Opinion

Will there be a Medicare?

One of the tasks of the administration's new Advisory Council on Social Security will be to study the looming problems of the Medicare trust fund which, though healthy now, is being depleted at a rate that signals trouble in the near future. Medicare outlays increased by 21.5 percent last year, significantly faster than the 16.5 percent increase in the overall national health bill, mostly because of the 17.5 percent hike in hospital bills. At that pace, according to Social Security trustees, Medicare funds will run short in five years if the economy remains stagnant, and by the early 1990s even if the economy recovers.

Already the administration and Congress have tried to slow the drain, approving $12.8 billion in Medicare cuts over the next three years largely by reducing hospital payments. But as the nation's aging population grows, simply curbing the rate of increase in hospital and other medical costs probably won't be sufficient to maintain Medicare's economic balance.

The newly formed advisory council will need to examine such questions as whether Medicare should be funded principally, as it is now, from Social Security payroll taxes, or partly or wholly from general revenues, as some propose. A more fundamental question that hasn't been thoroughly explored is whether the formula for allocating payroll tax revenues to Social Security's three trust funds may require revision; revenues for the old age and survivors fund have fallen seriously behind payouts, while the Medicare and disability funds enjoy surpluses.

It's encouraging that the advisory council is going into the Medicare situation now, so that something constructive can be done before that program reaches the kind of crisis besetting the pension fund. The council's work should be coordinated with the current study by the president's National Commission on Social Security Reform, since what happens to Medicare will have impact on the overall retirement program.

However, it seems clear that without major changes in the nation's health delivery system — particularly without more effective methods of controlling health care costs — permanent solutions for Medicare's problems are likely to remain as elusive as those for the trouble-ridden Medicaid program for the poor. For now, the best hope is to devise politically acceptable expedients to see Medicare and the rest of Social Security through the short term. The longer-range problems of both retirement benefits and health care call for restructuring not only Social Security but the way this nation assures its citizens of all ages adequate, affordable health care.

Violence on TV

We're appalled by decisions of the television networks to continue programming as usual in spite of the National Institute of Mental Health report that found "overwhelming evidence" that violence on television leads to aggressive behavior among children and adolescents.

The report was the result of a careful evaluation by the well-respected NIMH of more than 2,500 independent studies of television that have been conducted over the past decade. In one of these studies, researchers found that "conflict with parents, fighting and delinquency were all positively correlated with the total amount of television viewing." Other experiments showed similar correlations.

It's not surprising that ABC, NBC and CBS are ignoring such persuasive evidence. Once again, the networks are choosing to cater to a perceived public thirst for violence in their breakneck pursuit of higher ratings and more revenue. Recalcitrantly, they repeatedly condemn reports like the NIMH's, calling them biased, then commission supposedly unbiased employees to do their own research. Preliminary results of NBC's in-house investigation finds "no significant association between television exposure and subsequent change in aggression."

The NIMH's findings seem far more likely. It is easy to believe that impressionable youngsters who sit transfixed in front of the tube for hours every day are dramatically affected by the violent behavior they see from the television characters who are their generation's heroes. What's more, many reported about the absence of aggressive behavior among children who live outside the United States in countries where murder and rape don't dominate the television screens.

Because the networks so disdainfully disregarded the NIMH report, they will likely do the same to a sociologist's study from the University of California at San Diego that shows when characters in television soap operas commit suicide, there's a noticeable increase in suicide nationwide. After all, the soaps are big moneymakers for the networks, and profits are their first — and, too often, their only — concern.

If the networks continue to ignore important research that shows the dangers of television violence, viewers and advertisers must act on their own. If they are convinced, as we are, that televised violence has an adverse effect on its viewers, especially young ones, then they can and should deliver a message that the networks can't ignore.

An effective measure would be a large-scale boycott of violent television programs until networks show a willingness to responsibly address the consequences of their programming. That would concentrate viewer dissatisfaction on the networks' ratings and wallets — where they would notice it first.

