Opinion

Social Security rescue mission

With so many doctors gathered at its bedside, the ailing Social Security system should not be suffering from lack of attention, and yet it is. When the doctors can't agree on what to do, the patient gets no treatment at all.

That's where the 15 members of the National Commission on Social Security Reform have left us after studying the financial ills of the system for more than a year. They can agree on only one thing: That if something isn't done, Social Security will fall between $150 billion and $200 billion short of covering its expenses between now and 1990.

Beyond that, the bipartisan commission can only identify 97 different ways to increase income or cut expenditures. It has been unable to weave any of them into a combination that does not split the commission on philosophical or partisan lines. It is now appealing to President Reagan and Speaker Tip O'Neill to involve themselves in negotiations for a compromise.

That brings us full circle. The White House and Congress were at a standoff over Social Security when Mr. Reagan set up the commission last year. His hope was that its recommendations for reform could be considered at this opportune political time — after the 1982 elections, but before reform becomes an issue for 1984. He had learned the hard way that any suggestion for Social Security reform, no matter how sensible, can be exploited politically.

Mr. Reagan and congressional leaders will have to work with all deliberate speed to put together a Social Security rescue mission before the present window of opportunity slams shut. A rational debate on options for reform is not impossible if the participants observe a few ground rules.

They should agree, for instance, that proposals to delay a future benefit increase or to change the index for calculating future increases will not be described as "cuts" in Social Security. They should agree that proposals to separate the old age insurance aspect of Social Security from its purely welfare aspects will not be denounced as schemes to "dismantle" the system or to "wreck" it.

An anti-demagoguery pledge by O'Neill and his Democratic cheering section in the House would go a long way toward achieving a constructive debate on Social Security options. Mr. Reagan and the Republicans no doubt would like a pledge to treat Democratic proposals with respect and an open mind if the Democrats would agree to do as much in return.

Enough has leaked from the deliberations of the reform commission to indicate where the differences lie. The Republicans think the Democrats would rely too much on increases in the payroll tax to cover the Social Security shortfall. The Democrats think the Republicans would rely too much on changes in eligibility rules and benefit formulas to close the gap. While commission members may find it expedient to report that they cannot agree on what to recommend, Congress and the president must sooner or later compromise on a course of action.

The 98th option is to do nothing. That would leave the government to write Social Security checks that bounce, and neither Democrats nor Republicans want to take the blame for that.

Nine newsmen jailed

Fear of the printed word has driven the Philippines' President Ferdinand Marcos into rash action against a Manila newspaper and its staff.

Recently, the English-language newspaper We Forum, with a circulation of 22,000, was raided and closed by the military. Jose Burgos Jr., the editor and publisher, former Philippine Sen. Francisco Rodrigo and eight executives, editors and writers were picked up and held under arrest.

The eight staffers were retired university professors Salvador Roxas Gonzales, Armando Malay and Ernesto R. Rodriguez, all columnists; managing editor Crispin Martinez; news editor Teddy Cecilio; circulation manager Angel Tronqued; production manager Edwardo Burgos, and advertising manager Teodoro Burgos.

They were accused of sedition and conspiracy to overthrow the Marcos regime. The government said there was evidence We Forum had become a tool of the outlawed Philippine Communist Party and the party's New People's Army and the Movement for a Free Philippines, which is based in the United States.

Another possible reason behind the seizure was a recent series of articles in the newspaper which cast doubts on Marcos' World War II record as a guerrilla fighter against the Japanese in central Luzon.

Even though Marcos ended 11 years of martial law in January 1981, he still is a virtual dictator, ruling by presidential decree. He can order mass arrests and does so as a warning to dissidents. Similar crackdowns this year have imprisoned union leaders and priests and nuns, accused of inciting rebellion in rural areas.

There were similar raids and arrests a few weeks before Marcos visited the United States last September. He came to talk about better trade relations, to purchase military weapons and to discourage raising the rent for U.S. use of Subic Bay Naval Base and Clark Air Base. While here he was picketed by Americans of Filipino descent who protested his human rights violations.

Manila seems to be taking the latest mass arrests stoically. There was no immediate editorial reaction from Manila's major daily newspapers or from the National Press Club, of which Jose Burgos is a former director. Most of the Philippine newspapers are careful to avoid criticism of Marcos or his tactics, fearing retaliation.

But his provocations are reported throughout the world. And the We Forum incident will be another black mark on his record of human rights violations.

