Opinion

Free speech is a free press

Our country as we know it could not survive, if it were not for the free press, which includes The Carlisle Mercury.

This is National Newspaper Week and time for us to reflect a bit on why newspapers are important to this country, this county and this city.

Of course, people read the newspaper because it tells them things they want to know about the community. But there is a lot more to it than that.

Our founding fathers knew that a free press was indispensable to a free society. The Carlisle Mercury is part of the checks and balance system that keeps this country's government relatively honest.

Would Richard Nixon have been impeached or would Watergate have ever been made public without two enterprising reporters of The Washington Post? Probably not.

Would the mental, sexual and financial excesses of numerous congressmen have come to light without a free press? Probably not.

Would some public officials abscond with public tax money, if it were not mandatory to publish the financial statements of city and county? Probably. Two county officials have been indicted in eastern Kentucky within the last 12 months on charges of malfeasance in office.

The sunshine law, or open meetings law, helps to protect the public, because the news media must be informed, at least 24 hours in advance, of any meeting of any public body supported by tax monies. This law was passed because the public's business was being done in private.

In Hitler's time, he controlled the press. And any newspaper that didn't publish what he liked, found the Brown Shirts at their door the next night with lighted torches and axes to destroy the presses and the building.

A free press is free speech. The right to say what you think, and to print it too, without fear of being thrown in a dungeon or sent to Siberia.

Yes, we can thank our founding fathers for realizing that a free press and free speech are the great protective mechanisms of the American Society.

We must fight to keep our society this way and to stop any attempt by public officials to muzzle the press, so that the dishonest few in Washington and Frankfort and even in some local courthouses, cannot turn the public good to their own personal advantage.

A recent attempt by politicians in Frankfort to abolish the requirement for publishing the annual financial statements of cities and counties is an example. Any public official who makes a decision that he is afraid to see in print should not be in office.

No more kissin' says Khomeini

East is East and West is West, and the twain never seemed farther apart than they have since Islamic fundamentalists took over the government of Iran and began trying to root out Western influence on the morality of the country.

The latest edict from the puritanical Iranian parliament, according to a dispatch from Reuters news service, is a ban on kissing for pleasure, punishable by 100 lashes.

Whether this succeeds in stamping out kissing may depend on whether Western ways are rooted out of the legal profession in Iran.

A lawyer who went to law school in America will know exactly how to defend an accused kisser. He will first plead that his client was temporarily insane, driven to distraction by the inviting eyes of the other party, a clear case of diminished capacity to distinguish right from wrong.

If that fails, the defense will argue that the motive for the kiss was duty, not pleasure. The two parties were actually distant cousins, rushing to embrace after a long separation.

The last resort is to attack the credibility of the witnesses. Did they actually see contact by the lips? Can they be sure that the accused was not removing a speck from the eye of the alleged recipient of what they rashly presumed to be a kiss?

The new law may make it tough on lovers, but these are great days to be a lawyer in Iran.

Diplomacy and hypocrisy

Having lost his temper in apparent haste, President Reagan seems now to be repenting at leisure over the needless quarrel that he started with this country's European allies over the Siberian natural gas pipeline. Neither the president nor any of his team are admitting that Washington went too far in clamping an embargo on the export to Moscow of U.S. technology by European firms, but their more sensible actions of recent days belie their understandable reluctance to make any public mea culpas.

Trade representative William Brock has been in Europe trying to smooth some very ruffled feathers. Whether he and other administration officials are succeeding is hard to tell, since both sides are muffling whatever blows they still may be striking with a lot of polite blather.

That is all to the good. Diplomacy and hypocrisy always have been first cousins, and this is one of those cases where a little hypocrisy might easily be taken for statecraft. The United States has narrowed the scope of the sanctions, which is a step in the right direction, and this country now seems committed to applying them equally against each European firm involved. Those are steps in the right direction. Finding a way to remove them altogether — or, better yet, to remove them without appearing to — would be a little trickier, but would be an adroit maneuver well worth the effort.

Letters from our readers

Former resident sends old picture

(The following letter was given to us for printing by Dorothy Sundys.)

Dear Dorothy Sundys:

Here is a copy of the photograph I showed you when you visited up here in Boston this summer.

I have made a copy on our office copy machine so that I could indicate the only three people I can identify. Perhaps you and your friends in Carlisle may recognize some of the others, including some of the children. So far as I can guess, this photograph must have been taken around 1928 at the side of the Carlisle Christian Church.

