

# Looking Back

## 25 Years Ago - December 19, 2000

The Small World Child Development Center on Shelby Street was selected by Falmouth City Council as the most improved commercial property in the city and received a \$200 award.

The most improved residential property belonged to Barry Miller on Fifth and South Liberty streets. He also received \$200.

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The Kentucky State Police and the Pendleton County Sheriff's Office are advising county residents to secure their all-terrain vehicles. There have been at least six thefts of ATVs in the past two months.

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The Blanket Creek Road Rescue Kennel issue was dealt with at length during the Dec. 14 Pendleton County Fiscal Court meeting.

At the suggestion of Judge Executive Henry Bertram, four citizens attended the meeting to voice their concerns about the noise of barking from the kennel.

The kennel owner also attended with 20 or 30 sympathizers. She called the no-kill kennel "a place of hope." She said the kennel will equip all 210 dogs housed there with barking straps, which cost \$6 each, to resolve the noise element.

Bertram paid tribute to the help the kennel had given to the community over the years, especially after the Flood of 1997, when lost and homeless dogs were a major concern.

## 50 Years Ago - December 19, 1975

The Wet Forces of Falmouth won the wet-dry election held on Saturday, Dec. 13, in the five city precincts.

The vote was 586 yes to 547 no, a majority of 39 votes for the wet.

The wet forces carried three precincts and the dry forces carried two, plus the absentee ballots, the same as in the previous Sept. 28, 1974, election, when the dries won by 21 votes.

A total 1,133 votes were cast by the about 1,300 eligible voters in the city.

The 1974 election was nullified after a judge ruled that there had been some improprieties in the balloting.

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On Dec. 5, Dr. Kim Hyung Kim, the local bone specialist, performed a total hip replacement on a Foster resident at the Pendleton County Hospital.

It is still reported that Dr. X is coming to Pendleton County to practice. He was due to arrive in October. He has gone back to his native country to work out some personal problems, but expects to arrive soon.

The hospital in Falmouth is fully staffed with nurses and in all departments. The Doctors Committee met with a doctor at noon Sunday for a possibility of his opening a practice in Falmouth.

## 75 Years Ago - December 22, 1950

William Florence, who is a tenant on the farm of John Ruber near the Catawba Road, has a Holstein cow that birthed triplet calves. The two bulls and one heifer were born Saturday night.

Pendleton County Extension Agent Robert W. White reports that this is a very rare occurrence.

R.L. Piercefield, local veterinarian, was present when the three calves were born.

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Russell Redmon of Butler was re-elected president of the Pendleton County Sportsmen's Club last Thursday night at the clubhouse at Butler.

Redmon has been president of this club, a live-wire organization, for the past two years.

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Sheep in the Goforth community have been taking a bad beating by being raided by dogs at night.

At least 21 have been killed by the dogs in raids on four flocks.

E.G. Marquette, who has one of the best sheep flocks in Kentucky, had six killed Monday night and about five more are expected to die. One of those killed was his choice Southdown ewe which he obtained from the Experiment Farm at the University of Kentucky.

The flock of Rev. Jenkins at Short Creek was also raided Monday night, this time for the third time. He has about 12 or 14 sheep left out of a flock of 25.

Other flocks raided were on the farms of Ovis Hutchinson, who lost about a third of his flock, and James Kenner.

## 100 Years Ago - December 18, 1925

More than 150 quart bottles of whiskey and champagne and four 10-gallon copper tanks filled with liquor were in possession of C.R. Peoples, sheriff of Pendleton County, at noon Monday.

J.O. Perrin, Falmouth police chief, made the immense haul, the largest every taken in Pendleton County, single-handedly.

The booze cargo is valued at \$8,000, which, according to E.F. Bradford, junior circuit court clerk, a former U.S. internal revenue whiskey gauger, is a conservative estimate of the value of the haul.

Beside the whiskey, a large Studebaker car, specially built for booze-running, was confiscated. The car is valued at \$2,500.

Two men, registering as J.W. Driggers of Cincinnati and J.L. Davis, are being held in the Pendleton County Jail. They were with the whiskey care when it was captured by the police chief.

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Sheriff C.H. Peoples and deputies Charles Ravenscraft, Charles Ashcraft and Marshal J.O. Perrin acting upon a tip last Thursday found a 50-gallon capacity still in an abandoned house on the farm of Earl Fardo near Bethel.

The outfit consisted of a 20-horse boiler, 10 100-gallon vats and one 1,000-gallon mash tub partially filled with mash.

The coil to the outfit had been removed. That is the most valuable part of a still and the operators hid it when they were not making a run.

