Opinion

Recovery is at hand

Watchman, what of the night?
— Isaiah XXI:11

If, as it is said, ours is an economic civilization, a large measure of societal vigor must be ascertained from the sometimes tedious indicators. A paramount concern for Americans and millions more around the globe now is what to expect amidst the worst economic recession in some 40 years. Are there signs of recovery or must hard times lie ahead into the indefinite future?

"Watchman, what of the night?"

The word coming in is good, uncommonly good. After several tremulous, sporadic upturns in recent months, the long-awaited recovery appears to be at hand, solid and broad-based. There have not been so many good signs in several years.

The ordinarily dull economic indicators make fascinating reading these days:

Real sales during the fourth quarter rose at a 3.2 percent annual rate, the best performance since the first quarter of 1981. The Wharton Baseline projects a surge in durable-goods purchases and residential investment and a sharp increase in inventory investment. Wharton expects the gross national product to rise at a healthy 4.1 percent annual rate during the second half of the year.

Automobile sales and home-building, which triggered the economic slide during 1981-82, are rebounding strongly, thanks in large part to lowering interest rates. Auto sales increased 15.5 percent during the final half of last year and housing starts skyrocketed 41.7 percent. The physical inventory of unsold new single-family homes is at its lowest level since 1971.

Not all indicators are positive, to be sure, and the recovery will have some bumps. Although new unemployment insurance claims have dropped to their lowest level since August 1981, the jobless rate is more than 10 percent and expected to remain there for most of this year and the next. Moreover, working Americans are pressed by weak income growth. The wage and salary component of personal income increased only 2.8 percent last year. And excise tax increases agreed to in 1982 by the Reagan administration will reduce discretionary consumer purchasing power by about $4 billion.

Still, the optimism we voice is being substantiated in an unusually convincing way. Alice Rivlin, director of the Congressional Budget Office announced a few days ago without equivocation that "the recession is ending."

With the inflation rate down to 3.9 percent, the lowest in a decade, and the prime rate down to 11 percent and continuing to decline, the economic pieces are in place for economic growth, which can reduce the federal deficit more effectively than any combination of new taxes and spending cuts.

Nevertheless, Washington's peculiar time warp has Republicans as well as Democrats lagging behind these affirmative developments. For example, a $1 billion federal jobs program that House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill trumpeted last year has languished already to about $7 billion and is still growing.

Strangely, only days after President Reagan submitted his budget to Congress, administration spokesmen were dropping hints on Capitol Hill that they would consider cuts in defense spending, might go along for the first time with the Democrats' jobs program, and might compromise further after the Democrats present their spending and taxation plans.

Poor, poor OPEC

Two years ago, when the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries was pushing the price of oil above $40 a barrel, we might have prayed for the kind of news we got recently from Geneva. OPEC has failed to agree on price and production formulas that would stave off a wave of price-cutting on the world oil market.

Thus does the shoe slip onto the other foot. After ratcheting oil prices upward in the 1970s, to the distress of the oil-importing countries, OPEC is now scrambling to keep prices from dropping in the face of a market surplus. The Geneva meeting had been billed as a "last chance" for OPEC members to overcome their rivalries and self-interest for the good of the group. They seem to have failed.

Why no celebrations? We would expect bells to ring for the potential demise of an international cartel which had played havoc with our cost of living. Instead we see a stock market counting the news from Geneva as bad instead of good, and hear international bankers warn that a sharp drop in oil prices could have a serious if not fatal effect on some national economies.

We do not dismiss these warnings, but we think that the world will be better off with a weak OPEC, or none at all, than with an OPEC capable of controlling the price and supply of petroleum. A sharp drop in oil prices — if indeed that is in the cards — will create problems, but if weathering them leads to the establishment of a more free and rational energy market, so much the better.

Economic and energy policies of our country and most others have been predicated on a presumption that oil prices would remain high or climb higher. They did not envision the softening of prices that began in 1981, nor a major retreat in prices that may now occur. We have been forced to make radical reassessments of natural gas pricing policies, synthetic fuel programs, and calculations of the cost benefits of switching from oil to alternate energy sources.