Letters from our readers

Harvey Sloane endorses Don Mills

To The Carlisle Mercury:

It is no secret that we are in the midst of a deep recession. This November's general election is sure to be one of the most crucial voting decisions in recent history.

An economic recession is not discriminatory. It strikes all sectors of our Commonwealth — from the banker to the gas station attendant to the neighborhood paperboy. I believe that our nation is at a crossroads...within the next few years we must make important decisions that will affect our individual communities, our commonwealth, and our nation as a whole for decades to come.

The 6th District is an area full of potential. Your economic resources, such as an excellent workforce, dynamic [illegible] and natural resources must be capitalized upon. In order to fully take advantage of these assets, there must be a strong partnership between all levels of government and the private sector.

Step one is to elect a capable leader, one who has the ability to work well with all levels of government, the private sector and the voters of the 6th Congressional District.

This November, 6th District voters have the unique opportunity to achieve step one. Don Mills, the democratic congressional nominee, has the experience to do the job right. Don's outstanding educational background, coupled with his distinguished professional career make him a leader with no peers. Don Mills will be a congressman for all the people, not just a privileged few.

I urge all registered 6th District voters to capitalize on this opportunity, and send a true representative of our commonwealth to Washington.

Harvey J. Sloane
Mayor of Louisville

Mercury for Mark

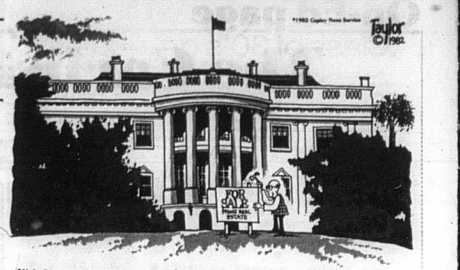
To The Carlisle Mercury:

Well, another year has passed. So will send Mark's good old Carlisle Mercury to him and Barbara for another year. They enjoy reading it from page to page and you do keep them up on the news here at home. When I go to tell them something they say "Oh, we read that in the Mercury."

It is better than a letter from home for I know I could never write all the news that you all do.

So thanks for the Mercury. You all are doing a good job. Send to the same address at Grayson. They are still in school there.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Allie Vice Sr.



JAMES WATT HELPS U.S. GOV'T. BEGIN LAND SALE PROGRAM *NEWS ITEM*

Agree or not

Running the state like a business

by S.C. Van Curen

Running Kentucky like a business isn't as easy as Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. made it sound when he was running for office.

The governor and his appointees have found that such things as the state's constitution, statutes and precedents get in the way of their personal decisions.

The governor has discovered that the Legislature doesn't always bend down like the average employee in private enterprise. He hassled with the Legislature over legality of the purchase of the Skiesta from the 1980 legislature until 1982 when the lawmakers appropriated the money and made it legal.

He is now in a friendly suit with the legislature over the power of some of the interim legislative committees.

Finance Secretary George Flacher stirred up a hornet's nest over his "cheastification system and "pay for performance" plan that is being opposed by several thousand state employees and eventually may wind up in court. An interim committee of the Legislature last week voted to investigate and make a complete report on the proposed new system.

The governor lost a court battle in trying to strip the elected Agriculture Commissioner of many of his constitutional and statutory authorities. The governor succeeded in some instances.

The 1982 legislature approved more than 130 reorganizational changes in state government, but the governor continues to issue executive orders making further changes, moving some back to the same cabinets from which they were transferred. Seems like he misses the duties with some of the personnel, from cabinet to cabinet.

Transportation Secretary Frank Metts has probably done more changing than any other cabinet secretary.

For example, he moved boating and truck weights policing to the Kentucky State Police, moved the planning division to the University of Kentucky, cancelled the engineering scholarship program agreement with the U.K., did away with the photogrammetry division, sold all photogrammetry equipment, but last a bill in the 1982 legislature to transfer Rural and Secondary Road funds from the Transportation Cabinet to cities and counties.

