

# Looking Back

## 25 Years Ago - November 28, 2000

The 2000-2001 burley tobacco marketing season got under way Nov. 20. Desirability of offerings was good and nearly all bid averages were higher than last season's opening week.

Quality of sales was slightly lower, volume was moderate, and loan receipts were fairly low.

Due to Thanksgiving, sales were held three days this week but resumed on Monday. Around 14 percent of the effective quota of 361.9 million pounds has been sold at auction.

This week's gross sales totaled 50,678,304 pounds and averaged \$195.79 per hundred, up \$5.51 from opening week last year when 30 million pounds returned \$190.27.

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Construction of the new water reservoir atop Reservoir Hill in Falmouth is almost completed. The new reservoir will be able to hold 600,000 gallons of water and sets close to the old reservoir that holds around 455,000 gallons.

The reservoir is 19 feet tall. Construction cost \$508,894 and is totally funded from the \$2.1 million HUD funds the city received after the flood of 1997.

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Six members of the Pendleton County Democratic Women's Club attended the annual convention of the Democratic Women's Club of Kentucky in Louisville. Corinne Anderson, president of the National Federation of Democratic Women's Clubs was the keynote speaker.

The local club members attending were President Bobbie Callahan, Pearl Wright, Sue Boling, Helen Brown, Wanda Fowee and Hazel Clifford.

## 50 Years Ago - November 28, 1975

Falmouth Chief of Police Wayne Oliver reported Monday that a man was shot in his left hand on Shelby Street near the railroad tracks on Sunday night.

The man was treated at Pendleton County Hospital and then was taken to Harrison County Hospital.

Oliver identified the man as William T. Norton of 614 Shelby St., and formerly of Newport.

A state trooper at Cynthiana is investigating.

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The local option election called by a committee advocating the sale of alcoholic beverages in the City of Falmouth, first won by the dries on Sept. 28, 1974, later ruled illegal in Pendleton Circuit Court because of legal technicalities, will be held a second time on Dec. 13.

Preparations have begun to hold this election, but the voting machines cannot be disturbed and set for tis election until 30 days after the Nov. 4 general election.

## 75 Years Ago - December 1, 1950

The biggest snowfall in 33 years to come down on Pendleton and other Northern Kentucky counties fell Saturday and Sunday.

Nov. 26 will be a day long remembered . Falmouth was snowbound and most of the roads in Pendleton County were impassible.

Fortunately, there was no failure in power lines and there was plenty of fuel on hand.

Miss Jesse Oldham, U.S. weather reporter here, says that 12 inches of snow fell on Saturday and two more inches on Sunday night and early Monday morning for a total of 14 inches. Accompanying the snow was high winds, which caused the white snow to drift in huge piles.

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"Due to the bad snow, it will be hazardous to the song-birds and quail. If any farmer can throw out any kind of grain where he knows of these birds, it will be very helpful in keeping the birds alive and we will have more left after the weather breaks. Thank you." — Conservation Officer John W. Taylor

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From the "Among the Sick" column:

Mrs. Asa Johnson was taken to Maysville Hospital for X-rays Saturday and returned the same day. Thomas, Fosssett & Yelton Ambulance.

Mrs. W.H. Pribble of near Foster was removed to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Chester Barnard, in the C.B. Peoples and Son ambulance on Saturday.

Mrs. George Hamilton and young son were returned to their home in the Burley Addition, Falmouth, from the St. Elizabeth Hospital Nov. 28 in a Woodhead ambulance.

Mrs. Mason Weaver was returned to her home on Pendleton Street Nov. 27 in a Woodhead ambulance from St. Elizabeth Hospital. Her new son remained at the hospital in an incubator.

## 100 Years Ago - November 27, 1925

Henry Klaber, 60, of Covington, is suffering from a gunshot wound in his shoulder at the home of his brother, William Klaber, west of Falmouth.

Klaber was shot last Thursday night. His assailant has not been caught.

Deep mystery surrounds the shooting of Klaber. He was riding in a machine with his nephew, Godfrey Klaber, on the Dixie A Highway a mile and a half west of Falmouth. Another car came up behind the Klaber auto and the horn was sounded for them to pull over.

Godfrey Klaber pulled off to the side of the road to let the machine pass, and as the car drove by, a shot was fired.

At first, the men thought a tire had blown out on one of the machines. Mr. Klaber felt a slight numbness in his shoulder.

The bullet that struck Mr. Klaber came through the back curtain, pass through is shoulder and out through the windshield.

In the confusion, neither man thought to get the license number of the machine in which the assailant was riding.

