The press and the Presidency

In his Oct. 26 press conference, President Nixon hauled off and belted "the press" for what he called the "most outrageous, frantic, vicious, hysterical and distorted" news reporting he had experienced in his "27 years of public life." And, although he restricted his criticism to the "electronic media," it is possible that Mr. Nixon feels that other media—newspapers and magazines—may also have carried what he termed "distorted" news.

The problem of the Presidency and the Press is not new. And it is not surprising that each man to occupy that high office has, in his turn, "felt the heat" to the degree that he might honestly believe that his was the "worst" experience on record.

Opinions will, of course, vary; but it is possible that if and when the history of such matters is compiled, it will be shown that the most extreme and vicious experience was that to which Senator Barry Goldwater was subjected during his campaign for the top office in 1964. Recently, William F. Buckley Jr. recalled some of the "gems" carried against the Senator at the time. In alphabetical order, here are some of them:

By John Bailey, Democratic National Chairman: " . . . the platform writers (for Barry Goldwater) have drawn up an exercise in fantasy, fear and hate."

By Sen. William Fulbright: "Goldwater Republicanism is the closest thing in American politics to an equivalent of Russian Stalinism."

By John Gronouski, Postmaster General (at the time): "We know what Sen. Goldwater is talking about. Extremism is hate and divisiveness. It is spitting on the ambassador to the United Nations. It is labelling the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court a traitor and a Communist. It is justification for turning dogs loose on demonstrators, or bombing churches, or pouring acid in swimming pools."

Rev. Martin L. King: "We see dangerous signs of Hitlerism in the Goldwater campaign. If Goldwater wins . . . there is certain to be an outbreak of violence."

Drew Pearson: "The smell of Fascism has been in the air at this convention (in San Francisco)."

These were only a few of the "vicious, outrageous, hysterical and distorted" attacks made—and reported by the press—against Senator Goldwater when he was a candidate for the office of the Presidency.

Well, gentle reader, what does the newsman—whether Editor, Publisher, or reporter—do? Refuse to print the malicious attacks? Where does one draw the line? When an obviously unfair and untrue statement is made against a public individual, do the people "have the right to know," or should such a statement not be published? If you were in the editor's chair, what would you do?

Agree or Not

By S. C. Van Curon

FRANKFORT—Kentuckians decided legal constitutional questions at the polls Nov. 6 by defeating two proposed constitutional amendments.

The first amendment on the ballot was a three-pronged affair commonly defined as the cluster amendment to change three constitutional offices.

Kentucky's constitution clearly says only two amendments may be put on a ballot at any one time and each amendment must pertain to one question only.

The first amendment on the ballot dealt with three offices:

—Eliminate the three-member Railroad Commission.

—Provide a sheriff can succeed himself in office.

—Provide for the appointment of the Secretary of Public Instruction by a seven-man elected board of education instead of being elected by the voters.

Legislators put this three-pronged question into one amendment after being told by a member of the Court of Appeals the Court would uphold such an idea, when in fact it wasn't the consensus of the seven-member Court. Some members of the Court were upset about the pre-pledging of their judgment.

The second amendment pertained to permitting annual sessions of the legislature instead of 60-day sessions every two years. This question was on the 1969 ballot which was just four years ago when the constitution specifically says the same subject may not be submitted to the voters but every five years.

By defeating both of these amendments, the voters precluded any court action to clarify the constitutionality of the legal question.

The Court of Appeals has been liberal in the last decade or so in some of its interpretations because of downright necessity to keep state government operating.

One of these is the famous "rubber dollar" opinion handed down in 1960 to permit paying salaries above $7,500. In 1958 voters turned down an amendment to increase salaries above this level. Following that, the Court upheld the $7,500 limit, but did not issue a mandate in the case. This question lingered on until 1960 when the voters turned down a limited constitutional convention.

On a petition for rehearing on the salary question following the 1960 vote, the Court said the intent of the salary limitation was pegged to the purchasing power of the dollar at that time. In essence, the Court said the purchasing power of the dollar had gone down and salaries could be paid as high as necessary to meet the standard of living at the time the $7,500 limit was set.

Since that time the salary limitation has been what the legislature has decided it would be. In the last session, the legislature permitted the governor to set salaries for commissioners up to $27,500 a year.

Salaries of appeals court judges, county officials and state employes have been increased. This is understandable. State government would have come to a grinding halt for lack of employes if the Court hadn't have made this liberal interpretation.—

The plan behind the cluster amendment running through legislative halls during the 1972 session was enough good would be included to pass this three-pronged affair and it might carry the annual sessions amendment voters had turned down in 1969.

