

A Paper on Papers

954 papers ago I commenced my journey with the Antheneum Society. The bill head indicated the date was January 5, 1960. Yes, Ken Doughery, you were in the first grade! Most of the rest of you were merely gleams in your father's eye. The meeting place was Bethel College; the featured speakers were Curtis Brasher and James Reid. Curtis has forgotten his subject and I would like to forget the performance of my lawyer colleague. You see, Jim Reid was taking violin lessons to enhance his presentation, he had a couple of martinis. This presentation was a disaster. Jim could not play the violin. What I have gotten myself into? He only knew German marching songs.

Here I am, 47, 725 minutes later, excluding driving and dinning time giving my 29th paper. I have listened to or expounded on a lot of DUD's and DVD's. Yes, we have experienced the good and the bad. Come along with me as we explore Antheneum papers since 1960. No effort has been made by the writer to select the 10 best papers or cull out the worst.

We met in the cafeteria of Bethel Female College in the process of conversion to a Co-educational institution. With a fixed menu of roast beef,

green beans and mashed potatoes with apple pie with a slice of cheddar cheese, all efforts to change were strongly voted down.

With a wide variety of topics and rebuttal comments, we have enjoyed the comradeship and discussions that followed. One of my first papers was entitled "The case for mercy killing" which was sharply criticized by Judge Ira D. Smith and others. Grady Ruff labeled me "Rorie the Ripper".

Later, Durard Thurman, a CPA, gave a paper on the case for the small loan company, stronger ^{ly} resisted by the banking members.

Meeting & Dinning

During my membership, we have had 9 meeting places and gourmet dinning facilities including Bethel College, 11 years

Jeff Davis Restaurant

I'vry Tower Inn

Elks Club

Log House (10 years)

Lone Oak

Old Convention Center

Ella's Eatery

and finally, Holiday Inn since October 1999.

We got tired of the roast beef at Bethel and moved to the I'vry Tower on Ft Campbell Blvd. Homer Holt opened a new restaurant, with the first Kentucky fried Chicken franchise in Hopkinsville. Homer Holt told me he had to pay Colonel Sanders 5 cents per serving for the franchise.

Humor in Wills was presented at the open session at the I'vry Tower, ruminants of a Vanderbilt Law Review article. Later, George Boone asked me to present this paper to the Elkton Rotary Club and I again rehashed my Will paper and entitled it, Humor in Wills- Revisited. During my presentation, a violent thunderstorm occurred and I was left completely in the dark. Of course our papers are intended to be read, not a speech. This was another disaster.

After my huge success with Humor in Wills and mercy killings, I launched my cemetery paper- Over my dead body and the ink had not dried until a new tombstone entry appeared at Riverside, "Gone to Walmart, see you there". Then , William Turner supplemented my paper with an epitaph in Cumberland Presbyterian Cemetery on the Lafayette Road, "She was one helluva woman" .

We have covered historical people and places, wars and revolution; pub tours and wineries. We have listened to music and danced the Russian Ballet in St. Petersburg. We have had lively discussions on the topics of

the day. We have complimented and criticized the speakers and displayed our knowledge or lack of knowledge on every subject known to mankind.

Oh how we traveled the earth with the mind of minolta strapped to my back or a Sony digital camera in hand to capture on film the blue footed boobies in the Galapagos Islands, Lions in South Africa and King Tut's tomb in the Valley of the Kings.

But the mere mention of a video strikes horror in the minds of some members. I can report to you I have covered the globe and have used up all my tapes except an emergency paper on India and Kathmandu, Nepal.

We have climbed the Great Wall, viewed the Taj Mahal, crossed the Andes, done the Zambezi and Patagonia. Took the last train to Borneo, took a safari to South Africa and reported to you by paper and video tape in far too much detail.

I have stood at the base of the Himalayas, ran the race in the Olympics in Greece, stood in Ecuador with one foot in North America and another in South America.

As survivors, I have brought you the secrets and science that could prolong your life and even save it.

Before the days of the Internet, Google and spell checkers, a few trips to the Libraries were required to research and craft out a pencil copy.

Topic selection has always posed a significant problem.

One of my papers was entitled How to Meet the Press and I brainstormed the idea of writing the National Media and why not write the President's Press Secretary. I also wrote to Sander Vanocur, the Washington Post, Fred Graham, CBS News and David Brinkley, NBC News for comments on How to Meet the Press. But I was ignored. However, Gerald Ford's Press Secretary (Ron Nessen) responded and later I sent him a copy of my Atheneum paper as requested. It is unknown whether this paper is imbedded in some remote hole in the Library of Congress, or Gerald Ford's Presidential Library.

My Personal Family History has been covered in depth with the Churchill School Tale of The Rabbit Box, W. H. Southall, and the Last Train to Camden to meet my future wife and editor-in-chief of my papers.

We have covered a lot of garbage; as a matter of fact, I wrote a paper on Garbage- Will we ever get rid of it all? Some of you would say this is Garbage Revisited. At least one obscenity paper by Paul Turner and an outhouse tour by Dr Brooks Major along with his thing-a-mi-jig paper on pressure boilers have captured our attention or bored us to sleep.

A colorful adversarial speaker and rebutter, Jack Henard, presented a paper fresh out of the New Yorker on the failure of the Ford Edsel

Automobile, describing in detail the phallic symbolized front grill with its dangling participle. (For the uninitiated, a dangling participle are tricky words or phrases that change the meaning of a sentence so that we don't say exactly what we intend).

One Antheneaum member donned in a flowing white cape made from a bed sheet, draped to the floor, recited a Greek tragedy play, explaining that Greek tragedy was one of the unsolved problems of classical scholarship. This speaker took his life shortly thereafter.

Paul Turner reported in one of his papers the married Soldier at Fort Campbell who had a girl friend on the side. She became pregnant and the baby was due. The PFC checked her into Blanchfield as his wife. All went well until the New Era headlined the "Baby of the Year Award" called the wife of the Soldier and all hell broke loose.

In 2010, I wrote a paper entitled Mine is Longer than Yours which describes how human factors play in survival. Why do some people live and others die? Why a few stay calm when others panic and unravel? Why are some of us short changed?

The Irish poet, William Yeats once wrote a friend, "We dare to dream that he would comb grey hair".

As Mark Twain once said "When the end of the world comes, I want

to be in Kentucky, because everything there happens 20 years after it happens anywhere else”.

And from the BLOG of James Chapman, a Hopkinsville Native and 3rd year law student at George Washington University while traveling in Egypt:

“Exercise, reflect, eat well, floss, simplify, give something away, everyday, conserve, read, listen, dream”.

The Antheneaum Society

Wendell H. Rorie

October 3, 2013