Opinion

A reasonable registration law

A 16-year-old girl comes home 15 minutes after her curfew. Her protective father confronts her as she walks in the door, and sputters: "You're late! You're grounded! And if you're ever late again, you won't be allowed out of the house again until...until you're 18!"

Does she believe him? No. She knows dad is just blowing off steam, that he's just trying to scare her. What's worse, every time her father makes such an idle threat, she loses a little bit of respect for him.

The federal government's threat to throw young men who fail to register for the draft into jail for five years and to fine them $10,000 works — or fails to work — in much the same way. "All that for not signing up at the post office?" young men are asking. "No way. I don't believe it." Just as the young lady can believe she won't be locked up in her bedroom for two years, today's young men believe that unless they publicly flaunt the fact that they are draft evaders, they'll never have to face the full consequences.

More than 500,000 young Americans have evaded draft registration since the program was initiated two years ago. The large majority didn't sign up because they believe the law can't be enforced. How can it declare that a half million otherwise law-abiding young men are felons and throw them into federal penitentiaries?

The government, after several months, has delivered its first indictment for defying draft registration to Benjamin Saxway of Vista, Calif., who intends to make his trial a test case. The government is trying to induce others into registering. But, unless those 500,000 young men believe mass prosecution is possible, they won't take the threat seriously.

There are other problems. The law gives evaders like Saxway what they want: publicity for their cause. Moreover, the threatened punishment is so harsh that it puts the government in the adversarial role of the angry father. It places hundreds of thousands of young men in stubborn opposition to the government.

We need a more reasonable and enforceable law that would induce young men to comply but at the same time punish those who intentionally avoided registering in order to propagandize their opposition to the program.

An idea would be to fine each registration evader $10 for every day he is delinquent in fulfilling his registration responsibility. When he registered and paid ian fine, the matter would end. The law would have an effective deterrent. For those who refused to register, the government would withhold federal aid — no student loans, no welfare and no food stamps could be granted to those who refused to pay. The punishment is rational. Holdouts would receive about as much public sympathy as those who refuse to pay traffic tickets. None would gain martyr status.

This plan was originally proposed by retired Marine Corps Gen. Victor Krulak. Krulak has since received favorable comments about the plan from President Reagan.

If the president likes the plan, he ought to actively recommend it. It would be a vast improvement over the registration law we now have.

Agree or not

State employees nervous about reclassification

by S.C. Van Curen

It's just the numbers and lack of understanding that is upsetting state employees in the reclassification system instituted by Personnel, according to officials in the Finance and Administration cabinet.

"There will not be any reductions in salaries now or next June and Red circled employees will get the five percent increase voted by the legislature and be eligible for merit increases as well," Ralph Ed Graves, executive assistant to Secretary George Fisher, emphatically stated.

Harold Newton, assistant to Personnel Commissioner Dee Maynard, was in on the three-way telephone conversation and agreed with Graves' explanation.

More than 3,000 state employees are expected to file appeals with the Personnel Board over their reclassifications, Graves said. Appeals can get into the interview for clarification of the first point.

This is Graves' explanation:

There were 27 steps in the pay schedule of the Merit System before Fisher came forward with his "Pay for Performance" reclassification system.

The first eight of them were not being used, and it had been more than a year before the No. 8 grade had been used. Grades had been added when needed to keep up with pay increases for inflation. So, actually, only the last 18 of the 1 to 27 classifications were used.

Fisher dropped the first eight and started numbering from one again and reduced the classification by two to 16.

"If we hadn't dropped the first numbers, there would have been no complaint," Graves said. "If we had started at 31 they would have had higher numbers.

"We are not aware of anyone who has had his pay reduced because of the classification, nor will there be. The governor has said that, and the secretary of the cabinet (Fisher) has said that.

"We don't deny there can be errors in reclassification. That's what the appeals process is for."

At first in the reclassification, a person who was red circled (being paid above and beyond his grade) would have to wait until the pay schedule caught up with him or move into a more responsible position to meet the pay grade.

