Opinion

What's what with Mr. Watt?

The interior secretary is quite controversial

Secretary of the Interior James Watt is the most controversial member of the Reagan administration. Although he has been in office only seven months, there is a large-scale national movement to force Watt to resign.

Under the circumstances, the Watt record deserves scrutiny. He has:

— Stated his intent to allow oil and gas production on wildlife refuges and wilderness areas.

— Ordered the Office of Endangered Species to suspend proposed listings of endangered species.

— Dropped negotiations with Canada over a treaty protecting migratory caribou.

— Weakened Bureau of Land Management policy on protecting wilderness areas.

— Postponed action on environmental provisions of the Alaska Lands Act.

— Fired some 30 Interior Department lawyers who were working on protection of federal lands.

— Pushed for major cuts in funds for the Fish and Wildlife Service.

— Reduced the staff of the Council on Environmental Quality to the point where it is now ineffective.

— Approved use of snowmobiles in Sequoia National Park despite Park Service regulations prohibiting such use.

These are but some of the actions and stands by Watt which have enraged environmentalists and nature lovers. Coming from the man whose responsibility it is to protect our natural resources and public lands, it is clear why Watt has become so controversial.

Will you work harder?

A major argument made for the Reagan tax cuts was that they really wouldn't cost the Treasury anything. Although individual income tax rates would be lower, collections wouldn't. The reason: People would be working more and earning more in the newly-stimulated economy.

Now that the cuts have been approved, it will be interesting to see whether the predictions come true. Frankly, we still find reasons to be skeptical. Some of the special features of the tax bill — such as the extra deduction for couples and the liberalized child care allowance — undoubtedly will attract more married women into the work force. However, unless there is a general expansion of employment opportunities, those women are likely to be taking jobs that someone else would get.

Economist Arthur Laffer, spiritual father of the tax cuts, argues that they will cause employed persons to work more hours. To a degree, that may be true of persons who have the option of working overtime or are willing to "moonlight" on second jobs. Yet, many workers have no such opportunities, so the total increase in work effort may be quite marginal.

A study made for the Treasury Department by a Princeton researcher showed that workers would increase their hours on the job by only 1.5 percent for each 10 percent increase in after-tax pay. At that rate, the tax cuts would fall a long way short of paying for themselves — at least as far as the U.S. Treasury is concerned.

Hunger in the Third World

The annual report of the World Bank, just off the press, offers two possible scenarios for how the poorer countries of the world may fare in the coming decade. Neither is very encouraging.

Under the more optimistic "high-case" projection of economic trends, the number of people living in extreme poverty could fall from today's 750 million to about 630 million by 1990. Hunger would still be stalking much of the Third World.

Under the more pessimistic "low-case" projection, the number in the depths of poverty would actually rise to 850 million. And in either case, the World Bank sees only a widening gap between living standards in the richest and the poorest nations.

What actually happens will depend on a host of variables — from the way developing countries handle their own social and economic problems, to the economic performance of the industrialized nations that provide the trade, investment development loans and other aid on which the Third World must rely.

An important variable is what happens to the World Bank itself as a source of credit for the have-not countries. The latest annual report is the last to be signed by Robert W. McNamara, who has been president of the World Bank for 13 years. He was succeeded on July 1 by A.W. Clausen, the former president of the Bank of America — an appointment made late last year by the departing President Carter with the informal approval of President-elect Reagan.

The economic future of many Third World countries will be affected by the direction taken by the World Bank under Mr. Clausen. The assumption is that this veteran banker from California will pursue a less ambitious lending policy than the one pursued by Mr. McNamara in an era which saw a steep rise in the bank's outstanding loans.

The assumption comes not only from Mr. Clausen's record as a cautious financier but from skepticism within the Reagan administration and in Congress toward the effectiveness of the U.S. aid being channeled through the World Bank. The United States provides about 20 percent of the funds for the bank, which has been making development loans at the rate of $12 billion a year.

Mr. Clausen stoutly defends the World Bank as an institution, but has not revealed how he would avert the kind of criticism that was heard frequently during the McNamara years. Under Mr. McNamara the bank often was accused of being lax in assuring that its loans went into well-managed projects.

