Opinion

Zero growth

Remember the tantrums of the 1960s and 1970s and the uproar against U.S. industrialism and the call for zero economic growth?

Well, the dreams of those dreamers have come true. Once powerful and thriving, world champion industries such as U.S. automaking and steel are shadows of what they were in those days when industry was the whipping boy of rebels who said the era of permanent plenty had arrived and the work ethic was a relic of the long ago.

In that era one much-heralded book of prophecy was "The Greening of America" by Yale law Professor Charles Reich, who wrote that the country was so rich American youth need not worry about work.

"Today a life of surfing is possible, not as an escape from work, a recreation or a phase, but as a life — if one chooses," Reich said. Zero growth, not only of population but of industry, became a slogan and a crusade.

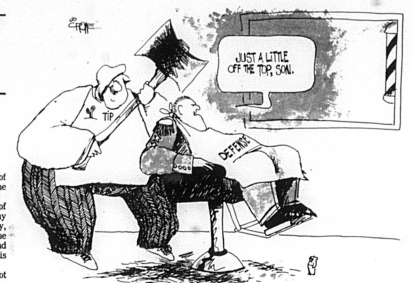
It's debatable how much the fallacies of that intoxicated era had to do with the sabotage of the economic system, the plugging of the horn of plenty, the strangling of the goose that laid the golden eggs.

But the notions whirling around in millions of minds that the work ethic no longer had any meaning or "relevancy" and that productivity, modernization and the values that motivated the people who built America were obsolete and pointless did not help things any as the crisis mounted.

Today America is living with the results, not the least of which is record unemployment.

The Depression of the 1930s helped make the Americans of that period lean, tough, realistic, ingenious, adaptive and strong, a generation that turned the tide in the biggest war of all time and made the country the industrial giant that was long the envy of the world.

If America learns the right lessons from its current education of hard knocks, the present challenge may become the prelude to a better, more soundly based, more realistically lived future.



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Agree or not

Public hopes for results, not warfare in Congress-Reagan politics

Federal aid obligations

The Department of Education is preparing to enforce a new law passed by Congress last year requiring male college students to prove that they've registered for the draft in order to qualify for federal student aid. Not surprisingly, college officials and student groups are fighting the law because, among other things, college financial aid officers "should not become agents of the federal government." The act, they also say, unconstitutionally punishes students before they've been found guilty of violating the law. Most important, they argue, it singles out middle- and low-income students who need financial aid while leaving affluent students unaffected.

It's a controversy without a clean solution, a side effect of a policy which, when it was first proposed after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, made a great deal of sense but which, in the absence of either a draft or a real universal registration and/or service, now makes less sense every day.

As long as the draft registration law is on the books, there is probably no effective answer to the student aid requirement. For what is Congress to say to the millions of young men who, having complied with the draft registration law, see those who have not, and who often flaunt their non-compliance, receive federal benefits?

The question is whether the pain, inequities and acrimony are still worth the benefits. There is no doubt that in a national emergency extraordinary demands can justifiably be made. But there is doubt whether, in the absence of either such an emergency and a real draft or any fair policy requiring peacetime service from the nation's young citizens, either the draft registration law or the new student aid penalty supporting it are justified.

In awarding federally supported aid and federally guaranteed student loans, the colleges are already agents of the federal government. But whether they ought to be agents enforcing a law that badly needs to be re-examined is another matter. If draft registration makes sense, then it's hard to object to the financial aid requirement. The big question is whether it still does.

Blame the liberals

"Did you know that liberal politicians in Washington have rung up $10,438 worth of debt in your name?"

We did not know whether to be scared or flattered by the news. It came in a personal computer-prepared letter from Sen. Jake Garn, R-Utah. And it was attested to by none other than former Treasury Secretary William Simon.

Our new "friend" informed us that while we were busy "working hard" and "trying to balance (our) family budget," the "liberals in Washington have borrowed money in your name."

Well, there is no doubt that those dangerous liberals in Congress have spent a lot of money. Many of their programs have gone too far. And they certainly share responsibility for inflation. But heavens to Betsy, Mr. Garn, haven't conservatives been guilty as well?

