Opinion

Strawberry fields of shame

The figures shimmer in the heat. Backs bent double, they stoop over rows of strawberries, reaching beneath leaves for the ripe fruit. Painstakingly, they pick each berry and toss it in a blue box, move the carton, pick and toss. A woman in pink holds her full carton onto her hip, hurries down the row, stacks the carton and hands a yellow card to a matron who punches a hole in it, the twelfth that day. "Ea, saque otra!"

The farm workers are undocumented Mexicans. The field lies behind a barbed wire fence and a "keep out" sign, hidden from the road by a ridge. A green privy and a tank for pesticides provide the only shade. On top of the hill stands a pillared mansion.

This scene of poverty and affluence is not in a Third World country. It is in San Diego County, near Oceanside. The population of Oceanside is 72,490, but during the summer fruit-picking season, more than 50,000 undocumented workers migrate into the area. Only about half of them will find work. They wander from field to field, getting hired for a few days, or until a field is picked, then move on. A good picker can earn from $150 to $300 a week, more than he can earn in a month in Mexico. Few Americans will do the backbreaking work at minimum wages. But the pressure of poverty in Mexico is so great that young men and women leave their families in pueblos, ride buses across the Mexican desert, hire guides for $300 to smuggle them across the American border, get caught and try again, and head north to the fields.

The farmers need the labor as much as the workers need the jobs. Immigration laws forbid people without working papers from working in America. They also forbid Americans from harboring aliens. The laws are broken by both Americans and aliens. But the laws are also used by the farm owners to employ the undocumented workers without giving them health care or shelter.

It works like this: The farmer is not breaking the law by hiring an alien, but he is breaking it by giving him a place to sleep. So when work ends, the farmer collects work sheets and cuts off connection to the workers. They seek shelter in the fields.

The Border Patrol hunts for them, so they are afraid to walk on the roads, or to build a hut, or light a cooking fire. Last year, aliens built a pit house near Oceanside. It caught on fire and one man was burned to death. The owner of the land was sued. Now, many farmers forbid workers from building even shacks. The aliens crush a cardboard box under a tree and shiver in the cold until exhaustion brings sleep. At dawn, they open cans of beans bought at the "roach wagon," a canteen truck that is their only contact with the outside world.

The canteen truck sells canned fish, soda pop, tortillas. The canteen cashes checks. It sends money orders home to Mexico, all for a price. On pay day, vendors hawk blankets, boots, radios.

Workers are often robbed. Usually, they don't come forward to the police, even though the police say they do not arrest aliens for being aliens. If workers collapse in the fields, the farmer probably will call an ambulance. But routine medical care is non-existent. At noon, the workers with hands stained red from strawberries ask a stranger:

"Why do they treat us so bad, like delinquents? We are working for the Americans. We come with hunger, because every Mexican has eight or nine little creatures at home to feed. The migra chases us with dogs. We're robbed by bandits. The police want proven cases. It's clear people don't go to the police." "Do you want to see where we live? There in the hills. Each tree is a house. Watch out for the rattlesnakes. Two men were killed last year. A man afraid of snakes slept out in the open last night. The patrol saw him in the headlights and took him away." "We come here only to work and go home to live." "The people with papers don't have to work. We without papers, we do the work."

Fruit in a roadside stand is fresh and cheap. Strawberries, 69 cents a box. The smell is sweet, the odor of health. Suburbanites shop and drive past the farms to their houses overlooking the fields and groves where the tiny figures stop work and disappear in the ravines to sleep.

A system of law which perpetuates such conditions is intolerable. If farmers must depend on minimum wage labor to harvest their crops, and if Americans will not take these jobs, migrant workers must be legalized as temporary workers and provided with decent health care and sleeping quarters. They must be given work contracts and police protection under the laws of the United States. Today, the stain of red strawberries is as indelible as the mark of slavery.

Agree or not

Fired engineers try in court to beat Frank Metts

by S.C. Van Curon

The first skirmish in the legal battle between Highway Department Engineers and Transportation Secretary Frank Metts began last week in Federal Court in Frankfort.

Two fired highway engineers, Cyrus Layson, George Franke, and the Kentucky Association of Transportation Engineers are seeking an injunction against Metts and the $4.7 million damage suit filed against Metts by Layson and Franke can be heard in Federal Court.

