Opinion

Guest editorial...

Television's own nuclear holocaust

by Edwin Feulner

If you were a youngster in the 1950s, as I was, you probably knew people who had bomb shelters in their basement, or at least had considered installing one. But you were unlikely to have lived in fear of "the bomb." In school, there were air raid drills as well as fire drills, but nobody tried to convince you that the end of the world was in sight.

And certainly nobody tried to convince you that the United States was responsible for a pending nuclear holocaust because we didn't have the vision to disarm ourselves and beg for mercy from the Soviet Union.

Ah, the good old days. All that has changed now, thanks to ABC television and their broadcast of "The Day After," a made-for-TV movie that aired Nov. 20.

"The Day After" (which starred Jason Robards) was not a sleazy sex film. It wasn't even a classy one. It featured the residents of Kansas City, Missouri and Lawrence, Kansas, in a grisly and graphic look at life on earth during and after a nuclear attack.

The film sought to be terrorizing. But to a nation jaded by "The Towering Inferno" and "Jaws," it was disappointingly dull. I'm almost tempted to say ABC's nuclear holocaust was one big bomb, creating an audience where the bored envied the dead.

ABC almost took a bath showing the $7 million program. Sponsors were reluctant to touch such a (excuse the expression) "hot" property. But ABC executive Anthony Thomopoulos stressed the network's commitment to airing the film regardless of how many sponsors signed on.

For anyone familiar with the entertainment industry, this seems odd. In a business where profits are the be-all and end-all of existence, no one goes around throwing millions of dollars down the tubes. After all, SOMEONE has to pay for the Guccis, the Mercedes, and the tab at Perino's. So what was ABC's motive — if not another fast buck.

Despite the denials, it looks like the real purpose of the film was the desire by ABC executives to make a political statement: "disarm or die — support the nuclear freeze!"

Why else would they have scheduled it to air just as NATO was starting its deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe — missiles that were requested by our allies to make the Soviets think twice about using the hundreds of missiles they have aimed at Europe?

Star Robards let the cat out of the bag when he commented that making the film "beats signing petitions." And pro-freeze groups, in virtual hiding since the Kremlin again revealed its barbarism by shooting down Korean Air Lines Flight 007, were ecstatic. "ABC is doing a $7 million advertising job for our issue," said Janet Michaud, leader of a pro-freeze group.

Sadly, the joke may be on the fearmongers. If the movie has the impact they're hoping for, and the U.S. opts for unilateral disarmament, they may indeed get their holocaust.

Why? Because deterrence works and appeasement doesn't. We didn't worry about nuclear annihilation in the 50s because our nation was strong. Nuclear war was unthinkable because the aggressors in the Soviet Politburo knew the U.S. was determined to defend its interests. So Khruschev and company never pushed the button.

(Feulner is president of The Heritage Foundation, a Washington-based public policy research institute.)

Agree or not

Evaluating Brown's four years

by S.C. Van Curon

In assessing the accomplishments of his administration for the press, Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. continued the basic speech of savings and operating government like a business.

"If there is any one thing we have done it is show that government is a business, should be operated like a business and you need business experience in order to manage it," he told the Associated Press. I think we have proven how wasteful government is."

Of course there are viewpoints from his critics the public needs to make its own assessment.

He also emphasized he has carried out his pledge to eliminate patronage from state government. By name, he has done this. He doesn't have contact people in every county and his people have done their own hiring.

"There's no black bags around Frankfort carrying money," he said. "I think we have whipped the bureaucracy and whipped the special interests and eliminated politics in government, which to my way of thinking is good government." He emphasized this by claiming 60 to 70 percent of the money he has saved state government was "nothing more than patronage, that is hiring people where you don't have jobs for them, giving contracts without bidding procedures or without the need."

Credit him with saving in big numbers in requiring bids for state insurance.

He reduced the number of full-time employees on the payroll by more than 6,000, his staff claims, but the state payroll cost is higher than when he took office. This seems an abnormally high figure even considering inflation.

Give him credit that a passable degree of services were maintained without increasing taxes in a period when revenue plummeted.

Let's grant there is no patronage in the political sense, but cronyism and special treatment for friends of the administration have been substituted.

