Opinion

County supported for denouncing over-regulation of human lives

Mr. Andy Holland's situation as we described it on page one of this week's Mercury is one that can leave no compassionate human being unmoved. It is one of those bureaucratic travesties, one of those blatant intrusions of capricious regulation that make us, quite literally, sick to our stomach.

In last week's Fiscal Court meeting, the Court of our county unanimously passed a resolution that loudly... clearly...(and) vehemently opposed the absolutely ludicrous mountain of bureaucratic red tape that has created this sort of situation for Andy Holland and countless others of our older citizens. We would like our readers to see that resolution in its entirety:

"WHEREAS, Andrew Holland, a life-long resident of this county and a resident for over four years in the Johnson-Mathers Nursing Home here, has during that time expended virtually all of his assets for his care there, requiring him to become a state-aid patient; and

"WHEREAS, while occupying a personal care bed in said Home, Mr. Holland had the misfortune to become temporarily ill, requiring him under State regulations to be moved down the hall a few doors to an intermediate care bed, where he has steadily improved to the point that the State Department for Human Resources, in its infinite wisdom, has now determined that he should be returned to a personal care bed, except now there is no longer any such bed available in said Home; and

"WHEREAS, the State will no longer provide for Mr. Holland's care in the intermediate care bed he is still occupying, forcing him to move against his wishes to another nursing home in another county, where there is a personal care bed available, in order for him to continue receiving state aid; and

"WHEREAS, this is not the first time our citizens, while at the mercy of the State, have been treated in such an impersonal and inhuman manner and forced to move away from their home, family and friends to live among strangers in unfamiliar surroundings, at a time in their lives when they are vulnerable due to the infirmities of old age and least able to cope with such trauma; and

"WHEREAS, this body feels the time is long overdue to speak out to all concerned in protest against these affronts to the dignity and wellbeing of the elderly and disabled members of our community;

"NOW THEREFORE, be it resolved by the Nicholas County Fiscal Court that this body go on record loudly and clearly as being vehemently opposed to the idiotic "catch 22" bureaucratic State regulations that result in the Andrew Hollands of this and other communities being treated as cattle to be shipped about at the whim and caprice of the State Department for Human Resources; that State regulations be modified so as to give all qualified nursing homes the flexibility to deal with their state-aid patients as their medical needs require without depriving them of their dignity and their homes; that a copy of this Resolution be spread upon the minutes of this body; and that copies be sent to all appropriate officials, including the Governor of the Commonwealth, Commissioner of Department for Human Resources, our legislators, both Federal and State, and the Administrator and Board of Directors of Johnson-Mathers Health Care, Inc.

"PASSED in Regular Session by unanimous vote this 3rd day of May, 1981."

We applaud the Fiscal Court for taking such a stand. It is most commendable. We stand with the Court in deploring the kind of unfeeling regulations that create situations like the one of Mr. Andy Holland.

We only wish we could do more to help. After all, we do live in a benevolent democratic society. Don't we?

The Idle Rambler

by James C. Smith

There has been some talk lately about the role of the Federal Reserve Board and the value of its existence. In fact, some folks feel that we should get rid of the Fed altogether.

The main foundation for this argument in favor of ousting the Fed lies in Section 30 of the Federal Reserve Act. That section provides that the government can buy control of the Federal Reserve system by purchasing all of its stock. The cost of the Fed's stock is set at about $1 billion. But with this $1 billion, the government would acquire over $400 billion in assets. Most of these assets are in the form of government bonds (plain old U.S.'s).

These fellows advocating the demise of the Fed have several plans for taking care of the $400 billion. But mostly they want to burn the bonds and cut the national debt in half. That, they say, would balance the budget and let us off the hook of paying through the nose to borrow our own money.

These guys are swift thinkers all right, but I have a better idea. In fact just last week I tried to buy the Federal Reserve System myself.

