Opinion

The facts.

There seem to be several misconceptions that have sprung up as a by-product of the recent taxpayer unrest in the county. We feel compelled to present the facts. Here they are, in a simple straightforward manner:

— The county's financial records are available for public inspection at the county clerk's office.

— The county books do receive a routine audit by the state's Auditor of Public Accounts each fiscal year.

— Taxpayers have a legal right to see those forms, under current open records laws.

— The hospital tax was imposed by a landslide election victory on a bonding referendum. The vote, in November of 1976, carried by nearly 82 percent, 1707 to 381.

— Hospital bonds in the amount of $2.3 million (exactly $2,305,000) have been issued and sold. Interest on those bonds is payable semiannually on June 1 and Dec. 1.

— That bond money supports the physical hospital building and some of its equipment.

— The county publishes each year, in this newspaper, a financial statement showing detailed disbursements.

— A summary copy of the auditor's report is published in this newspaper following each investigation.

— A copy of the auditor's report is available to the public, free of charge, by writing the Auditor of Public Accounts, Room 168, Capitol Annex, Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

— State auditors could give a more in-depth audit if provided with "sufficient evidence" to warrant such an investigation.

— The fiscal court did pass a 3.5 cent ambulance tax less than 24 hours after a referendum on a 10 cent ambulance tax had failed.

— Sixty-one percent of the people voting on the referendum cast a no vote.

— The 3.5 cent ambulance tax has been removed.

— County Judge Reese Smoot did make a verbal commitment to purchase an ambulance from Mathers-Gaunce Funeral Home for $8,000.

There are the facts. They speak for themselves.

Youth unemployment

Something is badly out of sync in the national job market, where unemployment among inner-city youth is reaching 57.5 percent while thousands of high-technology jobs are going begging, and entire industries are hamstrung for lack of skilled workers.

The widening gap between jobs and unemployed youth may well prove to be one of the greatest challenges facing the Reagan administration.

Thus far, the administration's chief response has been to reduce sharply the ineffectual CETA program, which has been providing funds for local job-training schemes. But the administration's only alternative, its heralded Urban Enterprise Zones, is not yet in place.

The Urban Enterprise Zones program would offer tax incentives to attract industry to inner cities where unemployment is highest. In order to qualify, entrepeneurs would be expected to hire and train a percentage of their workers from the neighborhood. The idea is sound, and may well offer a good leg up on the ladder to many jobless ghetto youngsters. Still, the program fails to address the problem of established business and industries that cannot find skilled workers.

This problem calls for quite a different kind of national effort — one aimed at hard-to-fill jobs, rather than hard-to-employ workers.

Standard junior high school and high school curricula may have to be modified in areas where the drop-out rate is alarmingly high. Apprenticeship programs planned and conducted by industries and labor unions could provide an acceptable alternative to inner-city youth who lack motivation to continue their formal education, but want a job. If new costs are involved they should be weighed against the expense of supporting millions of unemployables on welfare.

The nation is not only courting incalculable social costs by rearing generations of unskilled, inexperienced unemployables, it is also squandering irreplaceable manpower resources desperately needed to compete against increasingly efficient industrial societies in Europe and Asia.

A muzzle for the press

by Anthony Harrigan

If the American people are to understand what is happening in the world around them, it is essential that the news not be muzzled at the source.

Unfortunately, there is real danger of this happening. The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization is pushing for what it calls a "new world information order."

The world already is afflicted by totalitarian controls in the Soviet bloc and other Communist countries. Now, the Third World countries want to regulate the flow of news gathered by Western news organizations. They don't want to release news that is unflattering to their countries or political elites. They complain that Western news organizations don't accent the positive. Their idea of what is positive is what is engendered by their respective ministries of information.

It may be that the totalitarian and quasi-totalitarian countries of the Third World will expell news organizations from their territories. The free world, however, should not subsidize UNESCO's effort to muzzle the free press.

The State Department, in characteristic manner, has taken a timorous stand on the UNESCO attempt to black out the news. Happily, President Reagan has supported an amendment to the State Department authorization bill that would require the U.S. share (25 percent) of UNESCO's budget be withheld if the U.N. agency tries to put its "new world information order" into effect. This amendment is before the U.S. House of Representatives. It is much tougher than a non-binding resolution the Senate has approved.

A related development involves the transmission of business data by the telecommunications industry. Emanuel Fthenakis, chairman of Fairchild Industries, recently pointed out that demands have been made to UNESCO that controls be placed on the transfer of scientific and business data. UNESCO is drafting a data information policy paper.