The voters seem to have a way of smelling out contrived methods, and they flatly turned both down this time.

Russ Metz

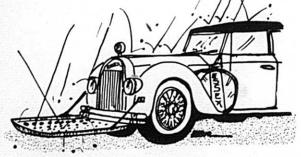
National award-winning hometown column

It was how big?
The hail you say

If there is one thing the Weather Bureau has not done, besides telling you accurately what the weather will be tomorrow, it is devote sufficient effort toward establishing a standard measure for calibrating the sizes of hailstones.

In one Associated Press story, hail the size of golf balls fell at a Midwest town. Nearby, hail as big as hen eggs came down. All of which may sound like the first liar doesn't have a chance when laying claim to the Hailstone Hall of Fame. And some of the hen eggs we've been getting lately are not suitable for comparing with hailstones "if you intend to brag.

I prefer the old standard sizes like baseballs and grapefruit, but you seldom hear of these sizes anymore. A man now talks of hail the size of baseballs only when he is making a claim to his insurance company. When he is talking to a contractor about a bid on a new roof for his house, he refers to the same hail as pea-size.



It is obvious that precious little has been done to establish accurately the size of hailstones, and probably nothing is of more vital interest to the public. As a matter of fact, violent arguments over the precise size of hailstones have probably contributed as much as anything else to the violent nature of Americans today.

The only man who has ever seriously done anything about standardizing hailstone sizes, so far as I know, was a shirttail uncle of mine, who owned a farm a short jog from Needmore. It was a good farm and uncle had to work hard to keep it from making a profit. So, instead of flooding the market with produce and the banks with the proceeds, he invented farm machinery as his contribution to mankind.

Uncle was a progressive thinker. Once he and a neighbor went into business peddling apples. They'd buy them for 25 cents a pound and haul them into town and sell the same apples for the same price.

"This isn't working out too well," my uncle's partner said one day. "We don't seem to be making any money."

Quick as a flash uncle had the answer. "I think what we need is a bigger truck."

He had a whole pasture full of old farm machinery and invented thousands of machines of his own, robbing the wrecks for parts. He invented a contouring machine that worked real fine. But he had to stop demonstrating it. When he drew racy pictures with it on the hillsides, all the preachers in the neighborhood complained.

In one brainstorm, he crossed a Model T Ford with a hay baler but this wasn't one of his greatest successes. It still broke your arm when you cranked it and it attracted cows and horses when you parked to do a little courting.

I suppose you had to say that uncle's great claim to fame was his handy-dandy hailstone measurer. On the front of his Essex, he mounted a section of a grain binder. A set of sieves provided the scale of measure so that all hailstones passing over these sieves could be quickly sorted and calibrated with extreme accuracy.

He had it rigged with pulleys and belts and greased and ready to dash off and measure anybody's hailstones on a moment's notice.

As fate would have it, he never could get the machine where the big hail was. Every time he made a run, he found the kids had gotten there before him and had sabotaged his scientific work by eating all the hail. Kids don't eat hailstones anymore, but then you don't have inventors like my uncle anymore, either.

That's a shame. We may never know the real truth about hailstones.

-tpt-

A buddy of mine came out of the mountains in a dog trot the other day. He was bubbling over with excitement. He had learned from an old Indian, who lives back in the boonies, a secret potion for growing hair.

I don't know why he came to me about it. It can't possibly be as good as my own private formula, but I listened to the story even if it was a little frayed around the edges.

It seems this old Indian, well into his 80's, lives with his squaw, who sometime ago lost her hair. Sickness, an operation, a scalping party, or maybe some bad possum stew caused her hair to fall out. I missed the gory details, but since then she has been wearing a rope mop for a wig and my buddy said the thing did give her something of a stringy look.

The old chief noticed it too. He began stirring up a hair-growing potion handed down from many campfires. He cut a growing grapevine and caught the juice. In this he mixed a generous gob of lanolin and has been rubbing this into the old gal's skull each day. After several months, there are signs of hair coming in.

It never occurred to me to ask if it was wild or tame grapes, white or purple. Could have something to do with what kind of hair you grow, you know. I doubt that folks around here are ready for purple hair yet, even though it looked pretty good on Cher Bono on television the other night.

I have drunk grape wine that would put hair on your chest, so there is no reason to think it wouldn't work on your head, if you let it ferment there long enough.

I just may stir me up a batch. You never know when you are going to run into a bald Indian.

Semper fidelis.