"How?" you ask. To be truthful, I didn't succeed. But I gave it a whale of a shot. You see, I got to thinking, since the Fed is for sale to the government, and since we have a government of the people, by the people and for the people; and since I am one of the people and therefore a substantive part of that government, I thought "What the Hey?"

If I could get my hands on those bonds, I sure wouldn't burn them. Just think, I would hold the mortgage on the White House! Simon Legree, eat your heart out.

I would control mortgages on virtually all the national parks and federal buildings: the capitol, Washington monument, Monticello, Yellowstone, the congressional barbershop...

"Where did I get the money?" Dear reader, what bank wouldn't loan money with a guaranteed return of 4 thousand percent?

I first thought of going to one of the local banks. But since they turned me down for a used car loan last week, I thought it better to go to an outside source. Somewhere they couldn't possibly know me.

I finally decided that I might as well go all the way. So I called up David Rockefeller at the Chase Manhattan. I lied and used a disguised voice.

"Allo, Meester Rockfellow," I crooned over the phone, "Theese eees Sheik Aben Fizelhammed Smeeth. I am interested in dooing beesnees weeth your bank."

"Mr. Smith, it's wonderful to hear from you," the financially flatuent one said with a glowing, warm voice, "just exactly in what capacity can we be of service to your imminence?"

"Well," the now snickering voice took over, "I am haveeng some cash flow probleems right now, and I need to borrow a small amount of pocket money to tide me over unteel my tanker arrives next week."

"Certainly, Mr. Smith, exactly how much cash will you be requiring?"

"Oh, $1 billion or so."

Silence.

"Well, Mr. Smith, we (gulp) can't just send that kind of money out through the mail. Would you be so kind as to honor us with your presence at our offices in New York?"

"New York! I love New York. I even have a bumper sticker on my Rolls Royce that says so."

"Good, just tell me where you are and I'll send my private jet to pick you up."

"O.K., I meet you at airport in Lexeengton, Kentooky."

*See The Rambler, page 2

Laugh Out

"Say! Don't you see that 'No Fishing Here' sign?"

"I sure do. The fellow who printed that sign sure knew what he was talking about!"

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Down Memory Lane

Carlisle whips Sharpsburg 6-3

Thursday, June 15, 1961

A crowd of 118 persons attended the annual Nicholas County Alumni banquet and meeting held June 9 at the Nicholas County High School. The class of 1935, with 44 of its graduates present, was presented the "Loving Cup."

The East Union Christian Church has called Clyde Arnold of Lexington as pastor of the church.

Carlisle handed Sharpsburg their first loss of the season with a score of 6-3 in baseball game June 11. Donnie Hillock played an outstanding game, having two triples and a single in five times at bat.

Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Miller observed their 50th wedding anniversary June 15.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Priestil Myers a son, Ernest Lee, June 8 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Mary Frances Fryman and Floyd Wayne Bussell May 31 in Millersburg. — Miss Dorothy Allen Stewart of Flemingsburg and Charles Meade Lester of Ewing June 9 at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. Willie Hammonds.

DIED — Mrs. Claudine West Lewis, June 9 in Mayfield. — Harry C. Lewis, 65, June 8 in Mayfield. — Albert Faulkner, 70, of Stanton, Monday in a Lexington hospital. — Mrs. Katherine Lucille Marsh, 78, Nicholas County native, Thursday in Washington, D.C.

Thursday, June 12, 1941

Lightning early Tuesday morning set fire to a barn on the farm of E.T. Gaffin located on the Walnut Grove Pike, causing damages estimated at $1,000. A large quantity of farm machinery and between 35 and 40 tons of hay was destroyed by the blaze. Mr. Gaffin said livestock in the barn at the time consisted of three hogs and a calf which were saved.

It was reported this week by L.B. Hall that roving bands of dogs had killed many sheep in the Headquarters section of the county causing damage that runs into hundreds of dollars.

William Claude Finch, 27, and Strausburg O'Neal, 21, formerly of Carlisle, were injured Saturday afternoon in an automobile accident on the Versailles Pike about three miles from Lexington. O'Neal was taken to St. Joseph Hospital and Claude Finch was admitted to the Good Samaritan Hospital suffering from a severe head injury. Condition of both of the men was considered serious.