Under the UNESCO plan, Mr. Fthenakis reports, Third World countries would monitor the transmission of data and also share the data. He says that if American business has been slow to wake up to this threat." Rapid, unrestricted transmission of data is essential to modern business.

It should be noted that the U.N. is also preparing a policy that would require free world companies to share their patents with Third World countries. In the first instance, this policy will be aimed at pharmaceutical companies. It means that companies in the free world would be compelled to do the research for Third World countries, a form of involuntary servitude.

The United States can't compel the Third World to uphold a free press or respect private enterprise. But it can refuse to provide funds for U.N. agencies that are hostile to freedom of communication. Indeed the U.S. government has an obligation to withhold such funds as an expression of America's disapproval of what is inimical to its basic principles.

latest fall fashion for the well dressed cabinet member from THE HOUSE OF PONNY

Agree or not

Could our country survive through another depression?

by S.C. Van Curon

Please, don't let it happen again. Not in my lifetime.

I don't think this generation has the resiliency or stoicism to weather a depression like that of the 1930s. It's a different situation altogether, with one exception, and the exception will be brought to a point later.

The so-called middle class is living on a much higher financial level, educational and everything else than was true during the depression. There wasn't a chicken in almost every pot and two cars in every garage as is almost true today.

Ambition and perseverence, with determination and patience liberally sprinkled therein, were driving forces in those days, less than two decades past World War I. This country had begun to move from a predominately agricultural economy into an industrial economy. Young people were struggling to make their marks in the world.

Small successes were hard-earned and not expected as a right of citizenship as they are today. Almost any job today provides for a higher living standard than half the populace enjoyed just before the depression. The point being, the majority of the people didn't have as much to lose in the 1930s or immediately preceding as the average do today. This poses the question, "Would the people buckle down and come through the trying times or would there be anarchy, revolution or fighting in the streets?"

This is a terrible situation to conjure. We saw pillaging in our cities during the 1960s and 1970s in the civil rights battles and campus rebellions.

Would the people do without as they did during the depression, or would they take from others? They got away with it in the 60s and 70s, and there is no reason for people to think they couldn't get away with wholesale pillaging in a time of dire need.

Now, let's get to the point of the exception mentioned earlier.

Our two political parties are now in a battle of philosophy, and our president is battling with Congress over a fundamental economic direction.

These are not unlike President Herbert Hoover's last session of Congress. He offered a program which he thought would ease this country through the depression, but the Democratic controlled Congress would not pass his program. The Democrats were so determined to control government and the presidency that they let the nation falter. They knew the president would be blamed. They were willing to risk the welfare and future of this nation to gain political control.

A similar battle is being waged today. Is history repeating itself? Let's hope not.

Democrat House Speaker Tip O'Neil is opposing the President's plan to reduce spending as an effort to reach a balanced budget. O'Neil wants to continue the deficit spending spree that was begun by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Fifty years of this experience hasn't got us out of debt, and there must be a turning point somewhere or inflation is going to continue to increase.

Interest is beyond reason and it has slowed our economy. Industry is laying off people almost daily, and the future doesn't look bright because people cannot afford to pay the high interest and prices necessary to buy the goods these workers are producing.

The government is the biggest borrower today. Every week the government borrows money to operate and to pay off loans coming due. This money must come from the people. People with money bid every week on loans to the government. The people say how much money they will lend at a price (interest rate). The government must have the money, so they are at the mercy of the people with the money.

The debt gets bigger and the rate the government must pay has constantly climbed for the past few years until recently. If the people don't have the money or refuse to loan at the rate the government is willing to pay, what happens?

This nation has bailed almost every other nation of the world out of financial difficulties. What nation will bail us out if the need arises?

We may be nearer the crossroads than we think.

It's time the politicians put the country first instead of their own interests.

Down Memory Lane

Burley brings $67.14 per hundred

Thursday, Dec. 7, 1961

One of the largest crowds, estimated at 3500, attended the annual Christmas Parade sponsored by the Nicholas County Junior Chamber of Commerce Saturday night. The Miranda Homemakers won first place for their float.

Second place went to the Christian Church and third place to the Library.

A record high average price for opening week sales of Burley tobacco was established during the past week. The Federal State Market News Service reported gross sales in the eight state marketing area for the week ending Dec. 1 totaled 149,302,053 pounds and averaged $67.14 per hundred.