The two engineers are charging that their civil rights have been violated because they were fired by Metts when they exercised their rights of free speech to criticize Metts and signed a petition asking Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. to dismiss Metts.

Layson and Franke are seeking restoration to their former positions.

U.S. District Judge Bernard T. Moynahan Jr. has issued a restraining order keeping Metts from firing or transferring members of the Kentucky Association of Highway Engineers which is effective until a decision is reached on the request for the injunction.

The Transportation Department has signed a contract with the Louisville law firm of Greenbaum, Doll and McDonald not to exceed $40,000 to "represent the Transportation Department, et al," which could be interpreted to defend Metts personally in the civil rights violations charges filed against him. But, this is another story.

The contract calls for $150 per hour for a senior partner; $100 per hour for associate; $96 per hour for a partner; $50 to $65 per hour for associates, depending upon seniority; and $40 per hour for para legals.

Brighton Engineering of Frankfort has filed a suit for $10 million plus against Metts in Federal District Court. These charges grew out of cancellation of a contract with the Brighton firm.

Gene Goss, representing Layson and Franke, said the two were harassed and fired because of their part in criticizing Metts.

However, Metts said Layson and Franke were fired for their part in allegedly minimizing the investigation of falsification of records by an engineer in the department's Lexington district in 1979 and 1980.

Engineers have had a running vendetta with Metts over the handling of personnel and reorganization of the highway department. It reached such a stage that representatives of the engineers went to Gov. Brown and asked that Metts be dismissed. The governor sided with Metts.

District engineers in district highway offices across the state were replaced by district managers. The engineers were kept in a secondary role in these districts where the changes were made.

Metts also abolished the Department of Photogrammetry and sold all of the equipment, including one airplane.

The department has contracted with two companies for photogrammetry work that could run as much as $765,000 for the year. The budget for the Photogrammetry Dept. for the year 1979-80 was only $224,000. People in the department at the time said photogrammetry actually had showed an operating profit in the past from work done for other departments of state government.

A spokesman for the engineers said victory in the request for the injunction would be an encouraging sign in the damage suit against Metts, but a loss will not be viewed as fatal in the case.

Guest Editorial

Losing American jobs

by Anthony Harrigan

The sign over the main street of a small city I visited recently read: "Good luck, graduates of '82." Well, the 1982 graduates of the local high school will need a lot of luck this year. The economy is in bad shape and employment prospects are poor for high school graduates.

After passing the sign, I stopped at a discount store that was doing an aggressive job of marketing. The store had a large inventory of goods, and prices were attractive. There were women's dresses from the People's Republic of China, men's shirts from Korea, blouses from Hong Kong, and pocket calculators from Taiwan.

The consumer had reason to be delighted with the price of the goods offered. I couldn't help but think, however, that these goods meant lost jobs for young Americans who are graduating from high school this year.

In the parking lot, of course, were dozens of Toyotas, Suburus, Mazdas and Kawasaki motorcycles. They represent good jobs for young people in Japan.

We aren't making as many things in America as we did 10 or 20 years ago. When the high school graduates are at home — perhaps because they can't find a job — they look at television sets made in Japan, Mexico or elsewhere. The shoes they wear are made in Korea or Italy. So it goes.

Free trade is supposed to be a wonderful abstract principle, but it means that the American market has been invaded by foreign competitors while U.S.-made goods have a hard time breaking through the cleverly constructed walls erected by Japan and other countries. The United States has an $18 billion trade deficit with Japan. True, America is having some success in selling sophisticated services to the Japanese, such as American Express cards. But where are the jobs for Americans in such trade successes?

The flood of cheap apparel from Asia means a loss of limited-skill jobs for people in small cities such as I visited. Small textile and apparel operations are being shut down under the pressure of the imports. In China, for example, workers in plants may earn as little as 25 cents an hour. The number of people unemployed or involuntarily on part time in the U.S. textile industry is 20 percent and that employment is the lowest since 1939.

It is said that parking lots at American automotive plants have plenty of cars made in Japan or Germany.