An interim legislative committee last week decided to look into the elimination of photogrammetry.

Metts last week lost a second suit to Brighton Engineering of Frankfort over an attempt to cancel a contract for bulk fuel inspection service. In another suit last year the court ruled the contract was still in force. In the most recent suit the state was ordered to pay Brighton $301,126 for work since March 1981. The state also was ordered to pay court costs and attorney fees.

Earlier this summer Metts was ordered by a federal court judge to reinstate two highway engineers that he had fired. The engineers have a request now before the Personnel Board asking for back pay for the time they were off and another suit in Federal Court for several millions in damages.

Metts was told in October 1981 by the Attorney General's office that it was a violation of Section 176 of Kentucky Revised Statutes to let a turnkey contract for the construction of a bridge in Shelby County. He went ahead and built it anyway. The Attorney General didn't file a suit, telling the press that Metts had agreed to do only the one contract by that method.

The governor and his wife lost a skirmish last week with the Mansion Committee and some upset citizens when a court injunction was issued by Franklin Circuit Judge Squire Williams Jr. to prohibit the cutting of seven trees on the lawn of the governor's mansion for landscaping to install reflecting pools and a garden patterned after the Versailles Palace in France.

The state was prepared to fell the trees early in the morning before state employees came to work. The hushhush plan leaked out and the court order was acquired late in the afternoon.

Meanwhile, the governor has launched a campaign to "buy American" as State Commerce Cabinet officials journeyed to Canada to try to interest Canadians to invest in Kentucky.

Brown also has a big push on to market Kentucky coal in Italy and other foreign countries, including Japan.

Running the state like a business isn't as easy as saying it.

Down Memory Lane

Lt. Kendall wins shooting match

Thursday, Sept. 20, 1962

Kendall Tussey's guests out of a possible 400 in the 50-meter Smallbore Rifle Prone Position Championship, 1st Lt. Tussey W. Kendall took first place. This match was fired during the second annual Armed Forces International Shooting Competition held at Fort Benning, Ga.

Elmer Moss was injured while backing his car out of his driveway on U.S 68 eight miles north of Carlisle, last Sunday afternoon. He was struck by a car being driven by David Junior Walker, Elmhurst, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCarty and son of Hillsboro, Ohio have moved to a home in the county. They recently purchased the Dale Restaurant located in the Graster Building on Broadway and have taken over the business.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Buckler, Lexington, a daughter, Rita Ann, Sept. 3. — To Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith, Lexington, a daughter, Mary Anne, Sept. 4. — To Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Mathes, a son, Eugene Grant, Aug. 22 at the Argentia Naval Hospital, Argentia, Newfoundland. — Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones Paris, a daughter, Paula Jean, Sept. 11 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Baker, a son, Marc Emerson, Sept. 12 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. William Jones, Germantown, a son, Richard Allen, Sept. 15 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Earlywine, Mt. Olivet, a son, Sept. 17 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Maxine Joy Vargo and John Douglas Baker, Saturday at the Hungarian Reformed Church in Fairport Harbor, Ohio. — Miss Delores Lynne Rawlings and Anthony Lee Sapp, Sept. 1 at the Mount Pleasant Methodist Church. — Miss Gerre Ashton and 2nd Lt. Robert Warren Letton, April 14 in Atlanta, Ga.

DIED — Claude M. Sapp, 66, Thursday at home on Oxbow Pike. — Mrs. Maynie Hunt Darnaby, 73, Sharpsburg, widow of Ben Darnaby, Augsburg in Lexington. — Mrs. Ollie Morris, wife of Samuel Morris, Saturday at home in Forsaythe. — Harvey Franklin Dayton, 74, Friday at home in Dorseyville. — J.W. Shrout, Wednesday at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

Thursday, September 24, 1922

Ramey M. Smith and Windsor Gaunce purchased Saturday from James T. Rogers and Bailey Judge, the Main Street Garage business and have taken over.