A major challenge for the Reagan administration is how to keep lower prices on the world market from derailing the effort to reduce our dependence on foreign oil. Domestic drilling activity which has buoyed up our domestic oil industry in recent years could lose its economic rationale if oil is available from abroad at a price cheaper than the cost of producing it at home. This could lead the administration to support an oil import tax as a means of preventing another slide toward over-dependence on foreign oil.

If oil prices fall sharply, we should not delude ourselves into thinking that the reason is the influence of OPEC to prop them up. The real reason is the law of supply and demand, and that should remind us that the law works both ways. It took two years for a surplus to develop which has changed a seller's market into a buyer's market.

Letters from our readers

Once a year, on poems submitted

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I receive the Carlisle Mercury as a gift from my sister and thoroughly enjoy it each week.

I am enclosing a poem which I have written recently in remembrance of my home church, Ishmael Chapel, which I thought you might include sometime in your paper, if it is feasible.

The sketch I am including is a reprint of a pencil drawing I did of the church as I remember it best in my childhood days, two front doors instead of one, as it is today. It may not be usable, however, even if the poem is.

With appreciation for your paper.

Sincerely,
Avelyn (Clay) Comer
Route 4, Box 20
Louisville, IL 62858

Editor's note: It is our policy to print unsolicited poems only once a year, in October, during National Newspaper Week.

Martha Layne's jail finances

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I noted your Feb. 3, 1983 story attached in which you were unclear relative to financing for Martha Layne's financing plan for the system of feeder, regional jails and the new 500 bed prison.

Attached, please find a copy of the speech and a breakdown of the financing plan. Thought it might be of interest to you.

I appreciate your kindness when Martha Layne visited Carlisle several weeks ago, and I look forward to working with you in the future.

Yours truly,
Hank Lindsey
Press Secretary

Editor's note: Lt. Gov. Collins' jail financing plan is as follows:

"The $15,000,000 needed for feeder jails and temporary lockups construction and renovation can be met through the bond fund set up by the 1982 General Assembly in HB 441. This fund is financed with a $5 increase in court fees. The reserves are moving toward $7,000,000 and we will soon be able to proceed with a bond issue.

The construction and renovation money for regional jails and the medium security prison will be financed through a capital construction bond issue. Debt service can be met with the $11,000,000 already appropriated for the operation of county jails.

This means that the entire prison package I propose can be operational with only 25-30 million new dollars needed for staffing expenses."

Agree or not

Running state like a business is not working in transportation

by S.C. Van Curen

The state received only $334,155.09 for all of the photogrammetry equipment sold by the Transportation Department after then Cabinet Secretary Frank Metts decided the state would save money by having the work done by private contractors.

This figure includes $85,846.08 for an airplane. This money went to the state treasury while the balance of $248,309.01 went to Transportation.

In phasing out the division of photogrammetry Metz said a savings of $933,560 would be realized each year according to a report compiled by Everett Brown, director of the division of budget in Transportation.

Dan Estes used this figure in telling the Legislative Research Commission Subcommittee on Contract Review that the state has saved $2,497,495.20 since doing away with the photogrammetry division. He arrived at this total by multiplying the annual figure by 2.67, length of time the photogrammetry division was phased out.

The state still retains its photogrammetry files and parts of its laboratory and contracts photo work.

I have had a request in for the budget for photogrammetry and got this information from Transportation relayed through the Finance Cabinet.

Jim Clarke, assistant to Transportation Cabinet Secretary James F. Runke, said the photogrammetry budget for 1979-80 was $773,000. He said sometimes some kinds of expenditures in Transportation are set up in a single location for the entire Cabinet and could be split out to units (such things as travel, equipment rentals, etc.)

He said if such costs were split out to units that photogrammetry's actual costs for 1980-81 would show up as $696,500.

