Opinion

Goodbye Carl...

In case you hadn't noticed, Nicholas County is now part of the Sixth Congressional District in Kentucky. That means we have a new congressman representing us in Washington and he is Larry Hopkins, R-Lexington.

You probably won't notice any difference when you walk down the street or down the tobacco row until the next congressional election. Then you'll find Carl Perkins' name missing from the ballot.

Because of population alignment changes resulting from the figures in the latest census, some boundary changes to congressional districts were negotiated and our county was switched from the 7th to the 6th district.

Rep. Carl Perkins represented us well for many, many years. He is one of a very few congressmen who never forgot where he grew up and who, so far as we know, answered every letter he got from his constituents and also got action on those constituent requests.

As chairman of the powerful Education and Labor Committee in the house, his influence was widely felt and will be still. His skill at "trading" favors in congress is widely admired and can be best illustrated with a story told by now Governor Al Quie of Minnesota.

For many years, Al Quie was Carl Perkins opposite number with the Republican members of the committee. One day in exasperation he blurted out, "the only thing wrong with you Carl, is that you think 90 percent of the money from any bill ought to be for the 7th district of Kentucky and ten percent for the rest of the United States."

He was paying Mr. Perkins a mighty tribute. And so are we. He leaves big shoes to fill for our new congressman, Mr. Hopkins.

No surprises for Nicholas County, please!

The group of local men who met the other night to revitalize the local Chamber of Commerce and to pursue economic development are to be commended for "closing the barn door before the horse is gone."

Advance planning is the only way we know to avoid economic disappointments. It's sorta like having spent all your money and then the notice of the large insurance premium comes in the mail.

We don't need surprises.

And they can happen. They're as close to home as Pendleton County, where the Falmouth Outlook reported last week that their Dr. Scholls Shoe Company is no more. The newspaper reported on the front page that "it's a sad day in Pendleton County."

We don't want any sad days in Nicholas County. And with the precarious state of the national economy we think a "working" economic development group is a must for our city and county.

In Mount Sterling recently, a local Hobart Corporation plant was bought out by the Kraft Corporation. Two-thirds of the employees were laid off. Did Mount Sterling suffer? Sure. But it was not a mortal blow. Several other manufacturing plants attracted by an active Chamber of Commerce and an Industrial Park board continue to operate. Mount Sterling had broadened its industrial base.

And they can happen. They're as close to home as Jobs. And we can't leave them for someone else to find. We have to find them ourselves.

We need to broaden our economic base with other acceptable industry. But at the same time we need to continue a frank dialogue with Bluegrass Industries management. We can't forget about the precarious state of the economy. We think a "working" look after their needs too.

Testing our limits

Washington policymakers may soon have to decide whether they will permit the Soviets to get away with what looks increasingly like a violation of the Kennedy-Khrushchev understandings that ended the Cuban missile crisis of 1962.

In essence, President Kennedy committed the United States to forsake any invasion of Cuba in exchange for a Soviet promise not to station "offensive" weapons there. Implicit in the definition of offensive weapons was any nuclear weapon that could reach the United States.

The Soviets first appeared to test the Kennedy-Khrushchev agreement when they began construction of submarine facilities at the Cuban port of Cienfuegos in 1970. The Nixon administration responded by warning the Soviets that it would enforce the 1962 agreement, and that the agreement prohibited even port calls in Cuba by any Soviet submarine carrying nuclear missiles.

Moscow got the message. No Soviet submarines, nuclear or conventional, have been stationed in Cuba and none of the Soviet Union's ballistic missile submarines is ever known to have docked in a Cuban port.

But now the Soviets seem to be testing the limits of the 1962 agreement once again. Beginning about 1980, they have been shipping MiG-23 fighter bombers to Cuba, ostensibly for use by Fidel Castro's air force.

One version of the MiG-23, known as the MiG-23BN or alternately as the MiG-27, is equipped as a tactical bomber capable of carrying nuclear weapons. Its range is reported to be about 600 miles, sufficient to strike targets in the United States from bases in Cuba.

The Cubans appear to have one squadron of 12 MiG-23BNs already in operation. Packing crates similar to those used to ship disassembled MiG-23s have recently been photographed in Cuban ports which suggests that the Soviets are sending additional aircraft of this model.

Whether the munitions stored in Cuba for these planes include nuclear bombs or missiles isn't known, and might not be known until the Soviets or Cubans choose to load them under the wings of the MiG-23BNs.

