Opinion

Lessons from the Falklands

The headlines on the limited war between Argentina and Great Britain over the Falkland Islands serve to demonstrate certain basic facts that should be kept in mind.

In a world where there is no effective enforcement of international law by any international police force, a sovereign state must rely on its own military forces to enforce the rights of its citizens and protect its own territory.

That's basic, certainly. And yet why are so many people wringing their hands over what is happening in the South Atlantic? Britain is defending its sovereign territory and its citizens against armed attack. Arms are being used to dislodge the aggressors, after all diplomatic efforts failed to dislodge them.

There are limits to the powers of the United Nations. It is, primarily, a debating society. And the Argentines made it clear that they were not going to be talked off the islands. So diplomacy failed. It is expecting too much of diplomats to believe that they can solve all international conflicts at the conference table.

When a bully seizes my property, I can protest. I can argue. I can plead. My neighbors can join me in appealing to him. But if he refuses to give it back, it must be taken from him by force. Otherwise no one's property will be safe.

When one of the participants in a negotiation pulls out a pistol at the bargaining table, all discussion ends.

So it is in the South Atlantic, and the harsh task that could not be accomplished by the diplomats has fallen to British military men, who are trained and toughened for exactly this duty. Great Britain is among the most civilized of nations, but it is not exempt from the necessity occasionally imposed on a nation to use brute force. It was the German stategist Clausewitz who described war as simply an extension of diplomacy by other means.

The other propositions being demonstrated in the conflict are:

— The continued usefulness of a Navy in the projection of military force,

— The primacy of air and missile power in modern warfare.

The importance of oceanic power has been re-emphasized. And the vulnerability of the British ships to air and missile attack, even when the Argentine attackers are flying almost to the limit of their range and endurance, shows that the survivability of the naval forces of the future will depend upon their ability to withstand attack from the air and from long-range guided missiles.

Sea power is vital. It is also vulnerable to bombs and missiles. The air threat must be countered, whenever fighting ships go into harm's way.

Illiteracy grows worse

Twenty-three million adults — one in five — lack the reading and writing skills needed to handle the minimum demands of daily living in these United States.

Incredible?

But that's only half the story. There are another 30 million adults who are only marginally capable of being productive workers in our society.

This is not just a problem. It is a national disaster. And it is getting worse every year.

Every one of these 23 million functional illiterates is a walking tragedy. He or she simply can't cope in today's fast-moving society. The cost of providing them with welfare and unemployment is estimated at $6 billion a year, according to U.S. News and World Report.

A recent nationwide study of adults by the University of Texas found that 20 percent could not interpret a bus schedule, understand a printed explanation of finance charges or address a letter so that it would reach its destination.

Why are there so many illiterates in our society?

There are a number of reasons.

One is the high school dropout rate. Nearly one million students drop out of school every year. Another is the flood of refugees from Latin America and Asia, many of whom are unable to read or write in English or in their native languages.

A major cause of the appalling situation is that students in many elementary and secondary schools, and to some extent colleges and universities, have graduated without being educated under pressure of forced integration.

Many educators blame television, social permissiveness and failure of parents to instill a desire to learn in their children.

But most analyses contend that better teaching holds the most promise for meeting the staggering problem of illiteracy.

The U.S. News study found that undergraduates who choose teaching careers "are often among the least talented academically."

Last year education majors scored an average of 391 on the verbal portion of the Scholastic Aptitude Test — 33 points below all others taking the test and among the lowest in any academic field.

Lois DeBakey, professor of scientific communication at Baylor University College of Medicine, believes there will be little improvement in teacher quality "until teaching is restored to a position of esteem and there are considerable increases in salary."

Certainly the problem of illiteracy deserves a lot more attention than it has been receiving. The nation can't continue to allow young people to go out into the world without even the minimum skills required to function in society. The cost in human misery, welfare, crime and lost opportunities is much too high.

Quest Editorial

The decline of civility

by Anthony Harrigan

The dictionary describes "civility" as observance of the forms of accepted social behavior. In recent years, however, civility has been on the decline. This is a very unhappy development for American society.