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The courthouse in Falmouth was packed to overflowing last Saturday with farmer from this county who gathered to hear an address by the Hon. James. N. Kehoe, vice president of the Burley Cooperative Association, on the condition of the tobacco growers.

Mr. Kehoe reminded the farmers of their solid condition now with cooperative selling compared to 1920, when the grower's condition was at the lowest ebb in the history of the industry.

## LIFE IN THE COLE BIN

By Burton W. Cole

## Teetering through a fall walk with the kids



Fall nature walks aren't nearly as exciting as they were when I had young kids at home. And by "exciting," I mean a stressful, torturous, painful family activity.

When I was a young parent, my wife and I took our kids on a fall walk so that we could ooh and ah at the explosion of colors of autumn leaves.

We engaged in these family walks as loving, nurturing parents because we knew how much our kids would enjoy the beauty of the outdoors. Or they would if they stopped whining long enough to notice it.

We were not alone. As one party of hikers went by, the teenage daughter in the group was so awe-struck by the splendid beauty exploding with the flaming reds, sunny oranges, brilliant yellows and chocolate browns of fall that she just had to say, quite breathlessly, "Are we done with this stupid walk yet? I'm supposed to be at the movies at 6."

I thought fondly of my own childhood, back when we knew how to appreciate nature. I remember, as always, being a model child who respected and understood the wisdom of and sacrifices made by my parents

for me.

Mom remembers another kid — undoubtedly one of my uncouth younger brothers — as the reason why she and Dad gave up on drives through the fall foliage when I was about 6 or 7.

She said there was always this nagging voice in the back seat demanding, "What time is it?"

Then this voice from the back seat would itemize the TV listings for every channel at that hour, and give a synopsis of the show out of that bunch he could be home watching if he wasn't held hostage in a stupid car with his stupid little brothers looking at stupid trees with his, uh, kindly parents.

Like I said, my brothers were uncouth.

Anyway, after our recent nature walk got to be too noisy with wailing — my son's because he was missing an important nap and mine because Melissa was playing mountain goat on the rocks when she knows I'm afraid of heights — we retreated for the park playground.

As soon as the kids already there dragged their mom from the teeter-totter, my wife made a run for it.

Twenty years melted away from her dignity and decorum. So I joined her.

Since I outweighed her by ... well, I outweighed her, so we added Melissa to Mommy's side of affairs. Then, I engaged rocket thrusters — playground talk for legs — to blast us off. And it was fun despite my fear of heights.

I have been suspicious of teeter-totters since the day in first grade

my cousin Marcella jumped off, leaving me hanging 40 or 50 feet in the air for half a second before burning back into earth's atmosphere.

I've gone back to the playground since and they've replaced the teeter-totters. Sure, they look exactly the same. Even the marks bullies like my cousin notched for every trusting sucker bombed out of the sky are still there.

But these teeter-totters are only 2 or 3 feet high, whereas the one I crash-landed from was at least 60 feet high. I'm sure of it.

So I got Marcella back. I told on her. The teacher told her it wasn't nice to play mind games on boys since they had nothing to fight with — whatever that meant.

Anyway, Mommy and Daddy bounced, jounced and flew each other all over the place like 8-year-olds until Melissa dragged us away. Another mom immediately jumped on the teeter-totter and forced her kids to join her.

We left the playground as Melissa berated such a stupid teeter-totter at such a stupid playground without even any video games like at the mall. Just who in the world would be stupid enough to want teeter-totters?

"Mommies," my wife said wistfully. "They build teeter-totters for mommies. So that for a few minutes we can remember those fall walks we never appreciated that our parents dragged us out on."

Share your ups and downs with Burt at [news@falmouthoutlook.com](mailto:news@falmouthoutlook.com) or on the Burton W. Cole page on Facebook.

## What day is it? - Rosa Parks Day, Dec. 1

By Nila Harris



"You must never be fearful about what you are doing when it is right," civil rights activist Rosa Parks stated.

Dec. 1 is Rosa Parks Day, a day to recognize, appreciate and learn from the contributions of this woman for the civil rights movement.

On Dec. 1, 1955, Rosa Parks was riding a crowded Montgomery, Alabama, bus, sitting in the back of the bus in a section offered to the black population. When the bus driver noticed that several white people were standing instead of sitting, he asked Parks and three other black people to vacate their seats for the white passengers.

The others complied, but Parks refused, leading to her subsequent arrest. She was charged with violation of the racial segregation or "Jim Crow" laws.

Parks, with the help of the Montgomery National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), appealed her conviction.

The Montgomery Improvement Association,

headed by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., began a bus boycott on Dec. 5. The 381-day boycott proved effective since roughly 70% of the bus ridership were black and the loss of these riders cut deeply into the pockets of the bus company.