But, Graves pointed out here, even then, "this employee would get the five percent mandated by the legislature, but not be eligible for merit pay until moving to a higher position."

Many complaints were received on this score. The governor and Fisher then asked Personnel to rewrite the regulations so the red circled employee is eligible for merit consideration and pay.

The regulations haven't been approved yet, and this is why some employees are disturbed.

The reclassification "is not going to be the mammoth job we expected," Graves said. "When you solve one problem or appeal, you've settled all others of the same nature. We are not saying we didn't make some mistakes. We are making every effort to resolve them."

The reclassifications are what state employees distrust most and complain most about.

Under the new classifications, "some employees are in a class that have lesser responsibilities than they now have. Employees doing the same job in some departments or in other departments are not in the same new classification," Shirley J. Clark, president of the 10-40 Club in Transportation, said.

Mrs. Clark says she thinks the present administration is trying to do right, but they are not accomplishing what they set out to do. She believes the Brown administration will carry out its promises, but she wonders what will happen in the next administration in view of the fact the regulations have not been changed, as of July 28, to iron out these inequities.

Fleeing tyranny

More than 300 Poles, half the number who went to Spain to watch the 24 nation World Cup soccer tournament, are reported to have defected and are seeking asylum in the West.

Six groups of 100 Poles each were allowed to go to Madrid for the games, the first Polish tourists to leave for the West since the imposition of martial law Dec. 12.

Poles interviewed in a Madrid hotel say Polish officials had tried to eliminate the probability of defections by forbidding the tourists to take their families with them to Spain and by allowing them to take only $60 out of Poland.

The wholesale defection is another example of people voting with their feet to escape communist despotism.

It gives added meaning to a joke that has been circulating in Warsaw: "The sun is happy in the afternoon because it knows it's going to settle in the West."

Down Memory Lane

Old Conley Hotel closes

Thursday, August 9, 1962

Sag Kash, a native of Moorefield and the son of Mrs. C.W. Kash and the late Mr. Kash of Carlisle, has been promoted to news editor of the Sarasota News, a daily newspaper in Sarasota, effective August 2.

One of the oldest business places in Carlisle, the "Old Conley Hotel" located on South Second Street, was closed on Aug. 1. The place had been used as a restaurant and rooming house for a number of years dlfll since the death of Bernard Dotson, Mrs. Dotson has been in charge. The building belongs to Mrs. Charles Mathias.

The Kentucky Federation of Homemakers is hosting the 20th National Home Demonstration Council Aug. 13-15, at the University of Kentucky. Approximately 75 Nicholas County homemakers have registered and will be attending the sessions next week in Lexington.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Ed Post, a son, Alton Hickerson, Aug. 5 at the Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Joe D. Conley of Cincinnati, a daughter, Kathryn Gibson, July 30 at Christ Hospital, Cincinnati. — To Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Wade, a daughter, Kathy Sue, Aug. 3 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. John McDonald Jr., a son, Jeffery Layne, Aug. 3 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Evans, a son, Barry Douglas, Aug. 3 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Billy Burke, a son, Darryl C., Aug. 3 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Dora Jean Mitchell and Willie Ross Crawford, Sunday at the Centenary Methodist Church in Lexington. — Miss Beverly Ann Brogan and S.F. 4 Joseph Tilton Hammonds, June 26 at Fort Hamilton Army Base in Brooklyn, N.Y.

DIED — Mrs. Lelia Potts Talbert, 90, widow of Harry Talbert, Aug. 1 in Wichita, Kansas. — Marilyn Jean Miller Dwelly of Cincinnati.

Thursday, August 6, 1942

Perry McClanahan was re-elected city assessor here Monday night as the Carlisle City Council held a regular monthly meeting. Mr. McClanahan was reelected for a two-year term.

Thirty-four men, the largest number yet to be called in a single contingent from this county, will leave here on August 17 for induction into the Army of the United States.

MARRIED — Mrs. Ruth Boaz and Farris Mastin, Saturday in Covington.