This situation came to mind recently when I read a letter written by an applicant for a job. The applicant thanked the potential employer for his letter of reply, saying: "I have received your neat kind letter. I would like to thank you for replying to my original letter. Few people or organizations bother to respond these days." That's a true statement.

Impoliteness often seems to be the rule in our era. People don't bother to reply to letters. Telephone manners often are abysmal. The traditional forms of social behavior are eroded by bad usage. Sometimes it seems that only the armed services continue to use "sir" as a form of address. People are very neglectful about expressing thanks for gifts or other generous deeds. Many newspapers debase social usage by mentioning women without polite titles, referring to them as "Smith" or "Jones."

Many of the people who are utterly lacking in civility simply don't know any better. They haven't been taught to be polite and respectful to people with whom they deal. One can say that this is another failure of the schools. However, the fundamental failure is in the home. In another era, people with the poorest preparation for polite society were accustomed to be civil. All that we have today is an artificial, public relations politeness — the "have a nice day" sort of remark that is decreed by a customer relations manual.

Fortunately, the armed services, especially the naval service, have done more than anyone else to preserve some of the niceties of social existence. Young men and women are taught to stand when a non-commissioned or commissioned officer comes into a room. Many of them absorb civil ways that last them for a lifetime.

Civility isn't an affectation. It is necessary for a smooth-running society. People need and are entitled to respect and to outward signs of it. Civility and good manners make possible reasonable working relations among people with very different beliefs and objectives. Courtesy helps people through the most difficult and socially dangerous situations. One will not agree with everyone all of the time, but one may be courteous all the time.

The decline of civility is a bad sign in a society. It is a sign of breakdown and polarization. It means a recourse to harsh dealings and rough contests.

In the 1980s, we need to get away from the impoliteness, the lack of courtesy, and the absence of civility. We need to observe again the once accepted forms of social behavior, which were neglected or rejected in the turbulent, disorderly 1960s.

People who understand the importance of civility are happier and more productive people. Everyone is better off where politeness rules.

Agree or not

Metts has record few will challenge

by S.C. Van Curon

Whatever else may be said about the administration of Gov. John Young Brown Jr., Transportation Secretary Frank Metts has established a record that no future man in his position is likely to want to challenge.

Last week he was in the middle of a suit in Federal District Court in which two dismissed highway engineers are asking $4.7 million damages against Metts for violation of their civil rights.

Brighton Engineering Co. of Frankfort has a suit in court against Metts for $10 plus million for damaging the reputation of the firm as an outgrowth of the cancellation of a consulting engineering contract on state roads.

No other head of the highway department has been sued for such an amount, and it is a record that is likely to stand for some time.

There are several suits in Franklin Circuit court against the Department of Transportation, some of them involving laid off or fired employees and several cases on appeal before the state Personnel Board.

If Gov. Brown has appointed a person to a responsible position in state government whom the governor wanted to carry out his idea of "running government like a business," then Metts is the candidate for the No. 1 prize.

He has reorganized much of the Department of Transportation, particularly in the highway division, and instituted new policies and procedures against the advice of engineers with many years of experience there.

As one part of his moves for economy and efficiency in the Highway Department, Metts abolished the department of photogrammetry (aerial photography and mapping) that had achieved a nationwide reputation for excellence in its more than 25-year existence.

In addition to serving the highway department, its services were contracted for by the Department of Natural Resources and other departments of government as well as some private enterprise concerns.

All of the equipment was sold off and about 30 employees transferred or laid off. Department engineers say photogrammetry operated at a profit.

The work is contracted out to private enterprise.

Metts also removed state engineers as head of most of the state's 12 highway districts and replaced them with men with no engineering experience or qualifications. The title has been changed to district manager.

No reasonable observer argues that there wasn't a need for some moves and changes for economy in state government, in the highway as well as other departments. The complaints are registered against the methods Metts has used as well as not seeking the advice from experienced people in government.

