Opinion

Andropov and the pope

Did Soviet leader Yuri Andropov order the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II last year?

The idea sounded farfetched when first suggested some months ago. Now, however, it seems quite plausible, and it is even possible that convincing proof may surface.

When the pope was shot, an escaped Turkish murderer, Mehmet Ali Agca, was arrested. At first he refused to talk to Italian officials. But when threatened with being put in an Italian prison, he became afraid and cooperated.

Agca had lived in Bulgaria after his escape. His story led to the Bulgarian secret police and Italy's Red Brigades. It led to the same Bulgarians who had worked with Red Brigade members in the capture of American Brig. Gen. James L.Dozier.

Recently, the Vatican revealed that the pope had sent a letter to former Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev saying he would support the Polish resistance if the Red Army intervened in Poland. This represented a serious threat to Moscow.

At that time, communist chief Andropov was head of the Soviet secret police (KGB). And any assassination attempt by the Bulgarians would have had to have been approved, if not ordered by the KGB.

It sounds like a grade-B movie, and the evidence is far from certain. But these and other clues indicate a strong possibility that the plot was conceived in the Kremlin.

If sufficient proof is obtained to link the Kremlin and Andropov to the murder attempt, it will cause consternation in the Western world, and rightly so. It will create new tensions and emotional responses, and even calls for revenge.

It is important for the truth to be revealed, and if the Kremlin is guilty it must bear the stigma of its crime. It should be shouted from the rooftops so that all people will hear. But world peace is so fragile that even Soviet guilt cannot be allowed to jeopardize the disarmament process or human survival.

The shoe pinches

According to the proverb, you don't have to be a shoemaker to know that that shoe pinches. The Republican governor of Vermont, Richard A. Snelling, put it this way: "We may not be experts on the federal budget, but we ought to be experts on the implications of the federal budget in the 50 states."

The nation's governors always have been reluctant to comment directly, through the National Governors Association, on federal fiscal policies and national defense. The resolution they approved, on a vote of 30-10, is a measure of the desperation they feel over the implications for their states of the Reagan administration's fiscal and defense policies.

As another measure, there is the fact that the 10 nay votes were not cast by Republican governors but by Democrats who did not think it went far enough.

The resolution called on Congress to reduce the growth of military expenditures, to restrain the growth in entitlement programs but to maintain the current level of social welfare spending, and to consider the possibility of increasing revenues — all aimed at reducing the soaring deficits that hamper economic recovery and cause "the already extremely serious fiscal condition of the states" to "continue to deteriorate."

Another Republican governor, James R. Thompson of Illinois, summed up the gist of the message to Washington: "Put your fiscal house in order, or you're going to kill us."

How serious is the fiscal condition of the states? A recent Associated Press survey revealed that 22 states are showing deficits and 33 states have had to raise taxes or are considering the necessity of doing so to make up for cuts in federal support combined with the rise in unemployment and the fall in economic activity.

In Pennsylvania, Gov. Richard Thornburgh, a Republican, has proposed a smorgasbord of new or increased taxes to make up the projected $235 million deficit in the fiscal year ending June 30. If enacted they would be on top of legislation, approved in last November's lame-duck session, that rescinded individual and business tax cuts scheduled to go into effect at the end of 1983.

In New Jersey, Gov. Thomas H. Kean, also a Republican who ran on a strong anti-tax program, had to accept a one percent increase in the state sales tax and a one percentage point increase in the state income tax in order to propose his $6.8 billion balanced budget. In Illinois, with the nation's highest unemployment rate, Democratic Gov. James R. Blanchard has had to roll for an immediate 38 percent increase in the income tax, which would give the state the highest flat-rate personal income tax in the nation.

Yet what is fair about shifting the burden of taxation from the federal level to the states, from the at least potentially progressive federal income tax to the generally regressive state and local tax systems?

Letters from our readers

Salvation Army has appeal

To The Carlisle Mercury:

The Salvation Army's Annual Camp Mall Appeal is now underway. Letters are being sent throughout southwest Ohio and northeast Kentucky asking recipients to support the Salvation Army's summer camp program.