The Russians will no doubt argue that the presence of these aircraft in Cuba does not violate the 1962 understanding.

Agree or not

The rudderless General Assembly

by S.C. Van Curen

This legislative session defies description or comparison with any other in recent memory.

It has been without a carefully planned or designed program as well as leadership from the governor's office. With the exception of his budget bill and a very few other bills, Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. has lived up to his promise to let the legislators find their own way.

On top of this the governor introduced his budget bill at a very late date for a governor's second legislative session and had spent little time or effort apparently in selling his legislative leadership on his budget package.

In fact, the session was half over when two important money-raising ideas were presented and touted as important revenue producers.

A transaction tax was proposed as the foundation for revising the state's tax system, but it never got as far as bill form. It was just kicked around as an idea, but it came after the legislature was in session. Any such sweeping move should be mentioned and discussed weeks or even months before the session begins.

The governor discovered he needed a new revenue source, and Transportation Commissioner Frank Metts came up with the truck tax bill that would levy additional fees and a mileage tax, but the legislators cut this in half and later got access to a memo from the Revenue Commissioner that the tax would raise just about two-thirds of what was claimed by Metts and that only if it were administered for 100 percent collection.

No one denies that the road fund needs additional money, but no acceptable plan came from the administration and the legislators finally came up with one of their own, incorporating some new taxes on trucks and other fees, but we won't raise the money Metts claims is needed. Again, it's a failure of planning.

While the fair trade law on whiskey is being repealed, the tax is being shifted from the retail to the wholesale level at an increased rate with the sales pitch that it will be more efficient.

The governor claimed it would tax the whiskey and beer being sold through bootleggers in dry territory in the state. There are only about 22 counties wet or partially wet out of the 120.

Well, that idea is mostly window dressing for the dry forces in Kentucky because bootleggers don't get their supplies from wholesalers. Bootleggers buy from the retailers. It would be too great a risk for wholesalers to sell any retailer without a licensed established business. The penalty is severe . . . fine, suspension or revocation of license.

The governor did support passage of the multi-banking bill but he has showed his hand on very little legislation. In fact he said recently that there weren't more than a half dozen or so bills that he was interested in seeing passed.

The governor got his dander up a bit last week when the legislature challenged the governor's reorganization powers between sessions. He strongly opposes a bill that would require legislative approval for reorganization between sessions.

A compromise was reached that the bill would not become effective until Jan. 1, 1984. The compromise assures the governor that legislation approval past governmental reorganization bills still pending last week would get passage without crippling amendments reducing his powers. It will be tested in court in a friendly suit.

If there is an administration package of bills, few legislators know about it, including the leadership. Apparently various division heads had their own bills and handled them individually instead of making it a total administration package backed by the power of the governor's office.

Seasoned legislators will tell you privately that this session has been a legislative boat without a rudder. Legislators are and have been a flock without a leader despite the governor's threat last week that "they'd better settle down and recognize what party they (the leadership) represent and what their leadership role is, or we're going to have some problems."

He was right about the latter phrase. There are "some problems."

Don't let the family farm that a special session is not needed before 1984 rolls around.

Letters

Issues and readers

To The Carlisle Mercury:

After reading the letter Mrs. Brady write in the paper March 18, I will say I agree with her 100 percent.

In regard to statements made by Mr. Don Haney at the Industrial Meeting — that he has five employees that cannot find housing and that he plans to expand operations at B.G.I., but doesn't know what he is going to do for housing for his executives. He also stated it would be a mistake to talk about industry.

I have talked with realtors in this area and it seems they have some property and housing listed than ever before.

It looks as if the new owners of B.G.I. have a president that is frightened of competition and knows very little about housing in this area.

After the statements Mr. Haney made, how much help do you think the industrial board will receive from him and his organization?

Are the new owners of B.G.I. concerned about what happens to this community or just what will be in their pockets at the end of the year?

Sincerely,
Jim Shaw
Cliffway Drive
Carlisle, Ky.

(A copy of the following letter was received by the Mercury.)

To Bluegrass Industries, Inc.:
Mr. Don Haney:

I would like to thank you for your assistance in re-organizing the Carlisle/Nicholas County Chamber of Commerce. The support of you and your staff, Sally Allison and Betty Sorrell, enabled us to take one more step toward a more secure future for our community. They are to be commended on both their effort and the professional manner in which they arranged the meeting.

