Opinion

School's opening reminds us to watch driving habits

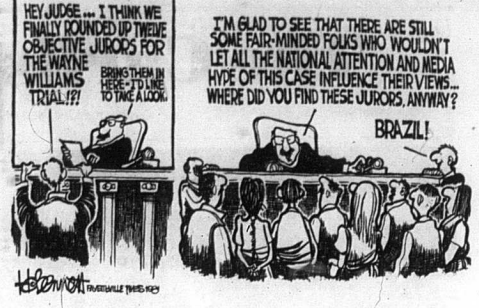
With Nicholas County's schools opening the 1981-82 school year next week, we are reminded of the smiling faces of hundreds of our children laughing and playing, stiffly modeling new school clothes, and renewing acquaintances after a long summer's absence.

But those smiling faces could suddenly be shattered by one careless motorist. We only wish to remind all area adults to carefully observe all posted speed limits in school zone areas, and to take special care when following a school bus to or from school.

Since elementary age children generally do not recognize or comprehend the potential danger involved in entering or crossing a roadway, they often dart out in front of vehicles, or cross streets without looking. Please be particularly alert for these children.

The Blue Grass AAA Automobile Club says that although the 35 million students in the United States between the ages of 5 and 14 represent about 16 percent of the total population; they are involved in almost 32 percent of the annual pedestrian accidents.

To be involved in an accident with a small child is something neither the child or the driver will ever be able to forget. We urge all local motorists to be especially mindful of the increased hazards the school year places on our county's roadways. We all want to keep the smiles on our children's faces.



All are diminished with The Star's fall

For understandable reasons, journalists are especially saddened by the demise of a great newspaper. So, the announcement that the **Washington Star** ceased publication on Aug. 7 after 130 years of distinguished service to its readers casts a particularly somber pall of gloom over those of us in the news business.

The Star succumbed to the inexorable logic of the balance sheet, which showed losses of roughly $20 million per year since the late 1970s. Even Time, Inc., the Star's owner since 1978, could not overcome economic adversity on this scale, nor justify such losses indefinitely.

The Star waged a magnificent fight to the very end. Its pages crackled with first-rate reporting, crisp writing, and discerning commentary. News features and editions were added regularly to attract readers, and advertisers.

It wasn't enough. In the end, the once-dominant Star could not win back a sufficient share of its advertising market to survive against the hugely profitable **Washington Post**.

The nation's capital will be diminished by loss of the Star. It offered the sole competition for the influential and decidedly liberal **Washington Post**. Surely it is ironic that the Star's more conservative voice is being stilled at precisely the time it was most needed to give a measure of balance to coverage of the new administration.

The Idle Rambler

by James C. Smith

At the time of this writing I am both contented and suffering from chronic anxiety at the same time. I'm contented because I'm presently nestled in the rolling hills (or is that towering mountains) of good old West Virginia. Far away from those late evening phone calls that so characteristally represent one of the hazards of life as a journalist.

I am suffering from chronic anxiety because I have spent the better part of the day shopping with my fiancee. Rather, I should say shopping for my fiancee. You see, when we go shopping, she really goes shopping. I'm sure every man out there know exactly what I'm talking about.

When I look for something, I walk in the first likely store I happen upon, tell a pimply-faced salesboy what I want, he brings it over and I buy it. Simple.

For her, shopping is an art form. It is—simultaneously—intensely absorbing work and the greatest form of entertainment this side of a troupe of one-legged female midget wrestlers wearing pink flourescent bikinis.

For any one article she is in search of, a minimum of 9 stores must be ransacked. It doesn't matter that some of the stores carry exactly the same brands with consistently higher prices, she still tears throught the isles like a fox in a chicken house and proceeds to fill the changing rooms with rapid-fire blazing of new zippers and cursings of disbleving sales persons. And she invariably must return to the first store we entered to finally purchase the article. I invariable curse.

There is also an unspoken rule that she be as unapproachable for sales persons as is humanly possible. Even when she is looking for only article, specifically she will never allow store employees to assist her.

I'm sure everyone knows what I mean. She'll be looking for a nightgown, for example. While searching through a rack of potential PJ's, someone will come over and smilingly ask, "May I help you pick out something in our fine line of negligees?"

"No, just looking around," she says. I can't print what I say. I mean, she's there looking for a nightgown, so tell the lady she's there looking for a nightgown and get it over with.