— Miss Pauline Sexton and Roy Cartmill, July 18 at the home of Rev. James Harlaburn, pastor of the Assembly of God Church.

DIED — Ernest H. Gore, well-known Pawnee County, Kansas farmer, Wednesday at the St. Rose Hospital in Great Bend. — James F. Daland, 52, Friday at Massie Memorial Hospital in Paris.

Thursday, August 12, 1922

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Rison of the county, a daughter, Nlona Frances, Aug. 3. — To Mr. and Mrs. H.G. Blount of Lansburg, formerly of this county, a son, H.C. Jr., Aug. 2.

MARRIED — Miss Ida Florence Plummer, of Covington and Sidney Dewill of Cincinnati, at Covington on July 31. The bride is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. J.M. Plummer, formerly of this city.

DIED — Pauline Barbee, 2, Monday night at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barbee, near Headquarters.

Nazi collaborators

Did Nazi collaborators guilty of war crimes get help from the U.S. government in finding refuge in America? Yes; and 300 Nazi collaborators are still living in our country, says John Loftus, a former Justice Department prosecutor interviewed Sunday on CBS' "Sixty Minutes." Loftus said: "We're talking about the leaders of an SS division that fought against Americans and the leaders of the Nazi puppet government in Byelorussia that, by the end of the war, had exterminated 25 percent of the civilian population, including nearly all the country's Jewish population, some three-quarters of a million Jews."

The Nazi collaborators were smuggled into America after World War II, against the orders of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, by U.S. intelligence services. They were given jobs and citizenship. The purpose: to use them as spies and to foment revolutions on the periphery of the Soviet Union. The secret army failed totally. But collaborators were successful in keeping their U.S. citizenship.

It is impossible to go back in time and change a policy that flies in the face of principles our GIs fought for in defeating Hitler. But it is not too late for a congressional investigation into the remaining collaborators or for the Justice Department to track down these war criminals and bring them to court. This is a lengthy, costly process, but it is necessary.

Courts and the real world

A young man is on trial for trying to rob a grocery store and shooting the manager in the process. Should the jury be told that the accused gunman was a heroin addict and a member of a youth gang when the crime was committed?

The state Supreme Court says no — in another one of those decisions that erects a barrier between courtrooms and the real world.

The youth in this case was convicted of attempted murder, attempted robbery, and assault with a deadly weapon, and was sentenced to 13 years in prison. The Supreme Court has thrown out his conviction on grounds the jury was prejudiced by being told of his heroin addiction and membership in a Los Angeles youth gang.

The prosecution introduced the evidence of drug addiction to establish that the defendant had a motive for robbing the store. His gang membership came up in the prosecution's effort to discredit defense witnesses who were members of the same gang. Both of those circumstances strike us as important to the jury's understanding of the case.

But Chief Justice Rose Bird, writing for the majority in the 4-2 court decision, points out that heroin addicts are known as habitual lawbreakers and youth gangs have a reputation for criminal activities. Such evidence, she says, created "undue prejudice" against the defendant. Out goes his conviction.

Rules of evidence flowing from the state Supreme Court in recent years are narrowing what juries have a right to know. If their verdicts sometimes strike us as puzzling, is it because the judicial system gives jurors a picture of crime and criminals with revealing details blotted out?

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Warren R. Fisher ..... Editor & Publisher
Jim B. Wanke ..... Editor
[Mrs.] Katherine T. Fisher ..... Managing Editor
[Mrs.] Janie Duncan ..... Assistant-to-the-Publisher
[Mrs.] Libby J. Moss ..... CompuWriter Operator
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Op-Ed page

You can bank on it . . . someone will find way to contaminate the genes

Someone will probably call it the Great Sperm Bank Robbery, if the allegations prove out.

The sperm bank, called the Repository for Germinal Choice, opened for business in 1979 in Escondido, Calif., and was proclaimed the sperm bank for geniuses. Nobel prize winners and geniuses of note contributed their sperms for the concoction of a Super Race that would have made Adolph Hitler do his Paris jig.