"On Nov. 13, 1956, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a lower court's decision declaring Montgomery's bus segregation unconstitutional, and a court order to integrate the buses was served on Dec. 20; the boycott ended the following day," according to brittanica.com.

Parks was not the first person to refuse to give up her seat on a city bus, nor the first to be arrested. But her position as secretary of the local NAACP and with the backing of the Mont-

gomery Improvement Association, Parks had access to people, resources and publicity that the others did not have.

She was already an established activist with the NAACP, having worked on civil rights cases prior to her arrest.

Her determination, work, and steadfastness in appealing her arrest ignited the bus boycott campaign earning her the title of "Mother of the Civil Rights Movement."

Parks' work for the NAACP did not end with the bus boycott. In 1957, Rosa, along with her husband, Raymond, and her mother moved to Detroit, where she remained active with the NAACP.

The Southern Christian Leadership Conference created an annual Rosa Parks Freedom Award to honor her legacy.

She and her husband co-founded the Rosa and Raymond Parks Institute for Self-Development in 1987 to train young people in careers and to educate others about the history of the civil rights movement.

Parks earned numerous awards during her lifetime,

including the Spingarn Medal (1979), the Presidential Medal of Freedom (1996) and the Congressional Gold Medal (1999).

She wrote her autobiography "Rosa Parks: My Story" (1992) with author Jim Haskins.

When Parks passed away in 2005, her body lay in state in the rotunda of the U.S. Capitol.

She was the only woman and only the second black person to receive the distinction. The honor typically is reserved for private citizens who accomplish great feats for the country.

To celebrate Rosa Parks day, spend time learning more about the Civil Rights activist and the Civil Rights movement.

Read her autobiography or other books that have been written about Parks.

Explore activists who played a role in bringing about change, fostering advancements in medicine and technology, creating useful inventions and inspiring creativity with their progressive ideas.

Stand up for your beliefs as Parks did through advocacy, financial support and at the voting polls.

## The feast that still costs

By I. Scott Tackett

Thanksgiving did not begin as a holiday; it began as a hunger. A hunger for survival, for peace, for hope — and for the presence of God when the world felt emptied of Him.

When the Pilgrims bowed their heads over that rough wooden table, they were not feasting in abundance. They were thanking Him in scarcity.

Half their company had died. The harvest was thin. The air was sharp with loss. And yet they gave thanks.

It's worth asking why. Because gratitude, real gratitude, is not the song of the full — it's the anthem of the spared.

It's what rises from the battlefield when the guns fall silent and the living count the cost. It's what trembles from hospital rooms, from gravesides, from the weary who still whisper, "God is good."

Thanksgiving was never meant to be a performance of comfort. It was meant to be a declaration of faith.

We live in an age where gratitude has been domesticated — turned into décor and slogans. "Be thankful," we say, while scrolling our phones, while envying what others have, while ignoring the Giver Himself.

But Scripture is sharper. "In everything give thanks," Paul wrote, "for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

Notice that — IN everything, not FOR everything. Gratitude is not denial. It doesn't say the cancer was good, or the loss was easy. It says that even here, even now, God is still worthy of praise.

There's something holy in that kind of thanksgiving — something the comfortable soul cannot easily learn.

Jesus showed it on the night before His death. When He broke the bread

and poured the wine, He gave thanks.

Think about that. The very night He would be betrayed, He gave thanks. He wasn't thanking God for the pain, but through the pain.

That's the kind of thanksgiving that redeems a world: gratitude offered with scarred hands.

Our nation needs that again. Not the easy thanks of plenty, but the hard thanks of faith. The kind that looks at the ruin of a culture, the confusion of an age, and still says, "We will remember the Lord our God." The kind that kneels at a table — not of kings or conquerors, but of servants — and blesses the meal because the Giver is near.

If we only give thanks when life goes our way, then our faith is just optimism dressed in Sunday clothes.

But when we give thanks through the storm, we confess something high-

er — that Christ Himself is our portion.

This year, before the turkey cools and the football blares, step aside for a moment. Look at your table the way those first Pilgrims did: not as proof of your success, but as mercy undeserved. Look at the faces around you — not as possessions, but as gifts.

And look beyond them all to the One who still breaks the bread and says, "This is My body, given for you."

That's the heart of Thanksgiving: not abundance, but presence. Not achievement, but grace.

Because gratitude without God will always run out when life does. But gratitude in Christ never runs dry. It's not just a feast; it's a fire — the kind that still burns on the altars of the faithful, even when the world grows cold.

Tackett, of Foster, is a freelance writer who pens pieces as "The Watchman."