When I had the copy made it occurred to me that perhaps the Carlisle Mercury might just be interested in printing it to see if anyone could recognize people in it, so I had the print made as a "glossy" print which is what the newspapers need.

I am still reading at the "History of Nicholas County" book you so kindly sent me, and am finding out a lot of fascinating things about people I knew way back when we were there. Again thanks for sending it to me.

Please give my best wishes to anyone you may see in Carlisle who may remember who the heck William Schwann was. Aire-Maija joins me in sending our best wishes to you.

Sincerely,
William Schwann
Boston, Mass. 02116

(Editor's note: The photo is printed elsewhere.).

Ms. Tapp writes

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Enclosed is money order for $10 for which please send me The Carlisle Mercury.

I have missed it so very much this last year.

Thank you.

Pauline Tapp
Ogden, Utah 84403

(Editor's note: Annual out-of-state subscription is $12.)

Agree or not

John Y's common courtesy is missing

by S.C. Van Curen

The dedication of two projects in which the state has invested millions sharply demonstrates the difference in the old politics and the "new politics" brought by Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. and his administration in Kentucky and Company.

From all public appearances it seems to be a thorough and clean split from the past administrations. The usual amenities and common courtesies extended in the past have not been extended to Gov. Julian Carroll or other former governors. They have not been invited to public festivities as honored guests.

The multi-million dollar galleria born and nurtured during Carroll's administration was dedicated recently in Louisville, but Gov. Carroll's administration or the governor personally have not been invited as guests. When asked if he had been invited, Carroll said, "Not to my knowledge." The same holds true of the state Library building in Frankfort.

Money committed

Kentucky committed $8 million to the Galleria and a total of $10 million for the State Library. The building cost was $7.5 million and the balance was for furnishings, utilities and other costs. These figures were furnished by the Finance Department.

The former governor and his wife were invited as special guests to two private dinner parties given by individuals and firms associated with the Galleria, but not to the public dedication ceremony.

Carroll and his wife also were honored guests at a dinner party given last Thursday night at Frankfort Country Club given by Vernon Cooper, chairman of the State Library Board.

Cooper was chairman of the board that planned the new library with Carroll.

Past governors have extended courtesies to former governors, even of the opposite party. Governor Wendell Ford invited former Gov. Louie B. Nunn to the dedication of the Southern Parkway that Nunn started.

Gov. Nunn invited Gov. Edward T. Breathitt to state functions as an honored guest.

Ford also invited former Highway Commissioner Eugene Goss to the dedication of the bypass at Harlan that Goss started during the Nunn administration.

Gov. Carroll invited Ford to the dedication of the Human Resources building in Frankfort.

The Library is the last public building funded by the state. State construction provided several jobs during the Carroll and Ford administrations and unemployment figures were among the lowest in the nation at the time. Federal sharing funds provided much of this since this money was spent on projects with non-recurring costs.

The East-West connector road from U.S. 127 on the West to U.S. 60 on the East provides access to the Capitol and to the Human Resources buildings without traveling on Frankfort's busy streets. This was another project for Frankfort built during the Carroll administration.

The Brown administration is remodeling the Governor's Mansion and building a bypass on U.S. 127 at Alton that will be of help to Frankfort.

These have nothing to do with courtesy to former administrations. Did someone say sophistication?

Down Memory Lane

Carlisle, Georgetown tie, 7-7

Thursday, October 18, 1962

The Wayne Body Company advised the Nicholas County Board of Education that the two new 54 passenger buses purchased for 1962-63 will be ready for delivery next week. The delivery was delayed on account of a strike at the factory earlier in the year.

Children from Nicholas County may attend the newly opened nine-month Development Center in Cynthiana sponsored by the United Cerebral Palsy of the Bluegrass.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Haymond Fryman, Ewing, a daughter, Vickie Lynn, Oct. 8 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Judge, a daughter, Monica Lynn, Oct. 12 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Henderson, Mt. Olivet, a son, William Michael, Oct. 12 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Moore, a son, Ricky Ray, Oct. 2 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Max Judy, Millersburg, a son, Michael Bruce, Oct. 4 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Pauline Riggs and Charles C. Minter, Jr., at the Methodist Church in Maysville.