The Farmers Stock Yard Company announced Tuesday a premium lamb show and sale to be held at the next sale day, June 17.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond P. Brothers a son, Monday at St. Joseph Hospital in Lexington. — To Mr. and Mrs. Myron Berry of Lexington a seven pould daughter on May 30. She has been named Margaret Marlene Berry. Mrs. Berry was before her marriage Miss Christine Crump.

DIED — Mrs. Betty Strausbaugh Snapp, wife of Robert Snapp, formerly of this county, died last Wednesday at her home near Minerva. — Carroll Potts Stone, 2, son of Mrs. Mayme Feather Stone of Lexington and the late Yancy Stone, died Saturday afternoon. — Mrs. Hattie Dora Ritchie Mattox, 69, died at her home Wednesday night after an illness of several months. — R. Lee Norton, 48, died Friday night at the U.S. Veteran's Hospital near Lexington, where he had been ill for 15 months. — George A. Duncan, 77, owner of the Lyric Theatre here, died suddenly Saturday morning at his home on Locust Street of a heart attack.

Thursday, June 16, 1921

The explosion of the coal oil stove at the cream station of Miss Rosa Collins last Saturday caused little damage. The fire was put out before the fire engine arrived.

The bodies of two more Nicholas County heroes were transferred from France and buried in the Carlisle cemetery this week. They were James Spencer Huffstetter and Herndon Brooks.

MARRIED — Mrs. Lucy Mae Johnson of Bath County and William Standifer of the county, last Thursday. — Miss Laura Paris of Lexington and Millard Lawrence of this city, last Wednesday afternoon. — Miss Bessie Elizabeth Smith and Berry Ray Gaunce, at Maysville Wednesday afternoon. — Miss Mary F. Hutchcraft and Colliver Davey, both of Paris, Saturday afternoon at the home of the bride. — Miss Bettie Shaw and Robert Harper, at the LaFayette Hotel, Lexington, Tuesday afternoon.

DIED — James William Dwelley, 5, at the home of his parents in Dorseyville Tuesday from lockjaw. — Mrs. Nettie Robertson Cord at a Covington hospital Tuesday following an operation several days before. — Mrs. Joseph D. Garrett, at her home in Frankfort, Ind. on Monday, June 6.

An editor's random thoughts . . .

By Warren R. Fisher Sr.

"The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine
Sweet Poet!"

Sweet pathmaker indeed, this May, for never do I remember to have seen a more beautiful June, nor the fields more colorful and luxuriant. Color is everywhere; greens of pasture and tree and hedgerow; green in the fields of waving grain, auburn in the soil sprouting young corn, dotted with soft, velvet leaves of infant burley; blue in the sky, pink and yellow and orange in the sunset's glow — colors becoming to deck the month that queens it over all the year.

Slowly we drive through shaded country lanes, down along a winding branch where fat export cattle graze, living flowers of a Bluegrass woodland pasture; past fields swept clean by the strippers, in which the young iron weeds begin to show tops that will nod with purple blossoms in August, up to the crest of a great hill and there is spread below us the lovely rolling contours that mark the heart of the Bluegrass. How beautiful this must have seemed to those early Kentuckians, after the rugged hardships of the mountains, when they looked first, like Boone from the knobs above Lulebegrud, down upon the tableland of Kentucky. Quickly this land was taken surely, else had the tide of immigration ceased its westward flow, held by the charm, the fertility, the beauty of this garden spot.

And when I stop for a moment at the old church, named from the cane brakes which abound along the ridge, the thought is with me. There are the graves of my grandfather, his father and grandfather and on the box slab which covers the resting place of the latter I decipher a worn date line. "Born in Campbell County, Virginia 1755." From him, perchance, this love of the Tableland of Kentucky has come to me, this feeling of home in its lush meadows and quiet woodlands. Had my grandsire loved better the hills and tarried in some cove of our Highlands, would the waxen beauties of the laurel and the rhododendron and the mist on the mountain top have held more beauties for me than this quiet, perfect countryside? I wonder.