Letters

Issues and Answers

Information on fatal mishap

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Several decades ago when I was a police officer, a serious automobile accident happened one night near the Pentacostal Holyness Mission. One boy was killed.

Now if you have a record of that mishap and a description in detail — if not could you write same on type-written paper. I will greatly appreciate it.

Sincerely yours,
Harold Tillon
127 45 Elm Corner Road
Williamsburg, OH 45176

More comment on Lanum letter

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I am writing in reply to Ray Lanum's letter that appeared in the Dec. 16 issue of the Mercury. It seems that Mr. Lanum makes a mistake with the Bible that is very common today. He decides what the Bible says before he reads it. He has explained the Matthew 6:5-6 passage erroneously. This passage does not speak against prayer in public. It is rather concerned with the manner and attitude associated with prayer. We are not to pray in order to be seen by men as the hypocrites do. But there is nothing wrong with public prayer as long as it is done to glorify God.

It is time that Mr. Lanum and the many others like him took a good, long look at the Word of God in order to see what it really says. Too often, the Bible is twisted to support our own ideas instead of letting It speak for itself. Our President, Ronald Reagan, has declared 1983 to be "The Year of the Bible." Let us make it a year that we look to the pages of Holy Writ so that we might live better lives.

I also want to thank the area ministers and the people who showed their desire for a decent community by voting against the sale of alcoholic beverages in Carlisle. Having spent most of the last 3½ years in Cincinnati, Ohio, I have seen the danger of alcohol. Each day a look at the newspaper reveals a number of murders, rapes, thefts and other serious crimes that can be connected to alcoholic beverages. We certainly did not need that in this community. Thank God that there are enough people in Carlisle who want a decent respectable place to live that they could not vote those who would like to see Carlisle sucked down the gutter of alcohol.

Sincerely,
Wendell McKee

Road Dept. thanks the fiscal court

To The Carlisle Mercury:

The Nicholas County Fiscal Court presented each employee of the Nicholas County Road Department a Christmas gift. This is to express our gratitude for their thoughtfulness in this Christmas season.

We would also like to wish everyone a prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,
Employees of the Nicholas County Road Department
James W. Ring, Kenneth Ishmael
Houston Watkins, Ralph Treadway
Alton Barlow, Carl Waugh
Billy Wayne Watkins, J.B. Minton
Calvin Morris, John Ecton
Frank Cundiff, Mark Seago
Phillip Howard, John Ritchie
Joe Evans, Reynolds C. Price

Agree or not

S. C. Van Curon admits to 41 years of column writing

by S.C. Van Curon

The syndicated portion of this column came of age (11 years) last August when some other papers began to use it in 1961 as a regular feature once a week.

The subject matter in these columns has dealt with Kentucky politics or other topics of statewide interest. State politics has never lost its interest to readers although personalities bloom and fade with the years while new individuals move into the political scene.

I've never pulled my punches in writing on actions of politicians although I must admit that I have been wrong on occasions as time has proved. However, I have never dealt in personalities per se. I have always considered the private lives of individuals as something beyond the scope of this column.

Politics will begin to heat up some after the first of the year, but won't really get into high gear until after the middle of March as the May primary nears nearer.

The Democrats have several candidates on the track already and they are the ones who really stage the primary show.

The Republicans manage to win the governorship about every 16 years when the Democrats get tired of their own and the predominate party members switch over and vote for a Republican. However, Republicans have not succeeded in holding the office two terms in a row in recent memory.

The way it looks this year is that the Republicans are going to roll over and play dead for the Democrats for there is not a bonafide candidate yet announced for governor for the Republican primary. The same holds for other offices down the line.

When Louie B. Nunn was elected governor in 1967, he won the Republican nomination in a red hot primary with Marlow Cook who later became United States senator. Republicans never seem to groom young politicians to come up through the ranks for higher office.

The inaction so far this time leaves people to wonder if the Republicans are going to roll over and play dead. Without a hot primary, public interest is so much centered on the Democrats in their primary that the interest carries over to the fall election and the Republican candidate never seems to receive any recognition.

Democrats already in the field contending for the gubernatorial nomination are Lt. Gov. Martha Layne Collins, Louisville Mayor Harvey Sloane, former Human Resources Secretary Dr. Grady Stumbo, while former Transportation Secretary Frank Metts is still to make his decision known.

Of course we have the musical chairs players in Treasurer Frances Jones Mills and Secretary of State Drex Davis who wants to switch offices again and remain on the public payroll. Too, there is Auditor James Graham who wants to return to his old place as Superintendent of Public Instruction.

