Opinion

More farmers going under

The bad news is that American farmers are in the worst economic shape they've been in since the Great Depression.

The number of bankruptcies and foreclosures has soared as farmers, victims of their own productivity, have found themselves caught in a cost-price squeeze. Since 1977, the price they get for their crops has gone up 34 percent. The prices they pay for fuel alone, however, has soared 113 percent, and high interest rates are killing them.

Last January, economists from the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) estimated that total farm debt amounted to $194.5 billion, more than twice the debt of 1975. Net farm income last year amounted to $22.9 billion, off from the $24.5 billion of 1975, and the department's economists projected that this year farm income would plummet to around $14 billion.

How to handle the bad news?

Secretary of Agriculture John R. Block has found a way.

He's ordered USDA economists to stop releasing these projections, on the ground that since the projections are based on the vagaries of weather and the economy and the size of crops they're not reliable anyway.

A situation is bad and looks as if it will get worse, do you stop looking. Or anyway, stop projecting. Why make the farmers unhappy by letting them know that there's darkness at the end of the tunnel? Maybe they won't notice when the auctioneer sells their land out from under them.

On the other hand, maybe there's a better way of dealing with bad news than by suppressing it. Secretary Block might address himself to the bad situation by releasing some discretionary funds in the Farmers Home Administration to keep some farmers from going under, and the Reagan administration might accept the growing bipartisan consensus on fiscal action to bring down those astronomical interest rates that are crushing business as well as farmers.

Meanwhile, several senators have introduced a bill to require the USDA to release its projections. The bill ought to be approved without delay.

Petroleum reserve is up

After delaying six years, the United States has given itself a bit of breathing room in the event that all foreign oil is cut off from this country.

One-third of the oil, or 250 million barrels, that is to be stored in the Strategic Petroleum Reserve (SPR), finally is in place.

At present import levels, that amount of oil represents about a 50-day supply if all foreign supplies that averaged five million barrels a day in January and February, were cut off. That amount in storage could last nearly three months since a more likely cutoff would involve only members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries.

Last year the Reagan administration opened the spigot and added 333,000 barrels a day to the SPR, tripling the dribbling fill rate during the Carter administration. That fully accelerated pace cannot be continued longer since available storage space in the existing salt domes has run out and smaller caverns are being prepared.

This year's fill rate is expected to be about 185,000 barrels daily. The White House says this is adequate to meet the country's security needs. There is still a long way to go. The plan calls for another 500 million barrels of oil to be stored in caverns by 1990 as a cushion in case of a repeat of the 1973-74 embargo.

Some members in Congress are trying to stampede the administration into leasing unused oil tankers and building huge above-ground storage facilities. The administration has rejected the pleas, pointing to the high cost of that approach in a period of budgetary restraints.

The price is high already without further expenditures. By the time the program is to be completed in another eight years, the cost is expected to exceed $30 billion.

Storage is moving ahead at its best pace since the reserve was created in December 1975. Capitol Hill should have asserted its displeasure during the foot-dragging in the project's early years. Now Congress should stand back and let the oil continue flowing unobstructed into the SPR.

Trial is all show business

Drunk driving trial of Boston attorney F. Lee Bailey is coming close to a legal three-ring circus.

The curious line up each morning, seeking to obtain a seat in the San Francisco courtroom where the trial is progressing. There are large numbers of attorneys and law students among the spectators, hoping to pick up tips on "courtroom decorum."

The trial is being videotaped for posterity, and two law students, under supervision, are helping with the prosecution.

Bailey was dropped in San Francisco after he ran a red light. He was given a field sobriety test, then taken to the station where he refused any of the chemical tests that measure blood alcohol content.

Bailey and his attorney are using all sorts of legal maneuvers to instill reasonable doubt. The defendant and other witnesses have indicated the arresting officer might have been drinking and was rough and abusive in his arrest tactics. Bailey, in testifying about the arresting officer, said, "I thought I had a psychopath on my hands."