MERCURY VAPORS

by Warren R. Fisher

After listening to President Nixon point out some of the energy crisis factors such as—the average American consumes in seven days almost as much energy as most other people in world will consume in an entire year—I decided it was time to learn to walk again. Not that I don't use a car when necessity dictates, nor that I don't walk around the business section nearly every Monday.

As was stated individual citizens can help by conserving energy through such measures as joining car pools, keeping cars in tune, reducing speeds, turning down thermostats by 3 to 5 degrees, and adding insulation and other weather protection to homes.

On Thursday last, my better half had occasion to go to Lexington. On her return I inquired had traffic slowed any appreciable amount due to the president's speech. Nope! The slow driver still was in danger of being run over.

Well there is a way to slow 'em down—it's called rationing.

—MV—

The following from Bennett Roach's column "Who's a Thought It?" in the (Shelbyville) Sentinel-News gives some insight into the enormous task of getting ready for Kentucky's Bicentennial:

Glad to be back with the column. It was shelved for six months for more important things—a special commitment for a Bicentennial Magazine thing for next year, featuring every county in Kentucky.

Nice to make the copy deadline of November, all 120 counties gathered in before the snow flies. From early spring till winter's chill, out beating the bushes, prowling the library aisles, combing the newspapers—all in behalf of copy on the counties.

Stacked like cordwood now, getting set into type, equal space for all counties, same volume of words, same number of pictures. One page in the newsmagazine to each county, from biggest to littlest, highest to lowest, the most affluent to the most impecunious. Seven hundred words to each county, total of 840,000 words.

Kentucky has too many counties, yes. But every one had a sound reason for being. The idea was that every citizen had a right to transact business at his county seat and be back home the same day. A day's round trip by stage, or buggy, or mileback, or whatever.

Now they're there, stuck tight with 100 to 200 years of tradition behind them. Governmental experts, whiz-kids, civics professors and planners may talk of consolidation of counties, but their dream looks impossible.

Regional cultures, territorial pride, functioning governmental units, trading centers, long-established systems, loyalties, clans and customers—these are just a few of the things that hold counties together. And they're not about to change.

An engrossing task, rounding up 120 counties, and all of them different. An exciting, intensive cram-course in Kentucky history, economics, geography, geo-politics, folklore, landmarks, notables, tides of change over the years. And now one of the greatest changes, the emergence of all regions and counties into modern times, the industrial age.

All with the focus on the 1974-76 Kentucky Bicentennial, of course, and trying to fit every county into the bicentennial picture, somehow. Not too hard, really, for the great migrations westward across the mountains touched every region and blossomed into counties, formed to consolidate the march of settlement and civilization.

Almost any county you can name had something going for it in 1774-76, or its parent county from which it was taken. Fort Harrod was the only settlement that survives today. Next year's celebration is to honor that founding, and give thought to the peculiar, fascinating background of this state and its counties.

FARM & HOME

County extension agents
Estil J. Nolfsinger
Sara Elmer
Mrs. Margie Wilson

4-H SPEECH PROGRAM

4-H'ers "SPEAK UP" and "tell what they think" in the 4-H Public Speaking. This program gives 4-H'ers the practical experience of better organizing their thoughts and presenting them more effectively.

Local 4-H'ers will give their speech presentations at the County Talk Meet to be held during the first week in December. Winners of the county meet will participate in the Area Talk Meet and Banquet to be held in Richmond on Dec. 10. Area winners attend a two-day State Talk meeting in July sponsored by the Kentucky Broadcasters Association.

Talks by youth, ages 9-13 are to be three to five minutes, and talks by 14-19 age youth must be five to seven minutes long.

4-H participants are judged in the following divisions: Junior Division (by individual ages): Girls - 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 ages; Boys - 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 ages.

Senior Division (by groups): Girls - 14-19 age; Boys - 14-19 age.

For speech ideas and more details, call Sara S. Elmer, County Extension Agent for **4-H at 289-2312.**

4-H AUTOMOTIVE TIPS - REDUCE FUEL USE!

You can "wage your own battle" against high fuel prices and unnecessary pollution by conserving fuel in many ways. Here are some methods recommended by the American Automobile Association:

—**Form car pools** for commuting to work.

—**Combine short trips** around town into one.

—**If considering buying a second car,** make it smaller. Gas mileage is directly related to over-all vehicle weight.

—**Keep the car's engine in tune.** Mileage is also affected by the condition of air filters, spark plugs, points and emission control devices.

—**Make certain that tires are properly inflated.** This can also save money on tire wear.