I'm getting some messages from out in the state that some of the electorate is tired of these musical chairs characters, but there certainly isn't enough so far to give much encouragement to ambitious Democrats to unseat them in the primary. It's hard to find an issue against these candidates for they are in service positions and their policies and deeds are set for them and they make no decisions affecting the public.

This marks 41 years of column writing (daily before I retired) and I hope to stay at it as long as I can provide some contribution to the scene in Kentucky.

Down Memory Lane

City School boiler breaks down

Thursday, January 10, 1963

The Carlisle City School is holding classes in the educational buildings of the Methodist and Baptist churches, after the boiler of the school's heating system, which had been under repair several times, broke down completely Friday and was beyond repair.

Nicholas County's public assistance recipients received $18,417 in aid during November through the State Department of Economic Security, Commissioner Earl V. Powell has announced.

Mark Willoughby, three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Willoughby of Barterville, was taken to the Nicholas County Hospital Tuesday afternoon after having swallowed 43 grams of aspirin.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hicks, a son, Herbert Jr., Dec. 31 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Glen Hamilton of Paris, a daughter, Alice Anne, Thursday at Bourbon County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Carolyn Sue Coffey and Glen Hamilton, Sunday at the Somerset Christian Church. — Miss Janice Morris and Pvt. Albert Daniel, Dec. 28 at the Rose Hill Methodist Church.

DIED — J. Milton Fryman, 68, Jan. 3 at the Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Lyda Smith, 76, Friday at Harrison Memorial Hospital. — Mrs. Myrtle K. Jolly, 81, Wednesday at the home of her son, Avery Jolly. — Mrs. Victor Mizrahi, 21, at home in College Park, Md. — Edward W. Anderson, 85, Owingsville, Thursday at the Collins Nursing Home.

Thursday, January 14, 1943

Marauding dogs, five of them in a pack, Saturday attacked three cows on the farm of Thomas Whitely, near Headquarters, seriously injuring one of the animals. Sheep losses have run high here in recent months but this is the first case in which larger animals have been the pack's prey.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Howard, a daughter, Betty Lou, Jan. 7. — To Mr. and Mrs. Russell Glenn, a daughter, Libby Sue, Thursday at Johnson Memorial Hospital. — Capt. and Mrs. Teddy Poe, a son, Teddy Allen, Saturday at Good Samaritan Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Elmira Fryman and Pvt. Raymond Dotson, Dec. 15, 1942 at Maysville. — Miss Imogene Hilander and James Sosby, Jan. 5 in Paris.

DIED — Dr. J.J. Letton, 76, Bethel, Friday at home. — Mrs. Elizabeth Snapp Sherwood, 60, widow of John Sherwood, Monday at Harrison Memorial Hospital. — Robert Tucker, 85, Monday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H.T. Fryman in Paris. — Mrs. Sarah Royce Buchanan, 93, Friday at the home of her daughter in Covington. — Mrs. Dora Mastin Simms, 62, at the home of her son, Otis Simms.

Thursday, January 17, 1918

Blizzard strikes Carlisle, with coal famine resulting, as worst cold weather in years prevails. Only 100 bushels of coal remain in city.

George Henry Eubanks, George Rector Clark and James David Patton, registrants under the selective service law, were released by the local board here this week so that they might join the United States Navy.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Dinsmore, twin daughters.

MARRIED — Miss Fannie Robinson and Russell Green, both of the county. — Miss Marion Hurt and Stanley Kerns.

DIED — James Potts, former Nicholas Countian, at Grayson. — Mrs. Jennie McAllister, mother of Mrs. J. Cray Martin.

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[Mrs.] Libby J. Moss.....Composing/Writer Operator
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Op-Ed page

Letter from Mom: You're welcome to come home, if you can find us

A mother's letter to her son:

"Dear Son:

"Just a few lines to let you know I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know that you cannot read fast.

"You won't know the house when you come home. We've moved.

"There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in, but it isn't working too good. Last week I put 14 shirts into it, pulled the chain and I haven't seen them since.

"Your father didn't have too much to drink at Christmas. I put a bottle of castor oil in his pint of beer. It kept him going till New Year's Day.

"I went to the doctor on Thursday and your father came with me. The doctor put a tube into my mouth and told me not to open my mouth for 10 minutes. Your father offered to buy the tube from him.