At a time when domestic spending programs are being cut back, it is all the harder to convince the American taxpayer that appropriations for the World Bank and other items of foreign economic aid are justified. This does not alter the fact that our own national interest is served when impoverished Third World countries make economic progress and become more active trading partners with the United States.

Mr. Clausen has the task of renewing Washington's confidence in the World Bank. If he can keep it on a sound footing as a source of development aid, there is a better chance of seeing the "high-case" projections for the coming decade come to pass for the Third World.

Agree or not

Administration learning the hard way about merit system employees

by S.C. Van Curon

The administration of Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. is learning the strength of the employee merit system the hard way.

Several state employees who had been dismissed or laid off early in the administration won reinstatement when they appealed their cases to the Personnel Board. They also received pay for the time they were off.

There are now 120 cases awaiting action of the Personnel Board, but they are being held, awaiting a Supreme Court decision on what has become known as the Ayers case.

Shirley Ayers was laid off in 1976 after being promoted from auditor to legal adviser. He won reinstatement before the Court of Appeals and the Personnel Board has asked the Supreme Court for clarification.

The Appeals Court ruled that Ayers should have been offered his auditor's position back or another position since he in effect had seniority over other Merit System employees.

This decision is important to the pending cases. If the Supreme Court upholds the Court of Appeals it will be almost automatic that the Personnel Board reinstate the appealing employees and save the time and expense of hearings and possible further court action.

The laying off of employees without understanding the Merit System thoroughly has been the pitfall of the two administrations whose heads were not in state government when the system was established by Gov. Bert T. Combs.

Before that, state employees for the most part were the political pawns of the administration in power.

When Gov. A.B. Chandler took over in 1956, firing was almost wholesale in many departments. In an effort to protect his friends he had put in state jobs, Chandler undertook to establish a Merit System by executive order just before he left office.

One of the first acts of Gov. Combs was to rescind Chandler's order and have the 1960 legislature pass a law establishing the present Merit System that became effective July 1, 1961. This gave the Combs administration almost 18 months to weed the Chandler faction Democrats out of state jobs.

Edward T. Breathitt was Combs' personnel man early in his administration, but didn't stick around until the Merit system was fully established.

When Breathitt became governor, he was familiar with the Merit system and abided by it with exceptions. There were instances when positions were abolished, as in the Ayers case, but Breathitt got by with his actions.

The Ayers case apparently is the first in which seniority comes into play as an entitlement to another position.

When Gov. Louie B. Nunn took office, the Republicans had been out of power for 20 years. Many of his appointed commissioners and administrators were unfamiliar with the Merit System and seemed to take few pains to learn rights of employees.

Many were fired but won reinstatement through the courts under the Merit System and it cost the state two or more million dollars. The highway department was the one that gave Nunn the most trouble on this score. He dismissed the commissioner and the personnel manager the same week over their apparent disregard for the Merit System.

When Gov. Wendell Ford succeeded Nunn, Ford knew the system and the ropes because he was chief administrative assistant to Combs. The same was true when Julian Carroll became governor because he was a member of the legislature in 1962 and served until he became lieutenant governor under Ford. Carroll had aided in passing several amendments to the Merit System.

Even with experience, the governors have had to keep their eyes on appointive administrators to keep them from violating the Merit System.

Long-time observers of state government have a name for the appointive administrators under a new administration.

Commissioners and administrators are known as instant experts by the old timers, and sometimes it takes a while for them to learn what they can and can't do.

Highway Commissioner Frank Metts learned recently that he can't transfer the highway department to three different cities just because he thinks it might be a good idea.

Down Memory Lane

Jimpson weed selling for 6½¢

Thursday, September 7, 1961

Miss Betty Caywood, a staff member of the Lexington-Fayette County Health Department, has been awarded scholarship grants by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare to further her education in public health work.

PFC Elva K. Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. Otho K. Clark, Carlisle, recently completed the radio-teletype operation course at the Army Signal Training Center, Fort Gordon, Ga.

