OPINION

Guest Editorial

Davis Votes Against Farm Bill

By Dale Greer
Columnist

Our Fourth District Congressman Geoff Davis came up with a far- out story in his Fourth District Report last week.

He tried to explain his opposition to the Farm Bill-- doing anything to help small farmers by saying: "In light of recent food safety concerns, particularly with regard to imports from China, some Democrats have proposed an irrational and unworkable solution in the form of increased trade barriers."

Baloney, Mister Davis. The trade barriers are designed to protect small American farmers from foreign competition.

Davis is a stereotypical Republican. His friends are corporate farms. Davis is in bed with Green Giant, Libby---the big boys who squeeze the little farmers out. How do Nicholas County farmers with 20 acres in a crop compete with farms that have 100,000 acres in a crop?

Davis later added or changed his reason for voting against the Farm Bill.

He told other media, "At the eleventh-hour, Democrats inserted a costly, anti-competitive proposal into the 2007 Farm Bill to pay for wasteful spending instead of implementing much needed reform."

The tax proposal Mister Davis so violently opposes is not on American farmers but foreign corporations operating in the United States who pay no taxes on some earnings as a result of international trade agreements, another unfair advantage over American enterprises. He failed to mention that.

The tax simply closes a loophole millionaires and foreign corporations use to evade taxes in the United States.

House Speaker Nancy Pelosi says, "The Farm Bill represents a critical first step toward reform by eliminating payments to millionaires, closing loopholes that permit evasion of payment limits, and promoting our nation's family farmers."

The bill is far from perfect and even has some Democrats and liberals upset. For example government commodity payments still seem to favor large farms over small ones, and many think subsidies should be cut out altogether for a more creative plan to help farm families.

The problem seems to be that the farm bill tries to be all things to all people. The Democrats are caught in the middle of this, but at least they are dedicated to helping small family farms survive, and not playing strictly to the huge corporate farms as are Davis and his fellow Republicans.

The bill does not do enough to help small farmers, but as Speaker Pelosi said, "the farm bill represents a critical first step in getting small farmers to the place they can compete once again."

Don't be flim flamed, Nicholas County farmers. Both parties have their faults but no one would argue that it's the Democrats who at least have some interest in helping the little guy.

The Republicans traditionally cater only to the rich and powerful. And Davis is always on the side of the fat cats.

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Bond's Broadcast

Bond's Broadcast
By Hank Bond

If you're interested in seeing the twins, stop by the office from 1-2 p.m. on Friday. This will be the last time until after Christmas they will be here.

It's really kind of difficult to know where to begin.

But this week I'll give it a try when I talk about my family and my family's families.

As many may know Amy, her husband Ben, and the twins are in Kentucky for 10 days, and they are spending that time with us here in Carlisle.

I just want you to know that I believe in being conservative when it comes to buying plane tickets. That's especially true when they can run up to $658 each, round-trip.

When we knew Amy was coming home and she wanted to attend Marilyn's family reunion over in Pendleton County, the hunt for tickets was on.

When it came time to buy the tickets the cheapest route was to fly into Columbus. Oh, well, it's about four hours from our door to Port-Columbus -- and four hours back. That time expands slightly when you take the wrong exit north of Cincinnati and end up on old US 27 through parts of the Cincinnati proper.

We finally crossed the Ohio River and we were on our way. Well, that is until the babies had to have a rest stop to eat.

All-in-all it's been a big week at the Bond household anyway.

Carol, our oldest daughter, along with her husband Matt and son Evan are residents at our house. They live in a doublewide in Fleming County and for the past week or so they have been without air conditioning and it has been 100 degrees in their house.

On Monday this came to an end as the parts arrived and the air conditioning was repaired.

Evan didn't want to go home to Flemingsburg, since he will now be out of the action, but he'll be back soon enough to spend some more time with his Papaw, and oh yes, his three first cousins. I think he's spending the night at least once more.

