Opinion

What's wrong with picking apples?

Each year for the past five years workers from Jamaica have been brought into the New England state of Vermont to work the autumn harvest of apples from orchards along the state's New York and Massachusetts borders.

These workers are paid the minimum wage — $3.35 an hour — but top pickers, laboring industriously, can boost the pay scale up to $7.50 an hour.

This year, with unemployment reaching more than six percent of the state's 500,000 population, the Vermont Job Service sought out unemployed residents to see if they would like to get back to work on a job picking apples.

The job service sent postcards to 10,000 unemployed persons registered with the office. It conducted advertising campaigns for apple pickers in newspapers and on television. Finally, all the growers seeking apple pickers were brought together with those out of work to conduct interviews. Nobody was knocked down by the rush.

The job service said only 395 out of 30,000 unemployed persons indicated they might be interested — and it is believed less than 100 actually accepted apple picking jobs. Again Jamaicans had to be brought to fill out the picking crews.

Now picking apples doesn't require tremendous skills. One must be able to handle a 20-foot ladder and make sure the fruit isn't bruised when taken from the tree. Almost all Vermont apples are for table use — mostly McIntosh — and they must look their best.

The recruiting effort started in July with the goal of organizing an all-American picking crew. But by Labor Day, when harvest season started, it was clear that Vermont's unemployed wanted no part of apple picking. They were content to live on their unemployment checks — and at least one out of work Vermont Yankee declared he wouldn't go back to work unless he received his usual wage of $8 an hour. The Jamaicans had to be recruited for another year.

The apple crop in Vermont is minuscule compared to the apple and pear crops of the Pacific Coast states. One wonders if Washington, Oregon and California have made an effort to recruit the unemployed as pickers and are experiencing the same sort of lethargic response to job offers. Here we are in the midst of a serious recession — unemployment running more than 10 percent in many areas — and employers have to send out to foreign countries for workers.

What's happened to the old-fashioned Yankee work ethic? It seems to us that those out of work in Vermont and other states as well should accept the jobs that are available and help this country get back on its feet.

Social Security reform

While congressional leaders have reportedly agreed to a special "lame-duck" session this fall on spending bills, we don't think the same kind of treatment is appropriate for Social Security reform. It seems preferable to make Social Security a top item on Congress' agenda when it reconvenes in January.

That would give Congress two advantages in considering the difficult and politically sensitive issue: A fully-elected membership, and a chance for members and the public to fully digest the recommendations of the president's National Commission on Social Security Reform, which are due by the end of this year.

Much evidence suggests the Social Security system is in need of a comprehensive review and overhaul to assure its long-term health in serving the nation's retired. A more immediate solution may be required for an urgent, short-term cash flow crunch.

Sen. Robert Dole, R-Kan., has urged President Reagan to take advantage of a "window of opportunity" by calling a special session on Social Security after the November elections when "political pressures would be at a minimum" and Congress would be free of other responsibilities.

Dole is to be commended for wanting to directly and specifically tackle Social Security problems, and his proposal deserves more than the rote rejection it received from House Speaker Tip O'Neill. But unfortunately it gives the perception of an attempted end-run around the public, ignoring that such a session would include retiring members of Congress and those defeated in November.

We can imagine few things more prone to backfire in generating support for any necessary changes in Social Security financing or benefits than considering the issue in a lame-duck forum not fully accountable to the people.

And consideration early next year would give Congress and the public time to discuss the report that the president's 15-member bipartisan Social Security commission is to start writing in mid-November. Perhaps it will open the "window of opportunity" by drawing fresh ideas into the debate.

Move to halt drug traffic

The promise by the newly elected president of Bolivia to curb that country's highly profitable drug traffic to the United States is most encouraging. One of the problems in trying to stop the flow of narcotics from South American countries into the United States has been a lack of cooperation on the part of Latin authorities.

President Hernan Siles Zuazo, Bolivia's first democratically elected leader since the nation came under dictatorial rule two years ago, said he would seek U.S. help in his effort.

The seriousness of the problem is revealed by reports that narcotics rings have set up a "state within a state" in Bolivia.

About half of the cocaine smuggled into the United States comes from coca plants growing in Bolivia. A recent report in Washington put the estimated sales value of cocaine in the United States in 1980 at nearly $30 billion.