In running government like a business, the governor may have delegated too much responsibility to some of his underlings or appointees.

Transportation Secretary Frank Metts granted some businesses access to some of the toll roads that were built as limited access roads. He sold off the department of photogrammetry equipment and allotted personal service contracts that run into the millions. Photogrammetry's budget was only $90,000 per year for operation costs.

Metts consolidated some of the maintenance garages around the state which local residents claim hampered road maintenance.

State Auditor's report on the Highway Department shows that $42,274,470 was spent on maintenance in 1978 and $49,461,650 in 1979, the last two years of the Carroll administration.

In 1980 under Gov. Brown and Metts, it was $51,507,639 and again to $50,158,698 in 1981, but climbed to $51,613,694 in 1982.

Here's how running the Transportation Cabinet like a business showed on the audit report. Cost of the secretary's office alone in 1978 under Gov. Julian Carroll was $180,130 but went to $248,854 in 1979. The first year under Metts it was $366,244, climbed to $419,741 in 1981 and leap frogged to $911,029 in 1982.

At the same time in his drive for efficiency, Metts abolished planning and transferred design to the University of Kentucky as a means of economy.

Instead of planning, Metts proposed and got the legislature to pass a five-year highway program, but he gutted the bill to where the Secretary of

*See Agree or Not, page 3

Here Abouts . . . . with Emily A. Wolf

A cold day in Frankfort

We'll be well represented in the Inaugural Parade next Tuesday in Frankfort.

The Nicholas County Hospital float, fresh from an appearance in the Christmas Parade Saturday night, and the Nicholas County High School band will join festivities leading up to the inauguration of **Martha Layne Collins** as Kentucky's next governor.

The float will be given a facelift, of course. **Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay** are in charge of removing Christmas-type decor and inscribing "The Last Home of Daniel Boone in Kentucky" as its parade theme for the big doings next Tuesday.

A replica of the old Daniel Boone cabin at Forest Retreat was created by hospital personnel, under the direction of Rob Hester, and, with a few revisions, seems an ideal entry to showcase Nicholas County in the capital city.

W.J. (Bus) Clark, co-chairman of the local Democratic election committee and **Sheriff Charles Ring** will drive the float to Frankfort Monday night where it will be stored until lineup time for the 10 a.m. parade.

Ring and his wife **Anna Lou** will drive the float during the four-hour excursion along Frankfort thoroughfares. They feel the inside of the truck cab is a good place to be. They're right. It certainly will be warmer.

I remember 10 inaugural parades ago, banging the bass drum for the Carlisle High School Band. It was so cold a lot of us turned blue. Some even had to drop out and thaw before continuing.

My next door neighbor, **Pat Allison,** kids me to this day about the feeble thump-thumps my frozen hands brought forth from the drum. (You should have seen Pat with the cold trumpet nozzle stuck to her mouth; it didn't matter, the valves on the trumpet were frozen shut.)

She remembers that once the band reached the termination point of the parade, head majorette **Virginia Lee Cowan** (now Coatney), **Buchannan Wrench** and his big bass horn, and the two of us hailed a taxi and headed for the warmth of the hotel lobby.

What I did with the drum I don't know, but Buchannan rode half in the cab and half out, holding on to the big horn that was resting on the running board.

How long has it been since you've seen a running board on an automobile, outside of a museum, that is?

Let's hope fair and warmer weather is in store for Tuesday.

***

Speaking of Pat and Virginia Lee, both are real excited about the cantata they're participating in at the First Baptist Church Sunday, Dec. 11, at 5 p.m.

And after looking over the musical score and listening to some of the selections, both contemporary and traditional, it's easy to see why they're excited. It should be a dandy. **Tom Metcalf** directs.

Two hours later, at 7 p.m., the choirs of the Carlisle Christian Church, Carlisle United Methodist Church and First Christian Church are combining for special cantata "A Song Unending" just across the street at the Christian Church. **Thomas Hardin** will conduct the 33-voice choir.

There should be time between the two cantatas to grab a bite of supper and not miss a note of either one.

Incidentally, the Baptists were invited to present their "Christmas Celebration" in Maysville and Mt. Olivet but had to say no to both. Too much to do this busy time of the year.

