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Letters to The Editor
The Carlisle Mercury
P.O. Box 272
Carlisle, Kentucky 40311

PLAIN TALK
BY TIM JONES

What I am thankful for this Thanksgiving.
I am thankful for the places I have seen, both near and far. I am thankful for some of the big things and all of the little things. I am thankful for my family, my friends and animals.

I am thankful for the porpoises.
We were sailing on the Philippines in the middle of a Southeast Asian summer. The air was wet and thick and everywhere you looked you saw the ocean stretch beyond sight. We were on a ghost gray ship, an island in the sea. It was about dark and the sun was setting on the horizon.

Myself and the duck. I was in a boat with a duck and green T-shirts, swimming and surfing the waves. Suddenly, everyone murmured and gathered at the water's edge.

And there they were. As far as a man could see in the twilight, hundreds, maybe thousands of porpoises, hitting the surface and going under again in all directions. I don't know what they were doing. I don't know why they were there. But they were a wonder and a joy in the hot, tropical twilight.

I am thankful for a blizzard.
We were in Bridgeport. A small base atop the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. It was late April and the snow, plentiful earlier in the month, had retreated to the highest mountain meadows and rocky hillsides.

We hiked far up the mountain. Up to where the air was thin. Our breath came ragged as we climbed a muddy trail into the hills. We were loaded like mules as we carried our weapons, our skis, our snowshoes and our food in heavy green packs that felt like lead weights on our backs and made our necks stiff and sore in the cold air.

We made camp in the snow as night came. We entered our tents to the light, soft sound of falling snow.
The snow fell all that night and the temperature dropped. Thirty degrees became 10 degrees in four hours. And the snow still fell.

Morning came and 14 inches of new snow had fallen. The clouds which had brought the snow were thin, blue-gray streaks against a bright, blue sky. As far as you could see the world was white in the cold, still air of morning.

The stony mountainside, where rocks and gnarly pine trees had been, were covered with snow. There was no trace of the muddy trail we had labored up in during grueling gain. The morning was new and fresh, as if Mother Nature had scoured and cleaned the hills.

I am thankful for the stars that light the skies and our minds.
I was in Norway at a NATO school. We were a mixed group of officers on patrol. Our group had cantankerous Dutchmen, happy Germans, easy-going Englishmen and independent, loud Americans.

We were coming up a wooded hillside in the mountains of Norway, just above the Arctic Circle. We had our skis on and walked up the hill with the crunching, chopping steps you can walk uphill when you have skis on your feet.

Halfway up the hill we could see the lights. I honestly thought they were floodlights on some vehicle waiting for us on top. When we reached the top, I could see they were not lights. At least, they were not floodlights.

The Northern Lights, which I had read about as a boy in a little Kentucky town, glowed and glistened in the night sky above the Arctic.

They were streaks of light across the sky and played and flowed before the eyes. They lit up the night like giant flashlights, bouncing their beams off the snow.

The Northern Lights were amazing. They allowed me to be two people at one time.

One was a short little boy. He read a book in his room in a white, frame house on top of a hill. He dreamed of far lands where frozen winds blew and stars lit the night like day.

The other was a short little man who stood sweating in a white, icy place at the top of the world. He thought about his looks and the warm room in his mother's house. And he thought, as the Northern Lights reflected off the snow, how dreams sometimes come true.

I am thankful for dogs.



He was a black dog, with a touch of white on his chest. He lived with my family from the time he was born to the day he died 14 years later.

He was originally named Schottsie. A boy down the road was sweet on my older sister and named the dog. He said the name meant "sweetheart" in German.

I don't know if Schottsie meant sweetheart or not, but he quickly became Shotty and then just plain Shots.

He was as thin as a wheat cracker and addicted to chasing trucks. He followed me to the basketball courts behind the elementary school every day.

Shots had a running feud with a skinny German Shepherd and had sworn, in his doggy mind I suppose, to fight this dog at every meeting.

I stepped at the IGA to get a Coke one day. I walked out with my basketball under my arm and old Shots leaped in behind me.

We climbed an earthen bank which separated the IGA from the school grounds and popped over a little rise. And there, at the bottom of the little bank were four girls I knew.

They were rag andy, and they were pretty and they were talkative. And interestingly, a 15 year old kid with a bad complexion.

The German Shepherd was standing in the middle of them. They were making over him and petting him.

Shots didn't waste any time. He ran down the little bank and leaped through the girls onto his mangy enemy.

The girls erupted in high pitched squeals and screams which sounded so funny when mixed with the growls and barks of the dogs. Even now, as I re-visit a smile comes to my face and my heart laughs at the thought of my little old black dog, a skinny German Shepherd and four teenage girls.

I am thankful for a great many things. I am thankful for my family and Thomas, my little two and a half year old nephew.

I am thankful for wooded ridges where the deer roam and the wind blows through the treetops.

I am thankful for my friends, especially those who sit in sandy, dusty Saudi Arabia calling Saddam Hussein's bluff.