Cattle Lou Miller said the Finance Cabinet's budget division had Clarke supply the figure to save the Budget Division from looking through a lot of figures since photogrammetry was not shown as a line item in the governor's budget.

If the figure of $696,000 is correct, the question that immediately comes to mind is how did the state save $933,560 the first year by abolishing photogrammetry when the total cost of photogrammetry's operation for the previous year was only $696,500.

Clarke also came through with some corrected figures that showed the Transportation's photogrammetry took in $16,110 from other branches of state government and $11,316 from private firms for a total of $27,426 for 1980-81 and for the next year the figures were $15,149, and $17,555 for a total of $32,684. The wrong figures given previously were much higher, $50,079.70 for 1980 and $86,666.40 for 1981.

Currently Transportation has three personal service contracts operational: $650,000 to GHW Engineering, Lexington, on which $442,064.12 had been paid through December; $315,000 to Riley, Park, Hayden & Associates, Louisville, on which $75,814.85 has been paid and a new one to Niles and Associates of Lexington, just approved for $327,310.34.

The total payout on the two contracts is $517,878.97 plus the division of abandoned mines in Natural Resources has spent $136,142.82 since July 1981 to 1982. This grand total payout is $654,021.79, which is just $40,000 plus short of the actual budget for photogrammetry for fiscal 1979-80. How is the state saving $933,560 a year?

Is this John Y's way to run the state like a business?

Down Memory Lane

Airplane makes emergency landing on Boone Clark farm, no one hurt

Thursday, Feb. 28, 1963

A single-engine plane carrying four persons of Kalamazoo, MI, made an emergency landing about 5:30 p.m. Monday on the Boone Clark farm about three miles east of here. There were no injuries and the plane was only slightly damaged. Low fuel and bad weather was the reason for the landing.

John Milton Wells, Carlisle native, in Federal Service, will receive a 40-year award at the Annual Awards Ceremony of the U.S. Public Service Hospital in the spring, for a period ending December 1962. Mr. Wells became a clerk in the Carlisle Post Office in 1922 and head of the mailing department of the hospital in 1935.

Judy Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkins, will be a member of the touring Transylvania College Choir, which during the college's spring vacation March 16-24, will give concerts in cities in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Grimm, a son, Gregory Keith, Feb. 22 at Nicholas County Hospital.

DIED — Mrs. Ethel Shrout, 66, widow of Charles C. Shrout, Friday in Jacksonville, FL. — Mrs. Nora Thompson Snapp, 75, wife of Roy Snapp, Friday at home on East Main Street. — Carl Greene, 79, Feb. 20 at home at Route 3, Carlisle. — Homer Snapp, 72, Thursday at home in Paris. — Rainey M. Smith, 82, Tuesday at Nicholas County Hospital.

Thursday, March 4, 1943

Captain G.C. Caywood, former editor of the Carlisle Mercury, has been promoted to major in the Coast Artillery Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry Burnaw have moved from the Burnaw farm on the East Union Road to the Mathers farm near Carlisle.

That the present Red Cross drive in which the nation seeks to obtain $125,000,000 has gotten off to a good start here in Carlisle is evident by the fact that the city has in two days contributed about $300.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harney of Barterville, a son, Saturday at the Johnson Memorial Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Dorothy Marie Miller and William Weldon Richards, at the home of the Rev. C.C. Tanner, Feb. 28.

DIED — John R. Miller, 86, Monday at home near Barterville.

Thursday, March 1, 1990

A passenger train from Maysville derailed near Miller Station Friday afternoon, the engine and all cars leaving the track. No one was injured.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Grant Wilcoxon of Licking, a son on Feb. 20.

MARRIED — Miss Susan Buckler and W.A. Bowles, both of the county, Feb. 22. — Miss Stella Myers and Joseph McCord, both of the county, on the 28th. — Miss Mary L. Bryant and Jack Frederick, both of the county, on the 22nd. — Miss Ida McClanahan and Charles Galbraith, both of the county, on the 28th.