So home mighty peaceful, as twilight comes, attune to the glory of Summer's first month and thinking no more the sombre thoughts that came with the murky morning.

And yet, reading late, and fain to sleep, but cannot, I fall to painting mental pictures of the roses of Junes that were, forgetting that there were thorns. Alack, this reminiscent way I have of late I like not. 'Tis my liver surely, for it can't be age. And still —

These flowers of June
The gates of memory unbar;
These flowers of June
Such old time harmonies retune
I fain would keep the gates ajar,
So full of sweet enchantment are
These flowers of June."

Upon which I realize that I am at it again, and so, vexed, to sleep.

Kentucky reflections

By George Street Boone

Difficult decisions need to be made about the future of higher education in Kentucky. A citizen's committee under the chairmanship of Edward F. Prichard Jr., has addressed the issues as higher education is caught between rising costs and declining state revenues.

Last week a subcommittee said the full study group should recommend that one of Kentucky's three law schools be phased out. While it did not single out which school should be closed, Henry Mann, a committee member from Ft. Mitchell and a Regent of Northern Kentucky University, expressed his fears that "when everyone thinks of eliminating a law school, though, they look north to the newest one" (at NKU).

Until July, 1970, the Commonwealth had its only law school at the University of Kentucky in Lexington. On July 1, 1970, the University of Louisville with its law school became a part of the state system and in June, 1971, the Council on Higher Education, responding to pressure from Gov. Louie B. Nunn, disregarded the recommendations of its professional staff and approved the merger of North Kentucky College with Salmon P. Chase Law School. North Kentucky College was established as a four-year college at Covington by the Kentucky Legislature in 1968, while Salmon P. Chase Law School was a venerable YMCA evening law school in Cincinnati, Ohio, across the river from Covington. Law school applications were high then and Salmon P. Chase Law School was under pressure by accreditating organizations to seek affiliations with a college or university. Its negotiations with Ohio institutions, including Miami University and Xavier, had not been productive and political forces in northern Kentucky sought Nunn's help to expand NKC. The 1971 gubernatorial campaign was warming up and Nunn responded to the situation by supporting the entry of Chase Law School into the Kentucky system. He had appointed a majority of the members of the Council on Higher Education and his appointees speedily overruled their staff, even though the Council itself had approved a moratorium on new degree programs in March preceding their June acceptance of Chase.

Kentucky's three law schools are concentrated in a triangle in northern Kentucky. The longest side of the triangle is the 93 miles from Louisville to Covington. Both Chase and U. of L. Law Schools are in the state boundary. U. of K. is 64 miles from Louisville and 79 miles from Covington. If Kentucky needs a second or a third law school, service of the public interest would probably dictate western Kentucky as a proper site rather than two schools on the banks of the Ohio in northern Kentucky.

In a 1976 study of legal education, commissioned by the Council on Higher Education, Prof. Leslie W. Abramson predicted "that Kentucky will have over 75 percent more lawyers than it will need in the year 2000."

To insure preferential admission for Kentucky residents to its professional schools, the Council on Higher Education, in 1978, adopted a policy stating that non-residents in the law schools should be limited to no more than 10 percent of the total head count enrollment. Preliminary unedited data for Spring, 1981, shows NKU has 35.17 percent non-resident enrollment, UK has 5.53 percent and U. of L. has 10.56 percent.

Mr. Mann is perhaps justified in worrying that people look at Chase when the figures show more than one-third of its students are non-residents. Identifying a drain on Kentucky resources to educate non-residents does not ensure a difficult and unpopular political decision to close the law school, but the issue has been clearly raised.

*See Reflections, page 2

Letters from our readers

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I wonder why Carlisle has a police department? If the reason is protection of law abiding citizens, then we are being ripped off. To call a Carlisle policeman is equivalent to calling the cat.