But the bank's first customer was a ringer, according to her first husband. Last April, a 39-year-old Phoenix woman gave birth to the bank's first child, a healthy 9-pound daughter. Identity of the parents was supposed to be kept a secret, privacy and all that, you know. But Mamma decided to cash in on her little jewel and the word was out. The parents, Jack and Joyce Kowalski, gave the National Enquirer an exclusive interview for $20,000.

And that's when her ex-husband blew the whistle on them. He claims the Kowalskis beat his children with a strap, sent his son to school in pajamas wearing a sign proclaiming him a bed wetter and pasted the word, "Dummy" on his daughter's forehead. They lost custody of the two children after being brought into court on child abuse charges.

The Kowalskis, it turns out, were paroled from federal prison in 1979 after serving a year for a scam that used records of dead children to secure loans and credit cards.

They said they planned to start the baby, little Victoria, on computers at three and to teach her words and numbers before she could walk.

Bank officials admitted they were a tad lax in screening applicants for their smart sperm. In a real bank, the applicant would have gotten closer scrutiny for a $10 loan.

It is the kind of stuff movies are made of. This average American couple see their two children changed from average youngsters into bed wetters and dummies by a force beyond their control. The possessed parents become so nasty, the father is forced to fight them off with a strap.

The couple cannot leave home long enough to apply for food stamps and have to resort to mail fraud to survive. After the children are taken away by authorities and the parents sent up the river where they are safe from the demons, they decide on another way to get their lives back together.

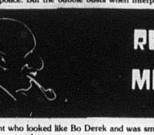
After they get out, they pose as Russian agents so all doors will be open to them and write to a sperm bank for some mathematics genius seed. It arrives by Greyhound bus and a shady doctor administers it to the woman.

Time passes and they have a fine baby boy with long grey hair like Einstein and little beady eyes like John Dillinger. He learns calculus at two weeks of age and relativity at three months.

Time again passes and the little brain trust is grown up and it is time for him to earn his keep. Pop shows him a blueprint of the sperm bank where he came from and he scans and memorizes it in 1/32 of a second. That night he sneaks up to the bank, jimmies the door lock and opens the vault. He remembers the combination from listening to the numblers fall while he was a sperm.

The parents and kid fly to a secret European hiding place with all the smartest sperm in the world. But not before leaving a ransom note: "Give us $10 billion or you will never see all these geniuses again."

When the money arrives, the couple establish a new country called Spermany and set up a democracy with Junior as head of the secret police. But the bubble busts when Interpol sends in a



secret agent who looked like Bo Derek and was smarter than all the government mules.

Little Junior, who had learned everything there is to learn except about the birds and the bees, flips over the secret slither and agrees to return the ransom in exchange for a $20 billion foreign aid grant from the U.S. and her hand.

The movie ends on a happy note with Junior and the secret police executing all people with an IQ above 35 and the young couple applying to a sperm bank for a General-of-the-Army type, who can lead an invasion they are planning in 25 years.

— RM —

Then there is the story about this fellow who had been assigned to the North Pole for research work and he confessed to his supervisor that his greatest fear was being lost and isolated and freezing to death.

"Don't worry," said the supervisor. "We'll give you something to prevent anything like that."

He gave the fellow a box containing half a dozen flares. "If you get lost," he said, "just fire one off." The fellow wasn't convinced. "Suppose," he said, "no one sees them."

"Then," said the supervisor, "you use this emergency kit." He handed the fellow a small package. The fellow examined it. "This is a deck of cards," he said.

"That's right," said the boss. "If you fire off all the flares and no one comes to find you, then you break the seal on these cards and start playing solitaire.

"Within a few minutes, someone will tap you on the shoulder and say, 'That black eight will play on the red nine over there.'"

— RM —

More of my old buddies are joining the parade to turn back the clock. I have been watching stomache disappear overnight, gray hair turn burnt orange and bare domes sprout curls.