In addition to Bolivia, cocaine comes illegally to the United States from Peru and Columbia. U.S. narcotics agents estimate that the Bolivian partners in the cocaine-smuggling trade get around $1.6 billion.

If, with the help of the Siles Zuazo regime, U.S. authorities can break the Bolivian connection, that should help slow the illicit narcotics traffic into the United States.

Letters from our readers

Husband wants work

To The Carlisle Mercury:

My husband stopped yesterday where the new gas line is getting underway to see about a job. Although the man he talked to was very nice, he said they couldn't use anyone else. He also said upwards of 150 people had stopped by looking for work — they were all turned down.

The next time city council awards a job, it should consider stipulating that at least half the labor be hired locally. This would not only boost the economy but mean a great deal personally to a lot of people.

Thank you,
Mrs. Larry Trauchina

Sloane raises $482,483

The campaign of Harvey Sloane has raised $482,483 to date with more than eight months to go before next May's Democratic primary for governor. The figures reflect $468,483 collected during the reporting period from June 25 through Sept. 30.

"The figures should lay to rest any suggestion that the Sloane campaign won't be capable of putting together the kind of resources we'll need to elect Harvey Sloane the next governor of Kentucky," said campaign manager Joe Terry.

Terry indicated that the contributions to the Sloane campaign so far nearly equal those made in 1979 race for governor.

Agree or not

No business like show business

by S.C. Van Curon

There's no business like show business . . .

Sorry folks, but I got distracted for a moment while reviewing the story on Gov. John Y. Brown's patriotic speech here Sept. 1 to kick off a "Buy American" campaign sponsored by labor and business.

The event was appropriately staged in the Capitol's rotunda, and the governor made his speech after the strains of "Stars and Stripes Forever" had drifted to the upper reaches of the dome.

It was duly recorded on national television.

Brown said the program only symbolized what he termed the "trickle down" (mocking President Reagan) theory that has started in Kentucky. He said he wanted the movement launched that day to be "spread around the country."

He hit the patriotic tempo with "Yes, I think it's really time to start stumping for America. To be an American or not to be an American, that is the question."

The story on the front page of The State Journal went on to explain his stance, saying, "He challenged business leaders and corporations to call attention to the large number of foreign imports and to join in the Buy American movement in order to save jobs and help the economy."

International Harvester had announced final closing of its huge plant in Louisville. Ford Motor Co. has slowed down production at some of its plants in Louisville until business improves. ASMCO Steel had laid off hundreds of workers in Ashland, among other recession moves that had moved Kentucky's unemployment rate to among the highest in the nation.

Meanwhile, across the street in the Capitol Annex, the purchasing division of the Department of Finance and Administration was preparing to renew a contract for the purchase of German-made typewriters because they are a few dollars cheaper than those made over at Lexington by International Business Machines. The company came to Kentucky in the 1950s and had 6,700 employees on its payroll as of Jan. 1 this year according to an IBM spokesman.

The company pays a huge tax bill every year on its widespread plants and sales facilities in Fayette County while its highly-paid employees send millions of dollars in income taxes to the state's general fund each month.

The state has bought 31 German made Olympic typewriters from the F.H. Owens Co. in Lexington on the contract and saved $256 on their purchase, Fulton Farmer, purchasing director in the Department of Finance said. The state purchased these machines in early October on a contract that had been renewed Sept. 30 for another year. The state also has a price contract with IBM for typewriters, but the IBM machine that met the state's specifications is about $41 higher than the Olympic that is made in Wilhelmshaven, Germany.

"We've got no choice under state law," Farmer said. "The model procurement code says the lowest and best price" for the one that meets the bid specifications. "I'm not going to violate the law."

The state has bought IBM equipment for years. Farmer has served in purchases off and on for more than 20 years. He came back from retirement to work in the Brown administration.

Farmer said IBM had been extending Kentucky the same terms as those of the General Services Administration of the Federal Government. "They have a different price-purchasing agreement with us this time that doesn't extend us the same terms as GSA," Farmer said.

The Sept. 1 story concluded with these paragraphs:

"Today's events kicked off a month of activities that will include other rallies, a billboard campaign and Buy American programs sponsored by Kentucky business.