One step backward

By requiring the busing of elementary school children in Nashville, Tenn., for the purpose of obtaining a classroom racial balance, as it did in a recent decision handed down, the U.S. Supreme Court sustained an anachronistic and oppressive dictation that has wreaked havoc on American education.

It is an incomprehensible ruling. The basic issue was whether small children in kindergarten through fourth grade must be bused away from their neighborhood schools all over Nashville and surrounding Davidson County to achieve a racial balance in the classroom. A U.S. district judge, taking note of the plight of white students from public schools, had decided last year that mandated busing was a failure as a desegregation method and explicitly granted permission for elementary children to attend the schools nearest their homes.

But the sixth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals overturned this sensible plan and ordered across-the-board busing. By refusing to hear a challenge to this decision, the Supreme Court in effect upheld the Circuit Court.

The Reagan administration, which has taken a strong stand against busing, intervened through the Justice Department in the Nashville case and urged the court to reassess its 1971 ruling approving busing for racial balance where segregation was the result of deliberate school board policy.

The tide seems now to be running against busing and other sociological tinkering with public education, the Supreme Court's latest decree notwithstanding. In Chicago, for example, a federal district judge in January approved a voluntary school desegregation plan that does not include busing students.

A few weeks ago, Judge W. Arthur Garrity stepped down from the day-to-day management of Boston's troubled public schools after eight years. He still retains overall authority, but he has relinquished arbitrary dictation of bus routes, school repairs, teacher seniority, and other such questions to the board elected by the people.

And proof of overwhelming public opposition to racial busing can be seen from time to time in Congress. The House in December, for instance, voted 362-153 for an amendment to an appropriation measure that forbade the Justice Department from spending money for litigation that would require the busing of students to schools outside their neighborhoods. Although the administration's policy makes such action unnecessary, this "sense of the house," which has been matched by the Senate, demonstrates how fully the legislative and executive branches of the federal government recognize racial busing as the disaster it has been for U.S. education.

With the lower courts steadily lining up against busing, it's high time the U.S. Supreme Court awoke to reality and common sense.

by S.C. Van Curen

The most important early result from the President's State of the Union address seems to be the spirit of cooperation exhibited from both sides of the aisle in Congress.

This is not to say that Congress has early shown a willingness to follow all of the President's recommendations, but it does seem to indicate that Congress is getting the message that the public is going to hold its members responsible and that partisan politics has to take a back seat to the general welfare of the nation.

Reluctance of the Democrats to hint that the President and the Republicans are solely responsible for all of our problems as they did during the depression is encouraging that co-operation is going to be the guiding light in seeking solutions.

Democrat House Speaker Tip O'Neill Jr. has said as much.

Recommendations of the special bipartisan committee assigned to solve the financial problems of Social Security signaled the earliest signs of cooperation. The public had recognized the sincerity of the problems of Social Security long before Congress admitted it, waiting until the crisis point to do so. Congress tried to pass the blame to someone else until the last moment. Now, Congress knows the public is looking to them to solve the problem, or at least ease the pain for a little while however bitter the pill for solution might be.

This nation demonstrated during World War II that its people can and will stand in the face of adversity and accept hardships if the cause is considered right.

Later, this same nation demonstrated during the Vietnam fiasco that it would not accept political blame shifting efforts above the general welfare.

The people are much more interested in solving the problems than in trying to find who is to blame for the present unfavorable economic situation.

Communications is such in this modern world that the majority of the people know the problem is world wide and not a problem isolated to the United States and susceptible to an easy solution. Consequently, Congress can lay up a lot more Brownie Points in making a sincere effort than it can by spinning its wheels trying to find a political scapegoat.

At the same time, all segments of this society must be willing to accept some of the responsibility and be willing to make some sacrifices in solving our problems to a mutual satisfaction.

Business and industry must be willing to make changes and accept some sacrifices. Labor must do the same. A 10 percent increase in production and earnings cannot be expected every year in the future as many have in the past few years. Unreasonable demands must not be made upon our public officials if we expect to receive reasonable answers and actions.

