Opinion

Chrysler is 'on a roll' again

It wasn't quite rags to riches, but the saga of the Chrysler Corp's recovery is a success story nevertheless. Three years after nearly going bankrupt, Chrysler earned second-quarter profits of $107 million and will likely remain solidly in the black, at least for the next year. It looks, as Chrysler president Lee Iacocca gleefully told newsmen, as if Chrysler is "on the roll".

The credit for the salvation goes to many: To Iacocca and other executives for making the business decisions (among them to slash half of Chrysler's work force) that guided the company through rough times; to the United Auto Workers for forgoing wage hikes, a decision that will cost the average worker nearly $4,000 this year; and especially to Congress, whose $1.2 billion loan guarantee in 1979 rescued Chrysler from bankruptcy.

Chrysler can't sit back and start counting its money yet. Its 10 percent share of the market places it third among domestic companies behind General Motors and Ford. The combination of the recession and stiff competition from foreign countries has cut deeply into the sales of all three.

Other problems are unique to Chrysler. It must recover from the effects of a cumulative $1.5 billion loss between 1978 and 1981. And, when its contract with the United Auto Workers expires in September, the auto workers are expected to put up a stiff fight to regain some of the money they abandoned during the lean years.

We hope Chrysler is able to overcome these difficulties, and, along with the other domestic auto companies, to regain the prosperity it once enjoyed.

Its heartening recovery gives us cause to reconsider our customary opposition to the government tampering in the affairs of private business. As a matter of principle, we feel that companies should be left to sink or swim on their own merits. But had the federal government not thrown Chrysler a life preserver, the company would probably have sunk and more than 60,000 more unemployed workers might be having a difficult time keeping their heads above water. Thanks to Congress, Chrysler seems to be floating along just fine.

Who's watching out for our geniuses?

Administrators of the highly-touted sperm bank to produce intellectually superior humans certainly demonstrated a lack of smarts in their first attempt toward creating genius.

It turns out the woman who gave birth to the first child conceived through the Escondido, Calif.-based Repository for Germinal Choice was involved in a child abuse case and went to prison for fraud. Also she and her husband reportedly have been paid $20,000 by the National Enquirer scandal tabloid for the exclusive story on the birth. Sheer hucksterism.

"It indicates that we may not have chosen as wisely as we might have the first time around," says Robert K. Graham, who founded the repository. It certainly appears so.

The mother, Joyce Kowalski, was inseminated with sperm from an eminent mathematician and a daughter, Victoria, was born last April. The object was to improve the quality of the human race — create more highly intelligent children who will grow up as leaders.

We hope it works out that way, but we have our doubts at this point. The Repository for Germinal Choice had better overhaul its selection processes and make sure there's a potential for genius on both sides of the family.

Letters from our readers

'Born in the middle of the week, looking both ways for Sunday'

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Your excellent piece on "motivation" has inspired me to offer a few examples of my own involving oldtime Nicholas Countians.

You have a white-haired young citizen in Carlisle named Earl Finch, and since Earl and I have been friends since more than 50 years ago I don't think he'll mind my telling this story on him. Like most boys, Earl was more interested in several other things than he was in work. His father, Mr. "Peck," used to say that Earl was born in the middle of the week looking both ways for Sunday. But one day he was helping Mr. Peck lift a log up a high bank out of a hollow. They got it to shoulder height but couldn't get it the remaining couple of feet to the top. Among his many natural gifts, Mr. Peck Finch had a good understanding of human nature, and he knew how to motivate people to do things. Suspecting that Earl was not really giving the effort all he had, Mr. Peck suddenly shouted, "Look out, Earl! It's gonna fall on you!" And Earl, all alone, tossed the log clear up over the bank. At least, Mr. Peck said he did.

One time a man "from down on the river" came up to Mr. Eli Crockett's place out on the Dixie Highway looking for a job shucking corn. Mr. Eli offered to give him a job at ten cents a shock but the man said he wouldn't work for that. "Well, how's two for a quarter sound?" Mr. Eli asked him, but that was not acceptable, either. "Well, all right, I'll give you fifteen cents a shock, and nobody around here is paying any more than that," said Mr. Eli. But the man from Licking still was not satisfied, and he started walking away.