Through the generous response of the community to this appeal, the Salvation Army can provide youngsters in these areas with a week in the out-of-doors at Camp Swonoky.

The camper's day is filled with opportunities for swimming, boating, horseback riding, crafts, hayrides and much more. Camp Swonoky contains a well equipped craft lodge, swimming pool, nature lodge, a farm complete with pond and animals, and the Van Fossen Rainy Day Pavilion, a landscaped shelter with a natural stone fireplace.

Camp Swonoky is located 30 miles northeast of Cincinnati, off Interstate 71, near Lebanon, Ohio. Campers range in age from six to twelve years old for youth camp programs. This year a special senior citizen weekend is scheduled for Aug. 17-22.

Camp Swonoky's large staff of counselors and directors design activities to meet the needs of each group of campers. A nurse is on duty throughout the camping session. Camp Swonoky is an American Camping Association accredited camp.

The Salvation Army asks for your support of the Camp Mall Appeal in your area and is grateful to those who enable young people to experience the healthy camp environment. The Army thanks you for your use of the above information in your newspaper.

Yours very truly,
Major Gerald Spencer
Public Relations Secretary

Answer to Lanum letter

To The Carlisle Mercury:

We would like to express our feelings about a letter published in a recent issue by Mr. Ray Lanum. Mr. Lanum's verses from the Bible were stated correctly but we feel that he interpreted them the wrong way.

For example: Prov. 31:7: "Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more." Mr. Lanum stated this verse as though God permitted drinking. However, if you read Prov. 31:5-6, 7, 8 it states: (Prov. 31:5): "Lest they drink and forget the law and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." (Prov. 31:6): "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts." (Prov. 31:7) "Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more." (Prov. 31:8) "Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction."

As you have read, Mr. Lanum's verse, which he used, is only part of God's statement against drinking. We feel that if you read the other verses Mr. Lanum wrote about, you will find that they too do not state the whole meaning of God's word.

Thank you,
The Junior High Sunday School Class of the Carlisle Christian Church
s/Amy McFarland, president
s/Lesley Duncan

Blames Famularo for liquor vote

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Judge Famularo for not only making a mockery of the judicial system but Carlisle as well.

The judge's decision to allow a precinct local option election has literally divided the town of Carlisle. The sorrows of this illegal election will be felt for many years to come, not by the judge, but by a divided town — a town divided by one man's decision. It is a sad fact that Carlisle's footnote in history may be that of the town which disassembled the local option election laws because of a judge's decision to experiment with the legal system.

Those 824 "dry" votes that were cast on April 16 (for the second time in four months) were also cast against Mr. Famularo's decision. The "drier" won in those four precincts as a whole, precincts hand chosen by the opposition. County-wide, the results of this decision will be a great factor in the upcoming Circuit Court election. I look forward to that election with great anticipation.

Sincerely,
Phyllis Woodall Guthrie

Agree or not

Alexandria-Ashland highway planning continues, while awaiting court suit

by S.C. Van Curon

The Highway Department is proceeding with the design and rights-of-way acquisitions while awaiting Supreme Court decision on the $300 million bond issue to finance the Alexandria to Ashland highway.

The court has set a hearing for May 5 on the suit filed by former Republican State Representative Bruce Blythe of Louisville. The suit claims the bond issue is unconstitutional without a vote of the people although the 1982 legislature authorized it in a bill. Blythe's contention is that no specific revenue source is set aside to service the bonds.

While the AA highway is only part of the five-year package approved by the legislature, it is the crown jewel project of the administration of Gov. John Young Brown Jr.

The 113-mile proposed road will be routed south of the Ohio River from Alexandria near Cincinnati to Grayson where it will join Interstate 64.

Finance Cabinet Secretary Robert Warren said last week the weight-distance truck tax passed by the 1982 legislature probably won't produce enough revenue to meet retirement payments now. It is a growth tax. This tax was passed to provide more revenue for highways and not specifically for the AA road.