Postmaster E.E. Pfanstiel stated that unsealed greeting cards without writing, other than your name, may be mailed for three cents, but they cannot be forwarded or returned. Those bearing the letter rate of four cents postage can be forwarded and returned.

MARRIED — Miss Mary Jean Howard of Versailles and Jimmie Claude Wasson of Paris, Nov. 26 at the Versailles Methodist Church.

DIED — David Barnett, 54, Sunday at home in Cincinnati. — Hansford Bromagen, 60, Dayton, Ohio, Tuesday at home. — Mrs. Lou Emma Price, 62, Saturday at the Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Kate Ingels Peak, 77, Lexington, widow of D. Howard Peak, Friday at St. Joseph Hospital. — Mrs. Mary J. Crump, 84, widow of Melvin Crump, Tuesday at home in Covington. — Miss Alice Jones, 93, Sunday at home.

Thursday, December 4, 1941

The Farmers Stockyards reported a very light sale Tuesday, selling 482 head of livestock.

Mrs. Katie Henry Carpenter, 43, daughter of Mrs. F.B. Henry of this city and wife of Captain Elwood Carpenter, stationed at Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss., was killed instantly in an automobile accident at Hattiesburg last Friday night.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gannon a son, Bobby Gene on Sunday, Nov. 30.

MARRIED — Miss Rachael Jane Gillispie, formerly of this city, and Lt. Donald C. McWilliams, Nov. 11 at the home of her father, Mr. and Mrs. Earl T. Gillispie, Junction City, Kansas. — Miss Mary Ellis Busse of Danville and William Gaines Fuller of Lexington, Saturday at the Immanuel Baptist Church.

DIED — Everett Lawson, 50, Friday at home on the Pleasant Springs Road. — Mrs. Betty Hamilton Loudenback, 75, Thursday at home in Batavia, Ohio. — George W. Taylor, 71, Monday at home on West Main Street. — John R. Hill, 58, Friday at Harrison Memorial Hospital.

Thursday, December 8, 1921

The National Tuberculosis Association and its nearly 2,000 affiliated organizations is the largest non-governmental organization to fight one disease in this country. The Christmas Seal sale is the sole support of these organizations.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Mathias of Washington, D.C., a son, Saturday, Dec. 3.

MARRIED — Miss Lucy Edna Cameron, 17, and Roy McClary, 21, of the Myers vicinity, last Friday. — Miss Mary E. Flynn of Alliance, Ohio, and Ray S. McLean of the Cassidy vicinity at Canton, Ohio, Nov. 26.

DIED — Mrs. Ellen Burns, 78, at her home at Ewing last Friday. — Raymond Howard, 11, at the home of his

*See Memory Lane, page 10

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Op-Ed page

If the boss says you're due to move up . . . keep an eye on his foot

Business managers and employee relations directors have developed a secret code to be used for written communications about their employees. They have found it is better to speak with forked tongue about employees to keep peace in the family.

This language within a language is easiest to explain with examples. If you, the employee, are described as "exceptionally well-qualified," the translation for personnel people is "made no major blunders yet."

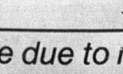
The term "careful thinker" means "won't make a decision." "Strong principles" means "stubborn," and "spends extra hours on the job" translates to "miserable home life."

The source of this personnel jargon is E. James Brennan, president of Brennan, Thomsen Associates, personnel consultants in St. Louis. He had made up a list of doubletalk for Personnel Journal, and when asked, is this tongue in cheek or true, he said:

"I'd say experienced personnel people would accept 80 percent as straight...the personnel folks would know what you are talking about."

Some of his code terms and what each really means follows:

Average employee — Not too bright; Active socially — Drinks heavily; Family is active socially — Wife drinks, too; Character flaws: reproach — Still one step ahead of the law; Zealous attitude — Opinionated; Quick thinker — Offers plausible excuses for errors; Takes pride in his work — Conceited; Place for advancement — Buys drinks for the boss; Shows great promise — Related to the president; Forceful — Argumentative; Aggressive — Obnoxious; Tactful with superiors — Knows when to keep mouth shut; Uses logic on hard problems — Finds another to do the job; A keen analyst — Thoroughly confused; Not the desk type — Did not go to college; Expresses self well — Speaks English fairly well; Conscientious — Scared; Meticulous attention to detail — Nit picker; Has leadership qualities — Is tall or has a loud voice; Exceptionally good judgment — Lucky; Keen sense of humor — Vast repertoire of dirty jokes; Career minded — A back-stabber; Coming along fine — About to be let go; Slightly below average — Stupid; Gets along extremely well with superiors and peers alike — A coward; Of great value to the organization — Gets to work on time.