Another thing that drives me nuts is that she will try-on every item she even half-way likes, whether she has any intention of buying it or not. "Well, you never know, I might get it," she says. I curse again.

Perhaps the worst part of the whole ordeal are those terribly uncomfortable moments when she heads off to the dressing foom with a tractor-trailer load of synthetic goodies and I am left standing in the middle of a woman's clothing store all alone. The only man in a woman's clothing store. It is not comfortable. I make extra sure to stay away from the Big Ladie's isle. The thought of some old maid's fancying me in pink chiffon is simply unbearable.

But even worse are the looks one gets when sitting outside the woman's changing room. You'd think I was walking around with mirrors on the tops of my shoes.

Her father says that the worst sound in the world is that of hangers scraping across metal sales racks. I know how he developed that rather eccentric phobia.

But she hates baseball. I just ordered two sets of season's tickets to next year's Reds' games. As the great stategist Idi Amin once said, "Umgawa, Umgawa, Umgawa." Literally, that means "Stop that elephant". Idiomatically, it means "Don't get mad, get even".

from our readers

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Am writing in reply to all the controversy about nursing care in and out of Nicholas County.

My mother (Mrs. Emma Walton) 91 years of age spent at least 30 years of her life in Nicholas County and come the day she can no longer care for herself, she's sent from Nicholas to Clark County.

Although I must admit she's getting excellent care there (Clark County), she has family in Nicholas County which have paid and are still paying taxes, as did my mother and late father.

So you have no privileges unless you can take care of yourself, and believe me, if my mother knew how Nicholas County reacted to her situation, she would be so hurt and disappointed with the county she and my dad loved and supported over the years.

I sympathize with the Mr. Andy and Mrs. Bowles case and I hope and pray they have a doctor who will be more understanding and helpful than the one our mother had.

Thank you,
Josephine Hogg
Radcliff, Ky.

Agree or not

Brown's bond move is example of robbing Peter to pay Paul

by S.C. Van Curon

It seems a bit contradictory that Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. continually brags about economy and how his administration is saving money but now his his minions in the process of issuing an additional $600 millions in bonds.

It seems like a case of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.

Of this amount $247,830,000 will be issued as refunding bonds, which entails an investment scheme to retire outstanding Toll Road Authority bonds.

Proceeds from the bond sales will be used to purchase a series of U.S. Government bonds known as State and Local Government Series. The maturity date of these bonds will be timed so as to meet the interest payment and maturity dates of the outstanding Toll Road Authority Bonds.

Attorney Joseph Leary, who holds some of the Toll Road bonds, has questioned the validity of this proposal, but bonding authorities are so strong in their convictions that they rate the new series as AAA against A for the outstanding series.

He says he can't understand how his bonds will be good when the state says to him, "Since the issues of bonds of which you are a holder will be retired in this manner, no lease payments from the Transportation Department will be required and the contracts with them will no longer be in effect or be necessary to provide debt service."

James R. Ramsey, director of the Division of Investment and Debt management in the Department of Finance, explained the theory of the bond issue this way:

(1)"The proceeds of the sale of the refunding bonds will be used to purchase U.S. Treasury bonds and notes with maturities and coupons so matched to the present outstanding bonds that by reinvesting the interest earnings on securities, amounts equal to all the principal and interest requirements on the bonds refunded will be provided."

The other $300 million will be issued as Resource Recovery Road bonds, authorized by the 1980 legislature.

Bond placement agencies began taking orders from large private institutions August 11, Ramsey said.

The placement agents are First Boston Corp. of N.Y., Bache Halsey Stuart Shields and Merrill Lynch.

The government bonds will yield one-eighth of a percent interest higher than the interest on the outstanding toll road bonds. Ramsey said the state expects to make about $40 million on the deal in the 30-year period.

Albert Christen, finance commissioner during the administration of Gov. Louie B. Nunn, takes a dim view of the bond issue, and said in a telephone interview, "they are only compounding their troubles."

He said the state reached its "debt limit during the Nunn administration when debt service required about 10 percent of the state gross product."

Ramsey said the three principal reasons for issuing the new bonds are:

(1) Free the state from present parity contract on outstanding toll road bonds.

(2) Permit the issuance of the $300 million Economic Development Road Recovery Bonds.

(3) Make some money.

Christen says the state is betting that high interest rates will continue for 30 years. He says it is a dangerous gamble because there is no guarantee the government will continue to pay the rate the state buys the SLGS for now. "The government will reduce the interest rate when inflation subsides," Christen said.