President Reagan extended the invitations for cooperatijn as most other presidents have done and asking for suggestions as well as making some of his own.

Now, the public is sitting as the jury awaiting action and hoping for results instead of political warfare.

Down Memory Lane

Longevity record for receiving The Mercury is cited

Thursday, February 7, 1963

Morris Whiteley, local Kentucky Utilities manager, presented the city council with the KU franchise check in the amount of $21,516.

Nicholas County High School students presented awards in the Soil Conservation Essay contest by William F. Threlkeld, Soil Conservation Service and Frank Henry, secretary-treasurer, Nicholas County Soil Conservation District, were Charlotte Stacy, fifth place; Jean McClanahan, fourth; Patricia House, first; Ralph Wesley, second; Faye McClanahan, first in ninth grade, and Sue Curry third.

The local Southern Bell Telephone office reported Tuesday that Jan. 28 had been a record-breaking day for the Carlisle office. On that day 15,000 local calls were made and 302 long distance calls recorded.

MARRIED — Miss Jeanne Westfall and George Gilbert Wood Jr., Friday at St. Leo Catholic Church in Versailles. — Miss Tommy Allen Reid and William Reece Graves, Jan. 26 at the Carlisle Baptist Church.

DIED — Anthony Wayne Curtsinger, eight months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Curtsinger, Sunday at home in Lawrenceburg. — Mrs. Lottie B. Barnett, 56, widow of Kelly Barnett, Feb. 1 at Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Mary Catherine Gray Thomas, 39, wife of Carl Davidson Thomas, Saturday at home in Millersburg. — William S. Rule, 87, Friday at the Harrison Nursing Home, Lexington.

Thursday, February 11, 1943

Herman Conyers, Route 1, Carlisle, was in the Mercury office last Monday and said that his father subscribed for the Mercury, first issue, in 1867 and that the Mercury had come to that home every week since.

Shoe rationing started in Carlisle on Tuesday of this week. Each person will be allowed three pairs of shoes per year.

Miss Lois Gatewood, who for the past two years has served as Extension Clerk, has resigned.

MARRIED — Miss Anna Marie Hunter and Pvt. Stanley G. Adams. — Miss Lorene Wilson Poland and Lt. Thomas Gaylord Brough.

DIED — Mrs. Annie King Purcell, 68, widow of W.H. Purcell, Thursday at home near Ellisville. — Mrs. W.S. Gaunce, Sunday at home on the Sailwell Road. — Clarence Prather, Sunday at Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati.

Thursday, February 8, 1900

Mrs. Jennie Munger of Carlisle has secured a position in Census Bureau in Washington.

Governor Goebel died at Frankfort from effects of assassin's bullet, and Lt. Gov. J.C. W. Beckham became governor at the age of 33, the youngest governor Kentucky has ever had.

MARRIED — Miss Ethel Feeback and W.H. Mann, both of the county, on the 5th. — Miss Fannie Wilson and Charles Sanford, both of the Moorefield section, on the 7th. — Miss Nannie L. Morris and Henry B. Irvin, both of the county, on the 1st.

DIED — Miss Mary Elizabeth Henry, 58, at home near Carlisle on the 2nd. — Herman Myers, 26, at his home near Miranda on the 2nd. — Francis Marion Crow, 77, at his home near Upper Licks, on the 2nd. — William H. Squires, 63, at his home in Carlisle on the 1st. — Mrs. Mary Bramblett, 39, at her home on the 2nd. — Infant of Mr. and Mrs. James Stitt, at home near Barterville on the 3rd.

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Op-Ed page

Love-making is . . . so invigorating, so patriotic, so easy on the feet

"The problem," my wife said, "is that people have come to look on love-making as distasteful, if not downright tacky. Consequently, they now spend 75% of their leisure time watching television instead. We find that absolutely disgusting."

"Love-making?"

"No, television. A television set is a cold, impersonal machine designed to stimulate such base human emotions as greed, envy and sadism."

"I hadn't noticed it being that bad."