— RM —

Having a young granddaughter around makes me a little more aware of the do's and don'ts of surviving in the infant world. From experience, I have come up with a few rules to follow:

— Never wear earrings around a baby, particularly pierced earrings.

— It is time to put the baby on solid foods when you see teeth marks on the crib bars.

— Never attempt to change a male baby without covering the baby, unless you are wearing a space suit.

— When a baby smiles, have a dribble cloth real handy.

— Do not bring the baby back to the hospital and ask for a refund or an exchange.

— Never pick up a baby that is not wearing diapers.

— RM —

Ever wondered why in most of the portraits of our Puritan forbearers the subjects look so sour-faced and grim. Of course those were rough times and I suppose looking sober was a badge of purity with them.

But it could have been the effects of Whistle Belly Vengeance.

Whistle Belly Vengeance was a popular thirst quencher in colonial America, especially in Massachusetts. It was made from sour household beer, sweetened with molasses, sprinkled with crumbs of "ryneinjun" bread and then boiled in a kettle. It was drunk scalding hot and had side effects hinted at in the name.

The pioneers, who moved westward were happy-go-lucky types, who refused to keep a glum face when soaking up dump juice and traveled so fast they couldn't keep their Whistle Belly Vengeance warm. So they quite naturally had to develop a substitute.

Many of them settled in Kentucky where the water was pure, the air clear and an election could be won with a barrel of rotten whiskey. By the time they had learned how to make it right, the stuff had gotten respectable with fancy names and revenue agents with nasty shotguns demanding a piece of the action for the federal slush fund.

Moonshiners for many years kept a rich tradition going although they never could make Whistle Belly Vengeance like the Puritans. They did manage to produce stuff with a more permanent nature. Their boom would make you grin for life — which could close for you in minutes.

Irvin S. Cobb wrote about the moonshine made by his fellow Kentuckians: "It tastes like the wrath of God and it smells like gangrene rising in a mildewed silo. When you absorb a deep swig of it, you have all the sensation of having swallowed a lighted kerosene lamp. It will stop your pocket watch, snap your suspenders and crack your glass eye right across."

If the Puritans could have made this kind of fire water, they wouldn't have needed the Mayflower. They could have swum across.

— RM —

What's it like writing a syndicated column? The current issue of the American Society of Newspaper Editors' bulletin has an article on that question. Here are some of the replies:

Ellen Goodman: "It's a luxury to be able to voice an opinion, but it's hard work to form one."

Art Buchwald: "Nobody ever told me I would become rich and famous and a sex symbol all over the world. They just said it would be hard work. They didn't tell me about the perks."

Anonymous: "It's like kissing your wife goodbye when you leave for work. Once you start it, you can't quit."

People at press meetings keep asking me "How do you write your column?" I always tell them "with a typewriter." Not to be cute, I honestly don't know the recipe. I guess it's a lot like having a baby: it helps to be built for it and are willing to go through the pain to create something new.

The fame and fortune bit is relative in this as any other venture. All you need is a taller hog so you can live higher on it.

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
December 10, 1936

Up betimes for me, and for a Sunday morning, and find the day as drab and gray as only December can bring. Overhead the sky, a misty pall, gives no hint of a sun our faith must know still shines. Nature rests in naked agony, unconforted by the white, warm blanket of the snow.

And 'tis less than a fortnight till Christmas — Christmas with its riot of man-made color that will bring for a brief season a semblance of life to a dying year — Christmas which will bring to spirits that plod down the drab leagues of life's westering slope, a fleeting glimpse, if they be fortunate, of memories warm and rejuvenating. And if these be doubly fortunate, tiny fingers and golden heads and little flying feet will lead them back over the rocky slope and into the golden, sunlit years of Yesterday, the hushed, blissful anticipations and gay delights of Christmases that were.

Heigho! There is much to do, ers the sombre grayness of this cheerless Sabbath is transformed into the gaudy reds and greens of a Christmas in full flower; much to be done in atuning hearts, as well as much to be hoped for from the weather and the purse. In which latter regard I find myself, as always, lacking.