The east side of Broadway is used as a front porch by a clan of people and the police are fully aware of the situation; that is, they are aware of it unless they are blind and deaf.

Near the north-east corner of Broadway and Main, the sidewalk is completely blocked every night by people sitting four or five abreast. They fight, push, shove, shout, scream, wrestle, throw water, rocks and bottles, drink beer and make love.

A citizen trying to pass by might become a victim of this mayhem. In fact, it has happened often and will continue to happen unless law and order is maintained.

Anyone protesting this indecent behavior will be threatened, insulted, humiliated, cursed, tripped, shoved or knocked down. He can be hit by a missile thrown at himself of some other person or drenched with water, cola or beer.

If there isn't a city ordinance against such behavior, there should be. And the police should be instructed to enforce the law, especially when they can see the violations which constantly occur.

Ray Lanum
219 N. Broadway

Op-Ed page

Pesky old women . . . beating up on poor, disadvantaged youngsters

I like the scenario Bob Brumfield projected in his Cincinnati Enquirer column about the sad state of affairs our courts have come to in meeting our "justice." It went like this:

Scene: Judge's courtroom. A defendant, his attorney and the prosecutor are standing before the bench.

Judge: Which case is this: There are so many of these pesky felony cases cluttering up the docket I can't keep them straight anymore.

Prosecutor: State of Ohio vs Thorgestr, a.k.a. Turgesius, a.k.a. Turgesius the Pitiless, your honor.

Judge: What's the charge? I can't find the papers pertaining to this case. And no wonder, considering the number of unnecessary felony cases I have to handle.

Prosecutor: Illegal docking of a viking ship at Yeatman's Cove, your honor, and disorderly conduct, public intoxication...

Judge: This is ridiculous! Why is this person in Common Pleas Court? This case should be handled in Municipal Court!

Prosecutor: Your honor, the defendant also is charged with looting and pillaging several bars on Second Street, assault with a deadly weapon, and the carrying off of several maidens, presumably for purposes quite unseemly, if not downright indecent. He also is charged with resisting arrest, assaulting several police officers, overturning a police cruiser, and killing a member of the canine corps, which he subsequently...ugh...ate.

Judge: What do you have to say, Mr...er...Thorgestr? .

Thorgestr: Grrrr-aaaarrrrr-cruff!

Defense lawyer: The defendant pleads not guilty, your honor.

Judge: Well, that's good enough for me.

Prosecutor: But, your honor! This man has an offense record as long as your arm! He and his gang of cutthroats invaded Ireland and sacked the Clonmacnoise Monastery! And he set up his wife, Ota, in the monastery as a princess and plundered the countryside!

Judge: That's outside my jurisdiction. Anyway, what point would there be to incarcerating this man? It would cost the taxpayers almost $120,000 a year to keep him in prison. Why, he could attend Harvard University for less than that. Would you like to go to Harvard, Mr. Thorgestr?

Thorgestr: Grrrr-aaaarrrrffff! Arrf!

Judge: Well, it was just a thought. Probably wouldn't be able to transfer all your credits anyway. Bailiff, what is that commotion out in the hallway?

Bailiff: Some old lady and a teenaged youth seem to be fighting over a purse, your honor.

Judge: Well, make her leave the kid alone! Pesky old women are always picking on poor, disadvantaged youngsters. Case dismissed.

— RM —

There has to be a certain devilry dancing about in the mind of anyone who draws a comic strip for a living, which Art Sansom, the creator of the syndicated "Born Loser" strip that appears in 1,000 newspapers all over the world, freely admits.

"Individually, though," he sighed, "comic strip artists are fairly harmless. It's when you get a bunch of them working together in the same office that you have put together the combination for untold mischief."

There was such a combination at work a few years ago when the Newspaper Enterprise Association had its principal office for the production of comic strips in Cleveland. Practical jokes were the order of the day in that office, and some of them still are treasured as classics in their own specialized field of humor.