***

Speaking of speaking, I was interviewed by students in **Rob Lane's** fourth period journalism class at NCHS last month. It was more like target practice; I'm used to **asking** the questions, not **answering.**

Students were assigned to write up the interview and Rob sent me a few of the best.

Mark Sampson described me as a "Jack of all trades (in journalism) and master of some." (Where did I go wrong, Mark?)

Marty Seithers and **Greg Smart** found it interesting that I didn't know my next door neighbors in Cincinnati. This was brought out when I was asked to compare living and working here as opposed to the city.

When asked how I chose a career in journalism **Gina Sibert** and **Brian Watkins** noted that it all began as a hobby, interviewing celebrities for my college (Ward-Belmont) newspaper.

Judging from the style of the articles, we have some budding journalists in our midsts. They all earn an A from me. I may have flunked the "test."

***

The Toy Drive, conducted by the local Chamber of Commerce and Lions Club, to make sure our underprivileged youngsters have something to play with on Christmas morning, is worthy of all our support.

New or almost new toys are being sought. Last year, Chamber Santas were out until 10 p.m. Christmas Eve and again Christmas morning delivering donations from a generous public.

Diane Wells, for example, is donating a closetful of nearly new toys to the cause. And I'm sure she's just one of many who'll fill the collection boxes at the KU office or Garrett's Furniture.

If you no longer have a little girl or boy of your own to spoil this Christmas, why not "adopt" one by dropping off a goodie. Or, if it's more convenient to leave it here at the Mercury office, we'll see that it gets to a Santa station.

***

Somebody Said — You never feel better than when you give of yourself.

EAW

Letters

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Since you've reprinted a Bath County News Outlook editorial that is totally erroneous about a KEA news release, will you please set the record straight by printing my letter to the Bath County editor? A copy is enclosed. Thank you.

Charles Whaley
Director of Communications
Ky. Education Association

Dear Mr. Metz:

The kindest thing to say about your recent editorial attacking teachers and KEA is that it is misguided. The accurate thing to say is that you're wrong on both counts about the two so-called grammatical errors in the KEA news release I wrote about "How

*See Letters from our readers, page 3

Down Memory Lane

Scarlet fever epidemic feared

Thursday, December 12, 1963

The Mackstown Restaurant was destroyed by fire early Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 10, and the adjoining dance hall was heavily damaged. Fire Chief Walter Ishmael of the Bourbon County Fire Department said it was believed that the fire started near the stove in the restaurant.

At the annual Chamber of Commerce Jaycee Parade held Dec. 7, the float "O Holy Night" sponsored by the Friendly Class, Carlisle Methodist Church, won first place; "There's A Song in the Air," Carlisle Community Woman's Club, second; "Happy Birthday, Jesus," Christian Builders Class, Christian Church, third; and "Again the Bells Ring," Carlisle Junior Woman's Club.

Russell Hatton and Bobbie Bussell of Sharpsburg were tried by County Judge Floyd Clark Monday on a charge of petty larceny. They were charged with taking hubcaps and accessories from the car of Mrs. Gladys Vice of Moorefield and hubcaps from cars parked at the Nicholas County High School.

The Nicholas County Bluejackets opened the 1963-64 basketball season by defeating the Irvine Golden Eagles in an overtime game 67-65.

Miss Mary Glenn Feeback, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Feeback, was one of 31 Morehead State College seniors of 1963 elected to "Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities."

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Merle McCarthy, Fairborn, OH, a daughter, Pamela Denise. — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis, Hillsboro, a son, Dale Thomas, Dec. 2 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fryman, Millersburg, a son, Harold Slater Jr., Dec. 6 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. William Vaughn Jr., Ewing, a son, Jeffery Donald, Dec. 6 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Kendall, Savage, MD, a son, James Keith.

MARRIED — Mrs. Christine Dale Crawford and Sheriff Bill Dollins, Dec. 5 in Indiana. — Miss Patsy Ann Billings and Ewell Thomas Gilvin, Dec. 2 by the Rev. Frank Simons.