He said the weight-distance tax had produced $9.4 million since it became effective last October and produced $4.1 of this credited in March although part of it may have been collected in February.

The average construction costs for roads of the AA type is $2.2 million per mile, a spokesman for the highway department said.

The Finance and Administration department is continuing plans to sell the $300 million in bonds in anticipation of the court giving a favorable ruling. Donald Morse said last week. The rate is favorable now in the 9.5 to 10 percent range.

Warren said it would take between $30 and $35 million a year to meet payments on the 25-year issue.

Gov. Brown promised Northern Kentuckians construction work would begin on two segments of the road before he leaves office in December, a sufficient investment that would require future governor or governors to complete the road.

At a cost of $2.2 million per mile the 113-mile route would consume nearly $250 million of the issue.

The debt retirement would come from general highway department funds, the destination of revenue from the weight-distance truck tax. This is the fine point upon which Blythe is basing his suit.

Kentucky has financed its network of toll roads through bond issues with the toll receipts pledged to funding the bonds. However, few of the roads produce sufficient revenue and the bonds must be subsidized from general highway revenues.

Kentucky's gasoline tax is the chief source of highway revenues. The 1980 legislature changed the rate of the tax from nine cents per gallon to nine percent of the wholesale costs when prices soared above a dollar. However, anticipating a decline in revenues, the 1982 legislature set a minimum tax of 10 cents per gallon while retaining the percentage formula in case prices increase.

Down Memory Lane

Mayor Power declares clean-up week; new armory declared best dance hall

Thursday, May 7, 1903

Readers of The Carlisle Mercury will be honored guests during the opening week of the Night Spring Meeting of the Carlisle Trotting Association. The association is preparing a coupon in this week's paper at the grandstand entrance.

Chairman Bill Dollins has been notified that A.B. "Happy" Chandler will visit in Carlisle May 8 from 3-5 p.m. for the purpose of meeting with people in Nicholas County, on behalf of the Chandler and Waterfield campaign in the primary election in May.

There were 76 cakes made and donated by wives and friends of Dougherty Lodge taken to the Masonic homes. The lodge bought ice cream for each.

Carlisle mayor William Power declares May 1 and 2 as Carlisle and Nicholas County "Clean-up Week" following Governor Combs' declaration to "Keep Kentucky Greener and Cleaner."

BORN — To Sgt. and Mrs. Joseph T. Hammonds, Brooklyn, N.Y., a son, Tracy Tilton, April 7. — To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Garrett, a daughter, Pamela Christine, April 26 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Dotson, Paris, a daughter, Pamela Jo, April 28 at Nicholas County Hospital.

DIED — Homer Harney, 83, Cynthiana, April 24 at Harrison Memorial Hospital. — Omer Thomas Sargent, 67, Montgomery County, April 26. — Mrs. Dora T. Harney, 85, Cynthiana, April 25 at Harrison Memorial Hospital. — Mrs. Lena Leslie Kendall, 67, widow of William Kendall, April 29 at home. — James B. Waugh, 82, April 26 at St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington. — Carren Ann Hammonds, infant daughter of Fred and Frances Markwell Hammonds, Saturday at Nicholas County Hospital. — George Edward Bussell, 61, April 27. — Mrs. Ida McCarty, 84, April 28 at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Stanley Wade.

Thursday, May 5, 1943

Governor Keen Johnson escorted President Roosevelt on an inspection tour of Fort Knox.

The annual Carlisle High School commencement dance is to be held at the new Carlisle Armory. The Armory is considered one of the best dance halls in central Kentucky.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Hunter, Cincinnati, OH, a daughter, Constance May, April 25. — To Mr. and Mrs. John Ham, Dayton, OH, a daughter. — To Dr. and Mrs. Warren Masfred Garrison, Chicago, a son.

DIED — William Wilford Feeback, 78, Wednesday at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — Mrs. Sue Worthington Remington, Friday at Massie Memorial Hospital, Paris.

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Kentucky Weekly Newspaper Association
and
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NNA NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

Op-Ed page

K. Lamity was his name . . . shooting down preachers, public was his game

They don't make newspaper editors like K. Lamity Bonner anymore.