A wagon circus, a fortune teller, and a handcuff artist have been among Carlisle's attractions this week.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. James Wagoner of Paris, a daughter, Adeline Jewel, Sept. 12. Mrs. Wagoner was Miss Nina Waugh of this city before her marriage.

DIED — Horace Bell Smoot, 41, Tuesday in Lexington. — Samuel W. Berry, 57, at his home in Virginia. He was formerly of this county.

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Op-Ed page

Class of 30's graduate . . . can roll own, think cheap, will tell all

"Back during the recession of '75, you wrote a fairly decent column about how you, the depression expert, would help lead our people out of the darkness into the promise land," my wife said to me the other night while I was scratching the hide on my head for an idea or two that might fall off with the dandruff.

"I don't exactly know how it went," she said.

"hum a few bars and I'll take it," I told her.

As I recall it, Jerry Ford was stumbling around the White House looking for a prosperous plan, the country was stumbling around looking for a dollar worth 50 cents and I was stumbling around the typewriter looking for an excuse not to waste another piece of paper. The piece went something like this:

"Everybody keeps talking about the recession we're in," my wife said after reading the paper. "Wouldn't it be better to say we're in a very lousy boom?"

"That's a lot like saying Old Charlie Grump, who died last Tuesday, had a little bad luck," I said.

"Maybe so, but things could get a lot worse, you know. Like a real depression. People are hanging onto their money now afraid to spend it. In the depression people couldn't even spend the money they didn't have," she went on.

Right-on, honey," I said. "But one thing for sure: President Ford is better equipped to handle a depression than Herbie Hoover was."

"How do you figure that?"

"President Ford has an army of depression veterans he can call on to take charge and show the country how to handle this sticky wicket."

"You wouldn't be including yourself in this baggy britches brigade, now would you?"

"Why, me? I feel intensely qualified to teach survival tactics in the Depression Corps. Only one fellow in a thousand can roll a cigarette anymore. Hand me your makings and I'll show you how," I said.

"That's going to be quite a come-down for some people, you know."

"I realize the most affluent will not accept makings after years of smoking tailor-made cigarettes. For them, I have the solution. I'll teach them how to shoot snipes. Anyone can tramp along the gutters looking for butts to smoke. You don't pick up the long snipes there. In front of movie houses, at the entrance to basketball gymnasiums, along the first tee on golf courses, there's where you get the snipes."

Ye-ch!" my wife moaned. "You wouldn't teach people to be scavengers and put those filthy cigarette butts in their mouths, would you?"

"Why not? I never said surviving a depression was appetizing. If you want a piece of the good life during those times you can't let a few insignificant germs bluff you out. Besides, butts are better than grapeyine or corn silks any day."

"People could quit smoking," my wife suggested.

"A depression is no time to handle a nicotine fit. And when you are too poor to drink, chase the girls, play poks, or eat, smoking settles the nerves and makes you think you're productive. It also kills your appetite, which is something you don't need during a depression."

"You have something a little more staple in your repertoire of lessons, I hope," she asked.

"Count on it," I told her. There is no end to the goodies I can revive for poordom. Like . . .

✓ How to trim a lamp wick. Not many people know that soaking a new wick in vinegar will keep it from smoking.

✓ With so much free time, you can learn how to play Rook, Euchre and Old Maid. And how to make popcorn balls to chew on while you are wishing for t-bone steaks.

✓ How to bank a fire and use tree stumps for back logs in fireplaces.

✓ How to prime a pump and put a clean salt sack over the spout to catch the wiggletails before you cook them.

✓ The way to wrap gunny sacks around your feet when you go rabbit hunting in the snow.

✓ Show the kids how to have a corncob fight. Soak them in water first and you got a more wicked projectile.

✓ How to keep your head while getting a haircut with hand clippers.

✓ The way to make homemade rootbeer to cover your homebrew operation.