He fired off some questions, "Why don't they (the Brown administration) tell the public how much debt service they have?

"How much has it increased since 1971?"

During his four years in state government, Christen was never known as a pussyfooter. The Louisville certified public accountant was known as a blunt spoken man who didn't waste words. He called the financial shots as he saw them.

"They need somebody in charge of finances," he challenged.

"They have scattered the authority of the commissioner around so much until I don't think anybody could handle it," he said.

He went on to explain that Gov. Nunn "stood by his finance department and listened as he and then deputy finance commissioner Lawrence Forgy laid out financial matters."

Christen accused succeeding Democrat administrations of errant financial ability. They kept building the debt service. He said the Horse Park at Lexington added approximately $6 million more a year to debt service.

"Pretty soon, if this keeps up, a great amount of the state's revenue will be needed for debt service and little will be left for services," he said.

This column is pointing out that the new $300 million in road bonds are not revenue bonds and the debt service must come from the general fund.

Down Memory Lane

Local stock market sells 1522 head

Thursday, August 24, 1961

A delegation from Carlisle attended the Eighth District meeting of the Federation of Kentucky Sportsman's League at Ashland, Sunday. Attending were: A. V. Allison, William Straw, Dorsey Watkins, Jim Williams, Earl Hardwick, Bill Parker and Harry Duncan, local conservation officer.

Woody Fryman, Flemingsburg, Billy Keen Anderson and Donnie Hillock, Nicholas County, playing with the West Liberty baseball team, won the Kentucky tournament. They will play in the national tournament in Wichita, Kan. Thursday (today).

Mrs. Ramona Hollar Sowell has purchased the Sharp Hair Styling Beauty Salon in Cincinnati. Mrs. Sowell took over management this past Tuesday.

Hord Crouch, who has been associated with Dorsey Brothers and Fisher for 38 years, has resigned his position and spent his last day on the job there Saturday.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Noland Linville, a son, Larry Wayne, Aug. 16. — To Mr. and Mrs. Tilton Mitchell, a son, Jeffrey Thomas, Aug. 17. — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Foster, a daughter, Paula Gay, Aug. 17. — To Mr. and Mrs. Gano Bussell, a daughter, Clarine Annette, Aug. 18.

DIED—Mrs. Rowena Abnee Jefferson, Lexington, last Wednesday in Lexington. — William Thomas McClain, 77, Lexington, Monday in Paris.

Thursday, August 21, 1941

Howard Allison Jr. of Headquarters, suffered a badly cut chin on Monday afternoon while playing ball. He ran against a road sign and cut his chin. He was brought to the local hospital where six stitches were taken to close the wound.

Raymond Scheffler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scheffler of this county, who has been a patient at the St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington for several days, was released from the hospital Tuesday. He had suffered a severe attack of Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, a rare disease in this section of the country.

Dr. W. B. Hopkins of this city said this week that the illness of his daughter, Miss Anne Hopkins, at first diagnosed as infantile paralysis, later had been identified as infectious neuritis.

The local stock market reported the selling of 1522 head of live stock Tuesday with prices remaining at the new level reached by last week's sale.

BORN — Mr. and Mrs. Waller Scott

*See Memory lane, page 3

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Op-ed page

Dozen Newtons in 20 years? . . . .would you believe dozen fig newtons?

RUSS METZ

Being the smartest one in the family is not too hard when you have burned all your old report cards and can lick anyone who challenges your intelligence.

And, if your kids don't quite measure up to your expectations, you can always blame it on your wife. Studies show that people tend to have children in about their own range of intelligence. So you pick the smart ones and claim the dummies in your family take after your wife.

How many people are there in the U.S. right now who have a genius level IQ? Besides you and me. That's hard to say because the whole population has never been tested. And not every scientist agrees that our methods of IQ testing accurately measures your smarts.

One psychologist has made a stab at counting up all the people in this country who are as smart as a government mule. He comes up with something like this:

IQ 190 — Top geniuses of a caliber of Archimedes and Isaac Newton. Probably not even one American person at present. Such intelligences come along at the rate of only about one every 500 years. And only during the season when apples are falling off trees hitting dreamers on the head.

IQ 180 — Men of the caliber of Darwin and Freud. Both a couple of nuts, who have probably stirred up more stink than any of the other eggheads. Maybe a dozen. If you can think of 11 other sharpies, this is your neighborhood, baby.