As a young reporter and editor on the old Austin, Texas, Tribune, he decided that the Tribune's owner, George McDonald, was interfering too much with his style of journalism. So he got his Colt .45 and ran the boss out of the newspaper's office.

Each time McDonald reappeared that day in his office, K. Lamity would pick up his six-shooter and make menancing gestures in that direction. The boss didn't stay around long enough to see if K. Lam would shoot him. It finally took a sheriff's posse to fire and roust out the editor.

Then K. Lamity started his own paper, the wild and wooly Harpoon, and spread his wisdom far and wide. A sample: "Never marry into a family where the whole bunch, including the girl herself, are opposed to the match." He did not exactly endear himself to church folks when he wrote, "If I had my way, I would arrest and imprison the next preacher who ate too much supper and fancied he got a call to go to China as a missionary."

Two of his pet peeves were foreign affairs and hard-shelled religionists of the day. He wrote, "Isn't it a measley shame to send hundreds of thousands of dollars to foreign countries trying to convert the heathen, such as those bleeveyed rice chewers in China, when our own cities and towns are crowded with helpless men, women and children in need of food, clothing and fuel. Let's help our own and let the Chinese attend to their own religious affairs."

Some of his sayings were probably too subtle for most folks to grasp, such as this one, "One of the hottest things on this earth is a warmed-over Christian."

When his paper, the Harpoon, began publication in March of 1903, K. Lamity stated his editorial policy in this fashion: "I do not expect to even try to please the public with the Harpoon. If I did I would dance to the public's crazy pipings. I would throw a fit when the public frowned. I would cater to its nonsensical whims, and praise it when it made a reinforced, amalgamated ass of itself."

— RM —

The wife of a college professor I was told about recently had been annoyed by calls she kept receiving from a national drug store which wanted her to take one of their credit cards. She didn't want a credit card and she so informed the solicitor. But the calls persisted.

Finally the lady had had enough. She ferreted out the name of the manager of the store's local branch and that evening, around the dinner hour, she telephoned him at his home.

"Hello there," she said sweetly when she had the manager on the line. "How have you been?"

"Uh, fine, fine," said the manager, "Busy, but OK."

"That's nice," said the lady. "I'm glad to hear you're well." There was a moment of silence.

"We've never met," said the lady. "But I just thought I'd call."

"Oh, " said the manager. "Well, uh, it's dinner time and I have guests . . ."

"I know it's dinner time," said the lady. "But I thought this was the time you liked people to call."

"Uh, what?" said the confused manager.

"Your telephone solicitors call me frequently at this hour and want to sell me a credit card," said the lady. "I've told them I'm not interested but that doesn't seem to matter. They just keep calling. So I've decided that every time they call me, I'll call you."

"Now wait a minute . . ." began the manager.

"I'm going to give you my name and telephone number," said the lady. "And you just pass it along to your telephone solicitors and tell them that each time I'm called I intend to call you. Have a nice day."

The lady hasn't been bothered since.

Dr. Harvey Sloane, who is running for governor of Kentucky, tells about the time—which was 3 o'clock in the morning—a fellow called him in about a belly ache. Dr. Sloane tried to contain himself to his best bedside manner.

The next time 3 a.m. rolled around, Dr. Sloane called the fellow out of bed to ask him, "How are you feeling?"

— RM —

Just as regular as clockwork, once a year a church ladies' society is going to put out a cookbook. Not that the world particularly needs another cookbook. But churches always need money.

Cookbooks are perennial hot sellers. Presumably, at the present cost of living, people can no longer afford to eat, so as the next best thing they like to sit around and read about all those goodies.

Each time those kind cooks of the house decide to share their old family recipes with the world, they beat a path to my door looking for a printer. But we don't print cookbooks. Our requirements are just too high.

First, we like to help preserve ourselves, along with ai those great kitchen treasures. We try to get paid for at least part of our work around the office. Then, too, anything so traditional as a cookbook needs recipes by the finest cooks and gourmets. That's why I insist on including my own recipes in any cookbook I print.

