

Opinion

America's true energy

In recent months, Kentucky colleges and universities have been the focus of considerable attention. Headlines have heralded numerous state and committee studies which would result in funding reductions, admissions restrictions, program limitations, personnel cutbacks, and research or service curtailments.

Forever flaky

In a world full of uncertainty, maybe it's reassuring to know there is at least one constant: the willingness of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini to practice, as a matter of national policy, a kind of Orwellian double-speak.

Restive muscovites

When the Soviet government announced last week that the prices of alcoholic beverages, tobacco and gasoline were going up sharply, it was same-son, second-verse for the Russian people. They are used to seeing consumer goods priced out of reach or not available at all.

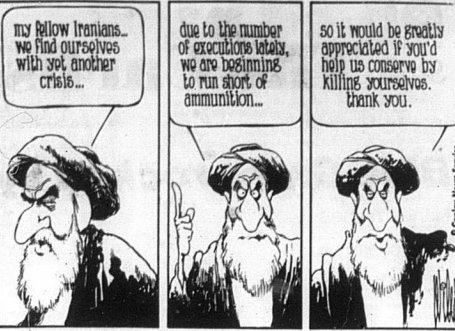
Guest column

Death knell for death taxes

As a small-businessman I know persons 30 percent of his profits for life insurance to certain there will be enough cash for his survivors to pay estate taxes and still hold onto the family banker mill.



"I know you're a liberal, my son, but let me assure you that agreeing with Barry Goldwater is not one of the deadly sins..."



Agree or not Types of care must be matched to different degrees of disability

By S.C. Van Curen. The state's effort to place some of its institutionalized mentally retarded in community group homes or in foster homes is one of the most misinterpreted projects of the Human Resources Department.

Down Memory Lane Rattlesnake skin is on display

Thursday, October 22, 1981. Miss Emily West Ashby has been listed in the 1981 edition of "Who's Who of American Women." She has received numerous Kentucky Press Association awards for her weekly column, feature stories and editor-in-chief. She is also listed in "Who's Who in Kentucky."

Thursday, October 23, 1981. A marriage license was issued here Monday, October 6 to Miss Ilna Frederick and Robert Lee Miller, both of Ohio. DIED — N.P. Myers, 75, in Havenport, Ohio, on Sunday. Mrs. Mary Leffel Need, 72, widow of George Reed, of the home of her sister, Mrs. H.L. Hinton and Dr. Hinton at East Union, Charles Berry, 76, Thursday at his home in the Swozy Creek section. — John J. Fraber, 84, Monday at his new residence with a broken fall that must be by Nicholas County. — Mrs. Anna Marie, 82, at New Hope, Tenn., Saturday. — Mrs. Ann Marie, 82, at Nicholas County. — Mrs. Robert Clark, Thursday, October 23, 1981. A number of cases of scurvy fever have been reported in Carlisle and a case of diphtheria in Dorsetville. Dr. O.S. Kash, county health officer, urges

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Stress is... when the french fryer breaks down in school cafeteria



You'd think the air controllers in America's cities... The logic of stress in the working lives of Americans was brought to light by the recent air controllers strike and their complaint that they work under less stress and need more funds to calm their anxieties... "There is a pall of stress to most occupations. A few, for example, you don't know what stress is until you've had to live a middle man between a church full of sinners and the Lord. Have you ever attempted to preach for half an hour on a hot Sunday morning when the men would rather be in the golf course and the women wondering about their roasts in the oven? That's stress," says a local minister.

badly-needed rain and a horrendous note coming up. "A farmer... The stresser thought... he was carrying a load of stress... sophisticated terms as 'stress'... But where the controllers have nothing but sleep on a screen, I have a more personal 'problem at my fingertips. It's like an irritating, rocky sandy to control twice a day, many of whom I'd often like to the up and flip, but at all of whom I'd give my life to protect."

A lawyer friend of Charleston, W. Va., newspaperman James Dent was telling him some interesting cases he had picked up in his profession, some reflecting the mentality of crooks... There was, for example, the case of two teenage muggers in New York City who were taken to a hospital... In Texas, a recently married man returned from a hunting trip and when his wife asked him if he'd shot anything, he replied jokingly, "I shot that forty two-and-a-half was cheating on me with..." His wife screamed, ratched out of the house and sped away in her car. The husband followed in another house where she fell into the arms of the man who answered her frantic pounding on the door, sobbing, "Thank God you're alive. I thought I'd killed you." Police broke up the frenzied fight and arrested both men. The woman is now filing for divorce. — RM —

experience "What did you have for lunch?" Dr. Pumpernickel asked. "I've never done it before," he said. "I said to the lab assistant, 'my wife can't cook a hot and I never know what I'm eating.'" "Eureka!" yelled Pumpernickel. "This is what we've been looking for!" Years of exhaustive tests were conducted, however, before the reputation on the line ill-gonegung such a great discovery. First, the raw material had to be chemically analyzed. It turned out by a little known Latin-American derivative with the pharmacological designation of nancy-bacteriostimul-chloridroneid, believed only to exist in a rare root by the Incas hundreds of years ago. The ingredient was immediately dubbed with a soot-to-familiar acronym "NADA" by Pumpernickel's staff. So now that science has at last discovered a substance that does not cause cancer, it is marveled by a food simplifier, backed by a \$6 million advertising campaign with the slogan "NADA's Safe."