He's playing soccer in both fall and spring, but his first game was Tuesday and we hope to be on hand for his next athletic adventure sometime later in the week.

My mother-in-law was back for a couple days, as she came home with us following the reunion, so we had a house full.

There's something great about having Lois cook pancakes. The kids love them and more importantly I don't have to cook. I don't mind doing the dishes (the dishwasher works great) and when I don't have to cook it's a 15-minute clean-up. It seems like when I cook lots more gets dirty.

It's a personal thing to me, having everyone at home. With children living as far away as Nevada it's not a common thing to have all four of our children, their respective spouses and those grandchildren all in the same place at the same time. On Friday of last week all the kids and grandkids were in our house. We even had some extra company.

Sometimes I shut my eyes and I just can't believe that I have all of these children and all of these grandchildren.

I am a little sad my mom didn't get to see any of what would have been her great grandchildren. I know she would have certainly enjoyed them. She was a real rocker. She'd rock for hours.

Amy and Ben will be here until Sunday. If you ever want time to fly by quickly, have your children come home for 10 days. If we didn't have to work I would assume it would pass a little slower, but it has flown by that's for sure.

The twins are an amazing

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Veloz Viewpoints

Veloz Viewpoints
By Amy Bond Veloz

Greetings from...Kentucky! I hope you are all having a great week.

So far, this week has been pretty great. We flew in from Nevada last Thursday night. We got in technically on Friday morning since we landed around 1:30 a.m. The babies flew very well. There was some minor fussing but it was nothing like I had feared it would be. The worst part of the flight was that Ben and I weren't allowed to sit together.

The flight was completely full with not one single empty seat. Therefore, if three adults were in one row with two infants and there happened to be a change in pressure requiring the oxygen masks, one of the babies would be without oxygen. We were able to sit across the aisle from each other, but it just isn't the same.

We didn't really get to talk much to each other on the flight. I held Antonio for part of the flight but after a minor collision of heads between Analise and Antonio when I was in the bathroom, I held Analise to comfort her. She ended up falling asleep on me and slept for the duration of the flight until I woke her up to eat as we were descending so she wouldn't have trouble with her ears.

Dad and Carol met us at the airport and were happy to see Ben and Evan. I think they were probably happiest to see Analise and Antonio. Of course, I can't blame them. I would probably be happier to see them too. They are awfully cute!

We got to Carlisle around 7 a.m. after the drive back from Columbus -with a few stops for eating on the way, one for us and one for the babies.

Friday we spent the day resting and trying to recuperate from the time change and lack of sleep. We did get to go to dinner at the Lodge for their seafood night. It was really good food. The babies got a little fussy as we were finishing up because we had to wait and after smelling all the food, they were hungry too.

Saturday, we traveled north to my family reunion. Unfortunately, it was hot and sticky so we weren't able to spend too much time there. The babies definitely aren't used to being outside in heat and humidity like that. But, we were able to visit with family for a short while and it was nice.

It was good seeing most of my family, whom I hadn't seen since October when I was in Kentucky for my baby shower. I think the twins were a hit. People commented on how cute they are. I couldn't help but agree with them. And even though it was hot and sticky, the babies were on their best behavior.

After we left the reunion, we went to my Grandma's house for a visit. It was much cooler there and our visiting time was much nicer. My cousins were able to play with the babies and my Grandma got some time to visit with them as well. At one point, Grandma had Analise laughing out loud as she was playing with her on the bed. It was so precious. I think Analise really likes her Great-Grandma!

Grandma came home with us for a couple of days. I was so excited that we were going to get to visit with her for an extended period of time.

We had a house full and I thought it was great. Carol, Matt and Evan had been staying at Mom and Dad's for a brief stint while their air conditioning was being fixed and then of course, Beth and Sadie Jo were there too. We even got to spend some time with Michael while he was in for the family reunion and then stopped by the house for a few hours once we were back in town.

