.

There will be something under the tree for you to eat.

P.S. Leave some surprises in my stocking for me.

I love you,
David Foster McLean
, 1923 Cassidy Creek Rd., Carlisle

Dear Santa,

My name is Danita and I am 8 years old. I've tried to be a good girl this year, so could you bring me some new toys and games. I would like Huggins and Hug-a-Bye, Butterbear, a Cabbage Patch Preemie, a Real Baby, Share Bear and Hungry, Hungry Hippo. Please bring Marsha an ironing board. Try not to forget my brothers, my cousins and friends.

Love,
Danita Livingood

Dear Santa,

My name is Wesi and I am 5 years old. I have tried to be good this year but it was hard. Could you please bring me a new bicycle with a kickstand, a Bumblebee, Voltor, Horde, a Kroseform watch and Grimlock. My daddy needs a new pair of tennis shoes. I'll leave you a snack by the Christmas tree.

Love,
Wes Livingood

Dear Santa,

My name is Blake and I have been as good as I could and can be. Could you bring me a Wuzzle, a set of Wonder Blocks, a play gun and any other toys you think I might need. Please don't forget my mamaws and papaws and watch out for the fire in the chimney.

Love,
Blake Roser

Dear Santa Claus:

My name is Jeremy and I've been good this year. I've already told you once what I wanted for Christmas but I want to write to make sure you don't forget. I want Snake Mountain, a motor bike, a wrestling figure and anything else you want to bring. I will leave you cookies and milk under the tree.

I love you,
Jeremy Warner

Dear Santa,

I am 2 years old. My mommy is helping me write this letter. I have been a good girl this year. I would like for you to bring me a Cabbage Patch doll and a He-Man doll and any other toys you would like to bring me. Don't forget my baby brother, Matthew, who is 3 months old. I will leave you milk and cookies under the tree.

Love,
Sumner Ring
Matthew Ring

Dear Santa,

My name is Joshua Brent Wade. I am 16 months old. I would like for Christmas a farm set and a talking telephone and a Big Foot and clothes and pair of cowboy boots. Since I am not old enough to write, my Granny Smart is writing for me. Please don't forget my Mom. Bring her something real special and bring everybody else a nice for my Daddy. Don't forget Pajaw Smart and Mamaw Smart and my Mamaw Louise. Don't forget all my aunts and uncles because they are real good to me. Don't forget all the children in the world that don't have as much love as I get. Mom and Mamaw will leave you some milk and cookies under the tree or coffee if you want. Have a safe trip so I can see you next year.

P.S. Please don't forget Joe as he is real good to me.

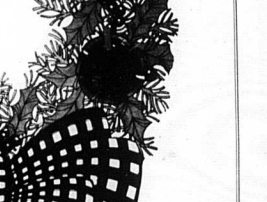
I love you Santa,
Love, Joshua

GREETINGS

To our many fine customers: may your Holiday Season be full of happy blessings and Christmas cheer.

Lee's Restaurant

Lee & Edith Bentz



Greetings

Hope your Christmas is bright with love and joy.

Dee Jay Auto Parts

Hear the sounds of Christmas: festive chimes, carolers' songs, laughter and words of good fellowship. The spirit of Christmas is welcomed once more! Merry Christmas to one and to all!

DEPOSIT BANK of Carlisle, Ky.

Established 1866

Our Second Century of Dependable and Dignified Service

Down Memory Lane ... from the Mercury files of bygone years

10 years ago

Thursday, January 1, 1976

Harvey Wagoner, chairman of the Nicholas County Extension Council, has presented a five-year pin to Joyce Booth, County Extension secretary on behalf of the University of Kentucky for five years of service. Mr. Wagoner congratulated her for faithful service to the people of Carlisle and Nicholas County as receptionist and secretary in the County Extension Office located in the basement of the courthouse.

Kentucky State Police Trooper John Hall, Carlisle, was recently voted "Trooper of the Year" by fellow troopers assigned to Post 6, Dry Ridge. Hall, presently assigned to Nicholas County, worked in Boone County 1970-74. KSP Capt. Dalle Forster called the honor "not just another popularity contest. The troopers cast their votes according to who they think has done the best all-around job."