—**Reduce your normal traveling speed** where feasible. Gasoline mileage is greater at lower speeds.

—**Accelerate gradually.** Fast starts waste gasoline.

—**Try to reduce stop-and-go driving** as much as possible by anticipating traffic signals and thus minimizing braking and acceleration.

—**When entering a freeway,** take advantage of acceleration paths so as to gradually reach highway speed rather than to "floor board" the accelerator to reach cruising speed.

—**Avoid excessive acceleration on hills.** Instead, build up adequate speed ahead of time.

—**Don't use long warm-up periods** in

Please turn to page 2

WISH I'D SAID THAT

"When it comes to time payments, you have to get money up before you can get it down." Duane C. Griggs, New London (Iowa) Journal.

20 and 40 years ago

Thursday, November 19, 1953

A crowd estimated at 200 attended the Ranch Show Tuesday night at the Stockyards. Results of the rings were announced by Roy Blount.

The following Homemakers are attending rug braiding classes given by University of Kentucky Home Furnishings Specialist Miss Vivian Curnutt: Mrs. Maurice King, Mrs. Beulah Dollins, Mrs. Emmett Darrell, Mrs. James C. Lowe, Mrs. Pithian Rye, Mrs. S.R. Barlow and Mrs. Clyde Alexander.

At a called meeting Tuesday the City Council adopted an ordinance for an emergency water rate of $5 per 1,000 gallons, according to Mayor W.C. Talbert.

Tommy Allen Ockerman, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Ockerman, submitted to a successful tonsilectomy last week at Bourbon County Hospital, Paris.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. J.B.V. Blevins, a daughter, Saturday in Lexington.—To Mr. and Mrs. Teo Nutini of Sao Paulo, Brazil, a daughter, Elizabeth Teofilo, Nov. 12.—To Mr. and Mrs. Chester Barger, a daughter, Mary Wayne, Nov. 12.—To Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wilson, Summerfield, Kan., a daughter, Sylvia Louise, Friday.—To Mr. and Mrs. William Breiz, Myers, a daughter, Bonnie Lou, Nov. 14.—To Mr. and Mrs. Ray Shields, a daughter, Hanna Lynn, Nov. 17.

DIED—Mrs. Stella Payne Maxon, Monday in Dayton, Ohio.—Miss Martha Layson, 93, Millersburg, last Wednesday. —Harvey Clary, Saturday at his home in Waynesville, Ohio.—James F. Golden, 79, Nov. 5 in Logansport, Ind.—D.H. Hildreth, Thursday at his home in Piqua.

Thursday, November 16, 1933

Carlisle will have two new ministers about Jan 1 when the pulpits of the Baptist and Christian churches will be filled. The Baptists extended a call to Rev. R.R. Couey of Augusta, and the Christian church board called Rev. J.J. Whitehouse of Columbus, Ohio.

Local dealers are paying 10 cents per pound for turkeys and believe there will be little advance in price here.

Carlisle's tobacco market will open about Dec. 5, according to W.R. Knight, president of the Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Company.

The first snow of the season fell here Tuesday. It melted about as fast as it fell.

John and Henry West, "Crackcorn" and "Bullfrog", sons of Joe West, were paroled from the Kentucky House of Reform Saturday and returned to Carlisle Saturday night. Their fondness for horses has caused these two boys to be sent to the House of Reform twice.

W.D. Shanklin sustained a badly mashed hand Monday while moving a building in Henryville.

The county relief committee reported Wednesday morning that 237 men are at work on relief projects in the county this week.

Henry L. Carter, H.T. Letton, Harry Kennedy, J.W. Parker and Sterling Blake attended the meeting of bankers of Group Six of the Kentucky Bankers Association held at Lexington Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S.A. Caywood who have been conducting a restaurant in the Cole Building on Maple Street, have disposed of the business to Stanley Hardin, who took charge Saturday.

DIED—Miss Mary Conners, 77, on Monday at the home of her half-brother, John Cronin.—J.C. Scott, 68, at his home near East Union last Thursday.—J.W. Rankin, 72, Friday morning at his home on the Maysville Road.

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Nursing Home news

by Mrs. Virginia Smith Donovan

Mrs. Madge Richards of Owingsville and four grandchildren visited Mrs. Iva Payne Sunday.

I was so glad to have a letter from Mrs. Switzer of Dayton, Ky. She said her sister, Ann Timmer, who was a patient here wanted her to write and tell me she was doing very well but missed her friends here. We miss seeing her too. Mrs. Switzer's letter said she talked to Ann over the phone. Ann and Mrs. Rilla Allen of Harrison county left here and went to a home at Hopkinsville.

