

Looking Back

25 Years Ago - December 26, 2000

Two Butler children's Christmas wishes came true a little early. Their bicycles were stolen this past summer and their only Christmas wish this year was to have new bicycles.

Thanks to Detective George V. Schreiner of the Alexandria Police Department and Jeff Wyler Pontiac/Buick/GMC in Alexandria, the Christmas wishes of James Woodrum, 10, and his sister, Heather Woodrum, 9, became a reality.

This past Thursday, Schreiner and Rick Perry of Jeff Wyler appeared at the Woodrum's apartment door with two new bicycles.

Walmart donated \$75 toward the purchase of the bikes and the Jeff Wyler dealership paid the rest. Wyler also donated \$500 and a meal basket for families in Butler and Falmouth.

The Pendleton County Farm Service Agency held an open house Dec. 21 to show off their impressive new space in the recently remodeled office.

The new office is still in the Farm Bureau building on Main Street in Falmouth, but now has been totally revamped and remodeled, accomplishing much needed space and a new look for the agency, which serves approximately 2,000 farmers in Pendleton County.

Tony's Steak House on U.S. 27 in Falmouth advertised Steak Diane with fresh mushrooms, baked potato, soup and salad bar for \$14.95 on Friday and Saturday nights, Dec. 29 and 30, only.

Barney Fife, Andy Taylor and Aunt Bee are some of the beloved characters the Falmouth United Methodist Church will encounter as the church begins a new Bible study series on Jan. 13.

Everyone is invited to come laugh and learn together as the group watches the residents of Mayberry face life's daily problems and then solve them by applying Christian principles taught by the Scriptures.

50 Years Ago - December 26, 1975

The Butler City Council will receive sealed bids on the position of city policeman, to be opened at the next regular meeting, Jan. 5, 1976. Application and further information may be obtained from the city clerk.

The city reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids.

On Wednesday night, Jenkin's Store at Morgan was robbed and shoes and lunch meat taken, the Pendleton County Sheriff's Office reported.

The same night, the Shell Service Station in Falmouth was broken into and five or six sets of ignition points were taken.

Dave Wills, son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Wills of Falmouth, is serving as social chairman of the FarmHouse Fraternity at the University of Kentucky.

FarmHouse is a social fraternity dedicated to "building the whole man intellectually, socially and morally, spiritually, and physically."

Pendleton, Harrison and Bracken Counties Watch Night Services will be held Wednesday night, Dec. 31, at Neave Methodist Church at Neave, beginning at 7:30 p.m.

There will be speaking and singing and refreshments served.

75 Years Ago - December 29, 1950

One of Pendleton County's finest Christian couples, Mr. and Mrs. C.E. Record of Butler, will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary on Monday, Jan. 1, 1951, at their home on Church Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Record will have open house at their home from two o'clock in the afternoon until eight o'clock in the evening, when they invite all of their friends to call on them on this happy occasion.

For the second time this year, Morgan defeated Falmouth, this time 50-44 Thursday night in the Penogran Tournament. Next, Morgan defeated Mason 59-33 Friday night to advance to the finals in the Penogran.

The Morgan Raiders then won the Penogran Basketball Tournament Saturday night at Williamstown by beating Corinth 61-45.

The people of Morgan and their coach, Richard Gullick, are justly proud of their team, inasmuch as Pendleton County has retained this crown over Grant and Owen counties.

Social Notes: Jesse R. Weaver has returned to Houston, Texas, after spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Helen Weaver. Mr. Weaver is a public accountant and auditor in Houston. He is a graduate of Falmouth High School, having completed high school at the age of 16.

Mrs. Mary Lawson of Covington and daughter, Mrs. Charlie Fisher of Cynthiana, were Falmouth visitors Friday. Mrs. Lawson was the holiday guest of Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Kenzie Price of near Cynthiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Goebel Porer and sons, Allan and Donald, of Lexington, arrived Sunday afternoon to spend Christmas in Falmouth, the guests of his mother, Mrs. D.C. Porter and Mr. and Mrs. George C. Bradford.

100 Years Ago - December 25, 1925

E.M. Montgomery, a farmer of Liberty Ridge in Pendleton County, was tried before a jury of six men in the courthouse Monday on a charge of failing to have his child vaccinated.

The trial consumed the entire day and the result was a hung jury. It is reported that the vote stood three to three.

Practically every medical doctor in Falmouth testified. Dr. E.L. Peddicover examined the child, who attends Liberty Ridge School, and said that it had some slight irregularities, but that if it were his child, he would not be afraid to have it vaccinated.

Two chiropractors testified and stated that vaccination was but a theory, and that it could not be called a preventative of disease; that vaccine was a poison, and that the chiropractors did not believe in inoculating the human system with it as a preventative of disease.