There is always a gamble in radical changes in the reorganization of government, and that is why in the past that much time has been devoted to such moves before they are made. Public advice and the experience of career employees have been sought.

The big loser always stands to be the state and the taxpayers. When Metts' term expires in about 18 months, he can go home and not worry about the results. He becomes only a taxpayer — then, and not legally responsible.

Down Memory Lane

Miss Leann Roberts is Queen

Thursday, July 12, 1962

Miss Leann Roberts is crowned queen of the 14th annual Nicholas County Blackberry Festival by former Gov. A.B. Chandler. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts and a junior at Carlisle High School.

Buddy Buckler, parts sales manager for Harperts Garage, Carlisle, has been presented the first annual Golden Circle Award by Ford Division of Ford Motor Company for outstanding achievement in performing his managerial duties.

Edwilld Taylor and Ralph Wesley, Nicholas County High School students, debating in the 12th annual Forensic Debate Tournament of Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, earned top honors when they tied for first place with a Michigan and a Colorado team, it was announced Saturday.

Charlotte Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Moore, has been awarded a four-year scholarship on the basis of scholastic standing. The scholarship known as the annual alumni scholarship of Morehead has three local board members, Tebay Rose, Gayle Bowen and Mrs. Ralph Taylor.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Doyle a son, John Enoch, July 6 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Marion Mitchell a daughter, Mary Lou, July 8 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Joe Blount a son, Michael Thomas, July 8 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Otis W. Ratliff, Lexington, a daughter, Ramona Dell, June 24. — To Mr. and Mrs. William C. Mathes of Berea a daughter, Whitney Ellen, June 30 at the Berea Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. V.K. Miller a daughter, July 10 at Central Baptist Hospital.

DIED — David Franklin McClure, 66, Friday in Banning, Calif. — The Rev. Ora C. Seevers, 76, former pastor of the Methodist Church, Friday in East Liverpool, Ohio. — Perth Ann McFarland, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. McFarland, Wednesday at Central Baptist Hospital. — Alfred F. Dotson, 83, Thursday at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Harvey Murdoch in Phoenix, Ariz. — William Bluford Claypool, 79, Monday at Bourbon County Hospital.

Thursday, July 9, 1942

Six Carlisle women and 11 high school girls received certificates here this week from the American Red Cross, certifying that they had completed satisfactory courses in home nursing. The courses were taught by Mrs. John Lee.

Work of putting a new roof on the Nicholas County courthouse will be started immediately, it was announced yesterday as the Dixie Roofing Company of Lexington prepared to start building scaffolding.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Marion Anderson of Barterville a son, Lyle Burns, July 3 at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Geneva B. Gooding, daughter of Mrs. Ethel Gooding, and Harry T. Ishmael, son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Ishmael, all of Elizaville, Fleming County, Saturday at the Christian Church parsonage.

DIED — Mrs. Mae Myers Fuller, 72, widow of Jerry Fuller, Sunday at home in Myers Station.

Thursday, July 14, 1922

W.F. Tune, proprietor of the city store, has rented a store room in Millersburg and will open a branch store there about Sept. 1.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Sexton a daughter, Thursday, July 6 at their home in this city.

MARRIED — Mrs. Sue Settles Newman, teacher in the Maysville Public School, and George H. Scott, at the home of the bride's parents in Owenton on Saturday.

DIED — M.M. Gordley, 65, Friday night at his home near Mt. Olivet. — Timothy Shannon, about 70, Monday at his home in Cincinnati. — Mrs. Fannie Norton, 87, Saturday at her home in Millersburg. — Raymond Overly, 22, son of Rev. E.R. Overly, Monday night at a Cincinnati hospital.

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Op-Ed page

Hitch your wagon . . . to a smart boss who is going places

Young people never come to me for advice. That's why I have so much of it to give. If I was a young cat again about to embark on the world of matrimony and work, I wouldn't take this advice either. That would take all the fun out of what's ahead.