No one was at the house at the time of the raid, but preparations were about ready for a run of moonshine.

Fardo rented the house two months ago to a man who gave the name of Al Smith of Newport.

## LIFE IN THE COLE BIN

By Burton W. Cole

## I'm organized; now I can't find a thing



Back in my college days, my roommate, Brent, and I each had what appeared to the uneducated eye to be stacks of random chaos on our desks.

"How can you work like that?" the uneducated interlopers demanded in disgust. They usually wrinkled their noses, too, which neither of us understood. The piles of laundry were on the other side of the room behind the closet doors.

But ask us for any sheet, form or record, and we knew exactly to what depth in the pile to pinch a piece of paper and extract the exact document. People tested us on this. We never failed.

It was our super-secret organization system. We never resorted to safes or padlocks; no one but us could find a thing.

Of course, that was back when I was 20 and my brain still functioned. Four and half decades later, some of the synapses no longer snap, the tread on cerebellum is worn to bald in spots, and my memory banks are a few deposits short of full.

It can take me four or five dives

into the pile before I find what I'm looking for. There's even a chance these days that a sock or two is mixed in with the bills. By the time I find what I was looking for, I often can't remember why I wanted it.

"Tut-tut. You need to get organized," friends advised.

And there's the crux of the problem. I tried to get organized once. I couldn't find a thing.

I knew where my pants were when I hooked them on the weight bench or flung them over the laundry chair. But on a hanger and placed in my freshly organized closet — fooled me completely. They were lost for three weeks.

I just moved into a new apartment — two years ago — and I haven't had time yet to establish where things go.

In the old days, I used to think I knew where to store my stuff. Then I got married and found out my thinking was thoughtless, and that anyone with half a brain would know that socks go there, saucepans nest in that cupboard and the bills get slotted into those cubbies.

Now, I am a widower with no idea where to store my stuff. The whole system of organization that my wife employed destroyed my confidence in knowing where things go.

Why not just leave things on the floor? It's simple and effective. Everything I need is laid out before me, on display like in a museum. Or an in-home fitness obstacle course.

Plus, this method of organization doubles as an early warning intruder

alert.

Some people can't work unless every pencil, stapler and every dust bunny is arranged just so. I find organization the bane of productivity.

A friend of mine visiting from out of state thought that she would do me a great kindness. While I was at work, she went through my apartment, gathered everything off the floor, and "organized" the whole kit and kaboodle.

She rearranged my kitchen so that it "made sense."

I'm still looking for one steak knife, two spoons, a box of oatmeal, three cans of pears and the toaster. Everything else I've tracked down and put back where I can find them.

There's one caveat to getting organized — the junk drawer. Or junk closet. Any junk drawer or closet in which you know where things are defeats the purpose, which is exploration and surprise.

Even the most fastidiously neat and organized person needs a safe space, a secret hiding place, to just toss or jam something inside and slam the drawer or door before anything explodes out.

What's life without a little mystery?

Or just hire a professional organizer to put everything where it belongs. It'll be months before you find all your stuff again.

*If you can find your keyboard, send organizational tips to Burt at news@falmouthoutlook.com or on the Burton W. Cole page on Facebook.*

## What day is it? - Look on the Bright Side Day, Dec. 21

By Nila Harris

My friend Dave Shipp used to sign his emails with "Keep it on the sunnyside."

Shipp, who passed away in January 2022, used this expression to encourage people to look for the good things in life and spread kindness towards others.

Dec. 21 is Look on the Bright Side Day — a reminder to embrace optimism like my friend Dave did.

As a teacher, I often thought "Success breeds success, failure breeds failure," meaning that someone who repeatedly experiences success tends to strive for additional successes whereas a person who consistently experiences failures often has the attitude "Why bother?"

The same philosophy can be applied toward positive attitudes. "Positivity breeds positivity. Negativity breeds negativity."

If you are in a constant state of seeing the darkness, you will experience the darkness everywhere. I tend to look for the sweet things in life. If you look for good, you'll find it. If you can't find it, make your



own "good" in the world.

Choosing positivity will not erase challenges or hardships but may make them somewhat more tolerable.

Although the origin of Look on the Bright Side Day is not widely known (one source stated that it started in the late 2000s to combat negativity), the tradition became a way to counteract the blues surrounding winter solstice on Dec. 21 — the shortest day of the year.

Winter solstice has been celebrated by various cultures throughout the ages, extolling the return of the sun. Without the harshness of winter, we cannot appreciate the beauty of spring.

To celebrate Look on the Bright Side Day, do things that make you hap-

py like reading an uplifting book. "Chicken Soup for the Soul" is a collection of personal, short stories on a variety of topics. Find one that is applicable to your life.