"You obviously haven't watched some of those dirty movies lately," she said. "Not only does television rot the mind, but it enervates the body, creates middle-age spread and, what with constant breaks for tasteless commercials, is indisputably fattening." She kept looking at me when she said that.

"You can't say that about making love."

"Certainly not. 'Reach for a sweetie instead of a sweet,' we say. Love-making is unarguably one of the two most healthy, invigorating activities ever conceived. And it's much easier on your feet than jogging."

"Perhaps," I said. "But what does it do for the whole person?"

"Why, compared to television, it's one of the most stimulating leisure activities known. It requires a high degree of creativity and teaches you to handle interpersonal relationships in one-on-one situations. There's nothing like it for getting to really know someone. Besides, it's patriotic."

"You mean you don't have to remove your hat when the flag passes by?"

"No, dummy, I was referring to the fact that this precious heritage made our Founding Fathers what they are today."

"Dead?"

"No. Founding Fathers. Moreover, it's a great little inflation fighter as it requires no expensive electronic equipment or $60 shoes with turned-up toes. And it reduces smaller portions and thin in flagrante delicto and I'll show you a man who is not out mugging some elderly lady."

With that, she rattled her purse. "Reach out and touch someone," she said. "How much would you like to contribute in cash to making our cause grow?"

I thought of saying I gave at the office, but that might creates a little suspicion in her mind. So I just asked what the money would go for.

"Research," she said confidently. "At this very moment, dedicated scientists from the National Love-Making Institute may be on the verge of discovering a cure."

"What for?"

The common headache," she said.

Well, that was sure worth a sawbuck, so I coughed up and went back to watching television.

— RM —

Downsizing is becoming an American way of life far beyond what Detroit is doing.

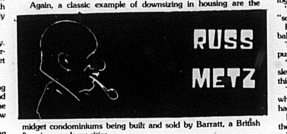
The median size of a single-family house completed last year is down to 1550 square feet, according to research done by an economist for a California bank.

In 1978, the typical house was 1650 square feet and contained amenities that are not being built in 1983 houses.

"Proportionately fewer new houses are boasting fireplaces and garages," says the economist.

"While new single-family houses will probably stop shrinking as soon as economic recovery is underway, it seems unlikely that there will be any steady increase in the median-size units in the 1980's."

Again, a classic example of downsizing in housing are the



midget condominiums being built and sold by Barratt, a British firm, in some large cities.

The Barratt condos have as few as 440 square feet about the size of a two-car garage, and sell for well under $60,000 in the city.

It is not exactly palatial, but it is what people—particularly those buying their first housing—can afford.

Our eating habits are being changed by downsizing in much the same way our car and housing habits have changed. Nouvelle cuisine is really nothing more than smaller portions and thin sauces. The emphasis is on lean meats and undercooked vegetables placed in the center of a dinner plate, giving the impression of skimpy elegance.

Good trenchermen have been known to faint after finishing a nouvelle cuisine dinner, so the danger of this miniaturizing is readily seen by those who like to pig-out on groceries.

The dollar bill is still the same size as it was 10 years ago, but its buying power has shrunk. So when it comes right down to it, the best of all examples of downsizing is in your wallet.

Money may still talk but it is under no obligation to tell the truth.

— RM —

What is charisma — that charm, that compelling grace that some have and some don't?

A couple of University of California psychologists questioned the ineffability of charisma and came up with some answers. They studied 54 students, watched how they acted and interacted, and asked them questions.

Their findings: the more animated a person is, the more charismatic he or she is. Charismatic people smiled more, moved their heads and bodies more, spoke faster, pronounced each syllable more clearly, and were far more likely to touch during greetings.

Does that mean if you have a nervous, gabby wife, who is always putting the bite on you then she is charismatic? There must be more to it than that.

— RM —

High in the Time-Life building above New York's Rockefeller Center, shocked executives of Time magazine were trying to put together the pieces and find out how it happened.

"Gentlemen," said the crusty chairman of the board, "somebody is going to pay for this!"