To show that he was sober when arrested, Bailey ingested the same amount of alcohol he said he had consumed in the period before his arrest. Then his blood alcohol was checked and it was determined at no time did it reach a point that his driving would have been impaired.

What drunk driving defendant wouldn't like to present evidence of that nature? The trial smacks more of the business than the real world. It is turning the serious problem of drunk driving into a travesty of justice. It isn't making any good marks for the legal profession.

'81 womens news not good

by Vicki Dennis
Kentucky Commission on Women

President Reagan is now in his second year of office. We have learned much of his policies in the last year. We know that the administration, in an attempt to curb inflation, cure the economy and remove government from the back of the American public, has also removed most of the clout from programs that have given women and minorities the chance to move forward in the last few years. We know that there are threats to programs like affirmative action which offered protection from discrimination in the workplace, and Title IX which offered the same protection in schools.

To be fair, we also have learned of some good news for women during the last year. There was the elimination of the "widow's tax," providing for an unlimited marital deduction in federal estate tax. There has been an increase in tax credits for child care for low-income, working parents. U.S. Sen. Dave Durenberger (D-MN) introduced the Women's Economic Equity Act of 1981 which spells out tax reforms, non-discrimination in insurance, and reforms in public and private pension systems.

But, for women, most of the news of 1981 was not good. Statistics still tell us that we are at the low end of the economic ladder, that we make up the great majority of the poor and that we are concentrated in low-paying jobs with little chance of advancement.

Still, we have learned one great lesson during 1981 — we are going to have to fight, once again, to keep the rights that we have gained and we will not be able to look to the federal government to help us in the struggle.

Letters from our readers

We are busy at

Jenny Wiley

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I am well into my second year at Jenny Wiley State Park and we are so very busy. Carol and I are really enjoying spring in the mountains. Our yard is full of dogwoods. As of the last weekend in May all park facilities will be open and the campgrounds opened April 1. I recall last year the Mercury ran a little article telling about the park and the dates for the Summer Music Theater. If you would care to grant us this service again perhaps it will be helpful to theater lovers in central Kentucky and the park. I hope the past year has found you well.

Sincerely,
Pat Taylor

Enjoy, enjoy!

To The Carlisle Mercury:

We enjoy the Mercury tremendously!

Mrs. Harold H. Kenney
222 Marmont Street
Culver, Indiana 46511

Agree or not

Will he or won't he?

by S.C. Van Curon

"It's been blown all out of proportion," was Mike Ruhling's comment when questioned about recent stories that U.S. Senator Wendell Ford may be entertaining the idea of running for governor next year.

In a telephone interview from Washington, Ruhling said, "I think far too much is being made of what he said, especially considering the time frame."

Ruhling, the senator's press secretary, was trying to explain the situation since the senator was not in his office at the time.

"All Senator Ford did was answer a reporter's question when he was in Kentucky recently," Ruhling said of the interview he had with Dick Farmer of WFKY in Frankfort.

Recent stories have quoted Ford as saying that he enjoyed being governor and the suggestion that he might run again for the office held some interesting prospects.

He even went so far as to say that several friends of Kentucky have encouraged him to run for governor. When pressed on the subject, the senator said he "wouldn't do anything without talking with his family."

This has-led political writers to speculate that he is interested in returning to the governor's office in Kentucky where there is more action from a personal standpoint than being a U.S. Senator in Washington.

A governor can and does formulate programs and he has the power in Kentucky to get things done, almost at his command. Ford reorganized state government, built some toll roads and did some things for his home town of Owensboro while increasing services to the people generally.

When it was pointed out to Ruhling that the senator has not flatly said he is not entertaining the idea of running for governor, the press secretary said, "He hasn't said he is running, either, or plans to run."

When it was pointed out to Ruhling that the senator left the door ajar, he said, "You know the senator. He always keeps his options open." This was when Ruhling said the story has been blown out of proportion, considering the senator's remarks to Farmer and other reporters who have called to question his office about the subject.

Ruhling was asked if Ford has talked with Martha Layne Collins about the possibility of his running, or about the prospects of her candidacy for governor. "Not to my knowledge," he answered.