"What were you hoping to get?" Mr. Eli called after him.

"Eight and a third cents a shock," was the instant reply, "and I won't work for a cent less!"

That motivated Mr. Eli to hire the man; however, I believe he finally explained the matter to the poor fellow and paid him ten cents a shock. I imagine this incident motivated the river man to be sure his kids studied their arithmetic.

Back to Mr. Peck Finch for one more story that shows how a man can be motivated to think fast. Mr. Peck said that a certain Nicholas County farmer — or maybe it was Bath County — had been losing sheep, one at a time, and he took to hiding out in the pasture at night to see if he could catch the culprit. One night he heard a flurry of action over in the back corner of the pasture and his sheep came running in fright. He made his way over there and turned his powerful flashlight on a dark bulk he could make out on the ground. It was a man skinning out a freshly killed sheep, and he recognized the man as one of his neighbors. Literally caught red-handed, the quick-thinking sheep rustler leaped to his feet, faced the glare of the light, and defiantly snarled, "I'd kill any damned sheep that'd try to bite me!"

Well, wouldn't you? That's motivation.

Sincerely,
Clyde Kerns
10300 Aspen Street
Austin, TX 78756

Blood Center thanks The Mercury and community

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Thank you for your support of the Nicholas County Blood Donor Program. I appreciate the "voice" of The Mercury as a means of communicating the need for regular donor participation in this vital program. A total of 113 persons registered to donate and 101 were able to give on Aug. 9.

These donations came at a very critical time. As you are aware, blood transfusions have reached an all-time high while donations have decreased from usual summer levels. The Center appreciates the efforts of all who worked on this blood drive.

A special debt of gratitude is due those who took time from their busy schedules to participate. Their names are enclosed for recognition.

Sincerely,
Central Kentucky Blood Center
Carolyn Febish
Donor Service Representative

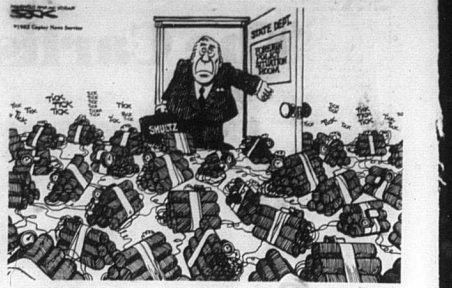
Likes Mercury

To The Carlisle Mercury:

My mother passed away 19 years ago, July 24. That is when I started to take **The Carlisle Mercury**. I enjoy it.

My mother was Mary Elizabeth McCarty or Mrs. C.B. McCarty.

Thank you,
Mrs. Clacy McGuire
1105 N. Tacoma Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind. 46201



Agree or not

Employees of D.O.T. still fighting with Frank Metts

By S. C. Van Curon

FRANKFORT — Just the day before (Aug. 9) U.S. District Judge Bernard T. Monahan Jr. issued his order (Aug. 10) that two highway department engineers who had been fired must be returned to their jobs, Transportation Secretary Frank Metts hired three engineers as assistants in the highway department.

Metts had fired Cyrus Layson and George Franke on charges of insubordination. The two filed suits claiming violation of their civil rights and Judge Monahan ruled that "in the opinion of the court, the charges were without foundation and pretextual," adding, "the plaintiffs were discharged in retaliation for the free exercise of their First Amendment rights."

Another part of the suit in which Layson and Franke are asking $4.6 millions in damages against Metts personally is yet to be tried in federal court.

In federal court Franke and Layson did not ask for pay for the time they had been off the job. This portion of their case is to be heard by the Kentucky Personnel Board.

Hired as assistants to Highway Commissioner Dean Huff are James A. Lyons, 50, a civil engineer and Gene G. Lantz, 56, an engineer, and Clarence Krebs, a civil engineer, as principal assistant to Metts.