IQ 170 — About 300, most barbers and bartenders.

IQ 160 — 5,000, of whom at least half are unemployed Carter campaign advisers.

IQ 150 — 100,000, most of whom can be found sitting around potbellied stoves in country stores. They are the spitting images of geniuses.

IQ 140 — 1,000,000, including Alex Haig and Bowater, our office cat. This means that there are quite a mess of "geniuses" in the country because scores above 140 technically labeled "genius level."

IQ's of 120 to 140 are termed "very superior," but not quite ready to walk on water. Football coaches, Blue Tick hounds and third generation welfare drones can be lumped together on this plateau.

IQ's of 90 to 120 — Second lieutenants, 90-day garden variety, government bureaucrats, earthworms, mothers-in-law, psychologists who draw up IQ tests, hoping they can make one simple enough to rate themselves as geniuses.

IQ's of 0 to 90 — Newspaper columnists and lichen.

One group of experts contends both that the general level of IQ is going down, by at least one or two points a generation. They cite such evidence as the Armed Forces Qualification Test, which indicates that "the number of youths with relatively low mental equipment is rising rapidly." This is not a very accurate intelligence test and, besides, they always give it to you at 8 in the morning after you've spent the night on KP.

I fell asleep twice in the middle of the round peg section and still managed a rousing 37, the highest in our company, next to our outfit's mascot, an erotic billygoat.

Those who argue IQ is going down point to studies that "families with the dullest children average 2½ times the size of families with the brightest children." The two are smart enough. It's those halfwits who bring the average down. These gloom peddlers argue the world is being overrun with the less intelligent. I personally resent this because most of my friends are not uncommonly bright.

This view does not alarm proponents of the opposite viewpoint, who claim that IQ is not proven to be a matter of heredity, but rather of early cultural stimulation and environment. You can shoot this theory to pieces by looking at my kids. You give them the smartest parents in town, the choicest steaks and clean sheets and they bring home report cards that would warp a turtle's shell.

One scientist says there is hope. He thinks we're going to "have more brains at the top" as a result of our strong intellectual selection in marriage. Whatever that means. I think he infers the smartest 10 percent of the young people, the 120s and 130s, are being thrown together at the most susceptible age for romance. Studies show, he claims, that these people tend to have children in about their own range of intelligence.

"This means that these marriages are now producing five to ten times the number of 150s we would get from the perfectly random marriages of the average population," he says. I'd be willing to settle for less. Like a kid with enough intelligence to know when to pick up his dirty socks.

"We may not have to wait centuries for the next Newton," the scientist says. "We may have a dozen Newtons within the next 20 years."

Democrats or Republicans?

— RM —

Stan Musial was at the plate and the rookie pitcher on the mound shook off several suggestions the catcher had signalled. Finally in desperation the catcher walked to the mound and asked why the pitcher didn't throw the ball.

The rookie replied, "I'm trying to worry him."

The catcher said, "Look, this guy owns six Cadillacs, four restaurants, two banks and a shopping center in Webster Grove and you're going to worry him?"

Then there's a Gaylor Perry story he heard former Texas Rangers outfielder Tom Grieve tell.

In a mid-70s exhibition game, Grieve hit a broken-bat pop-up to short, then, when he picked up a piece of his bat, he discovered that the handle had been sawed nearly all the way through.

Later, on the club's first regular season trip to Boston, he was called on to warm up the pitcher after an inning and a half. Grieve is a Massachusetts boy and members of his family, including his mother, were in the stands.

He left his chaw of tobacco on top of the bat rack so his mother wouldn't see that telltale lump in his cheek. Then, when he returned to the dugout, he popped it back in his mouth. It tasted strange. He took it out and saw a black substance in it. Perry, then a member of the Rangers' starting rotation, was holding a bottle of pine tar.

Grieve realized not only who had doctored his chaw, but also who had sawed his bat. Then he began to study Perry's daily routine on the days he pitched and learned he was a creature of habit. He arrived at the clubhouse at exactly the same time, dressed in exactly the same way and, during the game, changed shirts after the third inning.

Grieve borrowed a can of itching powder from another of the team's jokers and went to work.

Perry, long accused of greasing up the ball, made all sorts of motions on the mound, touching his cap and various parts of his uniform before throwing, like many of the pitchers do. Perhaps it was to disguise the exact location of the grease, or maybe he had it smeared everywhere.