With this understood, you'll still find old coots putting out sage advice to no one in particular and for no particular reason other than to please themselves:

- Avoid any young woman whose father calls her "Princess." Chances are, she has come to believe it.
- Avoid young men who still go shopping with their mothers.
- Never shop for groceries on an empty stomach.
- Science has shown that small loaves of bread are less likely to spoil than large family size loaves. Never eat green toast.
- Sandpaper will take the charred remains of your Oxford shirts off the face of the iron. Salt on a towel works too.
- Never chew red peppers during a job interview.
- At some point in your life, your family will be all you have. Treat them decent or they'll come back to haunt you.
- Being "fixed up" with a date is almost as much fun as being x-rayed.
- Love is grand. Marriage lasts longer.
- Everyone is lonely at some point in life. At least you'll have company in that.
- If you hate going to your job every day, it shows. Do something you like to do. It's worth the ulcers.
- You are about to be bombarded by wedding invitations. You are expected to bring a gift. If you fail to bring one, don't expect a crowd when your turn comes.
- Pots, pans and silverware do not grow in the bottom of kitchen drawers.
- Never introduce your girlfriend to a wealthy widower.
- After several years on the job, you become a commodity. Know it and sell it.
- Plastic garbage bags aren't luxuries. Look at the bottom of your kitchen wastebasket for proof.
- Sheets and shower curtains ought to be cleaned too.
- Face up to it like a man; you must dust.
- Find a friend who is a plumber. Cultivate him.
- Garage sales are a gift from the gods.
- Find a smart boss. You are judged by where you apprenticed. And smart bosses take smart employees up the ladder with them.
- People your own age will soon begin have babies and buying lawn mowers. Learn to fake interest in both.
- Anything-of-the-month clubs are the mail-order version of chronic lower back pain.
- Never sit down in a car dealership until you're sure you want to buy. Otherwise, remain standing at all costs.
- "Dealer prep" costs are directly descended from snake oil medicine.
- You can't remain healthy and clear-minded on a diet of pizza and cardboard burgers. Eat right and you may learn to like it.
- No worthwhile conversation ever began in a bar with farms.

— RM —

I heard a story the other day about this old-fashioned and very religious town back in the mountains. It seems that the town was run by a blue-nosed Council of Elders. And one of the Council's

rules was that a sinner would be severely punished — either in the stocks or at the whipping post — unless he quickly confessed all sins to the Elders.

One fellow in town was a terrible womanizer and had a secret affair with a married woman. Well, he didn't want to visit the stocks or the whipping post, so he thought it would be wise to confess to the Elders before they found out about his transgressions.

So he appeared at a meeting and he told them: "Gentlemen, I have sinned. I'm very ashamed of it. But I have committed adultery."

Naturally the Elders were shocked.

"Well, since you have come here voluntarily," said the eldest Elder, "we're not going to whip you or put you in stocks. You will have to pay a fine. Who was your partner in adultery?"

"I won't tell you!" said the sinner.

"Was it Dame Murphy?" asked one Elder.

"Was it Mistress Milner?" asked another.

"I'll bet it was Mrs. McDonald!" said a third.

The sinner refused to reveal her name and was finally let off after a stiff fine.

Later the sinner was talking to a friend about the experience. "How did it go?" asked the friend. "Did you get off all right?"

"Well not entirely. They fined me, but that was all."

"Too bad you had to pay a fine," said his friend.

"It may have been worth it," said the sinner. "At least I got the names of three good prospects."

While the Falkland Islands unpleasantness was gathering the lion's share of headlines in the English press, the grand opening of Britain's first Automatic Public Toilet in the heart of London went largely unnoticed. A reader sent along a clipping from London's Daily Telegraph which reports on what the Britons call "the loo deluxe."

It was quite naturally the creation of a Frenchman. The French have had long experience with outdoor convenience stations. (Until recently, it was the law in France that if a citizen was taken by an uncontrollable call of nature and no public pisoir was at hand, he could stop a policeman and command the officer to shelter him behind his cape while he conducted his affairs in at least a modicum of privacy.)