Lyons was executive director of the Ready Mix Concrete Association; Lantz owned his own company, Lantzco Co., engineering, landscaping and architecture; while Krebs worked for the Louisville Metro and county sewer district. Lyons and Lantz are to be paid $31,452 per year according to their records in the Personnel Department, but that information had not come through on Krebs.

Meanwhile, engineers who lost their jobs during the reorganization of the Highway Department by Metts, are still without jobs or working in private enterprise despite the request by Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. that persons laid off should be given first opportunity for state jobs.

J. W. Whitaker, a registered civil engineer who had been with the state for 31 years, lost his job two years ago when Metts shifted responsibility for municipal and state aid roads responsibility to the Finance Department. This was done by the 1980 legislature in House Bill 797 that was supported by Metts. The money is now turned over to the cities and counties under a formula.

Metts also abolished the division of research and turned it over to the University of Kentucky, and abolished the Department of Photogrammetry. This work is now done on personal service contracts.

The equipment of this department, claimed by state engineers to be among the best in the nation, was sold for a paltry $250,254.61 according to records in the Finance Department.

Metts also abolished the scholarship program, operated in conjunction with the University of Kentucky, that supplied the state most of its new engineers in the highway department.

As of December 1979 there were about 469 engineers in the state highway department and the number is now about 220 or 140 less. Much of this reduction was done through abolishment of departments and transfer of responsibility to other departments. In other words, what may appear as a saving in highways means more expense somewhere else.

The unemployed engineers also are eyeing House Bill 415 for aid passed by the 1982 legislature.

The bill was sponsored by Franklin County Rep. Hank Hancock to strengthen the Merit System and to help employees who had been laid off in Gov. Brown's orders to reduce staffs.

The bill provides, "A career employee whose employment is terminated after Jan. 1, 1980, by layoff, dismissal, other than for cause shall upon his written request, be reemployed or placed on reemployment lists in accordance with this section and Section 27 of this act."

Section 27 provides, "Any career employee who has been laid off or dismissed, other than for cause, and, in the case of an unclassified management employee, resignation other than resignation in lieu of dismissal for cause, shall AUTOMATICALLY be placed on the reemployment list for the class from which he was terminated. If a career employee wishes to be on the reemployment list for other classes of positions for which he is qualified and passes the appropriate selection method, he shall notify the department of personnel in writing."

Down Memory Lane

David Johnson gets scholarship

Thursday, August 23, 1962

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Gilvin and children lost their home, furnishings, clothing on Sunday night when fire of unknown origin destroyed their home on the farm of Calbert Evans.

David Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnson and a graduate of Carlisle High School, has been awarded a general scholarship by Georgetown College, it was announced this week by Dr. Curtis Phipps, Dean of Students and chairman of the scholarship committee.

Brooks Pitman, native of Carlisle, son of Mrs. J. M. Pitman and the late Mr. Pitman was informed last week by the Accountancy Board of Ohio that he had passed the certified public accountant examination.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones, a son, Kenney Gale, Aug. 17, Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Tedder, a daughter, Carol Ann, Aug. 18, Nicholas County Hospital — To Mr. and Mrs. Herman Brete, Myers, a son, Barry Allen, Aug. 14, Nicholas County Hospital.

DIED — John M. McVey, 71, Bath County, Sunday at home, Sharpsburg, Route 2. — Charles Michael Smoot, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Smoot, Sunday at Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Elizabeth Hardwick Flora, 73, widow of Jerome Flora, Aug. 12 at home in Dayton, Ohio. — Mrs. Lydia Wright Chanslor, 78, widow of Charles C. Chanslor, Millersburg Road, Sunday at Bourbon County Hospital.

Thursday, August 26, 1982

Charles Dixon, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Dixon, probably has sold more defense bonds for his age than any other person in Nicholas County, a total of exactly $2,438.10.

Henry Bramlett of East Union, received a leg injury Tuesday afternoon when his tractor overturned while cutting weeds.

An enviable record for war service has been set up by the family of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Kendall with three sons in the service. All are corporals and each has won his stripes in a different branch.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Moore, a daughter, Malinda Stewart, Thursday at the Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Guy Myers, a son, Wayne Hopkins, Aug. 15. — To Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Fite, a daughter, Bonny Elaine.