You may want to watch a fun, uplifting movie like "Mr. Deeds" with Adam Sandler.

Post inspirational quotes around your workspace or on your home. When I was teaching, I taped some of my favorite Scriptures on the wall by my desk as a reminder of God's love and steadfastness.

Call a friend or relative you haven't talked to for a while. Or get together with some friends/family and have a game night.

For my birthday, I told my husband that I wanted to go out to eat with our neighbor friends. Organizing an outing in December that worked for eight adults required some ingenuity, but we managed to pull it off!

Write a gratitude list of things for which you are thankful. You may be surprised at how many things you have on your list.

Volunteer at a commu-

nity event or local entity like the Pendleton County Animal Shelter. Playing with dogs can be a blast!

When a friend was dealing with cancer, I used to send her funny animal videos on Facebook. Sending her videos made me laugh every day, and they seemed to brighten her too. Doing things for others can improve your mood.

Create artwork by painting, coloring, scrapbooking or taking photos.

Participate in exercise — cardio, yoga, or even walking can help lift your spirit. Better yet, take an exercise class with a friend.

Here are some quotes to help you remember to look on the bright side. Benjamin Franklin once quoted, "Instead of cursing the darkness, light a candle."

In the Bible, Psalm 18:28 reminds us, "You Lord, keep my lamp burning. My God turns my darkness into light."

And I love this sweet quote by 19th century poet, writer and social reformer Rabindranath Tagor, "Dark clouds become heaven's flowers when kissed by light."

## These itchy Christmas wreaths weren't so merry

By Jim Thaxton

The broadcasting team of a local morning news program showed clips that viewers sent in of holiday catastrophes. This sparked a memory that I usually get when I remove our Christmas wreaths from their containers each year.

Small seasonal weather-dependent outfitting businesses attract a variety of characters to work for them.

During any given season, we would hire high school and college students, school bus drivers, teachers and some folks who were adrift in life just looking to find a fun place to land.

Now and then, one of the latter would hang around through the winter doing odd jobs and helping out when needed at sport and travel shows, with boat repairs and vehicle maintenance.

One Christmas season in the late 1980s, a creative young man, whom I'll call RL to protect the innocent, decided to make Christmas decorations from river driftwood and wreaths from vines. He used cut-

tings from pine trees on our property and vines he collected from the woods.

He placed a sign near the highway and was doing well for himself. Word apparently spread, and within a couple of days, he was out of everything he had made. The wreaths were especially popular.

RL told me he was going to get back to making more wreaths, as there was still a week or so before Christmas. He said some folks were buying them as gifts for family, friends and neighbors. He was confident he could sell a dozen more.

A day or so later, I was on my way home from visiting family in Northern Kentucky and decided to stop to see how RL was doing. I expected to find him outside the canoe rental office in a shelter that he set up to sell his holiday art, but there was no sign of RL or his craft.

I went inside the canoe office and found him sitting nearly naked by the heater. His body was covered from forehead to toes in a pink paste of some kind.

I saw the two empty bottles of calamine lotion on his work table by the driftwood, wild grape vines and another fuzzy rope-like vine.

RL's swollen eyes drifted over the table, studying the various items in front of him, including a half-finished wreath made of a fuzzy dark vine with tiny stems that at one time sprouted twigs with three-pointed leaves.

"There's probably some poison ivy somewhere in this stuff. I think that I might be allergic."

"Duh," was what I was tempted to say, using my teenager's favorite word back then. I just said, "No kidding."

Sure enough, RL was making Christmas wreaths out of poison ivy vines. He made dozens of them and sold them all.

Now every year about this time, I wonder how many people break out in poison ivy from handling their Christmas wreaths.

Though Ann and I tried to help this itinerant drifter, RL's impetuous nature put Ann, me, our reputa-

tion and our business in jeopardy several times. We were relieved to see him move on.

Over the years, I would hear of his escapades from Minnesota to the Virgin Islands and many places in between.

His reputation on the Gunflint Trail in Minnesota became a legend that, among other things, included leaping out of a canoe onto the back of a moose swimming across the lake and other more illegal adventures.

Somehow, he became a partner in a resort in the Virgin Islands, where rescuers found him clinging to a toilet, the only thing left standing after Hurricane Hugo passed through, leaving nothing of his resort but the toilet and a concrete slab. His partner was never found.

A relative of one of his victims recently told me that RL died somewhere in Tennessee. I don't know the circumstances of his death and I didn't ask.

*The Thaxtons founded Thaxton's Canoe Trails and Paddlers' Inn in Butler.*