DIED — Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W.D. Sparks, at their home in the county on the 21st. — Mrs. Emily Norvell, 78, at her home in Carlisle on the 26th. — Child of Mr. and Mrs. Blair Stephenson, at their home in the county on the 26th.

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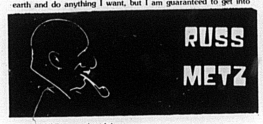
Op-Ed page

Until you've been . . SHAPED, RAPED and SHAFTED, don't complain



Attn: All Personnel.
Amalgamated Allied, Inc.
Attention all employees of this organization:

We have been notified by the Social Security Administration that because of a contemplated bankruptcy facing the fund, urgent and immediate steps must be taken throughout the country in an equitable manner to all.

Therefore, beginning immediately there will be a reevaluation level of compensation for those who are near retirement or already are on retirement, based on age and earning capacity in the latter years of productivity. This evaluation will be done by the Social Health and Productivity Enterprise (SHAPE).

And because of the increased cost which employers will have to bear on older employees caused by the bankrupt system, most firms will as soon as possible, phase out older personnel to protect the future of the corporation. This program will be known at Retire Aged Personnel Early (RAPE).

Employees who are RAPED will be given the opportunity to apply for more menial tasks within the corporation's infrastructure.

Of course the proper procedure would be for elderly persons to first be SHAPED and then be RAPED in an effort to be just to both new and older workers.

During the RAPE phase of the review, employees may ask for administrative hearings concerning their qualifications. This phase of the termination process will be held only after the SHAPE and RAPE findings are known and filed in the proper personnel folders by a committee known as Surveyors of Higher Authority Following Termination (SHAFT).

Program policy dictates that former Social Security-qualified workers may be SHAPED once and RAPED twice, but may get the SHAFT as many times as current regulations in Washington's bureaucratic Social Security program dictates.

Thank you for your attention.

— RM —

The gates swung open an an angel looked up quizically from a clipboard of papers he was studying. "May I help you?" the angel asked.

"Well, I guess this must be Heaven and I guess we're supposed to report here," one man said.

Both men gave the angel their names and waited as the angel ran his pencil down a list of names on one of the sheets attached to the clipboard. The angel's pencil paused down the list a second time.

"I'm afraid there has been a mistake," the angel said. "According to my records, you two are not supposed to report to Heaven until a month from today."

"But we're already dead," said One of the men.

"Quite," the angel said. "I'm new at gate duty, but I'll tell you what I can do. You both led exemplary lives so you both can go back down to earth and do anything you want for 30 days, and then you can come back and enter Heaven. Now, what would you like to do?"

One man quickly responded that while he lived on earth, he had loved to go fishing but he never had enough time for the sport. He said he'd like to go fishing for a month.

"Granted," the angel said.

The other man said, "Let me get this straight. I can go back to earth and do anything I want, but I am guaranteed to get into Heaven?" The angel said that was so.

"Well," the man said, "I did lead a very virtuous life on earth. I think I'd like to have a go at the other way for that month. I'd like to be a stud for 30 days."

The angel ruffled its feathered wings and started to object, but a deal is a deal, particularly in Heaven.

"Granted," said the angel and the two men went off in a whirl of smoke.

A month later, an escort angel reported to the Pearly Gates. The check-in angel said he had two pickups on earth. "One you won't have any trouble finding," the angel said. "He'll be in a rowboat fishing on Lake Michigan near Chicago.

"The other boy might be more of a problem. You'll find him somewhere on a snow tire in upstate New York."

— RM —

A recent visitor from England, a young lady reportedly told her hosts that at a holiday party she attended she had seen several middle-aged couples "snuggling."

"What's that?" she was asked. "Snuggling?" she said. "Oh, I suppose it's what you call 'necking' over here." The somewhat older middle-aged half of the couple she's visiting said:

"When we do it, it's what we call reminiscing."