His voice boomed across the conference room like a bowling ball. The executives, to a man, crawled deeper into their seats.

The door opened and a serving woman from the cafeteria pushed a tray filled with coffee and sandwiches into the room.

"Get her out of here!" bellowed the chairman. "Nobody eats or sleeps or leaves this room until we find out who is responsible for this outrage."

The publishing world had been shocked only a few days earlier when Time, long-honored for its precise coverage of world events, had hit the newsstands with its annual "Man of the Year" issue.

Presidents, kings and scientists had been previous Time Men of the Year. But this time, somebody had gone wrong.

Time named a computer Man of the Year.

"We're a total laughingstock," the chairman continued, his voice filling with rage.

"I leave you imbeciles with one simple task. Name a mail of the year. There were a million choices, but we pick some silly machine that a 10-year-old can play with in his room."

Wilson, from Medicine, pointed out a lot of Time staffers take vacation during the holidays and possibly the slip-up occurred because the office was short-handed.

Wilson was promptly ordered out into the hall and out.

Watterson, from Economy and Business, said the computer wasn't that bad a choice.

"Look at it this way, boss," he said. "We could have picked Margaret Thatcher."

Watterson was thrown out the window.

Well past midnight, passers-by outside could still see the lights above Rockefeller Center as the Time execs continued to try to find out how something that absolutely couldn't go wrong most certainly had.

Meanwhile, in a darkened office on a lower floor, a little Apple said to a huge IBM: "Put 'er there, big guy. They'll never figure it out."

Onward, upward.

This and 'tother *a page from the diary of a country editor.*

by Warren H. Fisher Sr.
January 26, 1928

Up fairly betimes, and find a typical Kentucky morn, of the kind when the ringing call of the crow comes clearly across miles of sparkling sunshine; when the pastures are grey with frost, save for steaming patches where fat cattle have slept. On such days the smoke rises like a wispy arrow straight to heaven, one remembers hog-killing and the steaming lard kettles, the fat, juicy sausages and cracklin' bread. Such days in Kentucky did always make me think of the rural England of Pickwick and Sir Roger de Coverley, of kitchens hung with hams and pepper pods, of ruddy, apple-cheeked squires rollicking at their hunt breakfasts. All of which comes of reading, no doubt, if ancestral memories be discounted, for I have never been in England and doubtless never will be, save through the eyes of books.

So to breakfast of wheat cakes and fresh eggs, golden meated and lightly boiled and coffee of a potency to warm the cockles o' one's heart, wherewith I am cheered mightily and fall to reading the Sunday papers with an eagerness unusual (for they invariably oppress me with their bigness) and note the usual Sunday morning crop of murders and robberies. And I read of one woman who has slain her husband, a practice that we males must, of necessity, frown upon, yet I wonder why more of it is not done. And 'twould be, doubtless, save that woman has learned tactfulness through the centuries and prefers to use "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" in preference to pistols, when she would bring the male to heel. Failing all of which, there remain tears, the which no male worthy of the name may withstand.

It does seem to the casual observer that the world grows worse, what with murders and fiendish happenings, and thoughtful scriveners of the press are at a loss to account for it all. Many do blame the Eighteenth Amendment and make out a good case for their arguments; which theory is refuted with many statistics by t'other side. So that one knows not what to blame for this reign of lawlessness that plagues us, nor what means of correction there may be. As a consequence there is a deal of hopelessness in the outlook of many, a tendency to consign this old world to the demonition bowwows and have done with it. As witness a correspondent of The Mercury, who wrote last week:

The cold wave hit our people quite hard, but the crime wave sweeping our state and others seems to be hitting us harder. We doubt if the world in general is growing better.