✓ Gather sheep turd, poke and dock for a mess of greens.

✓ How to pick and singe a chicken and keep your stomach under control.

✓ How not to work hard enough to need a deodorant.

✓ How to get on welfare without really looking shiftless.

✓ How to shave with a straight razor and live to tell about it.

✓ How to keep a house clean enough to be healthy and dirty enough to be happy.

✓ When you get a hole in the heel of your sock, how to turn it up top without short-socking yourself.

✓ How to do on a date and make the girl pay her own way.

✓ How to keep preachers away from your house at dinnertime on Sunday and still be a Christian.

✓ How to sit and rock and relax and look younger without it affecting your pension.

✓ How to gracefully go to your eternal rest — by getting a job with the government.

"A depression is no big deal, if you know how to handle it," I said. I figure with my background and experience, the government will put me in the Depression Corps at around 30 grand and I'll show people how to live in poverty. It's the American way. We take care of one another in time of need, you know.

"I'm sorry I brought it up," said Momma.

— RM —

One man has Washington, D. C., figured out pretty well, Here's his answer to the question: "How many Washington bureaucrats does it take to change a light bulb?"

Ten.

One to determine that the bulb is burned out. Another to look for a new bulb. A third one to bring the bulb. A fourth to call the supervisor's office and get permission to replace the bulb.

A fifth to do the paperwork. A sixth to make sure the replacement is the right kind of bulb. A seventh to measure the voltage on the electric line. An eighth to do the installation. A ninth to make sure the bulb is good and tight in the socket. And a tenth to report back to the supervisor that the bulb has been changed and is burning.

— RM —

There are a lot of ways to mark advancing years. You know you are getting old when:

✓ You are the only guy in the office whose ears are outside his hair.

✓ The boss passes you in the hall and for a moment you can't remember his name.

✓ The first thing you think of is a container when the word "pot" is mentioned.

✓ You volunteer to donate blood and the people in charge give you a transfusion.

✓ You begin to take the lyrics of "September Song" to heart.

✓ Someone refers to a 280Z and you think it's a new toothpaste formula.

✓ You go to your high school class reunion and are mistaken for a faculty sponsor.

✓ Your new life insurance policy contains a 90-day warranty.

✓ You go to a movie starring Dolly Parton and pay attention to the plot.

✓ You read the obituary page and feel relieved — then double check by holding a mirror in front of your mouth.

Onward, upward.

Random thoughts of a country editor...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.

Aug. 31, 1932

Lay late and up to the dead calm and silence of a late August morning, out of sorts with the world and nerves awry, so that I am in sorry plight. And so strenuously does my wife put me to take a vacation that at length I am persuaded against my judgment, what with bills and worries and whatnot to be attended to. But at length, in the cool of the evening, my young lad and I set out on the first lap of a journey that is to depend on our feelings at the moment and the object of which is a week's forgetfulness for me, if may be, of the slings and arrows of that outrageous fortune which now assails country print shops.

So in our ancient chariot to Lexington, the young man, erstwhile my little lad, now grown amazingly in length of leg, at the wheel, and I am minded of the time when we drove this road and he slept with head in my lap and able to stretch at full length on the portion of seat left. Only a little while ago that seems and yet the years have passed so refuet that some somehow unwittingly to me. And I think of the picturesque line:

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

And though not spent entirely without hope, of late there has been too little of the hope that is so necessary to contentment in this prosaic world, what with the times all out of joint and worries multiplied and bills unpaid. Hoburn. I wonder if we shall know when we have rounded that corner behind which the seers of finance tell us the prosperous times to which we had become used are surely lurking? Which is one of the thoughts, along with a million worries, that this "vacation" is supposed to push into a limbo of forgetfulness.

...