— RM —

A sign posted on the mirror behind the bar of an Omaha bar and grill announces that telephone messages may be conveyed to callers according to these rates:

Not here — 25 cents.
Just left — 50 cents.
On his or her way — 75 cents.
Who? — $1.

— RM —

Texans speak a language of their own. And, just in case you plan to travel there, you may want to study the "Illustrated Texas Dictionary" by Jim Everhart.

My buddy, Stan Everman, of Lindale, Texas, loaned me his copy, so I could bone up on proper Texas terms. Here are a few longhorn words and how they are used in sentences:

Yawl: the pronoun of the second person. "Godd to see yawl."

Ward: a unit of language consisting of one or more spoken sounds. "Pardon me, could ah have a ward with yawl?"

Lahr: a prevaricator; one who tells lies. "Are yew callin' me a lahr?"

Watt: the lightest of colors. "Yew look watt as a sheet."

Riot: correct or proper. "That's jes as riot as rain."

Often: so as to be no longer supported or attached. "Now stan still so ah can shoot that apple often yore head."

Barley: only, just, no more than. "Ah can jes barley open mah eyes."

Pour: having little or no means of support. "Them folks is downriot pour."

Lacked: was on the verge of or came close to. "Ah lacked to died alaughin."

Main: of ugly disposition, nasty. "That there is one main man."

Felons: a substance used to close the cavities in teeth. "When ah open mah mouth real wad yawl can see mah two felons."

Thowed: to cause someone or something to go someplace as if by hurling. "Ah'm gonna have yawl thowed in jail!"

Rum: a portion of space within a building. "Ah got to go to the restrum."

Cheer: in this place or spot. "Yawl come riot cheer this minute."

Beggar: larger as in size, height, width, amount, etc.: "The beggar they come the harder they fall!"

Prior: a devout petition to an object of worship. "Don't never say a prior with your hat on."

Larry: wary, suspicious. "Ah would be larry if ah was yew."

Prod: the objective and dative case of thou. "Mah country tis of thee, suede land of liberty, of they ah sang . . ."

Seer: afflicted with ill health or disease. "Ah feel seet to mah stomach."

Harket: going to the barber. "Mah hat never fits after ah get a harket."

Onward, upward.

This that and 'tother

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
June 7, 1928

Up before breakfast, mighty betimes for me, and out into my garden where Spring burgeons though the chill in the air is that of late September. And there stroll, admiring the gorgeous beauties of a shell-pink peony just come into its full glory, the lovelies! I think that ever I saw. In truth my garden flares into colorful life since the rains, with the white and gold of shasta daisies, the misty blue of delphinium and the deeper azure of anchusa. And there are flags of white and ivory and purple and hidden away behind the ranker foliage of sturdier flowers, a little bed of old-fashioned clove pinks perfumes the air with a scent that is in itself a memory of "old forgotten, far off things." Wee, modest flower, "as as quaint as high-waisted gowns, knee breeches and powdered hair, as sweet as old lavender, as graceful as a minuet.

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot," sang the poet and indeed it is. My garden is a tiny plat, but it will bear a deal of wandering within. For the Universal Mother bestows impartially the beauties of her springtime colorings upon cottage flower beds and great formal gardens alike and though I have frequently envied the rich their terraces and vistas, their flagged walks and lily pools, one may bring beauty enough to a backyard garden — a cool little cup of beauty that may be applied delicately, without that sense of insufficiency which I feel always in the enjoyment of a more prodigal outpouring of Nature's springtime loveliness.