The English verson is much more lavish than the rather plain utilitarian structures found on the continent. For instance, taped music plays while the user is engaged in what the French call the "presentation." The music must be slow, the French designer stated, to establish the proper mood. However, the English reporter noted that Ravel's Bolero was on the tape and that works up to a pretty frenzied finale.

At the conclusion of business, the entire floor of the structure rears up, pushing the toilet into a service area where it is subjected to a thorough cleaning with a large rotating brush and a pressurized water spray followed by the coup de grace, a sizeable squirt of French perfume.

"But suppose," the reporter asked the designer, "the patron was dilatory or something?" This does present the rather terrifying prospect of some unwary soul undergoing an involuntary and violent wash and brush up."

Not possible, claimed the designer, since the process is controlled by ultra violet beams and a weight mechanism which makes certain the facility is empty before the sanitation process begins. However, very thin persons might be advised to try to hold it in until they get home.

Those who believe in taking their time about matters of elimination are in for a rude shock if they use the new accommodation. It is programmed so that if someone is inside for more than 15 minutes the foor flies open.

"It is a safety device," said the designer. "If one should collapse or suffer some sort of attack while inside, this guards against their not being seen." But what if one is simply slow and the door springs wide to reveal them at their business? The designer gave a Gallic shrug of the shoulders and said something in French to the effect of "That's the way the privy percolates."

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren H. Fisher Sr.

July 8, 1987

Corner July and Summer's early middle age. Corn blades begin to rustle, stalks grow fat in their sturdy burgeoning. In the rich, auburn loam of this region the wan little weeds in countless fields cease to droop and lift sturdy green leaves toward August and the sticky, velvety maturity that is White Burley. During the steaming nights the plant harvest drinks deep of the moisture and tiny rootlets burrow into the rich, life-giving soil, drawing nourishment, fattening, growing toward the lush fecundity that is August, the palm consolation that is September.

All about us, in this most beautiful and shower-nurtured of summers, is life, growth, fecundity — fulfillment of the sweet promise that came to us with the first curve of swallow's wing, the first gallant spritzel of snowdrop and crocus, while yet the fields were sodden with melting snow. And yet in this month of the season's sweet virility there come, for eyes that see, for ears that listen diligently, the first faint warnings, soft sad whispers of the Change. The vesper song of the catbird fades into silence and even the liquid, bubbling chatter of the purple martin is hushed by the endless task of gaping mouths to be fed. Wings must be strong, come August, for league upon league of flight to winter homes in the Tropics. Soon the tiny insect musicians of field and tree will begin to saw upon their wing violins a shrill dirge that will all too soon squeak valiantly in the very teeth of the black frost. Passing beautiful, but inexorable is Nature in her movings.

***

I have never, I think, seen the hollyhocks more lovely than they are this season. Here is beauty that calls for little care from the gardener and in a "hollyhock year" repays him with bounteous loveliness. Always they remind me of quaint old ladies of bygone days, trim and erect in their gowns of gay prints, enjoying with old fashioned gentility a garden party of their very own. From my breakfast nook I have joyed for many mornings in the variegated loveliness of a garden party of these old-lady hollyhocks. But now the gay dresses fade under the fierce sun, the beating showers. Soon their beauty will be of yesterday, as it must be with all lovely ladies. And so, as the hollyhocks of our gardens doff their gay lawns and dimities for bleak browns of the faded blossom, I would have you hear a poet sing of a dear old lady, who looks back upon a youth whose glamor yet lights the Road to Yesterday:

The Possessions Of An Ancient Lady

An amber cat, an espen tree, and a little white house belonging to me.

A silver spoon, a pewter pot, a hive of bees and a garden plot.

A Wedgewood plate, a blue-ringed cup — and time for dreams when the moon comes up.

Once long ago, when I was young, I had jade and opals strung.

On silver chains, and a gown of silk, a Watteau fan and skin like milk.

And besides all these — over and over — I had the heart of a handsome lover.

An amber cat, an espen tree, and a little white house belong to me.

And time to dream, when the sun goes down, of a flashing smile in a face of brown.

And time to think, when the moon has set, of sombre eyes like polished jet.