Please accept my sincere appreciation for the financial and moral support Blue Grass Industries has shown this year, and in the past, in developing Nicholas County.

s/John R. Burke,
Service Manager
Kentucky Utilities
Carlisle, Ky. 40311

Guest Editorial

We were different then

by Anthony Harrigan

A writer for the editorial page of the Denver Post recently said, with more than a touch of sadness, "We seemed such a different people then, in the Depression years and the war years."

We are a different people, as people born in the 1920s or earlier recognize. We are a different people because conditions in our country and the world at large are enormously different.

Our country was much more rural in character 40 or 50 years ago. We were much less sophisticated and hardened. There was little street crime. Communities were closer and "neighborliness" was stronger. Patriotism was a more positive force. People weren't so dependent on bureaucracies. They expected less in the way of public assistance. They were more self-reliant.

Nostalgia for the past isn't a useless activity. We need to remind ourselves of our quality as a people a generation or more ago. Looking back helps us gain perspective on today and our standards for tomorrow. We should be proud of the gains we have made as a people in terms of wealth, education, science and medical care. But we also should recognize how we have departed from sound norms.

Down Memory Lane

50 gallon still destroyed

Thursday, April 5, 1962

Nicholas County Sheriff Bill Dollins, State Trooper Hickey and State Trooper Ed Post destroyed a 50-gallon moonshine still found Tuesday afternoon in the southeastern Jerdavs section of Nicholas County about two miles from the Bath County line. The two 50-gallon drums were full of mash in readiness to produce a run of white lightning.

Jack L. Morrison, for the past 40 months manager of the P&J Variety, announced Monday that he has purchased the store and it would be known as Morrison's Variety.

Luther Anderson is the newly elected president of the Nicholas County Jaycees. The retiring president, Don Trivette, was presented the Jaycee Award of the Year.

The Carlisle High School Band received an excellent rating at the annual spring contest held at Morehead Saturday, March 31.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. David Warren, Midway, Ohio, a daughter, April 2. — To Mr. and Mrs. Rondall W. Ratliff, Lexington, a daughter, Rhonda June, March 30. — To Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Gene Hall, a daughter, Joanna Rogers, April 2 at Good Samaritan Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson, a son, Jackie Ray, March 27 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Runyon Smith, a daughter, Mary Lou, April 1 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Morrison McFarland, a daughter, Patsy Marie, April 2 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. William Hopkins, a son, April 2 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Talmadge Hatton, a son, April 2 at Nicholas County Hospital.

DIED — Mrs. Mollie J. Burris, 96, Little Rock, widow of Jonathan Burris, Thursday at the home of a daughter, Mrs. James Carroll Bryan. — Sanford Swango Crockett, 56, Thursday at home in Flemingsburg. — Thomas Hargis Alexander, 85, Thursday at home in Nicholas County. — James Kennedy Smith, 83, Tuesday at home on the Beamer Road, Nicholas County.

Thursday, April 2, 1942

Fire of undetermined origin razed the two-story frame home in Moorefield belonging to Mrs. Jimmie Swango of Carlisle Sunday morning and three hours later only three brick chimneys remained standing.

Twenty-five chickens were stolen from Claude Frymar Friday night on the farm of H.H. Hillock. Officials at the office of Humpty Clark, Sheriff of Nicholas County, said no trace of the chicken thieves had been found.

DIED — Elva Hughes, 30, Sunday night at the Johnson Memorial Hospital. — Adlai E. Kenton, Thursday night at his home in Maysville. — Mrs. Emma Snapp, 62, Thursday night at the home of her sister, Mrs. M.G. Ramsey in Winchester. — Dr. Mary G. Nutter, 74, Thursday at St. Joseph Hospital. — Elmer Hopkins Jr., 3½ year old son of Elmer and Laura Mae Hopkins, Tuesday at home.

Thursday, April 6, 1922

Blue Grass Produce Company announced that it had the biggest week in its history.

The Carlisle City Council appropriated the sum of $200 to equip a ladies' rest room.

Burley Pool authorities have ordered the second payment of money to members.

R.T. Kirkland Company has announced that plenty of tobacco canvas would be at the store for burley growers.

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Father of bridegroom . . . about as useless as headache on the honeymoon

I found out when No. 1 son got married awhile back that absolutely the most useless thing in the world is the father of the groom. If you don't believe me, take a good look around the next time you go to the wedding of a neighbor's daughter. See that fella over there with the glazed look of someone in a trance? That is the father of the groom.

Has he been consulted about anything to do with the affair? No, he has not. His wife has been busy preparing the invitation list and helping with the hundred and one other decisions that must be made for a brat's wedding these days, but the father of the groom is ignored.