DIED — Pearl H. Gill, 68, Dec. 9 at Nicholas County Hospital. — Miss Ollie Sopher Banta, 83, Dec. 7 at the home of her nephew, Elmer Price. — Teddy Watson Snapp, 23, Dec. 7 in Bracken County. — William Russell Dray, 63, Paris, Dec. 3 at Bourbon County Hospital.

Thursday, Dec. 16, 1943

The final organization of a Rotary Club for Carlisle will take place Thursday night at 7:30 p.m. at the courthouse. Some 32 business and professional men of Carlisle have responded to an invitation to attend the meeting.

The Office of Price Administration has ruled that ration stamps need not be collected for food given away such as Christmas baskets.

County Health Department warns the public that Carlisle and Nicholas County are about to experience an epidemic of scarlet fever, unless precautions now in force are carried out by the individuals and others not yet exposed are careful and guard their health.

The annual banquet of the Nicholas County Farm Bureau, of which Frank C. Henry is president, was held last Friday night in the Carlisle City School gymnasium with approximately 300 members and guests present.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. W.W. Sparrow, Cincinnati, OH, a son, William Roy, Dec. 9. — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Trussell, a daughter, Dec. 11 at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ham, Flemingsburg, a daughter, Dec. 8 at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — To the Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Carr, Georgetown, a daughter, Dec. 11.

MARRIED — Miss Pauline Baxter and Glenn E. McClain, Nov. 27 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter McClain in Nevada, OH.

DIED — E.H. Swartz, 72, Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Smoot. — Hervey Holton Kellar Jr., at a camp near Santa Barbara, CA. — Mrs. Addie Fuller Judge, 63, at home in Paris. — Mrs. Mattie Adamson Ham, 81, Monday at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — Mrs. Susan Frederick, 87, Monday at home on Scrub Grass Road.

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Op-Ed page

Win back love, zap enemies . . . but beware of cheap imitations

If you have been wimping through life, letting all those bullies throw sand in your face, your love life has flew the coop and your enemies are standing in line to take picks on you, have faith — and a little imagination.

For as little as 50 cents, Anne Greene will remove sickness, evil, bad luck and name enemies within a matter of hours. Or a Florida psychic will make you rich immediately after you have received sure-fire millionaire spells plus money attraction potion, personal lucky numbers, a candle-burning wealth ritual, lucky charms and full instructions for instant results. Never fails. (Beware of cheap imitations). And all this for only $15.

Now where in the world do you get this kind of service these days, all guaranteed to magically turn you around and head you toward health, happiness and a pox on all those who have treated you like dirt for so many years?

Why, out of those same wonderful little national newspapers that tell you who Elizabeth Taylor's current love is, all about the great mystery of Natalie Wood Wagner's death and everything you have always wanted to know about but were afraid they'd have you committed if you asked.

Some of the most interesting revelations and best bargains are in the classified sections of these weekly wipes. Why should you suffer in misery and unhappiness when you can live in comfort and joy, the American Psychic Foundation advertises in one of those little classifieds. "Receive the authentic money blessing ritual, potent love potions, powerful demon and curse repellent, lucky charm collection and much more." And for only $15.

Who else is offering anything near the $10 bargain of "attract money, love, luck; destroy enemies, immediate results, never fails; white psychic miracles bring instant wealth, respect, power with 10 sure-fire spells" these days?

If I didn't already have all that, I'd jump at the chance to put the Haitian Hoodoo on my enemies, hold a supercharged cash ritual with Babylonian exorcism, ecstacize my love life and get all the ancient mystic powers on my side just for a few measly bucks.

I guess a sucker is born every minute and two to take him. In my case, it was embarrassing. I was born in bed with a lady.

— RM —

Old Jud lowered the week-old newspaper he was reading on the porch of the ramshackle cabin up the road a piece from Appalachia Corners and turned to his wife, Maude, with a look of triumph.

"Seems like you're going to get a new butter churn to take the place of the one that give out last week," he said smiling confidently.

Maude looked up from the faded quilt she was patching. "Where in tarnation are we going to get $62.60, Jud?" she asked dubiously.

"From banker Brown," said Jud. "Stands to reason if them bankers can loan a poor old country like Brazil $90 billion, they can loan us $62.50 for a butter churn."

"But Jud, you know there hain't no way in God's creation that we could pay it back."