An editor's random thoughts...

October 15, 1981. It has been a silent summer, lacking somewhat in bird song, looking in green fields and forests that is the portion of this region. Besides the silk catnip, which is a sight and sound of the fall, the silence of August is late in June. Even the morning whiff of the cardinal was muted in the blazing heat of this annual summer and only showed the bubbling, ringing songs of the Carolina and Bewick wrens heard. The song sparrow, indefatigable singer that he is, beginning his trill in a sunny fence corner in February, languished under the blazing sun of July, "cheer up, cheer up, cheer!" in the robin, heard now and then in normal accents in pauses of the feathered

The Idle Rambler

By James C. Smith. "John Francis of Wittenberg, doctor, by these presents, do give body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister Mephistophilus." Christopher Marlowe, Doctor Faustus, Scene V. Billy Pilgrim, a good friend of both Kurt Vonnegut Jr. and Jack Kerouac, does not have his doubts about the humanitarian motivations of those in the medical profession today. He asked me just the other day if I thought that Hippocrates had a 40-foot reach and a beam of truth on the coast of Mytilene.

A strange question I thought. But Billy then he said he would be rather surprised by events in his life over the past few weeks — events most of us accept as unquestioningly as death or taxes.

It seems Bill has been plagued with a particularly irksome malady of late: a large wart located exactly on the tip of his nose. It has a particularly prominent hair growing from its crest, and has forced Billy into wearing ski masks to all of his important social appearances.

Bill decided to have the worrisome growth excised, and headed off to his family physician with Blue Cross form in hand for a quick encounter with the miracles of modern medicine. But Bill was to be rudely shocked. After a two-hour wait in his doctor's waiting room, he was finally called back to meet the healing hands of the surgeon.

His doctor went through the usual preliminaries of banal conversation to make you feel more at ease. He asked you to remove your wallet. He then peered at the afflicted area with magnifying glass and pen light, and slowly scratched his head.

"I'd normally do that here in the office," the gruff mumbler voice began. "But due to the particular danger of subcutaneous damage in this case, I think we should refer you to a dermatologist. He's a whiz at these things, and you'll be able to receive safer, more expert care."

"Well, O.K.," Bill responded as he stood and prepared to leave the padded and chromed room. Dr. Richman is a really nice fellow to boot. And he has a great forehead in tennis. Simply superb. My secretary will make the appointment for you. That will be \$15."

So Bill went home, called his boss and arranged to take a day off the following week. After the long drive to the dermatologist and another stint in the dreaded waiting room, Bill was called back to meet the medical specialist.

"Hi, umm..." the dermatologist said behind magnifying glass and pen light. "You know, I usually do these things right here in my office, but due to what appears to be an unusually weak communication in your prefrontal cortex area, the risk of hemorrhage is quite acute."

and that we aren't taking any unnecessary chances. "His name is Dr. Wealdforth, and he operates out of an office at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. He's a fine gentleman, and quite an accomplished polo player. My secretary will make the appointment for you. That will be \$25.50."

"Well, then, I'm going to stand here this week's vacation, made all the travel arrangements, and hopped a plane to Baltimore the next week. "Hi!" said Dr. Wealdforth as he shined his gold-plated pen light at the growth on Billy's nose while brushing a yawning pipe-shed on his cheek.

You are well aware young man, I'm certain, that I normally handle these minor matters in my office with a minimum of fuss, but our preliminary tests indicate that you have a rather chronic sinus condition."

"To remove the offensive tissue on a man in your condition requires exacting skill and voluminous knowledge. I shall refer you to a colleague of mine who specializes in micro-nasal dermatology."

"He's an excellent practitioner of the medical arts, and an altogether jolly fellow. His name is Dr. Wellington Carnegie-Mellon. You've probably heard of him. His record placed third qualifying competition for the American's Cup last year."

Bill's currently coordinating a top secret joint project between Harvard and MIT, and his office is in Cambridge for the time being. My secretary will make the appointment for you. That will be \$345."

Bill once again went home dejected. His boss would not hear of his taking another week off, so he quit his job, drained his savings account, and jumped on the first Piedmont to Cambridge.

"Hi, umm..." Dr. Carnegie-Mellon said, holding a glass of chilled Perrier and dabbing his brow with a Pierre Cardin handkerchief. "I'm afraid I wasn't informed about your weight problem. For persons over 200 pounds, the traditional treatment for such a delicate situation would never do. I'll afford you cardio-vascular system just wouldn't support it. We'll have to try the newest thing in nasal dermatology."

"It has just been written about in The New England Journal of Nasal Dermatology. It was proved to be a gentleman at the London Hospital after years of critical research. He's being called the Pasture of nose warts."

"Nurse," he said to the intern on his desk, "bring in a dose of castor mucus." "Now listen carefully," he said as he tied a long wool string around the end of Billy's nose. "The first thing you got to do is get some large dirt Persian cat, and bury it in the stump of a vascular communication in your prefrontal cortex. You'll be struck in mid-air, dance naked around the tree for 12 minutes, then stop and remove the string. It's proved to be 94 percent effective, plus or minus four percent margin for error. That will be \$3,000."

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