Blackey

PROFESSOR’S REACT WITH CONSTERNATION TO RECENT ‘LETHAL’ RECIPE

BY LARRY CAUDELL

The sadie and Sadie Candill spread the Thanksgiving turkey and tings for Mrs. and Mrs. Cressias and Scotty and Mr. and Mrs. John Debrox and all of Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Hagar Whitaker and Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker all of Hal-

lie. Miss Sadie Bell Candill and Her-

shelf Riley and Mr. and Mrs. Danny Ray were among the stu-

dents at Eastern State College who got home for the holiday.

Mrs. Susan Hamilton of Lotts

Creek Community Center was with the D. B. Backe.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Heaf of Co-

lumbia, Ind., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Blairs. Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Crase and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Camp of Columbus visited their father, Jim Dage-

ner, and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Stull visited her mother Mr. Kermit Abex.

Jim May was taken to a Louis-

ville hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Dixon of \n
Whitman visited the parents Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Dixon at Blackey and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bush on Leatherwood.

When Jenkins was with Mr. and

Mrs. John D. W. Collins.

Georgia Blair was home from Morehead State College and Miss Toshie State from Alice Lloyd College with the Frank Blair fam-

ily. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Collins were home from the work from Greenland, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Duggan of Cincinnati and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dugger of Greenland, Ind., were with the Chester Dage-

ner.

Mrs. Donald Whitaker of New-

pava, Texas, was in for a visit

with various kids.

The old story is not new of the fallon who wanted to quit his office and parked it, rode home on the fun and reported his car stolen from his garage. The police

found it where he had left it. Uncle Rell Hamper did just that with his mak-o-moe, Mrs. Lep

whitaker recalled. He carried a

buck of flour from the store at

Rusere to the home on Kings

Creek, wiped sweat and comple-

ted entirely to Aunt Jus by mak-

ing him one such a he.

Aunt

Blaine, "What’s the meal?"

He had left it in front of the store, and hand to walk back and get it.

In case you never before heard of

Blame. History Branch of Camp

Branch of Blame Creek at the

North Fork of the Kentucky River, Jem Bowe lived at the mohut of

it in the first decade of this Cen-

tury.

Of fond memory is Blame of Blame Creek who lived to be 99 and for many years lived to point out on a 10-acre field he once plow-

ed with a wooden plow that didn’t have a piece of iron in it. It was

bewed out of a red beech tree. The

show fort was the plow point, and

the other forts the torque. A voice of

oars pulled it. I pointed out to

Harriett Gibson and little Darrin

that millions of farmers of the red

paddles of the Orrin still use simi-

lar plows and water buffalo are

their own.

Note comes from Mrs. Naomi

O’Keen, director of the Test Bureau of the University of Louisville of

appreciation of a clipping from

The Mountain Eagle regarding the

art of our pioneer mountain

centers in making home brew.

She reports “Great celebration has

ensued amongst our city slick-

ers, for in these busy er-

vons, the worthy inhabitants are

given over to test full grains and

lines of this, and that, and the

other. Sudden of all was the Ph.

D. chemist in one of our local

disciple’s who presented to me

through his thick lenses as if I

were from some space, parsed

his lips, cleared his throat, pub-

lished slick, smooth-accurate

jaw and had the gait to deny that

people could not have produced

anything nonchalant and fit for hu-

man consumption outside the nar-

ri walls of a proper brewery.

Well, now, we’ve got to pay a
certain amount of deference to

the professor and his scientific

knowledge but we insist remem-

ber that some of us have survived

that home-born era and will

remind a Brand of the professor’s

warning about the deadly qualities

imputed to our brew and that may-

be he ought to storm up on drinking

the stuff. He might die young.

He is only 83.

We have herebefore mention-

ed Blame Neese, who lived to

99, it is said that he actually

preferred the brew to good, hon-

est, double-dirted corn liquor,

which made him somewhat of a

curiosity in his day and time.

Mrs. O’Neen went on

“I am sincerely indebted to you

and all the boys who gathered

in Preacher E. D. Backe’s store and

tasted this profound matter. I am

a tea-taker, myself, but per-

haps through dint of these effor-

t and dedication the gentle are can

be revived.

I have ponted a question of

great interest to the readers of

Allen Trio’s Greetings column

but I do no doubt at all that you

and the boys at the store could

have solved the puzzle without

a flicker of an eyelash had I but

had the foresight to write you

first.

There may be some kith and

kin around and about of John

Summer and Viscata Mockney.

Well, here is a bit of realistic

literary.

Once upon a time, John was

the school teacher on Roomhouse and

stayed at the Wilkie Candill home.

He came from school one after-

noon and asked to borrow Wilkie’s

black horse. Quizzed as to the

reason, he was awnirce and rode

off. Also the rock wall at the Wil-

liam Mockney place waint Victo-

rial. She ceremony the horse be-

hind John and they rode away in

shingles.

Marry gift idea

for everyone on your Christmas list:

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Brother Bob

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NOTICE

To whom it may concern

I will be responsible for no debts other than my own.

JIM SHORT

Whitesburg

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