DIED — Mrs. Honey Wood Bell, 56, wife of Guy Bell, Thursday at home in Covington. — Earl Richard Dallas, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dallas, Friday in a Cincinnati hospital. — Mrs. Laura Brady Rankin, 67, widow of Eddie Rankin, Sunday at home on the Maysville Road.

Thursday, August 26, 1922

Miss Frances Elizabeth Veach, received first premium at the Ewing fair for the best dressed doll.

As Miss Ruth Crump was crossing High street one morning last week she fell, sustained a fractured hip and other painful injuries.

MARRIED — Miss Myrtle Harney and Erman Fyller, at Paris last Saturday. — Miss Ruth Hisle and William E. Arnold, at Lexington last week.

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Op-Ed page

The waiting game . . . or how to blow five years without half trying

Americans spend up to five years of their lives in waiting, including but not limited to waiting in lines, estimates Dr. Thomas Saaty, a University of Pittsburgh mathematician and systems analyst, who is an authority on waiting lines or queues, as scientists like to call them.

In service the old vets had a favorite expression they'd say on recruits: "I've got more time in chow lines than you got in service." Never knew if they were bragging or complaining.

Anyone who has spent much time in doctors', dentists' offices or in rock concert lines can believe the five-year figure thrown out by Dr. Saaty, which seems like an appropriate name for a fellow specializing in the study of human immobility.

Long lines have always been with us. For example:

"How long is this line, anyway?"

"Beats me, but I hear it stretches around the mountain."

"Are you sure we want to wait this long? Is it worth it?"

"Don't know. Moses wants to tell us about something called the Ten Commandments. I thought I'd hang around to see what he's got on his mind. I suppose this waiting depends on how much you like lists."

"About as much as I like lines."

or

"Not another stinking line. I can't stand much more of this."

"It'll move fast."

"That's what they said about the Trojan horse."

"There's no other choice. The Coliseum is packed today. If you want to see the gladiators, you have to stand in line like everyone else."

"Well, I just hope it's a bloody show after all this."

"Oh, it will be. The emperor has said this is a thumbs-down day."

or

"Move it. Let's keep the line moving."

"Going where? There must be 12,000 people ahead of us."

"It's the only way out of Vietnam."

"How are those two helicopters going to haul out this many people?"

"Beats me, but maybe we can sneak aboard in the luggage compartment."

"We'll be too old to draw U.S. unemployment checks by the time the line gets down to us."

"You have a choice. You can wait out this line or wait for the communists to put you into a line. They have a quick method for shortening lines of people."

— RM —

Some things that everybody knows but nobody believes:

- That the world is round.
- That you can't buy happiness.
- That the best things in life are free.
- That childhood is a happy, carefree time.
- That if you can manage to keep from dying, you'll be old, wrinkled, weak and infirm.
- That hard work brings satisfaction.
- That fame often turns out to be a pain in the neck.
- That true love is more precious than gold.
- That there is no such thing as a bad boy.
- That when you dance you have to pay the fiddler.

— RM —

Pardon me if I wasn't terribly shocked when the news broke that some players in the National Football League are using cocaine.

I have suspected that for years. Why else would some of those people act like they do after making a touchdown? A man in complete control of his faculties would never take the ball and smash it into the end zone and then dance the funky chicken in

RUSS METZ

front of a national television audience unless he was a little smacked.

"You've got to be a little crazy to play this game in the first place," a football player said to me once.

Right on. Every Sunday during the season, pro football players go out and bang their heads together for three hours and get their knees smashed and their ribs and noses broken. And, if they happen to be on the losing team, the fans boo them and pour beer on them because they lost a lousy 10 bucks betting on the game. All this for a salary averaging $94,000 a year and up, when most of them could be making good money digging ditches.

Even the great quarterback George Blanda admitted he got high once before a game when he was playing for the Oakland Raiders.

"On what?" a reporter asked.

"A Polish sausage," Blanda answered.

Whatever turns you on . . .