So to sit a moment in my summer house, bare of lattice and rafter now. But I have planted me six blue moonflowers and sown Japanese morning-glories and ere the little fiddlers begin their music under the August moon, I shall have me an arbor roofed by day and by night. Now through the lattice I sat watching my family of martins, 32 in all, busy with the cares of family, though if the young be yet all fledged I cannot tell, when a beautiful crested bird comes to rest in a weeping willow for a moment. And so I have what is to the bird-lover an adventure and that before breakfast, for I know by the drops of cherry red on his wings that a cedar waxwing has visited my garden and I have seen him. He is a restless bird and is soon away, but my catbird sings so sweetly from the plum tree, that I quickly forget the jaunty crested waxwing and bethink me of the singer's mate that has woven her nest in a deutzia bush at my back door. There she has been sitting these many days, curved like a slim bow shaft over her eggs, while her mate cheered her with his song. So I brave the dew of the high grass and peep in upon her nest. This time she slips silently away and venturing nearer I find four gaping mouths, where a few days ago were four blue-green eggs. Another adventure! I wonder if I but imagine a fuller tone from the sweet musician in my plum tree?

So to breakfast of canteloupe, on which I did gamble yesterday, and find to my surprise that I have won, and fresh eggs and crisp bacon and coffee with golden cream, which does make me better content with my lot. And as I eat my catbird sings from the plum tree. I wonder if he senses me?

Soon to the cemetery to see a "brown mockingbird," of which I have been told and the superintendent shows me the nest and soon the motherbird comes and it is a brown thrasher, a cousin of the mockingbird and of the catbird, mockers all three, but the thrasher is no mean performer and it is not strange that one should call him a "brown mockingbird." And I stand and look back along that beautiful ridge where all about the dead lie sleeping and gazing upon this lovely vista of contrasting greens in tree and shrub, there comes upon me that poignant feeling of being unable to enjoy enough, to get enough within me of this beauty. A queer feeling and I wonder about it.

* * *

Up into the town to be shaved by Fulton, the chirontonsor and right silent he is for a bright spring morning and tells me not a tale of his wondrous deeds or hair-raising experiences, though I bait him to tell of his winter in Alaska, a story he does relate remarkably well for one who chose farthest North in his song. So I brave the dew of the high grass and peep in upon her nest. This time the slips silently away and venturing nearer I find four gaping mouths, where a few days ago were four blue-green eggs. Another adventure! I wonder if I but imagine a fuller tone from the sweet musician in my plum tree?

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Soon to the cemetery to see a

*See This That and, page 4

In this corner...

The burley scare in Congress

by Jim Butler Wonke

Congressman Larry Hopkins was in town last week talking to the voters, local elected officials and others about burley tobacco, among other items.

He passed along the news that the anti-smoking element in Congress is going to try and pass a bill this year, forcing the tobacco companies to put more and different warning statements on cigarette packages.

Instead of just one standard warning statement as we have now, this new law would have the companies put on several different ones.

All of this is a waste of money, Hopkins says, and he is right.

If people want to smoke, they'll smoke. If people want to drink, they'll drink. Passing a law to stop it hasn't worked yet, why should it work now?

One of the greatest examples of this was Prohibition. More booze got drank during prohibition than at any other time in our history, because it was against the law.

You know what happens if you tell your children not to do something. That is the first thing they'll try to do when your back is turned...out of curiosity and because they want to show you who's boss. It takes a good set of parents to live through the 15 or 20 years it takes to raise children when they have this kind of attitude.

Anyhow, the point of all this is that the anti-smoking forces are active in Washington and still working, according to Hopkins, and one wrong move by the burley forces and we're liable not to have a tobacco program anymore.

This was the basic answer he gave to those who were complaining to him about the new rules in the tobacco bill of last year, under which some corporations and large businesses would have to give up their tobacco allotments if it was a sideline with them.

"You had better be satisfied with what you've got now," was the Hopkins message to the burley farmer, "the sledding in Congress to keep the tobacco program is a tough one and not going to get any easier in this session of Congress."

There was one optimistic note concerning those large companies, which will have millions and millions of pounds in the loan program and who are mainly responsible for the new regulations passed last year, are still not satisfied. The word is they want to introduce another tobacco bill this year.

All of which scares Rep. Hopkins. Now is not the time to have a tobacco bill on the floor of the house, he says, when there is a "cut spending mood" in Congress. "We could get an amendment tacked on real easy to eliminate the burley program and not be able to stop it."

Burley farming is scary business, in case you hadn't noticed!

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