DIED — Mrs. Sarah Ann Richardson, 86, widow of David Richardson, Wednesday at her home in South Irvine. — Hugh Martin Campbell, 74, Lexington, Sunday at the Veterans Hospital. — William M. Whirles, 87, Thursday at the home of a son, Martin Whirles.

Thursday, Oct. 15, 1942

William Power, who has been employed at The Carlisle Mercury, resigned this week and has taken over the Standard service station formerly run by Everett Smith.

BORN — To Lt. and Mrs. Charles Aull, a daughter, Charlotte Holmes, Thursday at Good Samaritan Hospital in Lexington. — To Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Watkins, a daughter. — To Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Parker, Walton, a son, Oct. 8. — To Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Jackson, a son, John Thomas.

MARRIED —Mrs. Mayme Kimes Kenney and Hord Crouch, Saturday at the Christian Church by the Rev. Estal L. Taylor.

DIED — John H. Williamson, Friday at Garden City, Mo.

Thursday, Oct. 19, 1922

Carlisle High School played the Georgetown Buffaloes, ending in a 7-7 tie. Feeback scored for Carlisle on a five-yard buck off tackle.

Election officers for November election were named by the committee composed of John Harvey, George D. Scott and Sheriff James Gaunce.

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Op-Ed page

And if you are with her . . . you will wait . . . and wait . . . and wait . . .

There are things a woman can do well. And there are things a woman cannot do well.

You'll see a woman race up and down 12 aisles and fill two grocery carts with enough food in 30 minutes to feed, a small army while, at the same time, slapping the hands of a gaggle of children who are trying to snatch everything in sight off the shelves.

When unexpected company arrives a woman can whip together a gourmet meal in 15 minutes without mussing her eye makeup or putting a wrinkle in her dress.

But put a purse in a woman's hands and time stands still; rhyme and reason take a holiday.

In the supermarket, she will place her goods on the counter. While doing so the clerk will ring up each item separately. When the entire total is rung up, tax added, and the clerk dutifully says, "That will be $5.27, please," the woman then will reach for her purse.

She will open the purse, fumble through it and bring out her wallet. She'll snap the purse shut now that the wallet is out. She'll then unsnap the wallet, take out a bill, unsnap the wallet shut, reopen the purse, put the wallet back in the purse, snap the purse shut, put the purse back on her shoulder, and hand over a $10 bill.

Next, like clockwork, the woman shopper will say, "Wait, I think I have change."

She will then take the purse off her shoulder, unsnap it, fumble through looking for the wallet, grab the wallet, shut the purse, snap open the wallet, unsnap the change pocket inside, and take out two pennies.

Now she'll shut the change purse, snap shut the wallet, put the wallet back in the purse, snap shut the purse, put the purse back on her shoulder, and hand the clerk the two pennies.

The clerk will hit the buttons on the register, the bell will ring, the cash drawer will open. Then the clerk will turn to the woman customer and say, "And here's your change, ma'am."

The woman will take the four $1 bills and quarter out of the clerk's hand, grab her purse, unsnap the purse, fumble for the wallet, snap closed the purse, unsnap the wallet, open the coin pocket, put the quarter inside, snap the pocket closed, open the bill holder, put the bills inside, snap close the wallet. Now, reopen the purse, put the wallet inside, snap the purse, put it on her shoulder, grab the bag and walk out.

What will a man do? He'll take his purchase to the counter with a $10 bill in hand, put the items and bill on the counter. The clerk will grab both, register the purchase and provide change. The man will stuff bills and coins in the pocket uncounted and walk away.

Arriving at home, Mom is at the door. Dad reaches into his pocket and gives her the change. What does Mom do? First, she reaches for her purse, unsnaps the purse, fumbles for the wallet . . .

— RM —

More and more older women today are choosing to establish themselves in a job or career. They are weary of seeing their husbands and children taking off every morning and leaving behind dirty dishes, unmade beds and the dog whining to go out.

One Chicago woman told about, arriving at this momentous decision to get a glimpse of the real world and what happened when she answered a help-wanted ad.

On arriving at the designated place I was shocked to find that 30 other women were already there, all filling out job applications. I did the same, although it was a strange, new experience for me:

- Name, address, telephone number (the company wants to be sure you know who you are).
- Mother's name, father's name. (Do they want to know if I'm legitimate?)
- If married, what is husband's work? (My husband isn't looking for work; I am).
- Children's names and ages. (That's why I applied for the job in the first place—to forget about the kids).
- Height, weight, age. (Age is irrevelant. Height and weight are only discussed with my doctor behind closed doors).
- Diseases. (I try to avoid them and crying babies.