— RM —

A few little white lies:

- One size fits all.
- This hurts me more than it does you.
- I wear a beard because my face is sensitive to shaving.
- I buy bourbon for medicinal purposes only.
- We will cheerfully refund your money.
- Any similarity between the characters and persons living or dead is purely coincidental.
- You can't lose.
- Service with a smile.
- I usually shoot in the low 70's.
- This car was hardly used. It's practically brand-new.
- My wife doesn't understand me.
- This isn't my girl friend. This is my niece.

— RM —

Ex-Secretary of State Alexander Haig will not be bellying up to the unemployment office window now that he is out of work. Since graduating from West Point in 1947, he has been at the public trough in one way or another, with one exception. And what an exception.

For a little more than a year, starting in 1979, he was president and chief operating officer of United Technologies Corp., that firm that brings us Pratt & Whitney engines to power F-15 and F-16 jet fighters, as well as a number of commercial market products.

Haig's corporate contract contained that wonderful phrase "deferred compension," meaning that he would still receive checks from the company after he left it. And last year Haig earned $69,630 as secretary of state, received $910,522 in deferred compensation, plus a minimum of $57,000 in other outside interests.

He has signed up with a lecture bureau with a reported guarantee of $1 million for the first year. He can earn as much as $20,000 per speech, which makes him one of the most expensive speakers in the land.

And yet few can understand anything he says. Not that he says anything worth hearing. He has the uncanny ability to reduce the English language into a mishmash of gibberish that can put your mind on ice.

It isn't enough that math teachers have to try to convince kids it is better to get a good education than to go into pro football where once before a game only a couple hundred thousand a year. The English teachers also have to try to tell kids they must learn to communicate to get ahead, or end up talking mumbo-jumbo and a millionaire like Alexander Haig.

Onward, upward.

Random thoughts of a country editor...

By Warren R. Fisher Sr.
Thursday, August 26, 1937

Words—light as dreams,
Tough as oak,
Precious as gold,
As poppies and corn.

Yes, there are lots of them, even in the average vocabulary and yet I can write this white-hot day: "It's too hot for words."

If I were valiant enough to attempt to choose some to describe the heat blanket that has wrapped itself about us for more than a week, they wouldn't be "light as dreams," nor "precious as gold" either. I fear they would be "tough as oak," tough, not in its meaning of inflexibility, but in the colloquial sense of hard-boiled, yes, vicious.

Oh, all right. But if you had put off until the last minute filling up the columns that are supposed to reflect the sentiments of this great old family journal; if the right words that were printable failed to answer summons and your brain — if any — shriveled up and called it a day; if you had to answer the telephone every three minutes; if you had made a typographical error — or someone had — in last week's paper and 1,569 people had called your attention to it; if your corn hurt and you had lost your spectacles and your last pair of linen trousers had gone to the laundry, what would write, we ask you?

Would you express your sentiments with words "light as dreams," or just reach into the store of polite but expensive words you had accumulated, beginning with the "gewrsh!" you learned in days of the puff sleeve and bustle, and now boasting of profanation pertinent to all print shops and grab out a few and toss 'em into the heated atmosphere? You wouldn't? Oh, all right; all right.

At least there is one consolation left, despite the gloomy predictions of the weather forecasters. Scientists tell us the old world is cooling off one degree Fahrenheit every nine million years. At least it's cooling off; and no one looks forward with such pure altruism to posterity that he can weep for grandchildren shivering around a summers empty millions years hence.

Phew! Boy, my palm-leaf fan!

***

The somewhat mournful call that is heard from the depths of leafy thickets, on cloudy days, especially, is that of the black-billed cuckoo. He is grayish-brown above with a bronze tint in his feathers. Underneath he is grayish white and his bill is long and arched. Seen closely, the skin about the eye is bright red. Every boy knows this shy bird that flits almost as silently away as an owl, but not by the name cuckoo, or "Coccyzus erythrophthalmus," as the ornithologists have dubbed him, but as a "Rain Crow".