Harold Gene Honaker, 28, Millersburg, was killed instantly Sunday when his car left Ky. 36, hurtled almost 50 feet through the air and struck an embankment.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Noble Barbee a son, Gary Dwain, August 31 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Preston L. Kendall, Laurel, Md., a daughter September 2. — To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Crockett a daughter, Susan Taylor, Thursday, August 24 at Christ Hospital, Cincinnati.

MARRIED — Miss Linda Jean Power, daughter of Mayor and Mrs. William Power, and Marvin L. Worthington, Ewing, in LaFollette, Tenn., August 30. — Miss Betty Jean Hollar, Barterville, to L.H. Gaddis Jr., August 29.

DIED — Mrs. Ollie Cotterill Neal, 79, widow of J.W. Neal, died Sunday. — John A. Burden, 66, Bourbon County, last Wednesday. — Milford Hughes, 56, Paris, Saturday in the Bourbon County Hospital. — John Cleveland Dampier, 68, Thursday, Nicholas County Hospital. — William Robert Dale, 81, Route 3, Wednesday. — Mrs. Daisy Clary, 78, widow of Joseph Clary, Monday. — Madison W. Smoot, 63, Maysville, Sunday.

Thursday, September 4, 1941

The Blue Grass Produce Company reported this week paying 6½ cents per pound for jimpson weed.

The Farmers Stock Yards report a strong sale Tuesday, 2,649 head, with all classes strong.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vice a son, Charles Scott, August 29.

DIED — Mrs. Alice Summers, Ribelin, 82, widow of Dr. Thomas Ribelin, Saturday in Elizaville. — Mrs. Annie Crump Earlywine Saturday at Centerville. — Mrs. Micha Martin Tune, 43, of Cleveland, Ohio, while visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Martin of Owingsville.

Thursday, September 8, 1921

No cashier has been elected for the First National Bank to fill the vacancy caused by the death of T.H. Pickrell. Mrs. Harry S. King, who several years ago was elected assistant cashier, is in charge of the institution and no changes will be made in the officials.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. G.F. Beeler of Lexington a daughter, August 26. — To Mr. and Mrs. Ben Alexander of this city a daughter, September 4.

MARRIED — Miss Rubie Roberts of this county and Edward D. Smart of Paris, at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. W.E. Ellis, at Paris. — Miss Nettie Wood of near town and Charles E. Cooper of this city, at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. S.B. Lander, in Winchester Wednesday.

DIED — The one-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Turner at their home in the county last Friday. — Miss Sue Rice, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Edsell Clark, near Little Rock Monday morning.

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Letters ... from our readers

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Keep the Mercury coming our way. Check for two years is enclosed. "Miss Lou" and I don't want to miss an issue!

Your reprints of your Daddy's "Random Thoughts" has kept my outlook fresh all this summer! I still think if you published them in book form they would be a best seller! I mentioned this to Col. J.T. Norris, "the Scrivener from Ashland" that your father referred to in some of his columns, and he concurs. He rates your father as one of the greats.

It's August, and I am sure the "Hills of Home" around Goose Creek and Ishmael Chapel are taking on an early Fall cast, as they are everywhere I have been lately. Soon October will "cover them with Glory" and I will be consumed by the temporary insanity which always overtakes me at that season and in spirit, at least, I will "run the ridges" again, for a spell.

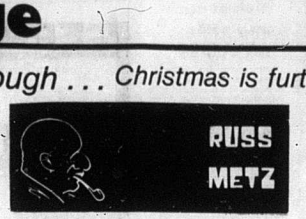
As your Father would say, "More anon".

Sincerely,
O.S. "Stanley" Green
Ashland, Ky.

* See Letters, page 3

Op-ed page

Magic alone is not enough . . . Christmas is further away than you think



With Christmas only four months away, I felt I ought to visit Santa Claus' North Pole operation to see how things were progressing with toy orders this year. In the face of a sky full of MX's and the air controllers trying to sort out the mess, Santa may have some special problems this Christmas galloping around the skies.

"Well," he said, scratching his big nose, "I suppose we'll make it, but it won't be easy. We ought to be able to dodge most of the air traffic. The controllers never have recognized us anyway."