No one questions the quality of foreign-made products or their price advantages. Buying American is a matter of self-interest. Americans simply don't realize that it is in their interest to buy American-made goods and, thereby, provide jobs for the generation that's entering the job market.

Letters from our readers

The candidates respond!

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Thank you for your letter concerning the disaster loan program administered by the Department of Agriculture. I have discussed the matter with Mr. Kendell Seaton, State Director of the Farmers Home Administration.

He told me that he included Nicholas County in his recommendation to Agriculture Secretary John Block for designation as an eligible county for disaster loan assistance. This recommendation was not accepted by the Secretary. On May 24 I wrote to Secretary Block urging him to reconsider the designation of Nicholas County based on new information regarding crop losses submitted by Mr. Seaton after the meeting in Carlisle on May 7.

Secretary Block wrote to me on June 4 to advise me the matter is still under review and that a decision should be forthcoming shortly.

I hope this information is helpful to you. Please feel free to call on me whenever you feel I can be of assistance.

Yours very truly,
Larry J. Hopkins
Member of Congress

P.S. Your suggestion about a subscription to the Mercury was excellent and I have called in a one-year order.

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Before planning for the fall campaign gets too far underway, I would like to express my gratitude to those Sixth District Democrats who responded so positively to my candidacy in the May 25 primary. The size of the victory gives us much reason for optimism and confidence in the General Election.

I would like also to thank my three opponents in the primary for putting the Democratic Party first in conducting the affairs of their campaigns. I found them all to be intelligent, sincerely motivated and committed to the principles of the Democratic Party. Their pledges of support are particularly reassuring as I face the fall campaign as the Democratic nominee.

I look forward to a vigorous fall campaign in which a clear alternative has been presented to voters, the issues have been clearly articulated, all Democrats will feel proud to be involved in the election process and the philosophy of our party will be restored to its rightful place as the voice of the Sixth District.

Sincerely,
Don Mills
Democratic Party Nominee
Sixth District Congressman

Down Memory Lane

William T. Straw resigns

Thursday, June 28, 1962

William T. Straw, County Agricultural Agent for Nicholas County for the past 19 years, has resigned his position effective Aug. 1. He has accepted the same position at Kenton County with headquarters at Covington.

The Nicholas County Fish and Game Club Friday received from the State Department of Conservation 300 two-day-old quail, which will be kept until they are six weeks old, when they will be released in pairs.

The Dale Restaurant, which was opened a year ago on Broadway, has been sold by Mrs. Edna and Bee Dale, to Howard McCarty of Hillsboro, Ohio. The new owner will take over the first of July.

These men will be guest speakers during the annual Blackberry Festival, Lt. Gov. Wilson Wyatt, Hon. A.B. Chandler and Thurston B. Morton.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Jackson, a son, Arnold Edward Jr., June 21 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas, a son, Ezlill Douglas, June 24 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Louise Bussell and Roger Vaughn, Sunday at the Carlisle Christian Church. — Miss William Scandfield and Earl Munday, June 22 at the Carlisle Christian Church.

DIED — E. Hanson West, 72, Paris, Friday at home. — G.T. Walton, 74, Montford, Fla., at his farm.

Thursday, June 25, 1942

John Vinson was in the Carlisle Hospital Saturday suffering from shock and exposure Friday morning when his home in the Upper Lick section of Nicholas County was struck by lightning and practically destroyed.

R.P. Templeman, 86, and Sam Berry, 82, were presented Bibles at the Carlisle Christian Church Sunday morning, as a part of the Fathers Day exercises. They were the oldest fathers who were present.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. James Henry, a daughter, Lessie Fisher, Thursday at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Carol Vice, a son, Friday at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Wagoner, Little Rock, a daughter, June 23 at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Elizabeth Spencer and John Catlett Tincher, June 13 at Mt. Sterling. — Miss Burna Dean Poplin and Lt. John Carlisle Talbott, June 2 at Camp Walters, Texas.

DIED — Jerry Plummer, 72, Rose Hill, Sunday at the Lakeland Hospital. — George Perkins, Wednesday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Jones. — Mrs. Mattie Whaley King, Ashland, widow of James M. King, Friday at the home of her son, Earl King, in West Virginia. — Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Neal Lowe, 68, wife of Mordecai Lowe, Cynthiana, Wednesday at the Breeze Hospital. — Dr. James Blaine Way, 59, Thursday at home in Millersburg.