Nearly 20 state banks, led by the Monticello Banking Company in Wayne County, have lowered interest rates to

• See Agree or Not on page 5

Down Memory Lane

Carlisle gets new sewer system

Thursday, Nov. 8, 1962

After 23 years of struggle, Carlisle may get a sewage system. A bond issue voted in 1941 to construct such a system was laid low by World War II. Now City Council voted Monday night to hire Grant Bell to fix the application for federal aid grant and to complete preliminary work on a 1959 sewer survey taking into consideration the annexation of Jane Lynn and Kennedy Heights.

A two story frame house on the farm of Mrs. W.W. Rigg on the Cane Run Road was destroyed by fire early Saturday morning. It is believed the cause was a defective chimney.

Curtis Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Jones, Carlisle, Route 3, has been selected a member of the 1962-63 Chapel Choir at Berea College.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Allie Sexton, a daughter, Ginger Tylene, Oct. 31 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Trussell, a daughter, Carrie Jean, Nov. 2 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. William Watkins, a daughter, Natalie June, Oct. 30 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Letton Bosta, Cynthiana, a son, David Arnold, Oct. 9 at Harrison Memorial Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Betty Jo George and James Gaylord Gillispie, Oct. 26 at the First Assembly of God Church in Lexington.

DIED — Reuben Hunter, Friday at home in Florence. — Mrs. Irene Parker Brannon, 60, wife of Paul Brannon, Wednesday at Bourbon County Hospital. — Mrs. Cordia Coy, 82, wife of Willie Coy, Barterville, Wednesday at home. — Mrs. Myrtle A. Burden, 57, wife of Ernest Burden, Ewing, Tuesday at home. — Leroy C. Rankin, 63, Thursday in an Indianapolis, Ind. hospital. — Ora Doyle, 50, Cynthiana, Saturday. — Will Prather, 63, Friday in an automobile accident. — John Bedford Reed, Sunday at home in Litchfield, Ill.

Thursday, November 5, 1942

The sale of War Bonds and Stamps in Nicholas County during the month of October topped the $17,000 mark, James B. Ross, chairman of the Bond Sales in Nicholas County, reported yesterday, exceeding the quota of $10,000.

Dr. and Mrs. T.P. Scott entertained with a family dinner Sunday at home in celebration of their wedding anniversary, Oct. 30; also the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scott of Cincinnati, Oct. 31, and the 80th birthday of Miss Mabelle Scott, Nov. 3.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hilton, Cincinnati, a daughter, Sharon Clay, Oct. 23. — To Mr. and Mrs. B.P. Bogardus, Pikeville, a son, Nov. 2. — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamm, Norwood, Ohio, a daughter, Linda Carol, Oct. 31.

MARRIED — Miss Clara Belle Haley and Frank Campbell McCracken, Oct. 13 in Paris.

DIED — John Holland, 84, Sunday at St. Joseph Hospital. — Mrs. Mayme R. Parrish, Saturday at home in Paris. — William H. Purcell, 72, Thursday.

Thursday, November 9, 1922

An epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria is raging around Sherburne in Fleming County.

Carlisle football team defeated the Maysville team 20 to 7, even though they were without the service of three regulars, Feeback, Fisher and Reed, who were on the injured list. Smith captained the team.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mannie of this county, a son, Nov. 7. — To Mr. and Mrs. W.R. Blount, a son, Everett Herrin, Oct. 31.

MARRIED — Miss Minna Vice and Dello Perry, both of this county, in Maysville on the 4th. — Miss Rosa Belle Huston of Oakland, Calif. and H.A. Galbraith of Winton, Calif., Oct. 7. — Miss Mabel Walton and Robert M. Scott of this city, Nov. 1 at Cincinnati.

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Warren R. Fisher ..... Editor & Publisher
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(Mrs.) Katherine T. Fisher ..... Managing Editor
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Op-Ed page

Got a sinking feeling? . . . magazines, spleen slides burying you

Alarmists worrying about such matters as nuclear holocausts, pesticide poisoning and invasions from outer space may be overlooking much more dire catastrophes.

Consider what some scientists predict: If everyone keeps stacking National Geographics in garages and attics instead of throwing them away, the weight of the magazines will soon sink the continent 100 feet and we will all be inundated by the oceans.

If the number of microscope specimen slides submitted to one St. Louis hospital lab continues to increase at its current rate, that metropolis will be buried under three feet of glass by the year 2224.

If beachgoers keep returning home with as much sand and sea shells on them as they do now, 80% of the country's coastline will disappear in 10 years.