"We have so many other problems before we can even schedule our takeoff," he went on. "The blasted Internal Revenue Service has us tied up in court over our tax exempt status, and some ambitious prosecutor has indicted me on mail fraud charges. The FAA is threatening to cut out our special landing permits because of the air controller shortage and OSHA is still slapping injunctions on me for coming down chimneys without safety harness."

"You seem to have more problems than usual," I said.

"You better believe it, sonny," Santa sighed. "I'm so tied up in government red tape it is going to take a miracle to get all my toys made. My elf legal staff has grown from six back in 1960 to more than 30 this year. You can't believe the troubles I'm having."

The jolly old gent went on and on: "If legal problems are not enough to keep me in a turmoil, there are also labor problems I never had in the old days. The Dollmakers Local is out on strike. The Elf's Electrical Union is having jurisdiction problems with the Craftsmen and Assemblers Local 892 and this has set our production back three months. Then the International Union of Electric Train Workers is threatening a wildcat strike over the "less batteries" clause in their contract. I tell you, boy, if things don't get better, I'm getting out of this crazy business."

"Now, Santa," I said, trying to sooth his ruffled feathers, "you know how the little children depend on you. You can't let them down."

"I know all that tradition jazz," Santa said, "but the kids themselves have created some problems. Time was when you could please them with simple hand-tooled items like wooden guns, toy soldiers and doll houses. No longer. Now all they want is those sophisticated computer-type games that require printed circuits and the latest space-age technology.

"I've had to completely renovate our elf training program. The brighter ones I have screened out and sent away to college and tech schools so they could come back and set up assembly lines on electronic components. We are considering importing Japanese elfs to install robots for some assembly work."

Then Santa leaned across his workbench and whispered to me.

"I'd like to keep this confidential, but I am considering going to Congress and asking for a loan. There is just no way I can keep this Christmas business solvent on magic alone anymore."

"I need working capital to upgrade my production operations to keep abreast with the times."

Santa said he believes a North Pole bailout makes more sense than a Chrysler gimme. "I hate government handouts as much as the next fellow, but let's face it, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus today who could be out of business tomorrow. If we can't keep up with modern technology, the kids of the world are going to turn to Japan for that cheap imitation stuff and there goes your All-American Christmas scene."

He got really serious. "Well if I fold, Christmas is in real trouble and so is the whole U.S. of A. A lot of jobs depend on the spirit of Christmas and I'd hate to be the one to cause an economic slump. If I shut down, you'll see a lot of elves migrating to the United States flooding the job market. You wouldn't want to see that, would you?"

And that's why this year I am urging all those youngsters who normally write to Santa to instead write letters to their congressmen urging a loan to Santa to bail out his sagging North Pole operations.

I sure hope Congress comes through. Because Santa also laid an only-for-your-ears message on me: If he doesn't get his loan, he may be forced to pull his community out of the U.S. umbrella and take on Third World status in order to qualify for foreign aid.

How'd you like for your kids to cuine up with Russian toys next Christmas with instructions for assemblying them printed in Siberian script?

— RM —

Some discouraging words:

"Hey, pal, long time no see. You're putting on weight...and what happened to your hair?"

"This is the bank, and we have a problem with your account. It seems you wrote a check last week for $350 and..."

"Jones, in the last 40 years you have been working for us you have always been accurate at long division and multiplication. But now we are buying a computer and..."

"Let me see your driver's license. Do you know you came past me doing 82 miles an hour?"

"This is the finance company and your wife..."

"I'm the principal of Public School 18, and I regret to tell you..."

"About that dog you sold me...the one you said was the best coon dog in the state..."

"Do you have liability insurance?"

"I'm afraid it's your picture tube..."

"My uncle had symptoms just like yours and he only lasted a month..."

— RM —

Prince Charlie and his bride, Diana, who just like any other young newlyweds, honeymooned on a yacht with 12 servants, have returned to a mansion that isn't mortgaged for 30 years at a 15 percent interest rate.

And they may have thought they genre alone in their bliss, but chances are some gossip magazine had a mike hidden aboard to capture juicy little tidbits for posterity. Such as:

— I know you promised me a wild honeymoon, Charlie, but Belfast?