Who has not heard his mellow "K-k-k, kow-kow-ow-kow-ow"[10] and cast a weather eye at the heavens? For legend says he is a prophet of rain. Sharp eyes are needed to distinguish him from his near relative, known as the yellow-billed cuckoo and very like his black-billed relative, except for the white "thumb nail" markings on the tail feathers and the yellow bill. Both birds are much alike in their habits and are exceedingly valuable. "One cuckoo in an apple orchard," writes Neltje Blanchen, "is worth a hundred robins in ridding it of caterpillars and inchworms, for it delights in killing many more of these than it can possibly eat."

Both cuckoos build nests that are mere platforms of twigs and sticks without a rim and the luckless eggs frequently roll off. Sometimes the mother bird will lay an egg while brooding one nearly hatched and two or three half-grown fledglings in the nest already will roll the eggs out. "Such distracting mismanagement in the nursery," writes Blanchen, "is enough to make a homeless wanderer of any father," and the male Rain Crow does show little interest in wife or family, changing his mate, it is said, each year.

Bird lovers deny the charge that cuckoos suck eggs of other birds. With the enormous amount of tent caterpillars and other insects consumed surely no bird stomach would demand an egg fare.

***

Simonides calls painting silent poetry and poetry speaking painting. — Plutarch.

Perhaps Simonides was right and at least here is a rather lovely effort at "speaking painting" by a contemporary poet, Mary Florence Richardson:

When I have taught my pen to discreet
In tracing words and fitting them with care,
I will write a poem like a field of wheat,
With splashes of red poppies here and there;
And cumulated clouds, to cast their shade
Upon the scene; then will I coax a breeze
To sweep across the rime, till it has made
The yellow wheat wave like the summer seas.
When simple words flow gently from my pen,
Into sweet measures cadent and complete,
And leave a picture — I will offer then
A poem, lovely as a field of wheat,
Pleasing enough this poem, but when one is fashioned as lovely as a field of wheat, or as Bluegrass meadows, or as a tree; as beautiful as a field of corn in July or as the golden, rustling rows in autumn; as fair as the young hemp, as picturesque as the tented hemp shock in November, then will a poet have achieved artistry supreme.

Then will the makers of poems take rank with the God of Things as They Are.

On The Lot Financing (606) 498-2122
Mark Joseph Cars
Mark Joseph
Owner/Operator
Levee Road Mt. Sterling, Ky. 40353

In this corner... *By Jim Butler Wanke*

A moment for Blue Licks battle

The Bicentennial of the Battle of Blue Licks is being held this week-200 years since that disastrous battle was fought and lost, a battle that many say was the last of the Revolutionary War.

Amidst all the joyous celebration, re-enactments, plays and program items, let us remember the significance of that battle and that war.

The Revolutionary War was fought to establish a free nation, in which we could each make our own decisions about what is best for ourselves and our families, relatively free from outside interference. Let's put it another way. Without the Revolutionary War there would have been no America as we know it today.

Many lives were lost to establish what we have today, not only in the Battle of Blue Licks, but in many other battles down through the two centuries since.

Although it is true, as the nuclear protestors say, that freedom is God-given, in our imperfect world of 1982 we have not yet learned to live without strife, and so we have a society, a world, that is not ideal. We must deal with the world as it is, not as we would like it to be. And the fact is, our liberty was won and has been maintained by the force of arms and the loss of life, the spilling of our blood.

We will probably have to do it again.

It would behoove all of us to stop in front of the memorial at Blue Licks State Park, sometime during the Bi-centennial, to take a long look at those brave soldiers whose names are inscribed thereon and thank them for giving up their lives so that we might have our liberty today.

And in so doing, we should also remember that for the most part, they were young boys. Boys who were enamored of war and fighting, boys who were mad at the British-led Indians for their atrocities, boys whose mothers cried when they were told of their son's deaths.

Daniel Boone lost a son, Israel, at the Battle of Blue Licks, and so far as history records show did not talk a whole lot about it. Sometimes, when you don't talk about it, you can savor the memories for a while, and live in the grief as a penalty for letting it happen.

200 years ago, an historic battle was fought here, The Battle of Blue Licks. Let us hope we can keep our country strong enough, through the force of arms, so that it will be another 200 years before we have to fight another battle down through the ages.

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