Thursday, June 30, 1932

John Harvey qualified in county court Saturday as administrator of the estate of Emma Guither, deceased, with William McMahan surety in the sum of $1,000.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Evans will leave next week for Lexington to reside in their new home which they have recently constructed on Aurora Avenue. Mrs. Evans' millinery business will be conducted by her mother, Mrs. S.W. Prather.

The White & Myers Chautauqua is in session at Millersburg this week. Quite a number of Carlisle people went over to hear Kryll's band Wednesday afternoon and evening.

C.H. Fisher is tearing down his old residence on Chestnut Street and will use the lumber to build a cottage on Parks Hill next summer.

DIED — Margin Conyers, about 37 years old, last Friday at his home. — Mrs. Frank Shankland, 59, Monday morning at her home near Miranda.

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Op-Ed page

Never in Nebraska . . . not even if your heart's on fire for Elwood

"You cannot buy these tapes or records in any store."

That's what the voice on television will tell you after a pitch on a new record album by Elwood Squat, America's Traveling Troubador. In the first place, you never heard of old Elwood and in the second place you wonder why they are not sold in stores.

Also flashed on the screen will be a toll-free number to call to order his record. Under the number in smaller letters will be "Except in Nebraska."

Why not Nebraska? Did old Elwood leave a string of broken hearts in Omaha or North Platte and no one likes him there? I have met some folks from Nebraska who seemed nice to me. Why are they deprived the privilege of buying Squat's latest collections if they want them?

I can understand the "not sold in stores" thing. The stores probably refused to stink up their shelves with the records.

I am tempted to call that 800 number and tell whoever answers I own a store in Nebraska and want to stock Elwood's record collection. And when they try to explain why they cannot sell me the stuff, I'll hang up. Then I'll call them back and say, "This is Elwood. What's the idea of refusing to sell that store owner in Nebraska my album?"

— RM —

Convicted Texas burglar and reformed heroin addict Toni Benavidez said she had a "favorite" burglary method she used on nights and weekends.

"On Friday night, I'd start calling a house I'd checked out during the day," Benavidez said. "If they didn't answer then by 4 o'clock (Saturday morning) I'm sure they're out of town.

"I'd go to a pay phone, start calling the number and leave the phone off the hook," she said. "Then I'd go to the house and while I was breaking in, I'd make sure I could hear the phone ringing all the time."

Homeowners in many areas can protect against such burglary methods by adding "call forwarding" service to their telephone. If a homeowner leaves his or her home empty, the phone can be programmed to ring at another location where someone else can answer.

Police crime analysis officers estimate that up to 75% of the residential burglaries that occur in many large cities are daytime crimes.

Such burglaries often occur right under the noses of unsuspecting neighbors, junkies say. The trick to a successful daylight burglary is simple: a team of two or three people will drive into a driveway of a home, pretend to belong there. One burglar discreetly disappears around the side of the house and breaks in. Once inside, the thief unlocks the front door and lets the others in. Within 15 or 20 minutes, the burglars are gone and the house is looted.

Even the nosiest of neighbors may never suspect a burglary is being committed if the burglars appear to be welcome guests at the victimized residence. One former burglar said she would go to a neighbor's home before burglarizing a residence and "lay a line on them about looking for my dog or something" to soothe any suspicions.

Benavidez, the Texas thief, said shoplifting has become big business in the cities and that female shoplifters normally wear long dresses or coats into stores and stuff clothes into their undergarments while in dressing rooms.

"I knew one of them who could take a TV out between her legs. I mean, she was an artist," Benavidez said.

That same "artist" had a favorite clothing store that had clothes racks extending from the floor of the business, she said. "She could get those Pierre Cardin suits and put two on each finger so she had eight on each hand," Benavidez said. "When she got the suits, she'd walk right by the counter and because of the rack you couldn't see that she was holding anything and she'd go right out the door with them."

Police say clothing store owners should lower their racks and place clothes in a crisscross pattern, with some hanger tops facing out and some in as a means of inconveniencing a shoplifter. He also suggested that cashiers be placed near the exits and that electronic device be installed at the doors to detect merchandise being stolen.