Mrs. Sarah Fryman, Worthy Matron, and Harry Budden, Worthy Patron of Marie Chapter 250 Order of the Eastern Star, presented a Nellie Meadows print to Ken Driggs, administrator of Johnson-Mathers Home, Inc. This print will be placed in room 12 at Nicholas County Hospital, the room that the Marie Chapter originally furnished when the hospital was built in 1951 and lately which the chapter has helped to redecorate.

Eugene Letcher, a well-known Nicholas County farmer, was named to the County Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation (ASC) committee by delegates to the county convention held December 18. The delegates also elected Cliff Vice and Bobby Brady as first and second alternates to the committee. The Nicholas County ASC Committee for 1976 are Eugene Letcher, chairman; Edgar Allen Darrell, vice chairman, and Matthew Kennedy, regular member.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. James W. Smith, Mt. Sterling, a son, Damion Eric, December 21 at Central Baptist Hospital, Lexington.

DIED — Nicholas County Judge Floyd Clark, 74, December 26 at Nicholas County Hospital. — Henry C. Daniels, 83, Dec. 19 at Johnson-Mathers Nursing Home. — William Thomas Shirelds, 54, Dec. 20 at home in Mt. Sterling. — Mrs. Hazel Biddle, 56, wife of Clarence Biddle, Dec. 22 at Nicholas County Hospital. — Ruth Mae Cunningham Steele, wife of Robert Steele, Pittsburg, PA, Dec. 23

20 years ago

Thursday, December 30, 1965

Circuit Judge John P. Lair denied a dance hall permit to Leonard Soaps at Jacktown at a hearing held Dec. 15, 1965 on a petition from County Judge Floyd Clark's County Court, who had also denied the permit.

Gayla Wilson won first place in the Nicholas County 1965 Soil Conservation essay contest entitled "Water — Its Effect on My Community." Ann Burden was second place, Robert 'Rocky' Talbert won third, Bill Gaunce fourth, Linda Tapp fifth and Fay McClanahan sixth. There were 528 essays written.

Chasing the county fire truck is probably considered fun, but according to Woodie Wilson, fire chief, it can become expensive fun. Wilson and Jim Ledford, a volunteer fireman, informed this newspaper that persons, mostly youngsters, were becoming so obnoxious with their cars that it had become necessary to take license numbers. If a warning did not bring a halt to their antics, then a warrant would be processed for their arrest.

Roger Womack, volunteer chairman of Nicholas County's Savings Bonds Committee, reported sales of $0,227 in both Series E and H Bonds during November. For the year, sales reached $57,857 of the annual goal of $140,400.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. James Moore, a daughter, Monica Wood, Dec. 19 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. William Vaughan Jr., a son, Dec. 20 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Donnie Earlywine, Mt. Olivet, a daughter, Ann Marie, at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Mitchell, a daughter, Tammy Lynn, Dec. 21 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fryman, Ewing, a son, Jeffery Paul, Dec. 22 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Sue Granville Irvin and Jackie Eugene Patrick, Dec. 10 in the chapel of the First Methodist Church of Ashland. — Miss Imogene Wagoner and George Franklin Asbury, Dec. 12 at the New Hill Methodist Church. — Miss Gail Sherwin and William Granville Irvin, Dec. 19 in the Methodist Chapel of March Air Force Base, Riverside, CA. — Miss Juanita Fryman and Larry Hurd, Dec. 5 at the Christian Church. — Miss Helen Jane Mitchell and Harold McVey, Dec. 24 by Rev. Frank Simons.

30 years ago

Thursday, January 2, 1936

Accompanied by the largest snowfall since the winter of 1917-18, a blizzard swept Kentucky Christmas Day, bringing the coldest weather since 1872. The cold weather reached its peak early Friday morning when thermometers registered from 4 to 15 degrees below zero. Traffic throughout Central Kentucky was practically halted Wednesday and Thursday with roads blocked by heavy snows.