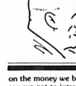
"Don't make no never mind, Maude. There hain't no way in God's creation that Brazil can pay 'em back neither. All us'n and Brazil's got to do to keep the bankers happy is pay 'em the interest we'll be owing 'em."

"And where would we get the money to pay the bankers their interest, I'd like to know," says Maude.

"Why from the bankers, where else? One thing a banker can't abide is not getting no interest on his money. So when then there Brazil folks couldn't come up with the $11 billion they owed the bankers in interest, the bankers was only too happy to lend it to 'em."

Maud frowned. "You mean to set there, Jud, and tell me we could just go on borrowing from them bankers till the cows come home?"

"Oh, it hain't as simple as that, Maude. Once we tell the bankers we need to borrow some money to pay 'em the interest



Russ Metz

on the money we borrowed, they might get long in the face and say we got to introduce some austerity measures or something around here."

Maude cocked her head. "What's these austerity measures do, Jud?"

"They rebuild our shattered economy. So we got to promise not to fritter away the bankers hard-loaned money on no new car or no washing machine or no other fancy foolishness."

"That won't be hard to do, seeing as how I done without 'em for nigh on 60 years," said Maude. "Reckon I could keep a promise like that."

"And, of course, I'd have to promise not to ask for no higher wages," said Jud.

"Don't figure that would harm us none," said Maude, "seeing as how you can't find no job."

"That's the beauty of it, Maude," said Jud, squeezing her thin shoulder. "When it comes to austerity measures, hain't no little country nowhere that's got more experience than us'n. We're just the kind of borrowers banker Brown is looking for."

The next day, Jud came slowly trudging back up the dirt road from Appalachia Corners. Maude, who was waiting on the porch, nodded. "Reckon we didn't get the loan," she said.

"Nope," said Jud. Banker Brown says we hain't qaulfied."

"On account of we're not a country?" asked Maude.

"Nope. On account of we hain't needy enough."

Maude looked around at the bleak surroundings. "Land o' Goshen," she said. "How much needier we got to be?"

"Near as I can figure," said Jud, "about 90 billion dollars."

— RM —

"It's the good girls who keep diaries; the bad girls never have time." Tallulah Bankhead, the actress said that.

This and a lot of other goodies like it are in a book collection written by Bob Chieger. It's called "Was It Good For You Too?"

Among the more printable ones are these:

"Guns don't kill people; husbands who come home early people." (Don Rose)

"Beauty is skin deep but ugliness runs clear to the bone." (Norm Crosby)

"She's the original good time that was had by all." (Bette Davis speaking of a fellow actress)

"I sleep better when Bella is in Washington. I sleep even better when she's in Cambodia." (Martin Abzug, speaking of his wife, the former member of congress)

"Every man should have the opportunity of living with Elizabeth Taylor—and at the rate she's going, every man will." (Nicky Hilton, one of Taylor's early husbands)

"Familiarity breeds contempt—and children." (Mark Twain)

"Whoever named it necking was a poor judge of anatomy." (Grouch Marx)

"Archaeologists make the best husbands. The older they get, the more they're interested." (Agatha Christie)

"Love is blind but desire just doesn't give a damn." (James Thurber)

"I was married once. I haven't seen her in years. The great earthquake and fire of 1906 destroyed the marriage certificate. So there's no legal proof. Which proves that earthquakes aren't all bad." (W. C. Fields)

"Marriage is the alliance of two people, one of whom never remembers birthdays and the other never forgets them." (Ogden Nash)

— RM —

A friends tells the story about a man who saw a travel agency advertisement for an ocean cruise for only $100. He had always wanted a cruise vacation but never had enough money. This seemed a real bargain and he decided to take it.

He went inside the agency and signed up, handed over his $100 and asked when the boat left. At that point they hit him over the head with a mallet, dropped him down a chute and into a rowboat they pushed out to sea.

A little later, another man came in with his $100. They conked him on the head with the mallet, too, dropped him down the chute into a rowboat and shoved him out to seas.

Two days later, drifting beneath a blistering sun, the two boats came within a few yards of each other.

"Say, do they serve meals on this cruise?" the first man yelled.