So, sombre as the weather and seeking to find a spot of color, as I take my morning coffee, yet cannot. Even the red topknot of the downy woodpecker is absent from the suet lump on my maple tree and his much-abused wife, poor wretch, snatches her breakfast in nervous haste. I must take down my martin's house and refurbish it against the coming of another April. This morning it perches atop its dripping pole in my gray garden with all the pathetic desolation of a "house with nobody in it." And it is painted gray! Outside all is gray, sooty, colorless, cold and lifeless. Nature rests, yet her rest today is that of a shivering, wretchedly clad pauper on his pallet of rags. There's no warmth without and the cold leaden light creeps indoors and starts us poking fires. We will have need of Christmas greens and holly and white berries of the mistletoe, of the flame of poinsettia and the gaudy reds of toy trumpets and little wagons in our homes, if Nature stays in these weeping doldrums.

*****

At night to write a bit and read much and long after all sensible folk are abed to sit by the dying fire and dream. To dream somehow of Christmas; to turn over again in my mind with relish the thought that I am to see once mire the unfolding of a beautiful belief in the mind of a child. In the stillness a gust of rain patters..."and then in a twinkling I heard on the roof the prancing and pawing of each little hoof"...beautiful legend of Saint Nicholas, that some top-lofty and hard-boiled moderns term a "silly myth." Do you remember, old timer, how real the picture painted by that poem seemed?

The children were nestled all snug in their beds.
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads.

Do you remember the warm safety of your bed on the night before Christmas, the shadows made by the flickering firelight, dark in the corners of the room, going out, coming back, everything quiet?

...and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

Do you remember the stockings hung from the mantle, the cakes left on the warm hearth for Old Santa?

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care.

In the hope that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.

The sense of delicious drowsy anticipation of tomorrow, do you remember that? The desire to stay awake a little longer...going...a distant tinkle of sleigh bells...(in the mind's ear, or did one really hear them?)...a falling ember...shadows flick out longer...going...going...

But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight.
"Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight."

So, after a while, with many pleasing drowsy memories, to sleep.

"Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."— Thomas Jefferson

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The Idle Rambler

by James C. Smith

I went to my first auction over the weekend. Boy was it an experience.

With a couple of friends who are certified auction addicts to serve as consultants, I tucked my checkbook into a coat pocket and headed off to an auction house in Richmond to bring home a pickup load of bargains.

At the end of the day I had bought nothing. But I had a whole trunkful of impressions to fill a column. You see all kinds of strange creatures at an antique auction. From the Izod sweatered, golf tanned executive who spent $3,000 for a dining room table, to the bespectacled antique dealer who gave $350 for a basket, to the little old ladies who wasted $2 on a boxful of junk, they were all there.

I also learned some valuable lessons about what not to do at an auction. Most importantly, I learned never to make any sudden moves. As I absent-mindedly looked around at things that were yet to go up on the auction block, I saw an old desk that really caught my eye. I nudged one of my friends and said, "Hey, look..."

He quickly reached out and jerked my hand down. I looked up and the auctioneer was staring me right in the eyes. He had stopped whatever it was that was coming out of his mouth at the speed of light. He saw the frightened look on my face and disgustedly began mumbling into the microphone again. I almost bought a silver serving tray for $85.

I also learned that you can't believe auctioneers. They are habitual liars in opening bids. Case in point: The guy was holding up a tattered old painting and he began, "Who'll give me $25? Five, five, 25, hear a 25, who'll give me 25?"

He stopped abruptly after a minute or so. "Folks, you're not looking, this is a real nice piece." He looked at the painting. "It's worth at least $15. Fifteen, fifteen, who'll give me fifteen?"

My friends told me that I passed up two real bargains, a wine cabinet that went for $130 and a neat looking old desk that went for $135. But looking at their purchases, I wonder if they really knew what they were talking about.

Rob bought an old clock for $130. "I just got an electric Timex at K-Mart that keeps real good time," I told him during the bidding. "I know what I'm doing," he responded, somewhat irritated. "O.K.", I gave in.

Rick bought a set of seven bowls for $75. "Did you ever think of buying butter in the two-pound bowls?" I asked, "You even get a lid to use when you're finished." "I know what I'm doing," he said, as he rolled his eyes at me. "O.K.," I gave in.

I noticed that things went a lot cheaper by the end of the sale. I guess everyone ran out of money. Almost everything, that is. A wine cabinet almost identical to the one I let go for $130 earlier in the day went for $355. Maybe they did know what they were talking about after all.

But maybe I'm not cut out for the auction ring.

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