At a recent press meeting, I spent some time with a couple of friends, who had fallen into the Fountain of Youth without getting wet enough to notice. One looked like he had tumbled into a vat of overripe tannic acid and the other was hiding his long face in the shade of an obviously expensive curly rug.

Every time a bikini-clad beauty passed, they sucked in their stomachs until their faces turned purple. When they exhaled, they knocked over four beach chairs, blew a poodle off a woman's lap, shredded a palm tree and caused six-foot waves in the swimming pool.

These were newspapermen, who would be the first to tell you they believe in absolute truths. If a newsbound wearing a toupee, padded shoulders, a girdle belt, Man Tan and elevator shoes asked me to tell him the truth about anything, I'd give him the bum's rush.

It's hard enough these days to look like yourself without trying to imitate someone else. They tell the story that once W. C. Fields entered a W. C. Fields look-alike contest and lost.

Some men have to maintain an image, I guess. Movie stars with peeled onions sporting sculptured hair pieces because the studio where they work demands it is common. Bing Crosby was one of them.

His studio was concerned about Der Bingle's premature loss of hair and did not want the world to see their romantic crooner as a man approaching baldness. A clause ordering him to wear a toupee whenever he appeared in public was made part of his contract.

Bing couldn't have cared less about his loss of hair. In fact, it offended the singer's sense of honesty, but he had no alternative but to conform to the contractual agreement.

But he salvaged his self-respect from time to time in public places, like popular restaurants and night clubs, by casually lifting his toupee and scratching his bald pate while his fans looked on and grinned in understanding.

I can tell you when you get to the age when you bend down to tie your shoe laces and wonder what else you can do while you're down there anything you change on the outside isn't going to make much difference.

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
August 5, 1927

Comes August, bringing to some thoughts of "dog days," of green scum on ponds, dusty roads, dry fields, blazing sun. To others of more youthful minds come memories of days preceding the inevitable "taking up" of school, carefree days of "linked sweetness," if not "long drawn out." For now August did slip away and what a glorious month it was. Someone has said that one can "smell" August.

Man as we write, the incense of hemp, the rich perfume of the ripened grape, the heavy sweetness of paw-paws prematurely picked and teased into artificial ripening in nests of dry grass. There are the mingled aromas of the fields, the hot, dry smells that come to the sportsman crouched in his blind of weeds or hemp along the edge of millet patches, waiting for the whistling wings of doves, hungrily seeking the tiny seeds.

Our ears too are aware of the coming of the final month of summer. One is conscious of a stillness at noon, a silence which is almost sound. Throughout the long afternoons ,and still nights the winged little folk, the crawlers, the hoppers, the

Smale fowles that maken melodye
That sleepen al the night with open ye

set up their swan sorgs — valiantly vocal in the face of approaching change.

Now Nature, like a wholesome mother, dressed with many children, is happy in the fulfillment of her destiny, folds her hands for a space and enjoys the completion of her fecundity. She smiles and yet there is a sadness in her smile for the leaves of the poplar already begin to drift to earth and here and there in field and forest, scarcely noticeable in the glorious abundance of her maturity, there are appearing warnings of the Change.