Then the question was posed to Ruhling if the senator created the situation to protect Mrs. Collins' interests and try to keep others out of the governor's race. He brushed this aside by saying he doesn't believe the two have talked.

It is generally understood that the lieutenant governor will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor next year. It is generally expected that she will receive the support of Senator Ford, Mayor J.R. Miller of Owensboro and their supporters in the party in Kentucky.

All kinds of speculation can be created. For example, Mayor Harvey Sloan of Louisville is expected to be a candidate. The speculative reasoning is that Ford could reach an accommodation with Sloan if Ford decides to run for governor.

It goes this way. Ford could keep Sloan out of the race by promising to appoint Sloan to Ford's U.S. Senate seat if Ford should win. Ford's term does not end until Dec. 31, 1986.

He can run for the Senate seat and still hold it until he would become governor if elected. Then, he has the appointment of the U.S. Senator at his disposal. It's interesting speculation to say the least.

Mrs. Collins was out of the office and could not be reached when this was written. She is giving every indication that she is campaigning continuously for the nomination next year.

The problem about a politician seeking another term as governor in Kentucky after he has left the office is that few have been successful.

Senator Ford beat his mentor Bert T. Combs when Combs tried to return to the office.

Happy Chandler made it in 1956 after being elected in 1935, but failed for a third term in 1963 when Edward T. Breathitt defeated him in the primary and went on to win the governorship.

Down Memory Lane

Decidedly wins the Derby

Thursday, May 10, 1962

Decidedly, a California-bred grey colt, won the 86th Kentucky Derby Saturday, May 5, in the sensational time of two minutes and two-fifths of a second. Decidedly's sire, Determine, was bred by Dr. Edie Asbury at Forest Retreat, Nicholas County.

Raymond Wesley, superintendent of the Nicholas County schools, suffered a heart attack Tuesday afternoon at the Nicholas County High School and was taken to the Nicholas County hospital where he was placed under oxygen.

Doc Allison, Jim Williams, Dorsey Watkins, Bill Straw and Harry Duncan attended a dinner meeting of the Eighth District League of Kentucky Sportsmen at West Liberty on Sunday. Mr. Watkins was presented a trophy for the outstanding president in the Eighth District.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Simpson, Falmouth, a son, Jeffery Dale, April 18 at Harrison Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Bobbie Walls, Paris, twin sons, May 6 at Central Baptist Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Allen Darrell, a daughter, May 4 at Good Samaritan Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Ricky Allen, Ewing, a son, Dwight D., May 3 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ritchie Jr., a daughter, Susan Denise, May 5 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, a daughter, Beverly Mae, May 5 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Roger Ratliff, Ft. Smith, Ark., a daughter, April Earlene, April 26.

DIED — Jim McIlvain, 18, Friday at St. Joseph Hospital. — Dunbar F. Sellers, Friday in Memphis, Tenn.

Thursday, May 7, 1942

Homer Kerns, 34, was taken to a Lexington hospital this week from injuries received in a motorcycle accident after striking a parked car.

A total of 1,242 persons were registered during the first two days of this week under the Sugar Rationing program, E.E. Plantiel, City School Superintendent, reported.

Frank King, 28-year-old employee of the Carlisle Ice Company, was severely hurt Saturday night when his automobile crashed into a culvert about a mile from Blue Licks in Robertson County.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Mumpford Snapp, a son, at the home of her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Morris at Beaver.

MARRIED — Mrs. Fanny Baxter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A.F. Ogden, formerly of Ball Hill, and Joe Hannah of Sturgis, March 28 in Maysville.

DIED — Robert Spencer, 75, Paris, Wednesday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Charles F. Norton in Millersburg. — Mrs. William Stephenson, 48, Sunday at home on the East Union Road.

Thursday, May 11, 1922

Saturday, May 20, was big Jubilee Day in Carlisle when over $250,000 was paid to 1800 members of the Burley Cooperative Marketing Association for their second advance on their crops.