"They didn't last year," the other said.

Onward, upward.

Pearl Harbor — A Soldier's Experience

by Clyde R. Kerns

(Continued from last week)

In 1945, on the Island of Luzon, he was sitting in the back seat of a jeep, operating his radio, when a Japanese mortar shell hit him squarely in the back.

Time flies when you're having fun, and it seemed like no time at all before our battery — Hq & Hq Btry, 89th Field Artillery Battalion, 25th Division — was dispersed over a large field between Schofield and Kolekole Pass, awaiting our turn on the crowded highways to move to our field position. Few of us had eaten that morning, but many had grabbed small paper cartons of milk before heading to sections to load out. Now our Mess Sergeant, Lorenzo Silvestre, formerly of the Philippine Scouts, came around handing out sandwiches of roast beef — which he happened to have cooked for a later meal — and apples. Billy Mulherin, another radio operator, had spent the night in Honolulu, had made his way to Schofield as quickly as possible, and now joined us in the dispersal area. He had passed along the edge of Pearl Harbor, and in his Georgia drawl, he gave us our first word of the disaster that had struck the Navy there. Also arriving, smiling happily at their good fortune, were two young soldiers named Trayer and O'Donnell who, a few months earlier, had stowed away on the Matson Liner Lurline and got almost to San Diego before they were caught. Like all but the most serious offenders, they had just been released from the Schofield Stockade (made famous thereafter by James Jones in From Here to Eternity), and they were most grateful to the Japanese.

Meanwhile, the smoke and fire continued to billow from Wheeler Field's planes and hangars, casting a gloom of dark smoke that mixed with the broken clouds. Under those clouds, circling bravely, it seemed to me, in a loneliness that was dramatic, touching, and pathetic, were a P-40 in camouflage paint and a P-36 in unpainted silvery metal, flying on the P-40's wing. They were the only American planes I saw aloft that morning, but there were a few others — devoted young lieutenants who used their private vehicles to reach their planes and took to the air, ill-armed, against odds of 20 to 1 or worse, while their bases were under attack, their own quarters burning. As I have said, if there was failure that day, it was not in the lower echelons of the command.

By then I had time to wonder how my friend Bill Gibson — now of Prestonsburg, Ky. — and the late Ken Thornsburg, my former schoolmate at Jerdan, were making out, whether they had been hurt, whether I'd ever see either of them again. The truth was that things looked rather bleak at that moment.

They didn't look much brighter when Captain Ferris called us into a group and told us that, according to information from higher headquarters, the Japanese had landed parachute troops and established road blocks at critical points to delay our deployment as much as possible. (This proved to be false, of course, but we thought it was true at the time.) Therefore, he wanted at least one automatic weapon on each of our battery vehicles. Noting my BAR, he assigned me to be responsible for security of one of the Radio Section's weapons carriers. If we ran into a road block, he said, we would open fire with all weapons and run through at top speed, stopping for nothing.

Getting the weapons carrier ready for defense, I called on other Radio Section men to help. Ralph Park of Akron, Willie Waldsmith the jockey from Massachusetts, Billy Mulherin the "Georgia Boy," Salvatore Crupi of Brooklyn — those men would have laughed at me yesterday if I'd tried to give them orders, but today they turned to with a right good will and helped roll the canvas forward on the light truck so I could stand behind the cab, steadying myself and the BAR against the wooden bows as we traveled. When I assigned them directions to watch and to fire, they gave strict attention and took their positions in the truck. They were all Regular Army men, proud of their country, its flag, and the uniform they wore. In this moment of crisis, they wanted only to be given orders, and I was the instrument of that purpose, thanks to my BAR and Captain Ferris.