I can't remember how long it has been since we were all in the same place at the same time. It has definitely been a long time!

Anyway, Sunday morning we got up and Grandma made us pancakes. I love her pancakes. Don't get me wrong, my Mom makes great pancakes too. So does my husband. But there is just something about Grandma's pancakes.

After a nap with the ba-

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Talkin' From The Mountains

Talkin' From The Mountains
By Dale Greer

Love Conquers All

When my stepson was nine, I helped coach his baseball team.

A grimy little kid came along one day and started yelling cuss words and insults over the fence at the children on the practice field.

A couple of the boys on the team started after the verbal abuser to chase him off, but Dorsey, our Head Coach, called them back and ordered them to ignore him. The kid yelled over the fence for a few more minutes and left.

He was back the next day to scream insults over the fence again. This time, Dorsey walked in from the outfield and motioned me to follow him. He went through the gate and walked quickly toward the guilty party.

The little kid was gutsy. He stood his ground yelling, "You can't do nothing to me. I have a right to be here, too."

Dorsey walked up to the kid and asked calmly. "Why aren't you playing baseball?"

"I don't like baseball," the kid said. "It's a stupid old game."

Dorsey glared at the kid. "I know why you don't play. You don't have a glove, do you?"

The kid just lowered his head.

Dorsey walked over to his car, opened the trunk and pulled out his own fielder's glove. He walked back and threw the glove to the kid. It wasn't just any glove. It was an expensive MacGregor, autographed by Willie Mays.

"Now you have a glove," he told the kid, "and you're on my team."

The kid stroked the glove like it was gold. "Do I have to give it back?" he asked.

"Not if you play baseball the rest of the season."

The kids continued to run his fingers up and down the glove, his eyes wide in wonderment.

"Who do you live with" asked Dorsey.

"My Mother."

"Where?"

The kid told him and Dorsey turned to me. "How about driving over there and seeing if his Mother will sign an application form?"

I drove to the address the kid gave us. The house was not much more than a chicken coop. His Mother came to the door. I told her why I was there. She nodded and signed the paper. I had turned to leave when she called out.

"You tell that coach thank you."

I drove back to the community park and gave the signed application to Dorsey. He told the grimy little kid to take the field. The other kids just glared at him. To them, he was the enemy who had been cussing them.

Some of the parents watching practice in the stands called me over and asked me what it was all about. I told them the story and they took up a collection in the stands of about $40.00.

After practice, Dorsey called the kid over. "We got some rules," he told the little boy. "No more cussing, no more belligerence, you show up to practice with a clean face and clean hands, and tomorrow you're going to stand up in front of the whole team and apologize for yelling at them over the fence. You understand?"

"Okay," the kid mumbled.

"And you have to wear tennis shoes."

"Ain't got none," the kid said.

"Get in the car," said Dorsey, holding up the money the parents had collected, "we're going to get you some right now."

Dorsey had enough money left over from the tennis shoes to buy the kid a couple of T-shirts to wear to practice. Parents pitched in enough at the next practice to buy him a baseball uniform.

The kid kept his promise to apologize. He told the whole team he was sorry for yelling at them. It was a courageous thing for him to do, not easy for a boy his age. Kids that age are also quick to forgive. The other boys soon embraced him as a teammate and a friend.

By the end of the season, he was a happy little guy who always wore a big smile. He never missed practice or a game, and he loved the attention he got from the other kids' parents. He got lots of hugs and he gave lots of hugs. And boy, did he love that glove Dorsey gave him.

It would make a better story if I could tell you that he developed into a great baseball player and grew up to play in the World Series, but he didn't. He wasn't very good, but that didn't stop him from being at practice every day, and when he got in a game he played with great enthusiasm if not great ability.

I don't know what happened to him. I never saw him again after the season ended. I like to think he's now a Bank President, or very successful at something. Maybe he's coaching Little League.

I do know the boy learned a lot more than how to play baseball that summer. So did I.