...He remembered the time when another artist, a gentleman dearly beloved by all his colleagues, sallied into the office after lunch...Carrying a small Minerva. ...

"Broke one of the tiny windows in the garage door," he explained.

While he was in the men's room in midafternoon, his colleagues put the snatch on the pane of glass and substituted one that was just a little bit larger.

The artist was a running stream of grumbles when he reported for work the next morning with the odd pane in hand.

"I could have sworn I gave the guy at the hardware store the right dimensions," he said, "but this piece of glass is too big. I measured the broken piece again last night and I got the same measurements that I had yesterday. The store guy goofed."

He returned the piece of glass to the store that noon and gave the clerk a sharp dressing down for his mistake of the day before.

"Let's get it right this time fellow, OK?" he said, handing him the correct measurements.

He was self-righteous when he breezed into the NEA office with a replacement pane after lunch, putting the glass on top of a filing cabinet where it would be safe.

And again that afternoon, while the artist was away from his desk, the conspirators replaced the glass with a pane that this time was smaller than the correct size.

The office staff could hardly wait for their colleague's arrival at work the next morning. He was carrying the pane of glass, as they knew he would, and his face was beet red and his mustache was all akristle with anger.

"You guys won't believe this," he roared, "but those damn fools at the hardware store did it again. This time they cut the glass too small! The day before yesterday it was too big. Yellinbey they cut it too small. Wait until this noon, though! They're going to hear from me. No wonder the Russians are getting ahead of us in world affairs. We can't even cut a pane of glass in this country anymore!"...

— RM —

The recent oil boom around Lawton, Okla., had a tremendous effect on one of the citizens, says Dr. Forrest Siler, pastor of the First Baptist Church there.

This man, says the minister, managed to accumulate some land east of Lawton.

"He could not get good wheat land, because of the exorbitant prices, but was able to get a little spread down near a creek, in fact, the creek was a great part of the property.

"He ran few cattle and didn't really eke out a living but, with the help of his Social Security, he did make it from month to month, barely making the payments on his little place.

"Then they dropped a well on his land. And it came in! Almost before he could think about it, they had five wells producing on his little farm.

"Well, not only was he able to pay off his land at the bank, he was able to indulge himself in some of the things he really enjoyed.

"He had particularly been a lover of yellow. He built a beautiful yellow brick house. He decorated it inside with beautiful yellow paper and yellow-stained wood, yellow carpets, yellow drapes and had a yellow Fleetwood and a yellow Mark VI in the garage.

"He wore yellow gabardine suits and yellow ostrich boots."

"And he got yellow jaundice.

"His wife called a physician in Lawton. They had now gained such stature that they could request favors. She asked him to come out and see her husband. He did so.

"He drove up in the driveway of the yellow house. He rang the doorbell and entered the beautiful yellow foyer.

"She said, 'Oh, Doctor, George is in such pain, I know he's terribly sick. Do you think you can do anything for him?'

"He said, 'Well, I'll see.'

"So she sent him into the yellow bedroom where lay George on yellow sheets in yellow pajamas. The doctor remained for a little while, then came back out.

"The wife asked: 'Doctor, are you going to be able to do anything for George? Can you help him?'

"The doctor replied: 'Help him? I can't even find him!'"

Onward, upward.

The Idle Rambler

*Continued from page 2

"Certainly, Lexington, you must be there buying some fine thoroughbred horse flesh?"

Uh, Yess, that's it."

The flight was nice. But when I walked into Rockefeller's office...to say he was surprised would be the understatement of the year.

"Who in the name of Great Ceasar's Ghost are you?" he exclaimed.

"You don't remember," I asked politely, "we just talked on the phone a couple of hours ago."

"But you're no sheik!"

"No, but my jeans are."

"That's Chic, not sheik, and besides where's your accent?"

"My word, things sure do get garbled when one speaks over the phone long-distance these days. ITT had better get on the ball."

After the initial smoke had cleared, I explained my plan to him.

"Hummm," he purred as he lifted one eyebrow and stroked all three of his chins. "Have any collateral?"