Scientists have the statistics and formulas to prove all this. They have even published them, so they must be gospel truth—as far as science goes.

Some items and quotes are real, reprinted from legitimate journals to illustrate their fanuity. But most articles are parodies written in technical scientific language, complete with diagrams, tables, formulas, mathematical calculations and nonsensical conclusions. Far-reaching conclusions from limited data are a favorite target of one journal.

This journal that explodes a lot of myths and scientific gobbledegook reported the striking discovery that pickles cause cancer, communism, airline tragedies, auto accidents and crime waves.

About 99.9% of cancer victims had eaten pickles sometime in their lives, the article pointed out. So have 100% of all soldiers, 96.8% of communist sympathizers and 99.7% of those involved in car and air accidents.

Moreover, those born in 1839 who ate pickles have suffered a 100% mortality rate.

The glass-shattering calamity in St. Louis, as explained in "The Glass and Spleen Explosions" in the journal is inevitable, because the number of slides at the lab is doubling every 9.49 years.

But there is more trouble for St. Louis, the article added. The same hospital with the slide problem will, in 2224, be handling 8.3 billion spleen biopsies a year.

The ominous predictions about beach erosion are contained in an article the journal will publish soon. By extrapolating measurements of sand on several departing beachgoers, the journal has discovered that within 10 years, 30,000 kilometers, or 80% of the country's coastline, will be carried inland.

But the most ominous article the journal has carried is "National Geographic, The Doomsday Machine," written by one George M. Kaub.

Kaub pointed out that more than 6.8 million issues of National Geographic, each weighing two pounds, are sent to subscribers monthly, and that not one copy has been thrown away since publication began almost 95 years ago.

Instead, copies are "relentlessly accumulating in basements, attics, garages, in public and private institutions of learning, the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institute, Goodwill, Salvation Army . . ."

Soon the geologic substructure of the country will no longer support the load, Kaub predicted. Rock formations will compress, then become plastic and begin to flow. Great faults will appear. The continent will sink and be swallowed up by the seas.

— RM —

His grandmother told nim the story, my informant says, about her grandmother who lived to the age of 97. She had lived through hard times back in the mountains and had always been a frugal woman. On her deathbed she called her oldest daughter to her.

"Mary," she instructed, "I want you to bury me in my black taffeta dress. But afore you do, you take and cut the back out of it and make your own self a dress. It's fine material and it would be a sin to waste it."

"Oh, Mama," said the daughter, "I couldn't do that. When you join Pa in heaven, what will the angels say if your dress hasn't got a back in it?"

"They give us robes to wear in heaven," said the old lady confidently. "And besides, if they don't, the angels won't be lookin' at me. I buried your Pa without his britches."

— RM —

The amber light blinks in the darkened room. It is only a light on a wood processing machine in the office signifying that I had forgotten to turn it off. But it takes on greater significance to the imagination.

Is it a warning of the onrushing future, an omen of things to come?

Until recently, computers have been an abstraction for most of us. They were a convenient scapegoat when bank accounts and bills got screwed up and we could justify it all by saying, "the computer messed up."

But now computers are a part of everyone's life, in our homes, automobiles, in our wrist watches. No one is able to escape them.

A friend bought a new car. When he gets out of the car and forgets to turn off the headlights, a computer chip somewhere activates a recorded feminine-sounding voice message that says, "Your lights are on . . . your lights are on."

At the end of the month the voice will probably say, "Your car payment is due . . . your car payment is due."

Video games are taking the country by storm. Children now sit in our living rooms defending our country from nuclear missile attack in a most casual manner. What is deadly serious business for our country's leaders is reduced to child's play and brings forth little more than an "Oh, shucks" when a Russian missile slips past our outer defenses and vaporizes Chicago.

Soon we can no longer put our dog on the meter reader with a vengeance for causing us to have such high utility bills. Computers will be linked directly to our meters putting in each dollar we owe in their records as soon as we use their juice. We will miss the meter man banging on our doors yelling "meter man" just when we are in the middle of our baths. Through computer technology, we'll never know what hit us until that nasty little print-out is put into our mail boxes.

Tracy Kidder, Pulitzer Prize winning author of "The Soul of the New Machine," argues that the computer has no inherent good or evil. Probably so. The question, however, goes back to the inquiry raised by Ralph Waldo Emerson when he asked, "Are we to become tools of our tools?" Architect Frank Lloyd Wright put it a little differently when he warned of grabbing the axe by the blade instead of by the handle.