So to Lexington, where we camp with relatives for a day and night, practicing that thrift, born of the times, which saves tavern bills — till I feel the call of the woods and streams and we are away to the Indian Old Fields and Hollywood Springs, fishing the rocky Lullegrad, where 20 years ago I hung a bass, which grows surprisingly with the years, and ever I labor under the delusion that his progeny yet inhabit the rocky pools. And I do snare a little fellow; but so small that I do not regret losing him as I lead him into the shallows. Hot here, under the willows and the arching sycamores, the ancient oaks and venerable chestnuts, I begin to feel the soothing of the Universal Mother — she who knows naught of books, save in the running streams, whose sermons are carved in stones, whose purposes are immutable and cruel and yet beautiful in their orderly sequences. The trees are silent as compared with June, yet the vivacious wren bubbles his ringing song, a wood pewee calls plaintively and I think that I distinguish the "chicky-tucky-tuck" of the summer tanager, that beautiful fellow of the flaming coat, who loves the wooded knobs. So the evening comes and all the woody smells of the knobs and streams, and thoughts of supper are more enticing than for many weeks. So we drive, 'round the hill and take the woodland trail to old Oil Springs, where the water is more like the old Blue Lick than any I know, though not so strong. And at the Inn we find cordial greeting and supper, mighty tasty, after our potions of sulphur water. And I find old acquaintance and on the porch much talk of mutual friends and other days, until the night grows surprising cool and we are shown to a great old-fashioned room, where a squirrel rifle leans against the rock fireplace and a spinning wheel brings memories of the thrifty pioneer mothers at their linsey-woolsey weaving. There, in a great four-poster bed, to the fiddling of katydids and thoughts of the gallant hunter, Boone, who reading in Gulliver's Travels by his campfire the night before he hopped a neighboring knob and looked down upon the tables-land, as the legend goes, gave the rocky creek its Brobdingnagian name, sleep is wood and won.

...

Up betimes to fish the deeper pools below the Inn, but the weather too hot, or our skill too poor, for not a strike rewards our efforts, though ledges and drifts seem mighty favorable for the lurking place of the fighting bass. At length tired, again to the spring and surprising how much sulphur water one may drink with a pinch of salt added, which improves its flavor greatly. Presently to breakfast and to rest and laze a bit and my young son to swim in the pool back of the Inn, but the water has not the call it did for me once upon a time, when summer waned and every swim was by way of being the last chance for the Indian Old Fields and so to Winchester and from there off the main highway by a shady country road to Lexington.

To be continued next week

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

Writing letters to your congressman

I don't know why, but back in the 1950's the Navy had a warehouse full of communications equipment stored near the Mississippi River.

They didn't use it, it was just stored there.

When the Russians first put up Sputnik in 1957 (remember the first satellite, don't you?)...the United States (who regarded itself as the world technological leader) was shocked enough that our military was ordered to put up a satellite too. And damn quick!

The only branch of the armed service that was anywhere close to being able to do it was the U.S. Navy. If I recall correctly, their satellite program was called Discoverer.

To make a long story short, the Navy didn't have the budget to be able to track this new U.S. satellite, once it got into orbit, so it made a plea for interested amateur radio operators around the country to volunteer their services, build a rather complicated antenna system, expensive receivers, and make recorded tracking tapes of both our satellite and the Russian.

I was one of those interested radio "hams" in 1957 and our little club in Missouri "volunteered" to help the U.S. Navy do this tracking job.

We had some equipment, and knew that the rest of what we needed was in the navy warehouse about one mile from where we lived.

We trooped happily down there and talked to the officer in charge, who promptly said, "no way, no way, can you borrow any of our equipment."

Not even when we explained that his bosses in the Pentagon could we get any response out of this local Navy guy.

Meantime, the Russian sputnik was getting headlines every time it passed over Dubuque, Iowa or Reno, Nevada and the President was getting upset and so was the Navy.

And our little volunteer tracking station didn't have the right kind of receivers with which to do the job. We knew, however, by channels of communication that shall forever remain nameless, that the correct pieces of equipment were laying in idle storage in that warehouse.