Sometimes life depresses me, but then I think about other things. I think about my buddies and our trips to Mexico. I think about a deer as he bounds out of the woods and over a fence. I think about the people of Thomas as he says "How the hell is it?"

"I'd I realize," that really, I have a million things to be thankful for.

I imagine it isn't easy to give away your baby girl, particularly the ceremony itself passed like a blur. I know it probably lasted about an hour but it seemed like ten minutes to me.

The reception which followed was just as wonderful. I saw people I haven't seen in a long time and I had the chance to get to know the family of my new brother-in-law. There are a lot of them to know, too.

Lauri and Don didn't leave until after 1:00 in the morning, about the time the rest of my family left. I guess we didn't want a good time to end. We don't get to be together that often anyway.

It still makes me smile to think of the wedding. I am so happy for my sister and Don. I know they are going to have a great life together. It really feels good to share in others' joys, especially when that joy is as spectacular as two people in love.

READ BETWEEN THE LINES
BY KARA REED

Just a little over a week ago, my family had a new experience.

My sister got married. She is the second oldest but she was the first to tie the knot.

She became engaged last year around Christmas. It was no real surprise to anyone in my family. Of course, my grandmother was pleased as punch because her first granddaughter was going to be her first grandchild to be married.

Soon after the engagement, the plans began. This was not the easiest wedding to put together because my sister now lives in Detroit, my parents live in Virginia and the wedding was to take place in Covington.

But thanks to the help of relatives and friends, all the plans were made for a wonderful wedding celebration.

I looked forward to the event with excitement just like the rest of my family.

It was one of those times when you think the day will never come. After months of planning, show-ers, phone calls and letters, the weekend finally rolled around.

No matter how much planning is made and how organized you think you may be, nothing ever seems to be finished.

The day before the wedding, my mother and I ran around Northern Kentucky and Cincinnati in the house. It was such a gloomy day and everyone was worried it wouldn't clear up for THE BIG DAY.

God was looking down on the Reed family. Through, and it turned out to be a gorgeous November day.

The hours ticked away until it was time to start getting things ready. My sister and all of her bridesmaids, including myself, dressed at my cousin's house. We all wanted to look perfect and for Lauri, my sister, to look more than perfect. She did.

When the time came for me to walk down the aisle before Lauri, I could not suppress my happy grin. I couldn't stop smiling. I was bubbling with joy because I knew my sister was starting a wonderful life.

Apparently my dad did not seem as overjoyed. I couldn't see him, but I heard that my usually unemotional father looked as if he was going to cry.

Tourism Talk

After requesting information on the early days of the county jail two local persons responded. Jackie Randolph shared a copy of the Carlisle Mercury dated May 20, 1900. The issue is full of county history including an article and photograph of just one of the prisoners who appeared in 1900. The photograph shows two people facing a revolution in the way state government does business.

"One way or the other, we are facing a revolution in the way state government does business or the taxpayers of our state will fashion a revolution of their own."

James told the crowd at the Pritchard Community Center in Elizabethtown that his campaign will reflect a vision they share for Kentucky.

"We believe in ethics in proposed a dramatic change in the way such campaigns are financed.

Noting that the current limit on individual contributions is \$4,000, Jones asked, "How many people do you know who can afford to give \$4,000 to a candidate for public office?"

"I believe that we should lower that limit from \$4,000 per person to \$100. That would give almost everybody the chance to participate in our elections."

Such a change "will definitely help reduce the extreme amount of money that we put into elections, and will be an Continued on Page 9"

James makes it official

Bereton Jones officially announced his candidacy for Governor of Kentucky on November 9, saying it is time to revolutionize the way state government does business.

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GENERAL NEWS

Landfill to close

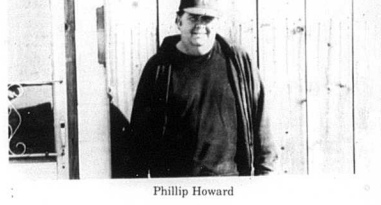
Continued from Page 1
"But people have to understand," wife slides up and tears the snail out of the dozer. It costs about \$1500 to fix every seal," Howard added.

Howard said the state is very strict on small county sealed landfills like Nicholas County.

"The state always comes by and wants us to visit what they call "model" landfills," Howard said.

"One of the landfills the state took us to visit was the one in Trimble County," Howard said, "and it turned out that one had some water contamination problems."

Howard looks for the landfill to close on time in 1992. The county just doesn't have the money or the population to support the landfill after that, Howard felt.



Phillip Howard



John Earlywine crushes trash with a bulldozer at the Nicholas County landfill. The trash brought into the landfill must be compacted by the dozer, which weighs 25 tons, in order to stop contamination of groundwater. The Nicholas County Fiscal Court has announced plans to phase the landfill out by 1992. The court has announced the plan in order to avoid a significant increase in maintenance and inspection costs after 1992. The estimated cost of meeting the 1992 landfill rules is over \$600,000 a year, according to landfill manager Phillip Howard and several engineers contacted this week.

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