Central heating was a wonderful invention. An adverse consequence, however, was that families no longer huddle around the pot-bellied stove where they had occasion to talk to one another and get reacquainted while they got warm.

Along came television. Briefly it brought us back into the same room, but in passive silence. Now, with several TV sets throughout the house, we are scattered in passive silence. We don't get out of the house and mingle with neighbors much, or go to meetings or concert at the corner drugstore. Because of TV we probably know much more about the world, but less about the worlds we live in.

Perhaps there is nothing ominous about the amber computer light blinking in the darkened room. On the other hand, perhaps the amber light should be changed to a red one.

Onward, ups and

An editor's random thoughts...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
November 11, 1937

And so the Summer is gone. "Chill November's early blast" lays bare the green fields and the golden garments of my sugar maples are piled about their feet like russet gowns slipped from the shoulders of lovely ladies. Stark branches now, where a little while ago the Summer's wind whispered through glossy leaves that sheltered the romance of singing birds.

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray.

Naked arms upcast as if in prayer now against the torment of icy winds and sleet. Yet dignity abides with my maples still — and hope — for all through the long Summer days the alchemy of sunlight and air has been at work and deep, deep down in the warm earth the life blood pulses. There will come another Spring.

A promise this, it seems to me, that one may see in bare branches, in serre fields and the lowering skies of November, if one but look. For in truth the season is not sad. Now Nature, like a tired mother, rests for a moment in the fulfillment of her fecundity, rests in a semblance of death that is but the beginning of refreshing sleep. Ever when I see the leaden skies and the bare branches of November and my spirit depends with the melancholy that mankind attaches to the fall of the year, there come to mind these lines by Alice Cary:

"Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.
Hope here, it seems to me. Toward a surety of deathlessness man has stretched eager hands always. May it not be that Nature holds the glass for him to see?

•••

Perhaps it is because of these thoughts that there came to me all the little blue flames began to dance and the embers of my hearth fire to glow red and midnight was not afar off, a line here and there from Bryant, a poet of whom I like to think as one who "looked through Nature up to Nature's God." So that I find his book and read:

The groves were God's first Temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems — in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over them, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

In this corner...

Indian women and their messages

by Jim Butler Wanke

Each culture has its own way of delivering messages to others. For example, in many western countries a wedding band worn on a man's left hand, indicates he is married.

But in India the system is a little different. I had a chance to talk to Jas Sekhon the other night, who came to this country from India at the age of 24 in 1966. He is now the Executive Director of the Bluegrass Area Development District.

"In my home country," Mr. Sekhon said, "when you see a woman with a dark spot of clay high in the middle of her forehead, that means she has been to the temple to pray and the priest has put it there."

"If you see an Indian lady with a dark spot down between her eyebrows, it is part of her makeup," Mr. Sekhon continued, "but it also means she is a happily married woman."

"And if you see an Indian woman with red on her hair where it is parted down the middle in front, it means she is not only a married woman, but she is also contented with her spouse."

Quite an interesting system, don't you think? Various messages can be delivered without a word being spoken, depending on the absence or the presence of the spot and the hair coloring.

Jas Sekhon is a native of New Delhi, which he describes as a "very densely populated city" like the Bronx.

"I came to this country because the people in the United States are rational in their lifestyle and in their thinking," Sekhon said. "In India so much of society is governed by extremely deep-rooted religious beliefs in a very feudal system."

"That is why change comes so slowly in India."

Sekhon studied at UK and while on a business trip to Hawaii met and subsequently married Miriam Amick Sekhon of Columbia, South Carolina. They now live in Lexington.

Mr. Sekhon was in Carlisle last week to help finalize the arrangements whereby Jockey International, owners of Blue Grass Knitting and Blue Grass Industries in Carlisle will be able to borrow as much as $4 million, using Industrial Revenue Bonds to get a lower interest rate, so they can renovate their factories here.

Sekhon was also partially responsible for setting up the arrangements whereby the $700,000 Gas Line Renovation Project became a reality here.

•••

About as close as I can get to India is that my wife is 1/16th Cherokee. Every time she does something I don't like, she tells me it's her "Indian blood" coming out! The older we get, the more she blames on it.

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