The ladies are usually tickled pink until they read my recipes. Then they turn a pale green and hurry away. With that kind of lack of imagination, their cookbook would probably fall flat on its cover.

Once, for instance, I served a platter of knackwurst sausages with burning dynamite fuses inserted in the end of each sausage. It so delighted my guests that they all had two more cocktails—from a safe distance in my neighbor's basement, before returning for dinner. Actually, this cooks the sausage from the inside out, which is a pretty neat trick, you have to admit.

I had offered the ladies of the churches my favorite non-caloric breakfast appetizer as my contribution to their cookbooks, without much enthusiasm from them. It goes like this: Core a couple of grapefruit halves, then inject two jiggers of sour mash bourbon into the grapefruit skin with a hypodermic needle. Chill overnight in the refrigerator. (The grapefruit, not you, stupid).

When ready to serve, dust the top of the grapefruit with brown sugar and bake until hot. Top with maraschino cherry. This is an especially good breakfast eye-opener to serve guests who were a little late in leaving last night. You should, however, caution them to grasp the bannister firmly as they leave the front porch.

My mother never owned a cookbook and in only 21 years she built me up from an eight-pound weakling to 200 pounds of glowing health. In the same number of years of married life, with a shelf full of cookbooks, my wife barely managed to add a mere 15 or 20 pounds to it.

For years the Bible has been a best seller. You would think a little good would rub off on all the people who buy copies. Same thing with cookbooks. But if the Lord frowns as much on dusty Christians as husbands do on useless cookbooks, a lot of people could be in trouble come judgement day.

Sadly enough, the best recipes are never put in cookbooks. The crusty chuckwagon cook stirring up his own sourdough bread, a sly grass widow gurgling out a generous portion of sherry and pinches of herbs into her pot roast, the backyard chef, who dares to be different by basting his capon in yak butter.

They know a good thing when they taste it and are not going to blab it around to common cheeseboards with dull taste buds. And from now on the church ladies are going to have to get along without my rare recipes.

I may assemble them and send them off to a Tibetan monastery. Then when Ronald Coleman tries to bust out of Shangrila with his well-preserved bride, she won't disintegrate at the first whiff of all that polluted air the world's cookbook cooks have created.

Onward, upward.

RUSS METZ

This that and 'tother . . .

by Warren B. Fisher Sr.
July 16, 1925

"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal."

So Shakespeare, and the writer wonders, in his case, whether Time has been galloping or perchance standing still, that he contemplated a trip to another state to attend the annual summer meeting of the Kentucky Press Association with somewhat of the slyness and foreboding of the country boy preparing to squire his inamorata to his first "party." Can it be that age creeps on apace when one's own bed and board and the careless, coatless, comfortable freedom of the small town makes of home the ideal vacation land, such time as the sun blazes and the air is close and humid? More like it is, in our case, that Time has been standing still withal. But to get about the task of filling a yawning column and tell our readers something of Indiana and West Baden and the habitat of Tom Taggart, we'll admit that the writer pulled himself "out of the rut" with some effort and no little perspiration last Thursday and started in a westerly direction, veering later a trifle to the north.

***

One blistering afternoon some years ago we stepped off a train at San Luis Obispo, in California. It was so hot that the asphalt street wiggled like rubber underfoot. (A young minister of unimpeachable morals was present and he noticed it too.) Well, the asphalt would have wiggled on the streets of Louisville last Thursday at noon, no doubt, had one been so bold as to walk upon it. We didn't try it however, but stuck to the shade. And as we perspired and fanned and sweltered there came the thought of those city youngsters, sleeping in oven-like rooms, in overcrowded tenements, to whom a vacation may come only through the kind-hearted invitation of some country dweller who remembers his or her own youth, who has not forgotten the feel of cool sod to little bare feet, the charm of a winding stream, the adventures to be found in shady woodlands, the restful sleep of cool and airy bedrooms and the delights of wholesome country food. And we vowed a vow to urge the people who read The Mercury that again they invite some girl or boy to spend 10 days with them during the summer.