Dale Greer is a member of the faculty at Morehead State University. He has an expansive background in media including award winning reporting and stints as a major television anchor. He can be reached via email at, ddgreer@roadrunner.com

OPINION

Fourth District Report

4th District Report
By Geoff Davis
4th District Congressman

Supporting Farmers; Opposing Tax Increases

Last week the House considered H.R. 2419, the Farm, Nutrition, and Bioenergy Act of 2007, also known as the 2007 Farm Bill. The reauthorization of this farm bill is vital to our nation's farmers. The House Agriculture Committee passed a bipartisan bill that enjoyed broad support in the House and that I would have been proud to support. But, once again, the House leadership chose to put politics over policy by inserting a costly, anti-competitive, multi-billion dollar tax increase into the legislation at the 11th hour before bringing the bill to the House floor for a vote. Due to the last minute addition of the tax increase, I voted against the bill.

The farm bill is especially important to Kentucky's farmers as they transition from traditional cash crops like tobacco to diversified, alternatives that will sustain our family farms in the 21st Century. Our farmers' livelihoods are directly affected by the policy set forth in the farm bill. Last year, I hosted town hall meetings in Maysville and New Castle with Secretary of Agriculture Mike Johanns to listen to Kentucky farmers.

I supported the farm bill as endorsed by the Kentucky Farm Bureau. Unfortunately, we lost the vote on the House floor for a clean bill focused on continuing the conservation programs and price support safety net that farmers depend on.

There were good aspects of the bill that reauthorized important conservation programs like the Conservation Reserve Program, the Wetlands Reserve Program, the Conservation Security Program, the Grassland Reserve Program, the Environmental Quality Incentives Program, the Farmland Protection Program, and the Wildlife Habitat Incentive Program. The bill reauthorized many of the proven provisions of the 2002 bill that provide price supports for corn, soybeans, and other crops grown in Kentucky. It also provided for continuing trade programs important for helping U.S. businesses export agricultural products, like the Market Access Program. Critical rural development and nutrition programs were included.

Time and again, Republican Committee members sought to ensure that tax increases would not be used to pay for this legislation. However, a provision was inserted that would unnecessarily tax U.S. businesses that are subsidiaries of foreign companies. Based on the addition of the tax increase, the President has threatened to veto the bill should it reach his desk in its current form.

U.S. subsidiaries of foreign owned companies support more than 87,000 jobs in Kentucky, more than half of which are in the manufacturing industry. Manufacturing jobs pay above average wages and provide important benefits for workers, such as health insurance. This tax increase could impact more than 5 million jobs nationwide.

We need to be encouraging greater investment in our economy, not passing legislation that will endanger both job creation and economic expansion. Congress has once again wasted time and the taxpayers' money on legislation that will never become law. It is unclear what will happen in the Senate, but I hope the Senate will send to the House legislation that strengthens our nation's agricultural industry without raising taxes and without sacrificing Kentucky jobs.

Steve's Report

Steve's Report
By Steve Scalf

It was after 11 a.m. and I needed to be at the airport in two hours if I wanted to catch my flight. Releasing an exaggerated sigh, I turned off the television, heaved myself up out of my comfortable recliner and headed upstairs to start packing.

I'm normally pretty self-motivated. It's not like me to put things off until the last minute. I don't like things hanging over my head. I am more likely to get right on a chore and get it out of the way so I can enjoy my leisure time without worrying about it later. All those times my mother scolded, "Work before play!" must have eventually done the trick because even now, it's hard for me to quit before a job is done.

Every once in a while, however, I find myself stepping out of character and putting things off until literally the last minute. I have lived with myself long enough to realize that this kind of delay is normally the sign of a deep, internal struggle. If I'm dragging my feet, it's not because I don't want to do my duty – over the years, I've learned to do a fairly decent job at things I don't necessarily enjoy.