How did you find out about the job? (What a stupid question. They placed the ad).

- Do you ever steal, drink or gamble? (Occasionally).
- Previous work. (Rolling bandages in World War II).
- Reason for leaving. (The war ended).
- When can you start? (When do you want me?)
- Salary expected? (Yes).
- For office use only. (I never did find out what went into this place, unless it was for the rubber stamp that reads, "Reason for seeking employment not sufficient).

— RM —

There are some things you do not do if you are a prudent person:

- You do not confront a 250-pound night club bouncer and tell him, "I don't think you're so tough, and if you'll step outside you will find out."
- When your wife models a party dress she just bought, you do not say it would look better on Gina Lollobrigida.
- You do not tell an ugly truck driver that he has the kind of map not even Rand McNally would accept.
- You do not tell someone inadvertently trapped in a sauna to quit complaining and sweat it out.
- You do not ask the owner of a trash hauling business if he ever gets down in the dumps.
- You do not tell your neurologist that he is getting on your nerves.
- You do not go uninvited to a Ku Klux Klan meeting and tell the assembled members that you'd like to shortsheet every one of them.
- When your wife asks your opinion of her latest professionally-styled coiffure, you do not say you have seen better hairdoes on poodles.
- You do not ask your hostess for her recipe for cauliflower soufflé and when she smiles and asks whatever for you do not say you want to send it to the Department of Health to see if it contains something toxic.

— RM —

Parents can rejoice — well, maybe.

A psychologist in Florida thinks he has found something to make babies stop crying. He says infants will stop crying when they hear a recording of their own wails.

"It's incredible that an infant as young as 20 hours can discriminate his own cry from that of another, especially when many adults cannot recognize their own voices on tape. How the babies do no one knows.

The doc tested newborn infants under a day old, most of whom could not have learned very much and probably never had heard another baby cry. Different crying infants were recorded and the tapes played back to both calm and crying babies.

Babies cried when they heard another baby cry, and babies who already were crying, cried even more. But the same crying baby, upon hearing himself on tape, immediately quieted, the psychologist reported.

I tried it on our granddaughter and it worked, at least for a few minutes. But when you have wet diapers and an empty stomach even the wonderfully soothing effect of your own voice can last only so long.

When I tried the same experiment on my wife while she was crying about nothing to wear and the washing machine on the fritz, it quieted her, too. "See," she said, "even the tape recorder is agreeing with me, so when are you going to do something about what we want?"

Onward, upward.

Random thoughts of a country editor...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
October 14, 1937

Newspaper perennials they are, though they know neither winter nor spring, summer nor fall in their blooming. Surely, one thinks, everyone in the world has read that story whereupon a chuckling subscriber brings one of them in, and into print it goes.

An old favorite reappeared in Kentucky recently and is going the rounds of the freak egg and big turnip columns which our city neighbors print as typical of the county press. We saw it first in a high school publication in 1904. Doubtless it was of mature age then, for it seems to have lost several of its feet in the version now appearing. Twenty-one years ago it made the rounds thus:

I kissed her on her rosy cheek . . .
Twas but a harmless frolic
But now I've been laid up a week.
They say with pointer's colic!

And then there is Old Faithful, perennial, sempiternal, which starts, "How dear to our heart is the faithful Subscriber," which used to exhaust the eight-point dollar marks in the old hand-set days. Coming back as surely as the robin every spring is the one about the fair lady who "kneaded bread with her gloves on," upon which ye editor rises to allow that he "needs bread" with his hat, shoes and other articles of wearing apparel worn. I haven't seen our old friend, the firefly-bed-bug lyric, except in time-yellowed files of The Mercury, for several years now. It's high time this old classic started again on its peregrinations, so here goes:

The butterfly has wings of gold.
The firefly has its flame —
The bed bug has no wings at all.
But he gets there just the same!