Writing your congressman

One of our group, a young science teacher from the high school, suggested writing a letter to our congressman about the whole affair.

Our congressman at that time was Representative Robert Everett (D-Mo.) chairman of the House Appropriations Committee.

We drafted the letter and mailed it on a Thursday.

On Monday morning at 11:30 a.m. the commander at the Navy Depot had me on the phone, telling me we could have any equipment we wanted from his warehouse. All we had to do was come over and pick it out and we could keep it for as long as we wanted!

Olive drab blankets

Just to show you that this system still works 30 years later, we had a problem with a shortage of olive drab blankets one time in the Naval Reserve.

What made some of our group mad was that there were still blankets, but there were 40 of us. So the enlisted quarters clerk did not issue any blankets, even though it was only eight above zero. Her answer was, "if we can't give everyone a blanket, we won't give out any."

So 40 guys shivered all night and the longer we thought about those 34 blankets in the supply closet, the madder we got.

One of our group wrote to his congressman the next day and related the experience.

In about a week there was a huge shipment of brand new blankets to our Bachelor Enlisted quarters.

Power politics really works and it is the basis by which much American business works today. It is based on the transfer of money and influence from one place to another.

The young people, who don't have any money, are always against this system, while the older ones who do have a little money, like it, after they've figured out how to work it.

By the way, you should also be aware of the pitfalls of going over your bosses' heads to get things done. The guy who wrote the letter about the blankets was called into a meeting with his commanding officer about a week after the incident.

We don't know what was said, but he hasn't been promoted since.

He may have to write another letter.

FmHA has new dairy loan rules

The Farmers Home Administration (FmHA) in Kentucky has established new guidelines in evaluating applications that involve requests for Dairy Enterprise assistance, Kendell L. Seaton, State Director for Kentucky, announced that because of the ill effects of surplus milk production nationwide, FmHA will limit credit for the purpose of establishing new dairy enterprises and for the purpose of expanding existing facilities. These new guidelines are effective immediately.

More specifically, Seaton said:

(1) "Loans will not be extended to 'start-up' operations where existing dairy facilities are not present."

(2) "Loans will not be made to existing dairy operations for expansion purposes which are already earning adequate income to provide an adequate standard of living."

Seaton said, "Dairy loans will continue to be made in order to assist young farmers to take over family operations. All states must face the problem of surplus milk production. Careful consideration will be given to each individual case involving dairy loans. For more detailed information, interested individuals should contact the local County Supervisor serving their respective areas."

You can't see a natural gas leak, but you can look for some common signs.

Unfortunately, natural gas is invisible. And by itself, natural gas is odorless. That's why we add a distinctive smell before it enters your home. For your protection. Although natural gas leaks are uncommon, we add that smell so you'll be able to recognize them should one ever occur. There are other recognizable signs, too. And it's important that you know them, and know what to do should you spot one.

Common signs include: A smell of gas inside or outside. A hissing noise. Blowing dirt. Bubbling water over a submerged pipe. Or dying vegetation around service lines.

If you smell gas in or around your home: 1. First check to see if a pilot light or burner may be out. 2. If not, and you still sense a leak, call your gas company. Be aware the source of a gas odor could be external — gas from sewer lines or street mains that could migrate into your premises through walls or drain lines.

If you are inside and the odor is strong: 1. Open doors and windows. 2. Shut off gas appliance valves or meter valve. 3. Don't use matches, electric switches or appliances. 4. Leave the house and call your gas company from nearby and stay there until a representative arrives.

If you are outside in an open area: 1. Eliminate, if possible, potential sources for ignition and leave the area. 2. Call your gas company from another location.

Columbia Gas is concerned about your safety, and we're proud to say calls reporting leaks are few. If you or someone in your family isn't familiar with the smell of gas, call your Columbia Gas office and ask for a scented folder. Together we can keep your natural gas service safe and efficient.

COLUMBIA GAS