Miss Virginia Huddleson of this city has taken a position as bookkeeper at the Jones Brothers Grocery in Millersburg.

Mrs. Ernest Hall, who has been conducting a millinery store in the city store building for the past several months, held an auction of the remainder of her stock of goods last Saturday and has closed her store.

MARRIED — Miss Elizabeth Anderson, daughter of Mrs. Cassie Anderson, and Clarence Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, all of East Union, Wednesday. — Miss Ada C. Holland, Lexington, and Eslie H. Sudduth, Lexington, son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sudduth of this city, Saturday at the home of Rev. W.E. Ellis in Paris.

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Op-Ed page

Happiness is: not having to worry about ring around the collar

President Reagan has rightfully complained that television newsmen keep interviewing "some fella out of South Succotash someplace who has just been laid off," says Arthur Hoppe in the San Francisco Chronicle.

Consequently, Reagan said, "I'm Scrooge to a lot of people. And, if they only knew it, I'm the softest touch they've had in a long time."

The problem, of course, is that the television newsmen have consistently and perhaps even deliberately (who knows?) picked unhappy fellas to interview. These grousers and whiners have naturally given the president a bad image and he has every reason to be sore.

In an effort to balance the picture in some small way, I had a talk with Robertson (Bob) Cratchit of Upper Succotash and his cheery little unemployed family.

Cratchit had worked for 19 years at the Great Succotash Succotash Factory as a lima bean sorter until the plant was forced to close down, its product unable to compete with cheaper and better made Japanese succotash.

"Best thing that's happened to me in my life," said Cratchit, chortling merrily as he ushered me into what the family calls "the living room," that being the room in which the family lives. "Woke up the other morning and for the first time in 19 years I said to Mrs. Cratchit, 'Thank God it's Monday.'"

Mrs. Cratchit put down the kazoo on which she had been playing "Happy Days Are Here Again" in a rousing fashion. "I'll admit I was a mite worried at first where our next meal was coming from," she said, "seeing that Mr. Cratchit wasn't bringing home any more factory-damaged succotash. But you'd be amazed how much money we lucky leisure-time folks save over those poor souls who have to work every day."

"You bet," agreed Cratchit enthusiastically. "The bus to the plant used to cost me 50 cents each way. That's $5 a week right there, plus union dues, wear and tear on my lima bean sorter and bleach for my tee-shirts so I'd be safe from ring around the collar. But now, ha, ha! who cares about ring around the collar any more?"

Mrs. Cratchit smiled at her husband's exhuberance. "He's been a new man since we sold the car," she confided. "Not only have we saved a fortune in gas, repairs, monthly payments and sawdust for the transmission, but Mr. Cratchit no longer wakes up at night screaming, 'The last parking place in the world has just been taken!'"

Cratchit grinned ruefully, "I guess I've saved another fortune on blood pressure pills and double martinis," he said. "But the main thing is that I've scads of time now to spend with my manly little son here. Aren't you glad Daddy lost his job, Tiny Tim?"

"Golly, yes!" cried Tiny Tim gaily as he cleaned his bowl. "This Alpo helper sure does beat that old succotash all hollow."

Cratchit tousseled the lad's hair. "Not watching television has done him a world of good. And there was certainly no point watching if after the electricity was turned off. But we do plan to listen to the radio once summer comes and our neighbor opens his window.

Mrs. Cratchit beamed at her menfolk. "We women have it lots easier, too," she said. "I always did dread cleaning the oven,

beating the rug and dusting all that furniture."

"Well, well," said Cratchit, attempting to contain the little family's bubbling spirits. "I don't really think it's seemly for us to crow over our blessings while there are still so many poor unfortunately out there toiling their lives away . . ."

— RM —

Next time the talk sputters to a stop at some gathering where you're the host, reach down and pull out some unknown, unnecessary, freaky fact to lay on the folks. If you can survive the sobriety test, you could go down as the life of the party — just another nut that fell off the branches when someone shook the party tree.