On the wedding day, there is much fluttering around before the actual ceremony by all concerned. At last, someone will remember to pull the father of the groom out from under the pile of coats in the corner and pin a flower in his lapel. But don't count on it.

The father of the bride gets to parade down the aisle and show off his new suit. Then he sits down behind pretty, young, perfumed bridemaids. The father of the groom sits behind male attendants who smell of beer and blocks his view. If it's a stand-up type of union, the groom's father is lost somewhere back there in the pews with the aunts, uncles and mean cousins.

When the pictures were taken, the mother of the groom is snapped tenderly holding her son's hand, as the last fleeting gesture before he flees the nest. The father is the one behind the maid of honor with the large floppy hat.

At the wedding dinner, the father of the bride sits to the left of the preacher, who performed the rites and who is always invited to the head table. I am convinced that preachers fast for 48 hours before wedding dinners, because all plates passed to me were scraped clean as a whistle. A nice waitress finally brought me a chicken wing, though.

As the evening wears on, guests stick their noses in glasses of strong spirits, become boisterous and dance up a storm. Not the father of the groom. He must stand on the side with a petrified smile, just in case someone would want to say hello. Also, the warnings to stay sober have been coming at him since the day of the engagement.

At last I couldn't stand it any more. I grabbed Dear Wife by the arm, elbowed my way up to the bar and yelled for service.

Just to be a little cynical, I said to my wife, "Is there anything I can do, dear?"

"Of course," she said sweetly, "tomorrow you can pay for the tuxedos, gifts, flowers and all the free beer."

— RM —

It is well, when misadventure and mishaps darken our days, to reflect for a moment on the unhappy lot of the country squire who arrived home, after a long trip to the city, just in time to learn that his dog had died while he was away.

He was not apprised of the unfortunate occurrence immediately. The handyman from his estate, who met him at the train station with a carriage, was a taciturn sort.

"Anything happen while I was gone?" the old squire asked as they took toward the manor.

"Nope," said the handyman, squinting ahead and thinking hard on the question.

It was only after he had thought in silence for a long time that his face brightened and he spoke again.

"Say," he said, "I just remembered. Somethin' did happen while you were gone. The dog died."

"The dog died?" exclaimed the squire.

"Yep," said the handyman. "It was sudden. But we suspect he ate some of that burned horse meat."

The explanation shook up the squire. "What do you mean? What burned horse meat?"

"Oh," said the handyman, "you were gone, weren't you, when the barn caught fire and burned down, catching some of the horses inside. That horse meat."

"Good heavens, man!" roared the squire. "I didn't know the barn burned down! How did that happen?"

"Hmm," said the handyman, shaking his head, "we weren't sure, but we think it was caused by all them sparks flying through the air after the house caught on fire."

"My house?" screamed the squire.

"Sure. Whose house did you think I was talking about? Hadn't you heard about it?"

"Of course not!" yelled the squire. "What could have set my house on fire?"

"That's a good question," said the handyman. "But there's no doubt in my mind that it was caused by those candles at the foot of the coffin. They were set awfully close to the drapes, if you ask me."

"Never mind the damn drapes," hollered the squire. "What's this about a coffin?"

"Pshaw now," exclaimed the handyman, "did I forget to tell you that your wife passed away while you were gone?"

—RM—

Jack and Jill went up the hill to get a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill said:
"Just like a sexist not to wait until I did, too.
So we could come tumbling down together."

A fractured fairy tale? Not in the thinking of the Southeast Sex Desegregation Assistance Center at the University of Tennessee.

Those one-sex people have sent out packets to school superintendents urging them to put sex desegregation in their classrooms. That is, for teachers to teach that non-sexist words should be used, instead of those with a "sex bias."

I guess it would be good sportspersonship on my part if I played this one straight, but it seems to me teachers haven't cracked the surface yet on getting Johnny to read well without cluttering his mind with nitty-picky definitions that please only a few female battleaxes.

And, worst of all, they propose murdering the English language to get their point across. For instance: Sexist words are "Give each student HIS paper as soon as HE is finished," for which they propose the non-exist alternative of: "Give each student THEIR papers as soon as THEY are finished." I imagine a good English teacher would have something to say about mixing singulars and plurals together just to make a point.

It doesn't matter to them that meaning is the name of the game in using words in their march to make us all one, despite the way God Almighty created us in the beginning. They want the word "man" stricken from general usage to mean all people, such as mankind, which would become humans, people, humanity or whatever.