LIFE IN THE COLE BIN

By Burton W. Cole

Mom was wrong! Dirt is good for you



I was going to run the vacuum cleaner, and maybe even wash the dishes. A few of them, anyway.

But then I considered the health consequences of trying to survive in a sterile environment.

Science says that we are too clean for our own good. In fact, cleanliness is making us sick.

So, for my own health and wellbeing, I dusted the cookie crumbs off my easy chair and plopped down, safe for another day. The grimy T-shirt I'm wearing may be saving my life.

As the National Library of Medicine so eloquently states it, "The 'hygiene hypothesis' as originally formulated by Strachan, proposes that a cause of the recent rapid rise in atopic disorders could be a lower incidence of infection in early childhood, transmitted by unhygienic contact with older siblings."

Burt translation: Dude, Mom was wrong. Go play in the dirt.

The fact is, according to the dirty researchers, we, as a nation, are too clean. It used to be that roughly 60% of the human body was comprised

of water. Now, if I had to guess, it's about 72% hand sanitizer and antibacterial soap.

And it's playing havoc with our health.

A decade or so ago, during an International Conference on Emerging Infectious Diseases, Tufts University geneticist Stuart Levy said that with all the antibacterial soap we use, shining ourselves up just like Mom lectured us to do all those years ago, we are cleaning up for the viral beating of our life.

It takes a little dirt to keep the ol' immune system strong. Too much cleanliness is next to godliness because you'll be on the fast track for heaven if you don't take time to stop and roll in the muck.

Kill off the bacteria indiscriminately and you rub out the good guys, too. That means only the supervillians survive, creating mutant strains of X-men superbacteria.

One of my favorite fictional characters, Rancid Crabtree, in the stories by the brilliant humor writer Patrick F. McManus, boasted that the secret to his good health was that he never took baths. His protective layer of dirt blocked bugs and viruses from worming their way in, he claimed.

McManus noted that it also protected Rancid from any human — and most animal — passers-by from stepping any closer than 50 feet from the ramshackle cabin where he lived.

(Note to kids: Levy did not champion Rancid's viewpoint. If your folks order you to take a bath, do so. With water. I've tried that

"dry-cleaning" trick. Moms never fall for it. Trust me.)

A grandmother once told me that she was giving each of her grandkids a box of dirt for Christmas. It wasn't because they were bad — that would be a lump of coal.

She gave dirt because she loved them. Not only is dirt excellent for the immune system, but a box of dirt to play with outdoors sparks the imagination in ways that electronic screens indoors never can.

Boxes of dirt can be transformed into entire cities. Stones and pebbles gathered from the driveway make excellent buildings. Fallen twigs collected from the lawn can become massive trees. Hickory nuts make great trucks and cars. Worms and caterpillars not only turn into buses and trains, but bring a sense of action to Dirt City.

Then swipe your baby sister's Barbie doll, and you have a 50-foot-tall monster bent on stomping the town flat.

(If boys are involved, so is destruction. Better they do it outdoors with dirt than indoors with lamps and potato chip bowls.)

So if you still haven't found that perfect, loving, healthy gift to give to that special someone on Christmas morning, give the gift of dirt. Because Mom was wrong.

If you can stand getting within 50 feet of Burt's addresses, dispute his dirty theories at news@falmouthoutlook.com or on the Burton W. Cole page on Facebook.

What day is it? - Roots Day, Dec. 23

By Nila Harris

I never really had a desire to compile a family tree. It was interesting when other family members did it and gave me a copy, but doing one myself just seemed overwhelming.

Then I discovered ancestry.com. Now, I'm hooked.

Dec. 23 is Roots Day — a day designed to prompt people to delve into their family history. The late December date makes it ideal for telling, listening and recording stories of the past.

For Christmas last year, our youngest gifted my husband and me books designed for recording memories — details about our parents, childhoods, siblings and other significant events from our lives.

I have enjoyed strolling down Memory Lane recording information in this creative gift. This hard copy will provide resources for family members to explore and learn, if they so choose.

As I've researched information for articles, I have been frustrated at times by the lack of data available, or sometimes a lack of legible data available. Other times, I have been excited about information I've discovered.

When I did a series of articles about the tornado of 1968 which hit Falmouth, I spoke with a woman named Ida Aulick, who survived the tornado with



her 8-year-old son even though their entire house was demolished around them. Aulick had written a memoir of the event and allowed me to read it.

The terrifying experience was so engrained in her brain that the words just flowed, making me (the reader) feel like I could picture what happened.

Another neat experience delving into the past was when I met with Nancy McKenney to learn about her dad, Bill, and her uncle Dr. Bob McKenney's military experiences.