Which is a sentiment I cannot accept, believing that the world does grow better, as it has grown better through countless years. Fiendish crimes and waves of lawlessness are but infinitesimal phases of growth, in my opinion, like the old "growing pains," (doubtless the result of infected tonsils) that plagued the youth of those of us who were young in the days of the puffed sleeve and the bustle. I believe that Tennyson actually did "dip into the future far as human mind could see" in his Locksley Hall, and in that extraordinary poem I find a line that may be pondered by those who doubt the ability of the life that walks and creeps and crawls on this whirling sphere to adjust itself to a destiny magnificent, a destiny undreamed of in our philosophy:

"For I doubt not, through the ages, one increasing purpose runs;

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Another way, forsooth, of saying "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world," a preachment much heard in churches, but put to scant practice and given little faith, else there would be no fear and much more contentment among those who strut and fret their brief hour upon the stage of life. But, Lord! I do preach, a role I would not usurp from the dominies.

Pretty soon to-day by the fire and from my chair I may see my sugar maples, which I permitted a journeyman trimmer to trim last week, after making sure that he had heard and appreciated Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." A very expert he proved to be, signing out the limbs, close to the trunk with a saw and not chopping out the tops with a dull hatchet, a form of butchery that prevails in this town and irks the soul of one who loves a tree. So it may be that I will get my lawn grassed this summer, which is a recompense of sorts to me for putting saw to a tree.

Now, thinking of the graceful beauties of my sugar maples in May, when they are honeymoon coverts for shy, slim catbirds, I am conscious of a waves of lawlessness are but infinitesimal phases of growth, in my opinion, like the old "growing pains," (doubtless the result of infected tonsils) that plagued the youth of those of us who were young in the days of the puffed sleeve and the bustle. I believe that Tennyson actually did "dip into the future far as human mind could see" in his Locksley Hall, and in that extraordinary poem I find a line that may be pondered by those who doubt the ability of the life that walks and creeps and crawls on this whirling sphere to adjust itself to a destiny magnificent, a destiny undreamed of in our philosophy:

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Now, thinking of the graceful beauties of my sugar maples in May, when they are honeymoon coverts for shy, slim catbirds, I am conscious of a romantic roses, or so they will be always to me, mingled in memory with the vision of a bluc-eyed witch — a queen sleeping upon a bed of roses. The pageant but the rostrum of a village was only a couch; the stage of the school and I was not Prince Charming, alack! but only a lad who drew the curtain. (Of which happening I have told my wife, and this was long ago, else she would rate me soundly no doubt, for romancing thus in print.)

Summer wanes in my fireside gardening and heavier blossems deck my gardens. The moon flowers twist

See This that and, page 4

In this corner...

Norfolk's shipbuilding boom

by Jim Butler Wanke

Returning from some Naval Reserve duty at Virginia Beach, Va., I can tell you that some portions of the east coast do not know there is a recession.

When I told the folks around the ship-building ports of Norfolk, Hampton Roads and others of our unemployment in Kentucky, they reacted with shock.

"How can your unemployment be like this?" they said after I told them of some counties here with unemployment rates as high as 28 percent.

Protected areas

In many areas of the country protected by federal jobs, they just don't understand that anything bad is happening to the economy. In Norfolk, the aircraft carrier Coral Sea has just put in for a $175 million overhaul which will provide a lot of jobs in the Norfolk area. Two other nuclear carriers are also just starting to be built, both with spending tabs over $1.3 billion each.

In spite of the closed up beach and resort areas of Virginia Beach (because of the winter), the shipbuilding towns are alive and well and booming, recipients of President Reagan's massive boosts in the defense budgets.

Folks are spending

Some of the folks I ran into and got acquainted with in the Norfolk area are spending their money right up to the limit. They have been benefitting from the defense dole for so long that their fears of the economy being any other way have disappeared.

When I warned them that the current defense spending high may be about to disappear, they expressed disbelief and said to me, "Ahhh, they said this was going to happen before but it never did."

Cutbacks coming

Already there are small signs of cutbacks in military spending within the defense establishment, taken because of warnings from Congress that the funding will not be so lenient in the upcoming fiscal year.

Frankly, when the economy is so poor, cuts can always be made in everything, to ease the tax burden on the backs of the middle class.

It is time to let those who live in high defense spending areas take over a bit of the unemployment suffering from the rest of us.

As one modern sage has said, "When your neighbor is out of work it's a recession, but when you're out of work, it's a depression."

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