Anyway, step forward and say, "Oh, by the way, did you know . . . and hand them a few like:

✓ Isaac Newton, who discovered gravity, was so absent-minded that once, when he was going to boil a three-minute egg, he held the egg in his hand and boiled his watch.

✓ King George III often held long conversations with a large oak tree on the grounds of Windsor Castle under the impression that it was the king of Prussia.

✓ Queen Caroline of England often wore a pumpkin on her head. She claimed it kept her cool.

✓ Hippopotamus sweat is red.

✓ It's against the law to ride a motorcycle in Idaho Falls, Idaho, if you're over 88 years of age.

✓ It was a fad in ancient Rome for bald men to paint hair on their heads.

✓ Russia's Catherine the Great kept her wigmaker locked in a cage in her room for three years. She didn't want anyone to know she wore a wig.

✓ Whenever Abdul Kassem Ismael, a 10th century caliph, went anywhere his library of 117,000 books went with him. They were loaded on the backs of 400 camels formed in a line so that the books could travel in alphabetical order.

— RM —

In an effort to reduce the federal deficit, the White House is not only considering the sale of surplus government property, but also is contemplating the leasing of historical landmarks to private developers.

According to a General Services Administration feasibility study several major landmarks may be up for grabs, a very unreliable source tells me. It indicates the Statue of Liberty, Mt. Rushmore, the Grand Canyon, the Lincoln and Washington monuments, Old Faithful and Mammoth Cave are among sites being considered for leasing to private developers.

"Even though these landmarks are now major tourist attractions," the report states, "the bottom line is many of them operate at either a financial loss or are not as profitable as they could be under private operation." Suggestions for development include:

✓ Mt. Rushmore — Plans for Mt. Rushmore include construction of restaurants in the eyes of the presidential statues, monorail trains that would take tourists up past the faces of the presidents and additional carvings on surrounding rock formations.

Rather than continuing the theme by more carvings of presidents, the report urges that carvings be commissioned for popular cartoon characters with a universal appeal, including Mickey Mouse, Yogi Bear, the Flintstones and Henry Kissinger.

✓ Mammoth Cave — An ideal root cellar for McDonald's to store all those potatoes for French fries. Or it could be rented out for office space to subversive underground organizations.

✓ Grand Canyon — Damming up the Colorado River would enable the Grand Canyon to be flooded, providing badly-needed water sports for the Sogthwestern region. A luxury liner or a mothballed aircraft carrier could be refurbished with a glass bottom to provide a spectacular underwater view of the canyon.

Onward, upward.

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
April 29, 1937

This morning I have heard the very voice of Spring. My cat bird, that slim, gray aristocrat of the feathered host, is home from his sojournings in warmer climes. From the branches of a plum tree snowy with blossoms his sweet song came to my ears for the first time and straightway the winter was gone for me. Winds may blow chill and snow may yet fly, but with the coming of this master singer, second only to the mocking bird in his charming repertoire, the tides of Spring near their crest. Winter is definitely in retreat.