"We had a letter yesterday from the undertaker. He said if the last installment wasn't paid on your grandmother within seven days, up she comes.

"I heard you were considering a sex-change operation. Do you think you would like to dance backwards the rest of your life?

"The house we live in now isn't very big. In fact, it is so small people keep dropping off their camera film to be developed at my window.

"Old age ain't so bad. At least it is a time when everything begins to click — your elbows, your knees, your neck, your teeth.

"But when you ask a store clerk if an item has a lifetime guarantee and he looks at you and says, 'In your case, yes . . .'

"That's life in the fast lane.

Your loving Mother."

— RM —

You might say he's a guy with money to burn. Dave Nole, an accountant with the Federal Reserve System, is in charge of disposing old money. Dave says the average life of a bill is only 19 months. (If he thinks that's short, he should see the life of a dollar bill in my wife's hands).

On an average day, Dave's department will burn $2 million when dealing with fives and tens and more if dealing with 20s. He stopped and burned with the ashes made to drop through a strainer. If they don't drop down, they are hand-picked and strained.

That seems like a lot of trouble to get rid of money. It would be much simpler to give it to congressmen and then it will disappear quickly down the rat holes of the old porkbarrel leaving no trace.

— RM —

Jude Pohl gets my vote as consumer watchdog of the year. He bares the life of a welfare worker and tells how it is trying to help the needy up around Pittsburg.

He is a four-year veteran of the welfare wars of the late '70s and spent a year as a caseworker, averaging a caseload of 100 to 110 people. Being in the field, he realized a significant percentage of people were not eligible and, being conscientious, he decided to weed them out.

With little effort, he got the caseload down to 65. The department increases his territory until it was back up to 100. Within two weeks he got it down again. This pattern continued until Pohl, fearful he was becoming too efficient, was transferred to an inside job where he could be in no position to damage the funding level.

For the next three years, he worked in the office that dispenses food stamps and medical assistance cards.

Pohl is not one to romanticize the life of a welfare worker. "To be honest, it's a snap job. Working conditions are horrible. There are things that are unbearable. But you don't have to work hard. You can take a vacation five minutes at a time. The benefits are great, the pay's pretty decent. And all those state holidays. It's O.K. if you can put up with incompetent people telling you how to do your job. Supervisors don't want to exercise responsibility or take the initiative. It's always, 'I'll get back to you on that' and they'd call upstairs.

"To think that everybody's mad at Reagan. He could cut twice as much as he has and there would be no reason every person in need in Pennsylvania couldn't be helped. If you distribute the money to those entitled and cut administrative costs, the money is there."

I have a feeling Pohl is not with the welfare department anymore.

— RM —

My friend, a hunter, says he knows a man who took his wife with him on the first day of deer hunting season. She had never been hunting before but she nagged at her spouse every year about leaving her behind. He explained how her gun worked and sent her off into the woods, nattily dressed in a red hunting outfit.

It wasn't long before the man heard a shot from the direction in which his wife had gone. He hurried toward the sound of the gunfire and was horrified to find his wife aiming her rifle at a terrified man.

"He was trying to take my deer," she shouted at her husband. "I shot it and now he wants to steal it. It's mine!"

"Lady," said the stranger, "I know you shot it. And if you'll just let me get my saddle off it, you can have it."

— RM —

A fellow, known only to Jim O'Grady, was roamin' in the glomin' near Loch Lomond in Scotland when out of the heather popped a wee fairy-like creature.

The guy quickly scooped up the wee one, who immediately began pleading to be released. He promised to grant the fellow three wishes if he could set him free.

The fellow agreed, of course, but the wee one added a note of caution. "I'll grant any wish you want but whatever it is, it will be double for your worst enemy."

"O. K.," said the guy, who then made his first wish: "I want you to give me a beautiful 12-room mansion right on the spot." Poof! A stately 12-room mansion immediately appeared.

But, at the same time, a 24-room mansion also popped up.

Second wish: "I want you to put a gorgeous woman in each room." No problem. Immediately every room in the 12-room mansion had a beautiful woman in it. However, the same thing happened in the 24-room mansion.

The wee one said, "Now, what is your third and last wish? Remember, I'll double it for your worst enemy."

The fellow grinned and said, "I want you to reduce my ability to make love by 50 percent."

Onward, upward.

This that and 'tother

a page from the diary of a country editor.

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.