"Yes, I quickly replied, "I have a new pair of penny loafers."

"Penny loafers, what kind?"

"Bass." He was impressed.

"Well, Smith," he began to drone with one eye still fastened to my shiny new shoes, "those are nice, but I don't think they'll quite swing a billion"...

From there on, our conversation was all down hill. And I didn't get a free ride back home.

The last thing I've heard about the possibilities of buying the Fed were leaked from the Governor's office. It looks like after I left, ole Davey called up John Y. and those two had themselves a long talk.

All I dare say is don't be surprised if the only food served in national parks, federal office cafeterias, and to foreign heads of state will be that thin good old Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Alas, to the victim goes the spoiled.

HI-HO!

Kentucky reflections

*Continued from page 2

tion, in 1978, adopted a policy stating that non-residents in the law schools should be limited to no more than 10 percent of the total head count enrollment. Preliminary unedited data for Spring, 1981, shows NKU has 35.17 percent non-resident enrollment, UK has 5.53 percent and U. of L. has 10.56 percent.

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Four and seven were considered magic numbers in ancient Egypt.

Agree or not

Constitutional question in November promises to be a hotly fought battle

by S.C. Van Curon

There's a very important constitutional question on the ballot in November that has drawn very little attention to date.

Now that the primary election is over, the effort to repeal the Honest Dick Tate precaution in the state's constitution deserves serious consideration.

The amendment, if approved, would repeal the constitutional limitation that statewide elected officials and sheriffs cannot succeed themselves in office.

James W. "Honest Dick" Tate served 20 years as state treasurer, 1936 to 1888, when rumors of irregularities in his office began to spread. The legislature called for a thorough investigation.

Honest Dick took off with all the money in the state treasury at that time, $247,000, and was never heard from again.

Three years later delegates to the constitutional convention wrote the one-term precaution into the state's constitution.

Several efforts in the past to repeal the safeguard for the sheriff's office only have failed, but in the 1980 session of the General Assembly Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. demanded that all offices be included in the sheriff's amendment.

The limitation on the sheriffs apparently is because they are the tax collectors and handle large sums of money.

The Kentucky Sheriffs Association and the Kentucky Association of Counties have endorsed the amendment.

Present sheriffs aren't going to be pushing for repeal of the provision which could provide a roadblock for their running for the office four years from now.

Fred Creasy, executive director of KACO, said he expects the nominees for sheriff in November will support repeal so they can run for re-election. Apparently no consensus has been taken among other county officials.

However, attorney Edward F. Prichard is a close political observer and he said the other day he expects Gov. Brown could pass the amendment if he really sets out to do the job.

On the other hand, Prichard said he believes a lot of county officials will oppose the amendment to strike out at Brown because the governor hasn't given them any patronage or paid much attention to them. Prichard said he also believes the young people may be for it.

He pointed to the fact that several states have repealed a similar constitutional requirement in recent years.

The trend for change did show in the primaries election where 37 of 79 county judge-executives with serious opposition were defeated. There are 13 of these who were successful in the primary with serious opposition in November, Creasy said.

Other county officials who have had several years in office fell by the wayside in the primary. This, too, could form the nucleus for opposition.

While no organized opposition to the amendment has surfaced, several observers say there is no organization to make itself known later in the summer.

There are some observers who whisper about organized opposition that will be "well financed" but they aren't willing to reveal their source or give more life to it than it is a rumor.

If the governor gets into the act of supporting the amendment, a situation could arise that it would become a test of the governor's popularity.

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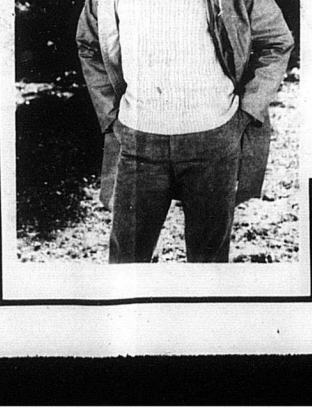

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