***

Most everyone knows, of course, that the Bluegrass Kentuckian has an idea that to this part of the state came Adam and Eve wandering disconsolate from their lost Eden and that here finding a soil and climate so like Paradise, they rested. And we have heard it intimated by some self-satisfied and perhaps provincial dwellers in this favored spot that the serpent followed the luckless pair and took up his abode in Indiana. Time was when we believed that, but since then we have read Booth Tarkington's stuff and met Shirley Anderson and we wish to brand the assertion here and now as a miserable myth and a peevish fabrication. Fact is we didn't see a snake in Indiana, nor did we observe the purveying of such stuff as snakes are made of, which is saying a great deal for any state in these scofflawing times. We did see a powerful lot of "crawfish land," but even this merged soon into some really charming fields and gently rolling hills. The corn (not the kind they put in quotation marks and bottles in these parts) but the fields of it were dark green, luxuriant, stretching interminably. And every field and town showed evidence of ceaseless industry. They have it on us there. There were to be seen field after field of tobacco, planning mills everywhere, milk cans piled high at each way station, proof on every hand that a living was being wrested from the soil by energetic toil. The occasional field of tobacco presented a sickly appearance, but one wonders if that, after all, is not a blessing. If the farmer is so foolish as to let the Burley Association die by refusing to pool his acreage again, we may have the opportunity soon to prove the contention of some that tobacco has been a curse to the Kentucky farmer. In such an event a statue erected to the man who refused to cooperate would be comparable to that statue to the boll weevil in Alabama.

***

West Baden nestles among the hills; in fact it snuggles and the cooling zephyrs blow around and shoal the tops and 'tother sides of these hills and try to get in. At least we suppose they do, for none got in so far as we could observe. The hotel is a magnificent structure and plans are under way for numerous additions and improvements on buildings and grounds. Some day, when the writer shall have "saved up" enough money and is the proud possessor of some "evening clothes" "heverything, he means to go back "in season," when the weary wealthy are recuperating and taking the waters and "boiling out."

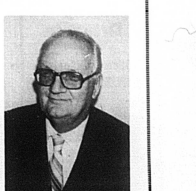
It should be ideal in October, and if we are so fortunate ever as to accumulate a few dollars not needed for taxes and insurance, rents, grocery bills, clothes, paper, ink, wages and a sufficient sum to maintain the dignity of a bank account during a week's absence, we mean to go to West Baden, when the "frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock." We imagine the zephyrs will get by the "Hindenberg Line" around that season of the year, and then, too, we mean to take the waters, which we didn't do this time.

***

The writer was "weaned" on Blue Lick, so to speak; we admit the charm of the Olympian "salt sulphur" and of the mild waters of old Holly and Olympian Springs near our own Indian Fields, but we somehow shied at the ornateness of that highly scented pergola with its mythological names for the bitter waters that came bubbling out of the earth. We were much like the little mountain boy at the picnic of the missionary workers from "the settlements." This lad, it seems, viewed the delicacies of the "furriner" with suspicion; it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to partake of the food at all and after a taste of lemonade, he absolutely refused to drink or eat more. Upon his return from the picnic he was asked how he liked it. "Well I et their pie ma, and I et their cakes, but derned if I could drink them winnuns's likker!"

REVIVAL!
MAY 1 — 6
7:30 P.M. Nightly
First Baptist Church

Dr. Harold Wainscott
Evangelist
Covington, Kentucky



Rev. Karl Smith
Musician
Maysville, Kentucky

Nursery Provided
Revival Choir Rehearsal 7:00 P.M.
Bus Service to and from Green Valley Apartments, Sycamore Hill Apartments

Saving gas by trading at home leaves more cash in your pocket

And when we trade with our neighbors in business they can help more with our area tax load, hire us or trade more with us, and help to keep values up on our property while filling our needs when emergencies confront us.

A healthy community is a mutual aid society wherein its prosperity and growth depend on how consistently its members support it by trading within it.

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