A shiftless business, some may say, this marking of the migration of birds, this watching for the first cat bird of spring and fit only for those who sit in the chimney-nook, age come, youth gone, love gone, and living in a past grown glamorous and wonderful, mark time with such simple diversions as these be, until the coming of the change. But I have found there are pursuits quite as futile, yet dignified with fine, high-sounding names by men; and who knows whether he who seeks power and office, wealth and fame — and gets them — has achieved more than the vagrant soul, who dreams in the sun the long thoughts of the vagabond; who sees beauty in the far-flung, grilling sweetness of the meadow lark's carol, the twilight love-song of the slim catbird, when cherries are ripe and the fecund earth is bursting with the promise of her miracle of Juric? Who would fardels bare, to grunt and sweat in stuffy factories, to toil at desks, to soil his soul and break his heart in the mad scramble for place and profit, save that we are part of that immutable process, or purpose, if you will, which sends the swallow winging back over uncharted leagues to build her nest, to rear her young, to labor for their sustenance, till wings are strong for flight and these fledglings take up the never-ending task. We must carry on. And so, some there be, vagabond in heart, to whom "the frolic wind that breathes the Spring," the blooming of lilacs in the door-yard, the nodding heads of daffodils, flinging the beauty of their golden chalices to the winds of March, brings an unease, a sense of old, forgotten, far-off things, a hunger for the sea, though they may never have seen the sea, and for distant places and strange and dreamesded green islands, where life might be a sweet drifting and care unknown. Nature puts such unease into the hearts of all her children no doubt, that her purpose may eventuate, that the race may spend itself forsooth in the building of nests and homes — and to some it comes with a keener insistence than to others. It was known to poets of old times and Chaucer's "wel ryne and twenty in a compaignye" of sundry folk, assembled in "Southwerk at the Tabard," were moved by the urge of Nature which assails the hearts of her children with the returning of the sun. "Then longen folk to goon on pilgrimages." But few of us, alas! to whom the urge comes most insistently, may answer the call, having obligations too much in the sun and followed beauty in whatsoever guise, while the more practical were busily intent on laying up the wherewithal to "goon on pilgrimages." Yet the pity of it is the more practical become so absorbed in their game of wealth-getting that they lose the urge to go a-questing.

*****

Among the inanities of wall-plaque urgings and sententious precepts by Elbert Hubbard with which college boys decorated their rooms 30 years ago, I always had a fondness for that one which urged the reader to live each day so that he could look every other son of Adam in the eye and tell him, should circumstances warrant, to go to that old other place so important in the exegesis of the fundamentalists. And there was another one that lingers in memory. Joaquin Miller wrote of Byron, whose personal habits were not the best perhaps:

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot.
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two where God has not

*****

I have always contended that there is a compensation that comes to those of us who lead more or less humdrum lives in rural communities. For my experience of cities has disclosed an equally prosy quality in the lives of those who work at driving pace amid the surge of clattering machines. My feeling about this is rooted in an impression of youth and is therefore grayed deep. It stems to the long thoughts of a boy who had toiled futilely through two sweltering city summers, with the call of homeland in his heart; the call of the peace of dreaming woodlands, of lush pastures and little meandering streams — of the Bluegrass Region that he loved and loves.

What I saw those summers of the drab monotony and machine-like toil of men enticed by the lure of cities and held by the web of circumstance to a treadmill existence remains in memory as an unpleasant picture. And so I have preferred to take my prosiness of existence where the cat bird sings his vesper song to his brooding mate when cherries are ripe; where the

*See Random thoughts, page 4

In this corner....

by Jim Butler Wanke

Good news and bad news

"Be careful," the elderly gray-haired gentleman admonished the energetic young man. "Don't step on any hands on your way up the ladder of success, because you might have to shake those same hands on your way down."

What the elderly gentleman meant, of course, was to try not to make enemies in life, for they will pop up later in the strangest places.

It is good advice to many of the young people today.

Another of the adages of this century is — "Bad news always travels faster than good news."

Anybody in the newspaper business knows this is true. But what is not said is that good news also travels, and in a far more lasting way than bad news. It's effects, in other words, are far more positive over a longer period of time.

And then there's the Chinese, who say there is no good news or bad news. There is only news, seen subjectively by us westerners. To call it good or bad, they contend, implies that you have judged it in some way and attached an opinion to it. They say this requires a monstrous ego, to think that we can change something just by adding our opinion to it. They cite the story of the seven men feeling up the elephant in the dark in seven different locations, each coming up with his own idea of what an elephant is.

It's all in your point of view. What is bad for one person can be good for another.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks to effective communications is failure to realize that not everyone else shares our opinion of things.

"I can't understand what he sees in that woman!" How often have you heard that phrase, or one similar to it.

Everyone is different from everyone and that means there are just that many opinions about everything. There are that many ways of getting home.

Of course, there are some universal truths that are understood, without speaking about them or attaching opinions to them.

The Carlisle Mercury is a good newspaper...is one of those!

Mother's Day
Sunday, May 9th
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