Nancy had recorded her dad detailing his World War II experience in the Army. It was incredible hearing the man's voice on a cassette tape as he talked about his military exploits.

The Pendleton County Public Library once asked the community to write thoughts about the COVID-19 pandemic and bring a printout to the library. As I review my own documented words written while things were fresh in

my mind, I am shocked at what I have forgotten five years later.

Writing memories about events and history is a way to preserve the past.

My younger sister made a video recording of our older sister when she was sick with cancer. Julie asked Cheri all kinds of questions about family, even adding funny anecdotes to the recording.

Julie then made several copies for family members. This priceless recording keeps Cheri with us even though she's been deceased for seven years.

And back to ancestry.com... I did the DNA swab, which I didn't find too fascinating by itself. I'm more excited about matching stories I've heard/been told with data that backs it up.

I always say that my husband's grandfather, Everett Smith, used to tell me the same stories repeatedly so I wouldn't forget them. Mr. Smith passed away in 1991, yet some of the stories he told (like his wife's brother drowning at 14 while in a state orphanage or a sister-in-law dying during birth of twins), I have been able to back up with historical documentation.

I saw my dad's Korean War draft card, discovered that my great-uncle repaired musical instruments for a living, and found how

confusing it is when names are repeated through generation after generation.

To celebrate Roots Day on Dec. 23, do some recording of the matriarchs and patriarchs in your family.

One of the funniest recordings I have is of Christmas 1973, when my dad is clearly getting frustrated while trying to put together a child toy. As I'm listening to the cassette, I yell at the tape, "Somebody get that poor man a screwdriver!" while laughing about my dad's short fuse.

Consider creating a family tree through ancestry or another online database.

Buy a book to record history. The books my son purchased are called, "Mom/Dad, I want to hear your story."

Write down your thoughts following the birth of your baby or wedding day. And even though the DNA stats did not excite me, I did discover that my DNA showed a stronger ancestral presence in England and Scotland than in Germany, which was different than I had been told.

There are genealogical resources available at the Pendleton County Public Library and at the Pendleton County Historical Society on Highway 27 in Butler to help you get started on your journey to discover your roots.

Following 'distructions' and other Christmas memories

By Jim Thaxton

My glasses fogged up when I walked in from the near subzero weather of a week or so ago. I had just finished setting up a slippery metal canoe decorated with Santa in the stern and an elf in the front.

As I entered the house, I was reminded of a Christmas Eve when my grandfather sent me out onto the back porch to fetch his homemade eggnog.

He made his concoction in one of those old amber, half-gallon milk bottles. The bottle was covered in frost when I picked it up and stepped back into a kitchen that was overheated from all the cooking.

The frost on the bottle melted quickly. I could feel myself losing my grip. The harder I tried to hold onto that bottle, the faster it slipped through my hands.

The bottle hit the floor and shattered — a thick

liquid reeking of whiskey, splattered in all directions.

Suddenly, everything was quiet. Everyone in the kitchen, who moments before were talking over each other, teasing and laughing in anticipation of the feast we were about to share, stood aside to let my grandfather into the room.

He took a long, sad look at me with his prized eggnog dripping off my shoes. He didn't scold me. He didn't belittle me in any way. He said, "Well, Christmas has done come and gone."

That was not funny then, but not a Christmas went by for the rest of his life that he didn't tell that story in a way that would have everyone appreciate the humor.

As I was cleaning the moisture from my glasses, my youngest son came in to help me set up the Christmas tree.

My mind shifted gears

and years as I recalled trying to put one of his presents together when he was about 4 years old.

I have a bad habit of just using the picture on a box and not following directions. My son was getting impatient with me and pulled out a paper from the box.

He held it directly in front of my face and said, "Here, follow the directions, Dad!"

That wasn't a Freudian slip; he was a master of sarcasm before he could tie his shoes.

My mother donated her body to science. After the medical students had made good use of her, the school cremated her body and sent it to me in a plastic box. I placed it reverently on my dresser.

Years later, when my youngest son was in college, learning how to be a computer geek, my daughter-in-law was helping my

wife and oldest daughter wrap presents.

No one was paying attention when my daughter-in-law picked up a box, thinking it was a box of CDs and put my son's name on it.

Later that night, as everyone gathered in the living room to pass out presents, someone mentioned how much they missed my mother and wished she could be with us just one more time.

My wife started handing out the presents one at a time. We patiently waited as each person unwrapped and showed off their gift.

I watched my youngest son slowly unwrap his present.

As he was about to pull off the lid, I recognized the box and yelled, "Don't open that! It's your Nanny."

"Huh," came the reply as he loosened his grip on the lid, "It looks like Nanny was able to join us after all."