One summer when I was in high school, the city condemned a whole neighborhood block because the houses were no longer fit to live in. They sold off each house for only $1 under the condition that the owner would clean up the house, fix it and bring it up to modern code, and then live in it for at least one year. A family that attended our church bought one of the houses and hired a handful of us teenage boys to clean it out. If we did a good job, they would pay us $100 for the week. To a 15 year old, $100 sounded like a lot of money, so I signed up.

On the first day, my friend and I were sent downstairs to start on the basement. Power had been shut off, so the only light we had was what made its way through the grimy windows. Sean and I made our way downstairs slowly, trying to let our eyes adjust to the darkness – and let our noses grow accustomed to the stench. We got to the bottom of the stairs and stepped out onto the wet, mushy, and uneven floor. We were both surprised how low the ceiling was – only about 5 ft high – neither of us could stand up straight.

Sean was a couple steps ahead of me when he suddenly let out a yell then disappeared with a splash. It was just like that scene in Star Wars when Han Solo, Chewbacca, and Luke were in that trash pit and Luke suddenly disappeared. Sean came up coughing and gagging, and stinking to high heaven.

Turns out the sewage pipes had backed up into the basement. The previous occupants had continued throwing their dirty clothes and trash down there as well. In the darkness, Sean didn't realize he had reached the edge of the trash pile and had stepped off the edge, landing face first in the filthy water.

The owners gave each of us a pair of hip waders and thick rubber gloves and we spent the rest of the week filling up 5-gallon buckets with muck and hauling it upstairs. We worked as hard and as fast as we could so we could hurry back outside to get some fresh air as we emptied our buckets. By the end of the week, that $100 didn't seem like such a great deal anymore.

The point of this disgusting little story was to illustrate that I am not put off by any kind of job, no matter how nasty it is. As a matter of fact, the nastier it is, the harder I will work at it to get it out of the way all the sooner. But if I can spend a week up to my knees in sewage, why was I finding it so difficult to drag my backside out of the La-Z-Boy to do something as easy as packing my suitcase for a trip?

It was so unlike me to procrastinate that I really had to think about it before the answer finally came to me. I wasn't delaying because I find traveling so awful – it's actually quite fun and exciting. No, the unpleasant task I was avoiding wasn't the journey, or even the work I had to do while away.

It was the prospect of leaving home again.

We've moved around a

See STEVE'S Page 6

Notice is hereby given to all creditors pursuant to KRS 424.340 that the Nicholas District Court has appointed personnel representatives as follows:

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Naomi R. Dale 3212 Maysville Road Carlisle, KY 40311	Phyllis C. Darrell Gaunce 3472 Maysville Road Carlisle, KY 40311	Executrix	Dawn C. Letcher 125 E. Main Street Carlisle, KY 40311	7/11/2007
Elizabeth C. Berry 2323 Concrete Road Carlisle, KY 40311	Helen J. Emmons 1306 Old Maysville Road Carlisle, KY 40311	Co-Executor	Eric Tedder 106 E. Main Street P.O. Box 186 Carlisle, KY 40311	7/25/2007
Elizabeth C. Berry 2323 Concrete Road Carlisle, KY 40311	James Allen Berry 429 Sharon Way Carlisle, KY 40311	Co-Executor	Eric Tedder 106 E. Main Street P.O. Box 186 Carlisle, KY 40311	7/25/2007

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Witness, my hand this the 31st day of July, 2007.

s/Sandye Watkins
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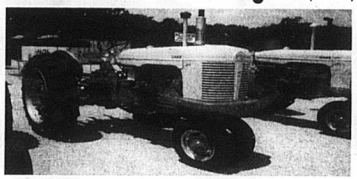

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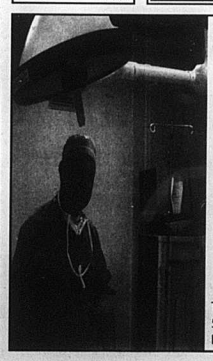

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