Even a Cro-magnon man becomes a simple "primitive person" with no identification as to when he inhabited the earth. Manmade becomes "synthetic or machine-made" which doesn't even come close to meaning the same.

I'd like to say more about those bitter biddies hung up on notions of equalizing the English language, but I'm like the mother listening to her son describe his first date.

"I bought her flowers, took her to an expensive restaurant for dinner and then to a concert," he told his mother. Then he asked, "Should I have kissed her good night?"

"No dear," said his mother, "you did enough for her already."

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
March 25, 1937

In a second living of life I should not wish, in my granted placidity and bovine acceptance of that which could not be helped, to be unaware of an earth very cunningly contrived, very lovely in its season and passing wonderful. I would have an eye for the returning Spring and the swelling of her catkins, the fresh fragrance of her first daffodils, the blush of redbud and the starry whiteness of dogwood. I would be granted the boon of that second sight which marks afar off the footfall of the pilgrim steps of Spring, which envisions golden sprays of the forsythia and the cascading snows of spirea across the wastes of winter, pulsing in mind's eye beltings the roses of June, the lush fecundity of August and the peaceful, golden hush that marks the completion of the cycle, when corn blades rustle dryly and yellow pumpkins belport in the sun and the air breathes chill at even and in the upper reaches of a grim grey sky the flying wedges of the wild geese drift southward like scudding clouds . . . I should want an ear to the music of the little folk of the wild, of the

. . . *smale fowles that maken melodye,*
That slepen al the night with open ye.

I would retain my love for bird song at dawning, for the muted music of the feathered chorus as twilight comes on. I would have an ear to the little maestros of the winged violins, the high piping musicians that under leaf and twig and symphony shrill yet soothing, under the August moon . . . I would know the ways of the night-prowling folk, of the furry sleepers that doze away the long nights of winter in homes earthy but warm and mighty cunningly contrived. I would mark the ways of the fishes that flash the silvery lightnings of their movings in limpid, quiet pools and shake their gleaming armor in giant leaps where the rushing torrent breaks white in its rapids . . . I would have likewise an eye to the heavens that "declare the glory of God" and to the stars that shine therein; to the planets that mark out their unvarying courses in a manner very cunningly contrived, beautiful in its perfection and passing wonderful. I would worship at the shrine of that something toward which man has thrown out wistful, groping mind-tentacles since he was first cursed

See Random thoughts, page 4

Yes you can!

Attend government meetings

For whatever reason, we learn from time to time that some citizens throughout the county are under the assumption they cannot voluntarily attend local government meetings.

Within the last few weeks Advocate reporters have talked to some local residents who were unaware that they may attend any local government meeting.

Kentucky's open meetings law, passed by the 1976 General Assembly, provides that all meetings of local government agencies must be held in open session, with only a few exceptions.

While the law is advantageous to reporters covering local government activity, the law serves as a protection more to the public than the press.

To attend any meeting of a government agency, citizens do not have to give advance notice to the local council or the agency or even give their name while attending the meeting. Courtesy, however, should dictate that citizens wishing to speak before a government agency notify someone before the meeting begins.

The open meetings law is applicable to most of the local agencies including city councils, the school board, county fiscal court, planning commission, etc.

This newspaper believes it extends also to committee meetings of public agencies and the local city council currently is announcing the schedule of its committee meetings.

Citizens regardless of age may attend any open meetings of these public agencies.

There are some exceptions to the open meetings principle that allow government agencies to meet in closed session, but no meeting can be held entirely in closed session, nor can any action be taken in closed session.

Exceptions include a specific personnel problem (not just a general discussion of personnel), discussion concerning an active or pending suit, acquisition of land, etc.

Agencies must vote in open session to go into closed session and a reason must be given in the motion to close the session.

Citizens with complaints or suggestions or who may just want to attend open meetings out of curiosity, may do so without any questions asked.

The open meetings law protects your right to know what is being discussed, how individual elected and appointed officials feel about issues, and what decisions are made during these meetings.

The public in this county should feel free to attend government agency meetings at any time.

— The Union County Advocate

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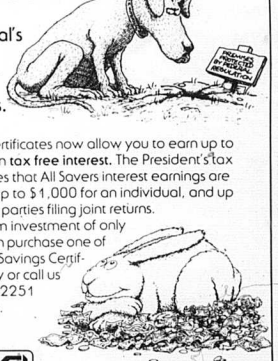

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