It was a critical moment in my life, too, in another way. Although I loved soldiering, I had always had a conviction that if anyone ever fired at me he would hit me, and that would be the end of it all. Now, visualizing all the possible ambushes along our route to the field, I felt that I had practically no chance at all to survive the trip. It was rather disturbing, thinking that within a couple of hours, at most, I would be dead. Was there any way to avoid it? I could think of no way at all that would not disgrace me before my fellow soldiers, my friends back home, and every member of my family for generations past. It is a fact that I remembered how my folks had always admired and respected those who had honorably served the nation in war, how proud they were of one of Kentucky's counties — Breathitt, I think — where not one man had to be drafted for the World War. In their minds, there was nothing more honorable than to die in service of the flag. So I had no way to go but forward, so to speak. That being the case, I resolved to do it gracefully, and I resigned myself to dying that morning. I actually thought of how proud the family would be when they got the word, and how respectfully they would mention my name in years to come. So, being thus mentally resigned, I felt no fear that might interfere with my performance of duty, and I was prepared literally to defend that truck to the death. Of course, I got nary a scratch that day, and strange to say, I never thereafter had any doubt — for longer than a few seconds at a time — that I would survive the war.

(More next week)

Letters from our readers

Continued from page 2

Kentucky Ranks." There are no grammatical errors in the release.

Check Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage (a standard reference that my etymology teacher revered) on "further/farther" and you'll find this statement: "The fact is surely that hardly anyone uses the two words for different occasions; most people prefer one or the other for all purposes, and the preference of the majority is for 'further' (which I used in the news release) ... On the whole, though differentiations are good in themselves, it is less likely that one will be established for 'farther' and 'further' than that the latter will become universal."

As for the so-called misuse of either "is" or "are" in a sentence you don't cite, I'm baffled. I had no idea what you meant until it occurred to me that you must think the word "data" (which is plural and which I correctly used with the verb "are") is singular and should have been used with the verb "is." But you are wrong. I hope you won't blame that on the teachers who taught you.

Your editorial was a very cheap shot and ought to embarass you now that you're aware of the inaccuracies on which you based it. You've done a disservice to teachers and ought to apologize.

Incidentally, I don't have a teaching certificate. I am one of your breed, a journalist by training, and I'll always be grateful to the public-school teachers who gave me such a good grounding in English. They were outstanding.

Yours sincerely,
Charles Whaley
Director of Communications
Kentucky Education Association

Agree or not

Continued from page 2

Transportation still is the ultimate arbiter to a great extent.

Highway engineers now say the state will lose a full construction year on federal programs because they have nothing planned to match this year's allotments.

Metts had a vendetta with engineers and is now facing a damage suit in federal court after two engineers won reinstatement in federal court after being fired by Metts. He also faces a $10-million plus suit for personal damages in a case in federal court filed by Brighton Engineering. The state has been paying the attorney fees for Metts in these cases. This is something the new administration may investigate.

Federal authorities are now investigating a billboard concern who has signs on limited access highways in violation of the Highway Beautification Act. News reports say the investigation pertains to contributions and to rental collection from two or more companies for the same board at one time.

Dec. 1, 1981, James A. Bauer, Highway Department review appraiser, filed a report with Tom P. Mason, director, Division of Right of Way, regarding illegal signs.

"As an example, I have attached a sketch of a situation on an FAP route in District 5 (Louisville) which I have personally inspected. District 5 seems to have the most widespread and acute problem," the report said.

This report was filed with the governor Feb. 2, 1982 in a one-inch thick volume by the Kentucky Association of Transportation engineers requesting that Metts be fired.

The problem still persists.

Gov. Brown cut every department of government some to stay within the limited revenue, but cut education and Human Resources least of all.

In his compromise with the legislature on the coal severance tax, Gov. Julian Carroll put a portion of it in the industrial recovery road program (principally for construction of U.S. 80 from Hazard to Prestonsburg). In 1978 highways got $24,290,900 from this source and in 1979 it was $22,496,400 and $28,241,972 in 1980.

Gov. Brown transferred this revenue from the Highway Department to the General Fund.

Purchase of equipment, graders, bulldozers, endloaders and other maintenance pieces have been limited because of decreased revenue, engineers claim.

The pay for performance personnel program installed by Brown has drawn a lot of criticism and accusations from career employees that the administration has hired a large number of part time employees in comparison to the Carroll administration.

Here are the comparisons from the Department of Personnel: 11-1-79 total number employees executive branch, 40,546, for Brown, 11-1-83, 34,206; permanent full-time, 37,227; for Brown, 30,427; for seven categories of part time, Carroll, 3,319; Brown 3,779.

"Vision is the art of seeing things invisible."
Jonathan Swift