***

Hokum! The quadrennial fracas in one hundred and twenty of our Kentucky counties draws to an end. Next week we country folk, who have been beguiling the tedium of drowning summer days with the bitter joys of party primary warfare, will turn to a more quiet enjoyment of Summer's early middle age. We will begin to hear the soothing night-music of the little fiddlers of field and tree, when the chatter of politics, which now rises to a crackling crescendo, shall have died away. We shall be more attune to that peaceful hush that marks the coming of August, presages the golden completion of September...Incongruously I thought of the chatter of politics and politicians, now become as the "crackling of thorns under a pot," as I watched a glorious sunset recently from the shores of our city lake; and somehow such things seemed petty all at once and not a little pathetic...For a mocking bird's orgy of song floated to me as the sun, a great ball of orange, sank through a haze of purple clouds; the soft flutter of martin's wings, as they dipped gracefully to the water, was a voice of the twilight. Killdeers wailed plaintively from the sedge-grown water edges; a fish leaped and the circles widened in the cool shadows. Against the purple clouds of the horizon, nighthawks were silhouetted in the fading glow of the sunset, climbing up and up, zooming down in that careless perfection of flight that Nature gives only to her feathered folk...So, I thought, just a few years and great fleets of airplanes will flash across the heavens, commuters, accepted sights of every day; and man will be looking even farther beyond, to the perfecting of more marvelous inventions and the realization of visions that dreamers dream and poets' capture, for an evanescent moment, in the flash of an inspired line...Sitting there in the cool twilight, facing a canvas of tints so glorious that never has artist been able to capture its perfection, or make a sunset live as it lives under the flaming brush of Nature's artistry; watching the distant birds against the sky line, the prophetic lines of Tennyson came to me with the sounding beauty of their rhythm as a prophecy to be soon fulfilled:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be:
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with cool-ly-laden

Incongruous to think of politics and politicians in the hush of a purple

See Editor's random thoughts, page 9

In this corner.... by Jim Butler Wanke

Marriages are decided in the bathroom

Old married men love to give advice to young men about to get hitched, even though the young men never take it. They say 'instead, "ahhhhh, my new wife would never do that."

But be advised anyway that most marriages are won or lost in the bathroom, not in the bedroom. For it is in the bathroom that women act out their fantasies in front of the mirror, hang up their panty hose, paint their face, style their hair and in general spend a lot of time, as you will find out the first time you want to go in there.

Upon introducing myself to one of Carlisle's finest the other day, promptly in his opening remarks he informed me that he had a wife, three daughters and one bathroom. He wanted me to know, right off, the seriousness of his problem.

Toothbrush routine

So when you do get into the bathroom in the morning and you find your toothbrush is hanging in the back and your wife's is in front, be advised that the pecking order is being established.

If you go into the bathroom in the morning and your toothbrush is missing, something important is happening.

If you go into the bathroom in the morning and there is a strange masculine-looking toothbrush there, it may already be too late.

And another thing. Take it from us old-timers, no matter if it was one sip of Grandma's special medicinal wine for circulatory problems and you have a prescription signed by the doctor, your new wife will smell it on your breath before you come in the door, even if you have swallowed three packs of Clorets. They do it by instinct.

Also be advised that a young wife-to-be who says, "I just love the smell of a good cigar," has never really smelled one up close on a day to day basis.

When your new wife says "where have you been?" in a sweetly voice, be advised you are already in trouble. You are better off to grunt loudly, mention timing chain, grab three or four wrenches and disappear under the car for at least an hour. This will give you time to make sure you tell the truth, because when you come out from under the car, she will ask you again in a louder voice.

Divorced blondes

When you are walking down Main Street with your new wife and you introduce her to that new girl at work who is 22, blonde, divorced and wearing a short skirt, remember that when your wife says "what lovely hair you have, my dear" what she really means is "I'm going to tear it out by its dirty roots if you so much as look at my husband."

Just a few tips to save you some grief.

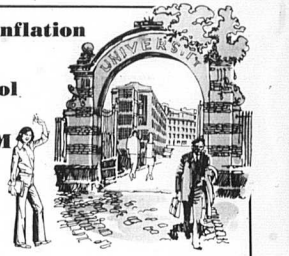
The point is, even though you may love each other very much, there is a period of personal adjustment to each other's habits lasting anywhere from three days to 20 years or longer during which you gradually get accustomed to each other and make allowances for the habits you can't stand.

One lady I know says her husband drives her insane because he walks through the house while he brushes his teeth.

My wife goes to the kitchen when she can't sleep and gets a stalk of the crispest celery. In the still, dead of night, when not even a creature is stirring, I can hear the "CRUNCH... CRUNCH...CRUNCH..." coming from the kitchen and shaking the bedroom wall. I know better than to even resist.

Of course, I am perfect and have no bad habits at all.

We've taken inflation



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