It is one thing to catch a crook and quite another to put him behind bars. One fellow wonders what you have to do to keep a crook in the slammer. He returned to his home and walked in on a burglar. Thinking quickly, he said, "You're the roofing man, right? You guys did a great job, but there's still a couple of leaks." The burglar bought his trick, followed him out to the front yard, masquerading as a roofer but apologizing and claiming he was at the wrong house.

At that moment, luckily a police car came by and was flagged down. The cops arrested the startled burglar, who was armed with two knives. "You did the correct thing," one of the cops told the homeowner. "If you had threatened him inside, he'd probably have killed you." Now comes the kicker: The man went to court to discover the burglar had jumped bail. Not only that, the burglar was awaiting trial on two previous charges. Change your locks was the only advice the cops could give the man. Sometimes our criminal system seems to be the real crook.

— RM —

This old gem has turned up again and in case you missed it the other times around . . . It purports to be a workman's compensation report submitted by a construction worker, who ended up in a hospital after one hour on a new job.

The worker's job was simple. He was merely required to move bricks from the top of a two-story building to the ground. But it proved to be more hazardous than it sounded. His report follows:

"Thinking I could save time, I rigged a beam with a pulley at the top of the house and rope leading to the ground. I tied an empty barrel on one end of the rope, pulled it to the top of the house, and fastened the other end of the rope to a tree.

"Going up to the top of the house, I filled the barrel with bricks. Then I went back down and unfastened the rope to let the barrel down. Unfortunately, the barrel of bricks was now heavier than I, and before I knew what was happening the barrel jerked me up in the air.

"I hung onto the rope and halfway up I met the barrel coming down, receiving a severe blow on the left shoulder. I then continued on up to the top, banging my head on the beam and jamming my fingers in the pulley. When the barrel hit the ground, the bottom burst, spilling the bricks. As I was now heavier than the barrel, I started down at high speed. Halfway down, I met the barrel coming up, receiving severe lacerations to my shins. When I hit the ground, I landed on the bricks.

"At this point, I must have become confused because I let go of the rope. The barrel came down, striking me on the head, and I woke up in the hospital. I respectfully request sick leave."

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
June 24, 1937

It is typical of Kentuckians, I think, to appreciate fully the loveliness of this region of the Bluegrass, despite the fact that such beauty is constantly seen and that nearness to natural wonders and beauties frequently dulls the edge of a proper valuation. Certainly to me there is nothing more lovely in Nature than the rolling fields of this region, the rich auburn soil contrasting with the myriads of green tints in the fields of wheat and rye and oats, of turf and tree. There is something fitting to the picture in the woodlands, now all too few, of ash and oak and sugar tree, hickory and black walnut. There is beauty in the roadside planting, spared the mutilation that the march of industry brings; there is loveliness in roadside elms, in hackberries and haws and wild cherry that have withstood the axe of the lineman. There is typical beauty for me in the old stone fences, their weathered grey faces contrasting with the green of the wild five-leaved ivy which creeps across them; there is beauty in the slender symmetry of a roadside vine that throws a slim finger up the straight bell of a tree; there is a charm in the call of the meadow lark from the pastures, of colts a frolic in the paddocks, of fat cattle in peaceful ash woodlands — all of these parts of the picture upon which the hand of the Master Artisan faltered not in the making.

How painful they to see great forest trees ringed to wither and die, that tobacco may was into velvety maturity; that a few paltry dollars may be gained.

Sooner day, the penalty of that slaughter will be enforced and this fertile soil will show ruts and washes; its fertility will be gone and a naked ridge will lie where orfie was the beauty of protecting, soil-guarding trees. Foolish the man, financially foolish, aside from all sentimental considerations, who destroys the timber on his pastures.

***

In June the tide of bird life reached its crest. It is with most of our song birds the time of mating and many romances and not a few tragedies are hidden from peering human eyes by the leafy coverts. There are marriages and giving in marriage in bush and hedgerow and the leafy fastnesses of our shade trees. There are rejected suitors and jealousies and deadly rivalries, and tragic murders, accomplished by marauding cats and snakes, and in the depths of woodlands, by owls and hawks. Life is not all song for the little feathered folk. With their human brethren they share a world of joys and sorrows, accepting the "breaks of the game" more gracefully perhaps and bravely, showing a frankness of natural instincts that man covers decorously with the veneer we call civilization.

