

FOCUS

**From Left Field
By
Josh Shepherd**



Though a famous poet once said "good walls make good neighbors", a barrier, a shoulder height wooden fence, did little to mend the quarreling between Edna Roberts and Nora Carson.

They never did seem to take on to each other, though each had never had much of a disagreement with other people.

But it was an interesting diversion for me, though, as I mowed Ms. Carson's yard when the two met each other late in the morning.

Nora, always one for a bit of gossip, would lean on her side of the fence and tried to start conversation as easily enough, but I knew from experience, there was hardly a time they spoke to each other that didn't end in a hurt of insults as they stalked back to their houses and slammed the back doors.

As a solace to those living nearby, they often kept their disagreements quiet but through sometimes, it seemed they were in gente conversation, neither approved of anything the other did. And being ones to speak their minds, they often let their disapproval be known in no uncertain terms.

"Edna, your dog has made away with one of my son's shoes again," Nora would start. "It seems to me if a body wants to keep a dog about, they should at least have the courtesy of keeping it tied up and not running about loose to bother folks."

"And where do you get off telling me how to keep my Danish," Edna growled. "Seems to me your ugly dog fence should be enough to discourage him from your backyard, as far as I can see."

Danish, Edna's pure bred Great Dane, laid its huge head on her shoulder and snuffled before making another trotting circuit around the backyard.

"That dog stands knee high to this fence here and you know it, Edna. Why he nipped steps across the fence as it is."

"Well if you'd keep your yard picked up there certainly wouldn't be anything for Danish to make off with, would there. Besides, there are other dogs in the neighborhood. I think you just want me to get rid of old Danish," Edna blurted with just a hint of agitation.

"Why nothing of the sort, nothing of the sort," Nora denied. "It doesn't matter to me in the slightest if you want to keep an old mutt around with you. Even if it is a little thief."

"Well I savor, you old biddy," Edna huffed. "Reckon if you cleaned more often than you spend in that garden there wouldn't be a problem."

By this time, both would be pressing their faces close to each other and from where I stood it looked as if they would come to blows. But they never did.

After a moment they would huff and return to their work with not another word to share.

And so it would go, day to day, like a ritual of sorts and most people living about had heard them fighting often enough it became regular background noise to most. At least nobody dared complain.

But as the summer months began to dwindle and my work went mostly toward school labor, the neighborhood would be given a slight reprieve from their battles, primarily because they tended to remain in-

side for the duration of the winter.

It was Christmas day and the Roberts, as usual, had left to visit family while the Carsons stayed home to entertain kin.

Though I had looked toward the Roberts home several hours before someone noticed how black it was and how thickly it pouzed from the Roberts chimney. Suddenly I heard sirens screaming and I poked my head outside the front door to watch firemen rushing hoses to the Roberts front door.

Axes tore through the upper awning, thick black smoke came pouring out and flames appeared. However, it wasn't long before the fire was quenched. It was found that Christmas tree lights had been left on which set fire to the Roberts old, dry Christmas tree. When it was over, the fire had all but gutted the inside of the Roberts home.

As people about the neighborhood were gearing to help, Nora came bursting out the door shouting most away and, much to anyone's surprise, said she would take care of the Roberts when they returned.

She didn't have to wait long. The last I saw of either of them that day, Nora was supporting Edna who had her face buried in her hands. Nora was nodding ardently talking quietly to calm Edna down as she led her gently inside the Carson home.

Notices were sent out soon afterward of a fire shower Nora arranged to help the Roberts family get some things back and arrangements were being made to rebuild the inside of the home. Edna was most grateful, and I remember on one occasion in between sobs, she thanked Nora deeply for all she had done.

She even patted Danish, which apparently the dog was unused to, snatching away the first chance he got and then regarding the woman with a slant of his head the way dogs do when confused.

By mid-March, workers had completed the finishing touches to the home and soon I was called to begin mowing Ms. Carson's yard again.

Yes, the ritual I had grown accustomed to for years had obviously changed.

Yet, the ritual I had grown accustomed to for years since the weather changed, though it was apparent a new garden was being started. Nora appeared listless and bowed and did not venture long in the back yard anymore.

That is until the day I noticed Edna kneeling behind her side of the fence weeding crab grass from the edge.

I was sitting on the back porch sipping water and preparing to finish the backyard when Nora sid open the back door to hang laundry to dry. But before she had finished pinning one sheet on the line, she noticed Edna and sauntered over to the fence and leaned over to speak.

I couldn't quite hear what she said but suddenly Edna stood up quickly waving her shears.

"What do you mean I'm not doing this right" she said indignantly. "Why I never, and I suppose that dog said yours hasn't been over here mowing up my garden, why, it's a wonder I can keep anything straight with Danish jumping over here every time he takes a mind to."

The squabbling continued long after I left, but I couldn't help noticing as I crept away, both women were smiling.

Guest Editorial

By Carol R. Bond

Will increases be downfall?

The recent decision by the Kentucky Council on Higher Education to increase tuition costs across the board at Kentucky universities for undergraduate and graduate students can be a stroke of genius or a creation of tragedy.

The cost increase if properly administered by university officials can benefit the educational process by allowing a more competitive compensation to faculty members. This will allow faculty members to increase average tenures, and become more involved in the growth and development of students on college campuses.

Colleges will be in a financial position to fill staff vacancies with better qualified, more experienced faculty members. Additionally, students will benefit from proper funds administration with state-of-the-art educational equipment for classroom instruction.

A genuine tragedy will occur should the additional funds be channeled into administrative salaries and an overall increase in the funding of the colleges' non-student-related programs.

With increased economic requirements of college students there is a supply and demand proposition. If students must pay more for an education - the education should be worth more.

Should an increase in tuition costs create an elitist setting on college campuses, it will continue to eliminate those who are ill prepared to pay for a college education, unless student aid programs are increased.

Increase in aid, using funds generated by the tuition increases, would be mismanagement at the highest.

This type of funds administration could effectively eliminate post secondary education for students from low and medium income families; traditionally a majority of the student population on many Kentucky campuses.

Introducing the 1989 Snow Queen Candidates



Name: Sarah Cox
Age: 17
Grade: 12
Parents: Marshall H. Cox and Martha M. Cox
Activities: Drama Club, FHA, Pep Club, French Club, Book Club and Junior Class Treasurer 88-89.



Name: Amy Hill
Age: 17
Grade: 12
Parents: Mrs. Joyce McFarland and Eddie Hill
Activities: Drama Club, Pep Club and Junior Class Treasurer 88-89.



Name: Toni Gray
Age: 17
Grade: 12
Parents: Mrs. Patricia Bridges and Layne Gray
Activities: Drama Club (President), Ecology Club (President), Pep Club, National Honor Society.

**Snow Queen Candidates
Top Row**

**Little Miss Snow Flake
Bottom Row**
Winners Announced Saturday Night!

The Carlisle Mercury

(USPS 090-820) Staff
Established 1887
Published by the Carlisle Mercury, Inc.
Phone 606-289-2464
Subscription Rates: \$10.00 per year in advance.
Single Copies: 25¢



Name: Julie Caswell
Grade: 6
Parents: Mr. and Mrs. John A. Caswell



Name: Pavia Pope
Grade: 7
Parents: Carolyn and Charles Pope



Name: Sarah Dixon
Grade: 6
Parents: Kathy and Donnie Dixon



Name: Misty Atkinson
Grade: 5
Parents: Brenda Auxier

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