Stockholders in the Nicholas County Building and Savings Association will receive a dividend of $3,698.35 on their stock Saturday, Jan. 4, according to announcement made by Sam K. Veach, secretary of the association — 1928 series, $3.25 per share; 1929 series, $4.20 per share; 1930 series, $3.65 per share; 1931 series, $3.10 per share; 1932 series, $2.50 per share; 1935 series, 90 cents per share.

The new city administration will be sworn into office at its first meeting Monday night at city hall. Mayor W.C. Talbert, along with holdover councilmen William Harper, E.A. Van Bever, Joe Scott, A.H. Fisher and Webb Buntin will again have charge of city affairs with J.D. Patton, replacing Chess Shearer, who was elected Nicholas County coroner.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Parker, Walton, a son, William Emmett, Dec. 19 at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Covington. — To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Letcher, Myers, a son, Dec. 23 at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. John L. Ellis, Detroit, Michigan, a daughter, Flora Jo, Dec. 28

MARRIED — Miss Betty Frederick and Adrian Anderson, Dec. 21 at the home of Rev. Ralph Thomas. — Miss Christine Baker and Everett M. Harney, Dec. 22. — Helen Wilson and Floyd Wills, by the Rev. Ralph Thomas.

DIED — William Claud Purcell, 45, Wednesday at home in Lexington. — Walker Francis Ward, 69, Monday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Milton Fryman.

50 years ago

Thursday, January 2, 1936

Accompanied by the largest snowfall since the winter of 1917-18, a blizzard swept Kentucky Christmas Day, bringing the coldest weather since 1872. The cold weather reached its peak early Friday morning when thermometers registered from 4 to 15 degrees below zero. Traffic throughout Central Kentucky was practically halted Wednesday and Thursday with roads blocked by heavy snows.

Stockholders in the Nicholas County Building and Savings Association will receive a dividend of $3,698.35 on their stock Saturday, Jan. 4, according to announcement made by Sam K. Veach, secretary of the association — 1928 series, $3.25 per share; 1929 series, $4.20 per share; 1930 series, $3.65 per share; 1931 series, $3.10 per share; 1932 series, $2.50 per share; 1935 series, 90 cents per share.

The new city administration will be sworn into office at its first meeting Monday night at city hall. Mayor W.C. Talbert, along with holdover councilmen William Harper, E.A. Van Bever, Joe Scott, A.H. Fisher and Webb Buntin will again have charge of city affairs with J.D. Patton, replacing Chess Shearer, who was elected Nicholas County coroner.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Parker, Walton, a son, William Emmett, Dec. 19 at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Covington. — To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Letcher, Myers, a son, Dec. 23 at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. John L. Ellis, Detroit, Michigan, a daughter, Flora Jo, Dec. 28

MARRIED — Miss Betty Frederick and Adrian Anderson, Dec. 21 at the home of Rev. Ralph Thomas. — Miss Christine Baker and Everett M. Harney, Dec. 22. — Helen Wilson and Floyd Wills, by the Rev. Ralph Thomas.

DIED — William Claud Purcell, 45, Wednesday at home in Lexington. — Walker Francis Ward, 69, Monday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Milton Fryman.

40 years ago

Thursday, January 3, 1946

Records just released by Miss Jimmie Henry, secretary-treasurer of the Carlisle Cemetery Co., revealed that during 1945 a total of 86 interments were made in the cemetery and there were three removals. Of interments 78 were adults and eight infants. Greatest cause of death was heart disease. Eighty-six burials of the year just over compare with 104 in 1944; 90 in 1943 and 96 in 1942.

Mrs. Lorraine B. Barlow, who spent Christmas at home here, left Wednesday for Marietta, Ohio, where she will enter upon her duties as Field Representative of the Red Cross in Southern Ohio.

Billy Woodall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Woodall and a graduate of Carlisle High School, has entered the University of Kentucky in the College of Arts and Sciences.

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