It will repay you to look about you this month, to peer into leafy coverts, for now is the high tide of feathered life, and much is to be learned from little wild folk. "Now," writes William Beebe, in his 'Log Of The Sun,' a delightful book, "the great struggle of the year is at hand, the supreme moment for which thousands of thrusts have been vibrating with whispered rehearsals of trills and songs, and for which the dangers that threaten the acquisition of bright colours and long, inconvenient plumes and ornaments have been patiently undergone. Now, if all goes well and his song is clear, if his crest and gorgeous splashes of tints and shades are fresh and shining with the gloss of health, then the feathered lover may hope, indeed, that the little brown mate may look with favour upon dance, song, or antic — and the home is become a reality. In some instances this home is for only one short season, when the two part, probably forever; but in other cases the choice is for life."

Sometimes, however, the feathered suitor does not measure up to the ideal of the little brown mate. What then?

"Alas," writes Mr. Beebe, "his song dies in his throat, plumes hang crestfallen, and the disconsolate creature must creep about through tangles and brush, watching from a distance the nest-building, the delights of home life which fate has forbidden. But the poor bachelor need not by any means lose hope; for on all sides dangers threaten his happy rival — cats, snakes, jays, hawks, owls and boys. Hundreds of birds must pay for their victory with their lives, and then the once discarded suitors are again welcomed by the windows, and these stepfathers no what chagrined at playing second fiddle, fill up the ranks, and work for the young birds as if they were their own offspring."

A little unlike their human brothers there, more willing parents in the plan of Nature, and we shall say not more admirable in their acquiescence than he, who of all children of the Universal Mother, grants to himself alone an immortal soul?

In this corner.... by Jim Butler Wanke

Bluebirds and fried chicken

I really have had a heckuva time figuring out what imagination is. And I'm not too sure I know, even now.

Wrong impressions, or improper impressions about the way in which words are used when you are a child can go a long way toward affecting how you live in later years.

Oh the surface that sounds a bit preparatorous.

But take the word "imagination." Or "imagine," for short.

Somehow I got the idea that this word meant thinking up something that wasn't true.

"There's a bluebird over there on the barn roof," I would say.

"You're just imagining that," my grandmother would say, looking over the tops of her bifocals at the barn, which was about 150 yards away.

Of course, she couldn't see it. And she thought I had thought up the bluebird. I had imagined it.

There was an image of a bluebird in my brain, but he wasn't on the barn roof. Well, damnit, he was on the barn roof, too. I saw him, bifocals or no bifocals.

But circumstances like those were how I got acquainted with the word imagine and later, imagination.

I was told that imagining things was not a good way to get along in our society. All that really counted was what was in black and white in front of you. All that mattered, or even all that existed was what one could see.

Now that's good old western Anglo-Saxon thinking. Sound thinking too.

But it is not very creative. Creativity is the ability to tap source other than your own conscious mind, and come up with a new way, or at least different way, of doing something. A new bluebird, in other words.

In those childhood years of the 1930's when I grew up on the farm, life was tough. Life was so tough that even thinking about a bluebird was not a good idea. It might make you think about fried chicken and potatoes and gravy, of which there wasn't much. And it didn't pay to think about things you couldn't have. That was how the old people thought.

But they imagined that their children might have life a bit better and so do we. We've got time to think about things a bit more, to use our imagination, and we have got time to do that, because our life is not quite so tough.

We should thank our parents and grandparents for that.

They didn't use their imaginations so that we could.

But a dark lining to imagination has come along. And that is a third generation, our children, growing up now. Many of them have not had to work at all. So they could imagine all the time. They did it so much, they started to live in it, inside their imaginations, all the time. Not only was the bluebird on the barn roof there even when it wasn't there and it weighed 500 pounds and hollered CHIRP...CHIRP, in a very loud voice.

And so, many of our children are having trouble coping with the real world when the time comes that they must.

I'm always real good at stating the problem, but the question is, what do we do about it?

Truth exists, only falsehood has to be invented.
George Braque

RUSS METZ

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