— Just because I'm a prince doesn't mean I wanted a king-size bed.

— Diana, if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times, princesses don't have headaches at night.

— Charlie, do you have to wear those medals on your pj's?

— It's a little late isn't it Charlie, to ask me if I can cook.

— I thought you told me royalty doesn't snore...

— Just think, Charlie, when we celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary, you'll be 82 and I'll only be 68...

— Isn't it enough, Charlie, that I know about your virility? Do you have to tell the world about it with a 13-gun salute?

— What do you mean you're seasick?

— Next time I want a yacht with two bathrooms.

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
September 3, 1936

Now do the small choristers of tree and hedgerow that sang so blithely and so well, when love was young and nests were making in May, grow silent in the sultriness of late summer. Soon we shall welcome the trill of the little black-capped chickadee and the caw of a crow will be musical on frosty air. Summer wanes.

Now where the farmer has not used his mower the fields are unkempt with rag weeds, but lovely even in their disheveled luxuriance. Along the roads and in some fields the Queen Anne's Lace lies like hundreds of old-fashioned curtains spread out to dry. Strange that this delicate, perfect flower should crown a weed. Some of us in Life's garden should be imbued with hope. But how beautiful it all is in this region in late summer — the gentle roll of the hills, the woodlands of walnut and ash and hickory, the lush grass in the bottoms along the course of a meandering branch, the iron weeds nodding with the rich beauty of their purple flowering. Do you remember the verbena-like aroma that came from the bruised leaves. These memories, I think, are the magnifying glasses through which I see the summer countryside. Else why should horse weeds, dense green forests along a creek bank, seem beautiful? Why should I thrill to a branch that winds through the meadow, the rise of a field lark from the grass, the sound of horses grazing, the slither of their feet in the grass and plantain; the caw of a crow, red haws, a paw-paw tree, the scaly bark of a hickory, a weeping willow, thorn trees, iron weeds, a hackberry; buckeyes, wood smoke, the shouted call of a red-headed woodpecker, the smell of bruised rag weed, hemp, and corn cakes proclaiming the perfume of their browning to a summer's dawn? It is because, I think, these are of the warp and woof of a chain of pleasant memories stretching back to boyhood. These are my glasses that magnify perhaps, that are rose-tinted surely.

*****

Reading tonight there comes to me a sounding line from the Scriptures, one that has always intrigued me. It must have been written, I think, by one who felt his inability to enjoy to the full, to appreciate as it should be appreciated the wonder that is the world about us — the beauty of field and stream and forest, the grandeur of the heavens, the immensity of space —

"The heavens declare the glory of God.
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Something beyond the groping mind of man, this handiwork, this glory of the heavens, beauty of the earth. Very wonderful it is and passing beautiful to me, and though I have a feeling of inability to enjoy to the full the loveliness of an earth that blooms each spring but to die; that dies each autumn but to bloom again, I may learn faith perhaps from it all. And from the little folk that now begin to sing through the still nights, valiantly vocal until touched by the finger of the frost, I may learn courage and contentment.

Musing thus, there comes to me from the leafy coverts of the maples the sweet quavering croon of the little brown owl like a peaceful benediction.

Letters ... from our readers

Continued from page 2

To The Carlisle Mercury:

How important is your life and the lives of your family members? This is a question that each citizen of Nicholas County had better ask himself NOW.

In less than three months our community will be without an ambulance service. I am sure that most of you, as I, have at one time or another required these services either for yourself or a member of your family. What are we going to do when this service is no longer available?

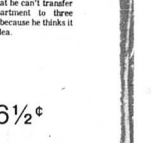
It seems as though our elected officials, namely the Fiscal Court, who promised us the last election that they would act in our best interest, is not very concerned with the welfare of the sick and injured in our community.

In order to provide an ambulance service a license must be applied for, equipment must be purchased and personnel must be trained. There are matching funds available for the purchase of equipment, etc., but to get these application must be made. Do you know how long it takes to get an application approved by the government? Well I do! I have worked in the health care field for almost 20 years and I can tell you from experience that it takes longer than three months.