A silver spoon, a pewter pot, a hive of bees and a garden plot.

A Wedgewood plate and a blue-ringed cup — and time to dream when the moon comes up.

— Marion Doyle

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In this corner....

by Jim Butler Waske

Update: Bulls 23, U.S. Navy 0

I wanted to update the score for you from the Azores Islands where I go every summer for two weeks of duty with the U.S. Navy.

If you read last week's column in which I described the curious Portuguese habit of turning bulls loose in the streets several weekends during the summer, you know that many Navy and Air Force people decided to participate in the sport and found they were not as fleet of foot as they thought. Especially when their swiftness was aided (they believed) by a goodly amount of the grape.

The score last year was Bulls 9, Navy zero, meaning nine Navy people had been gored by a bull. Now you have been updated. The total U.S. Military Injury List is now 23. Twenty-three persons who jumped down off their safe perch on top of a stone wall, because they saw some Portuguese coming at it...taunting the bull and running away from him to safety. Except these 23 weren't fast enough.

A new bullring

This year, to my surprise, the Portuguese had built a brand new bull ring at the island's largest community of Angra, but I attended my first bull fight in a bull ring.

The Portuguese, I will hastily add, do not kill the bull at these Azorean Islands, because good bulls are scarce. They just poke at him until the blood runs and that is good enough. He does get extremely angry, however.

I did get to see the picadores and the matadors perform. I saw one matador who was so good he could fool the bull until he was able to stand one foot, that's right, one foot from a mad bull's nose and the bull would not charge. I saw another matador perform who was not so good, and he ended up running from the bull and jumping the six foot wooden fence to safety. The crowd whistled shrilly, the European way of booing.

But none of this compared to the method the Portuguese use to get the bull out of the bull ring when they are finished with the match.

While the bull is kept busy on one side of the ring by two picadores using red capes, eight young men enter the ring at the opposite side behind the bull and out of his vision.

They range in age from about 16 to their early 20's and are studying to be matadors. One of the things they must do is lose their fear of the bull.

They line up in a perpendicular line about 30 feet long, with each of them about three to four feet behind the other. It reminded me of a row of dominoes.

A boy of 16

The young boy in front, on this occasion, had only a green stocking cap on for protection, (other than regular clothing). It was his hat of distinction, for he was to meet the bull first.

This young man, about 16 I would judge, hollered at the bull and the crowd hushed. The two picadores who had maintained the bull's attention left the ring through their narrow escape routes.

The bull turned around and faced the young man and his companions from a distance of about 25 feet. The young boy continued to holler at and taunt the bull until he charged.

But this time there was a switch. The young boy did not get out of the way at the last minute. He took the bull's charge flat on the middle of the chest!

He held onto the bull's horns and was immediately shoved back by the tremendous force of the charge into the arms of his companion, and then into the arms of the next and the next until the bull was brought to a stop by eight boys all holding onto his head and neck. They had shut off the bull's vision and that made him stop and become confused. If a mad bull can become docile, that is.

When the bull had been stopped, the crowd burst into utter pandemonium. I was immediately caught up by the excitement of the throng as it was probably the greatest act of courage I have ever seen.

To be 16 years of age and to stand in the bull's way and not lose your nerve is certainly to become a man in some ways.

From what I could tell the boy was not injured. I saw no blood nor any scratches. I suspect that he had considerable black and blue marks on his chest.

A universal idea

The idea is a universal one, practiced in a lot of countries in a lot of ways. It is to face your fears head-on in order to conquer them.

For this young, tanned Portuguese teenager, I have no doubt that he has a new outlook on El Toro. While he must still respect the bull, certainly he now knows he has taken the meet the bull bad to offer and survived. And he was taught teamwork, because he would certainly be dead if it were not for the added strength of his seven companions.

I was most impressed.

The Portuguese have a phrase to describe this group of young men and what they do in the bull ring on Saturday afternoon. They are called "the line of fools."

For Gentlemen — For Gentlemen — For Gentlemen — For Gentlemen — For Gentlemen — For Gentlemen

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