Was talking to Sammie Livingood's father, Rev. Howard Livingood. Said Sammie was going to Cumberland College at Williamsburg, but worked at a nursing home in Corbin. Sammie is a fine boy.

Elmer Fredrick's daughter, Nancy Shaw, has a new job as a manicurist. She came and trimmed Elmer's toe nails and Turner Donahue's nails too.

Sunday, Nov. 4, the Headquarters Church had charge of the weekly worship service. Mrs. Fred Hollar was at the piano. There was much good piano playing and singing. The first song was sung in honor of Mrs. Anna Clark who sat in her wheel chair and listened with pride and smiled all the way through.

Rev. Livingood read and talked from part of Mark 8. He told us God had different ways of healing, said many times the healing came gradually. I believe there were five preachers here that day, maybe more. The last one I saw was Rev. Knabor of Mt. Zion Christian Church.

Roger and Mary Sled of Lexington came one day. Was such a pleasure to be with them. They brought me a big apple and a bottle of hand and body cream.

Sterling Vice was a patient here for only a few hours but from here he went to the local hospital and to his eternal home. His son, Oliver, is my good next door neighbor on Mulberry Street. Mr. Vice was a patient here several years ago. I remember he told me some good sleigh riding stories which were in the news.

Jane McCarty said she had a letter from her sister-in-law, nurse Doris Rogers, who is now working in the Flemingsburg Hospital and Home.

Tuesday evening my roommate and I were getting settled down for the night, heard a knock on the door, was my next door neighbors, Oliver and June Vice, was so glad to see them. We talked and then talked some more. They said Debbie was still working in Frankfort, drove from home every day. Can't remember but think June said she was getting rooms in Frankfort, don't think she's getting married. They brought us some flowers from the funeral of Oliver's father, Sterling Vice, which was Monday.

Late one afternoon, met some folks in the main entrance who were from Indiana. Their names is Mitchell, relatives of little meek "Miss" Minnie Mitchell. They were Flossie, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Mitchell of Anderson, Ind. and Glen McFarland of Owingsville. Flossie Mitchell said she got lots of pleasure out of reading the nursing home news, said she loved to read about my three girls, felt like she could just see them. I was glad to hear these words, for I felt like I had been a little too personal with my writing, but after all my children and grandchildren are my pride and joy.

W.C. Hammond visited the home. He's from Bethel and is an uncle of Rev. Julian and Jerry Hammond. Their mother is Mrs. Dora Hammond.

One evening Mrs. Sadie Flora and Mrs. Harry O. Dell from Morrow, Ohio came and visited some of the patients, believe was the Hardwicks. They brought fruit too.

I was lying in my bed one evening when I [illegible] over and who should I see but Mrs. Diana Boyd. I was so glad to see her. The two of us are having Henryville's name changed to Raymondsville. Believe Raymond Robinson was the last one to move in.

Miss Kathryn Hardwick's niece, Alma Clinkenbeard, said she forgot to tell more about her Aunt Kathryn's birthday. She didn't give me the names of all of those present at the party. Her minister, Dr. Evans Brown, sister, Mrs. W.W. Rigg, three nieces and two nephews' names were omitted. Oh yes, one great-great niece.

I think next year all the friends and relatives should agree that Aunt Kathryn's birthday should last from one October until the next October.

Kenneth Bussell, the Grit salesman, said he went to Headquarters to Sunday School last Sunday.

There's been so many to see me and brought so many things to me, have nothing to look forward to but June Vice's cornbread which she promised she'd bring us.

Wednesday I heard some swift steps coming down the hall, was my good friend and old roommate Virgie Bell Judy Marshall from Harrison county. She had her arms full of magazines, apples and flowers. I just love her. She was going to take me to Carlisle but someone at the desk said they didn't think I should go for I hadn't been so well, was having trouble with my ears. I hadn't heard of it, looks like I would have been the first to know about it. Virgie Bell is just good. This is proof enough.

"Accidents are the leading cause of crippling and disabling injuries in all age groups and the sixth leading cause of death in senior citizens," the National Safety Council reports.

FARM & HOME

Continued from page 2

starting a cold engine but drive slowly for a mile or so before reaching cruising speed.

—**Don't allow the engine to idle more than a minute while parked.**

—**Reduce use of air conditioners** by traveling more in early morning and evening hours during hot weather.

(Source: Consumer News Inc., Issue #81, Washington, D.C., April 1973.)

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