Therefore, if you the citizens of Nicholas County want an ambulance service available, YOU had better be calling your magistrate or the Judge and demand that they start work on this immediately. If YOU don't who is going to?

Just remember, come January 1 if you get sick or injured and need an ambulance, unless we get busy NOW, there won't be one available.

Sincerely,
Lois Gates
Route 1, Carlisle



In India and Peru cotton grows wild in the form of a tree. A perennial, it lives on through decades as might an apple tree.

The Idle Rambler

by James C. Smith

I have a story this week which is one of those tales that everyone has heard but no one believes. You know, the kind that is always prefaced, "I swear this is the truth," and followed by an account that makes a fisherman's tale of the one-that-got-away look like a Sunday School sermon.

But anyway, I swear this is the truth.

My old college roommate Tim, of whom I have spoken before in these aimless lines of type, has an uncle who is absolutely one of the most colorful men in the world. George is a 63-year-old juvenile delinquent.

George has only three pleasures in the world: Baseball, beer and embarrassing members of his family. If he can have all three at once, it's sheer Nirvana. Nirvana is a state George experiences often, as he did at the 1978 Reds-Dodgers game in Cincy by subjecting Tim's family to the terrible ordeal of sitting with a drunken senior citizen holding a Reds' pennant, while shouting obscenities from behind his Donald Duck sunglasses. Tim said the glasses clashed terribly with the bright Hawaiian shirt George was sporting.

But this summer, George has been in a state of deep depression. The baseball strike took care of his first earthly pleasure; a kidney problem, the second; and a hospital stay, the third. You see, no one came to visit George in the hospital more than once. He was just too successful at gratifying his third temporal vice.

One week in June though, George salvaged the entire season, strike or no strike (and Hudy or no Hudy). For the first time in days, George's room was filled with penitent family members trying to convince themselves that perhaps this mutant member of their clan wasn't really so bad after all.

But George's incessant rantings about the hospital staff and the food service were quickly stripping away the thin veneer of guilt.

"This apple juice is terrible," he screamed at the top of his cigarette-smoke-charred lungs. And he leaned over and poured the contents of his plastic juice container into a urine receptable at his bedside.

Just at that moment a young nurse eased into the room, and with the sterile sense of professionalism that so pervades the medical world, she informed George that it was time for his afternoon urine sample to be collected.

His family all sighed with the anticipation of what this meant. They knew him too well.

"Well here you are honey," he smoothly creaked in a grandfatherly mask. "I just went a minute ago," the voice went on, as he slowly lifted the bedside receptacle, "so why don't you just go ahead and take this for your sample, darlin'."

She deftly snapped the container from his hand and wheeled out of the door. George did not crack a smile. His family all had their hands cupped downward atop their eyebrows in a desperate attempt to remain anonymous. One of the kids walked over beside George's roommate to create the illusion he was visiting the valium-filled patient.

Moments later the nurse returned, container in hand, and tried to hide her concern as she told George that something was wrong and they'd have to take another urine sample.

With his typical poker face, George grabbed the container. "Well, here, I'll just run this through again!" He quaffed down the apple juice. The nurse fainted.

I swear!

BANK CENTS
By
Lahny Hutchison
First National Bank

Contrary to the usual understanding of the word deposit, the expression "bank deposit" does not signify something that is physically put into a safe on the books of the bank and denotes the obligation of that bank to its depositor. These deposits are placed, in an earning capacity in one form or another, bonds, loans, or many other avenues. Naturally the bank works on averages and your deposit is always available to you for your use.

Unlike other financial institutions, banks must always be in a position to pay to the depositor, the entire amount he has on deposit. Remember, a "Bank" is the only institution where your money is deposited; the others, your money is invested and only banks pay interest. The others pay dividends, provided they make a profit.

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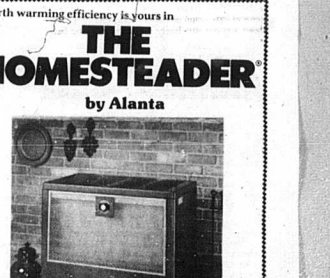

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