More fitting to a world which shows some tendency to swing back to the romantic or at least to "swing," is another ancient favorite. One knows it's old, for one is led to believe by what he hears (and sees) that the matter of "asking permission" went out about the time the turkey-trot came in, that is, if the necessity of such formality ever has been recognized by master craftsmen in this particular branch of the art of printing. Anyway it is a brave little jingle and most apropos when the roses bloom and the perfume of honeysuckle wafts across a moonlit porch. Here's resurrecting:

I asked her if I might print a kiss.
She nodded her sweet permission —
So we went to press.
And I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

But speaking of the heat, which I was not, (though the sudden change from near-winter to almost summer, as this is written, may have been the cause of this cerebration, if any) rosy cheeks and painter's color and kissing and all reminds me of a pert stanza of my own, now a 12 year old, which must have been an "annual." It never came back credited to someone else; in fact it never came back at all, so there is nothing left for us but to start it on its way again, hoping that it is, after all, "rank" enough to become a perennial.

The rose glows in her damask cheek
And yet she needs no fan —
To not be outdone she takes it so.
But rouge, brunet. Dorn

...

With the incorrigible spirit of procrastination which besets many of us who follow, for better or for worse, the plaguing urge to spoil good white paper with words, mumbled according to feel — by this writer, at least — into sequences that he hopes will be more or less pleasing to readers of these rambling writings, I put off until the last possible moment what all too often of late becomes a task that amounts to drudgery. And so, gentle sir and I hope forbearing — reader, you will remember, if the style limps and the thought, if any, loses coherence, that here a man has come in to buy a nickel's worth of old papers, that here the writer has been asked over the telephone if he wishes his Sunday suit sent to the cleaner's; that there he has taken down, with difficulty — growing just a trifle deaf as "Time begins to trot withal" — a telephoned "personal" item; that where the sequence seems to

To be continued next week

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

The World's Fair is a mixed bag

Two thoughts stand out from my one day visit to the World's Fair last week in Knoxville — (1) There are a lot of fascinating exhibits to see, (3) if you're willing to wait in line for hours to see them.

We did get to see the great Chinese Pavilion. We got in line at 9:20 a.m., and the pavilion opened at 10 a.m. We finally got inside at 10:35 a.m. — a one hour and 15 minute wait. Later in the day the line was much worse.

We saw the oompah-pah band in the re-created German biergarten and it was good. We also paid $25 for two salads, one bowl of soup and three beverages at the Hungarian Restaurant. Exhorbitantly high, we thought.

We got to see the Saudi Arabian exhibit, because there was only a half an hour wait in line. We did not get to see any others that were worth anything, because the lines were just too long. That included the French, Mexican, Peruvian and Korean exhibits. They must have been great, judging from the length of the lines, but I will never know.

The European exhibits stunk. The European Common Market had banded together, with their highly technical exhibits right next to each other in a garish color scheme and displays that only an engineer could understand.

You stood in line for everything and that included going to the bathroom!

Fair warning to the females: if you intend to go (to the World's Fair) before October 31, the fair closing date, you must make a decision, while there, to go to the bathroom about 15-20 minutes ahead of time, because that's how long you'll have to stand in line.

This decision making, for my family at least, caused more panic than anything else, because none of the women in my family are accustomed to making bathroom decisions until 5 to 15 seconds beforehand.

Another rule for the World's Fair is take plenty of money. We spent $150 in seven hours and didn't do anything but stand in line and walk. You will be pleased to know that all the shops take Visa and Mastercard. Only a few take American Express.

They will stamp the back of your hand in a distinctive purple color to prove you had a ticket, so you can go back out the main gate and return to the fair if you wish.

But there were some good things. In the Chinese exhibit a young man who spoke English would do your family name, or first name, in Chinese calligraphy on rice paper for $1 and you could take it home with you. We had our family name Wanke done and we will frame it and put it on the living room wall, so guests will ask us about it and we can go through our World's Fair story again.

Good shopping

There are a lot of great shops, featuring items for sale from many foreign countries at which my wife and daughter went ga-ga. It was also fun to ride in the little Swiss cable cars over the tops of the spectators, but you didn't want to do it very often because it was $2.50 one way.

Our Appalachian image

While standing in line, we met numerous folks from other states, all of whom were highly impressed with some authentic mountain musicians who were performing at the fair. These folks from the east coast had, of course, heard all the stories about poverty-ridden Appalachia and poor Kentucky and Tennessee, with pigs in every living room, hillbillies and inbred and children in dirty diapers who walked the roads.

So they were right astonished that we had authentic bluegrass and gospel musicians who were doggone good!

If nothing else happened at the World's Fair, the image of eastern Kentucky and Tennessee from I-75 to Virginia might have gone up a little in the minds of folks from other states.

And we needed that.

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