Batters must have really wondered what he was up to the next time he pitched. Because after the third inning, he wasn't just touching the upper areas of his uniform, he was clawing at them.

"What in the hell is Perry doing out there?" one of his teammates asked.

"Scratching," said Grieve, with the quiet satisfaction of a man who had evened a score, "scratching like crazy. Probably too much starch in his underwear."

— RM —

An army officer received from his fiance a photo taken at the beach.

The picture showed two happy couples sprawled on the sand, their arms around each other in what you might call a holding pattern. The fiance sat nearby, alone and lonely.

The letter with the photo told how much she missed him and how she was fretting away her time until he came home.

The officer proudly showed the picture to his fellow officers.

One of them studied it a long time, then mused, "I wonder who took the picture."

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

By Warren R. Fisher Sr.
August 20, 1936

Back to work after a vacation of two days and mighty slothful withal and sit at my typewriter like a numbskull and smoke and strike not a key. But fall to looking at a print of the narrows of the Hiwassee River on the back of an old Louisville & Nashville Magazine, very cool and enticing with its banks boulder strewn and abloom with flowering shrub, but narrow as the branch which ran through the meadow by the big spring. And with thoughts of the old meadow and the great spring over which a giant weeping willow grew, of the minnows flashing their silver sides in the branch and the meadow larks and red-wings nesting along its banks, I am straightway lost in day dreams and abominate all forms of endeavor whatsoever and particularly my own.

Presently to reading proofs of news columns and fall first upon a fine poem by Service called "The Wanderlust," very fit to bring back dreams of the open road, the fields and hills and peaceful woodlands to one who would, alack! prefer to anywhere else but at the reading of printer's proofs. And I hurry on, but come upon another poem, the burden of which mocks at all poets of the springtime, who in winter pipe of the beauties of summer, yet grow strongly quiet in the sultriness of summer's high noon. This is a truth and I think that we all fall into the doldrums from railing about the heat and eating too much and that summer is beautiful, despite the humidity of her "dog days," as if in proof I recall an excursion on a Sunday, when the air was sultry and roads hot and dry and I remember I thought that people would be happy, were it not for their amusements. But presently come to the shady banks of a creek and there swam and grew cool.

And evening coming on the silent trees grew vocal and a pair of great crested fly-catchers chased and shouted at each other through the leaves; cardinals and wrens whistled and trilled and looking up into the branches of a great sycamore I found the nest of a hummingbird saddled on a limb. Poets of springtime, all of these, though silent in the heat of summer's noon. And so a plague on this matter-of-fact rhymster! Poets of the springtime are not dis-illusioned; they but take their siesta.

Memory lane

Continued from page 2

Boyd of Locust Street are the parents of a son, Charles Scott Boyd, born Thursday night at Johnson Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Boyd was formerly Miss Mary Stone of Owingsville.— Mr. and Mrs. Fred Augsburg of Lexington are the parents of a seven and one-fourth pound son, born Aug. 17 at St. Joseph Hospital. This is the second son in the home. Mrs. J. Cray Martin returned Monday from welcoming her second grandchild.

MARRIED — Miss Frances Sue Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Collins of Carlisle and Stanley Parker, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Parker of Independence, Ky. on Aug. 9. — Mr. and Mrs. W.C. Talbott motored to Barbourville Monday to witness the marriage of their only son, R. L. Talbert, to Miss Jeanne Faulkner, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Faulkner at 10 p.m. Tuesday morning.

Thursday, August 25, 1921

The annual meeting of the Nicholas County Sunday School Association was held at the Saltwell Church on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

The Nicholas County Democrat Committee forwarded to the State Election Commission at Frankfort Saturday the following names, one of whom will be selected as election commissioner of Nicholas County: W. J. Reed, C. E. Sanford, Carl Long, Henry Bramblett and Mrs. Henry Potts.

MARRIED — A marriage license was issued last week to Miss Clara Ritchie, 15, and David King, 24, both of this county. — Miss Ruth May Mitchell of this county, and James W. Hatfield, Fleming County, Wednesday afternoon at the clerk's office. — Miss Marguerite Hankla and Bedford Reed at Louisville Wednesday, Aug. 18.

DIED—Charles Henry Shields 5, at the home of his mother, Mrs. Mitchell, near Bucktown, Friday after a weeks illness. — Willis H. Askin, 79, at the home of his son, William Askin near Oakland Mills, Thursday.

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