June 10, 1926

Lay late, it being the Sabbath and so sleepy-headed that I am inducted to rise only when I learn that there are to be waffles for breakfast. Which brings me up forthwith, but little stomach for their golden glories, alack, having nibbled at candy late last night, a bad habit in which I do persist. Out after breakfast to watch my cat bird in the cherry tree and she has finished her nest and ornamented it with string and bits of paper. And no doubt there are now eggs and perchance fledglings there, yet I am loathe to climb and see, so distressed is a mother cat bird, when one has discovered her home. But now she sings blithely and almost as well as her consort, the mocking bird, I think, believing her nest to be securely hidden. A very aristocrat of birds is the cat bird and mine does take her morning's bath very prettily with great splashings and I am told by a bird lover that it is very droll to see a mother cat bird lead her young to the morning bath where she does steer them by the nape and plunge them under until they learn to make their own toilet.

The day being fine, I slip away to make a gallery of a dove I have found nesting in a cedar bush in our cemetery. But, alas, the storm of last Sunday has drowned the fledglings, one of which hangs by its neck in a crotch of the bush, a sad sight indeed, and the young doves do not tumble from the ill-constructed platform of sticks which must serve as a nest, for the female mourning dove is a sloven builder and a poor housekeeper, yet the male does sing his mournful love-note to her, as though she were the finest of wives. And very like he thinks so, after the manner of many husbands. As I walk on I do hear his coo-coo-coo-acoo-acoo, crooning to her, and methinks there will be another nest and more white eggs and no tragedy this time perchance.

On in the pleasant sunshine into a field of ripening blue grass, knee high, showing in the purple tints of its seed heads the colors from whence it takes the name. And I lay awhile in the lush grass, watching the wind ripple the tops like miniature waves on a purple sea. All about the meadow larks did hover and call, flinging their fluting carol to float on the breeze and there did come a medley of bird songs, the wailing cry of the timid killdeer, the joyous concert of the mocking bird, the cheery call of the robin and the harsh "yarup" of the flicker, and ever and anon the crooning love notes of the male dove singing to his voiceless lady love.

Presently into another field, where the blackberries begin to shower their snowy blossoms and many second-growth locusts and weeds and I would pass on to prettier pastures, but am taken with the excited chirping of two sparrows whose nest I decide must be near, to set me to watch, very still. Through my glass I observe the pinkish bill and the wing markings of the field sparrow and do wait as motionless as may be, until the female disappears, which I walk slowly to the spot, the wind blowing toward me. Very excited chirps from the sparrow made, warning his wife of the enemy's approach, but she forsooth did not hear and flew out at my very feet. A dainty cup it was, set between four weed stalks and lined with horse hair, very neat, and as well hidden that one might search for hours and not find it, unless drawn there by the nesting bird. In it there were four fledglings with orange-pink mouths, if such a color here be. At least the mouths were larger than the tiny birds almost and they stretched them mightily when the nest was touched. And all the while the parent birds did chirp plaintively, both fluttering near, the female nearest, as is the custom of mothers, forgetting her fear in her anxiety for her children. Very soon I passed on touched by the solicitude of this feathered mother.

So across the fields home, seeing a pair of cardinals, the male a streak of flame against a background of green leaves, and a ruby-throated hummingbird poised near me for a moment. And I was fain to think how different is this darting little bunch of feathers from the dove, for he is but a sad dog of a husband and his wife a model housekeeper, for she does labor diligently to saddle her tiny nest on a twig, lashing it securely with cobwebs, and after strand and camouflaging it to match the color of surroundings with innumerable bits of lichen, the while he flits from flower to flower and does no whit of work. Very like some men in this bird also.

In the cemetery I find the nest of a brown thrasher in a cedar bush and the parent birds both so frantic that I left them at peace, but I note and guess a liquid "pee-a-wee," that is almost a sob, when she thinks her young are to be harmed.

Home to make a slight pretense of eating lunch and eager to be back in the sunshine, though the air grows cool for June. So to the lake to pick wild strawberries, which tempt me not so much as the fishing and I yearn for a bucket of black-head minnows and my rod, for it is June and there is always prospect of hooking a fat bass, many of which live in the lake, but feed I think mighty well on smaller fishes, for they do take the hook seldom. At the lake it is pleasant to watch the martins and the barn swallows flit and dip and a purple grackle walked sedately to within a few feet of me. Very like a crow is this fellow and well named the crow blackbird.

And there comes over me a spirit of peace as I sit in the sunshine of June, the most beautiful of months. And I think of the fulfillment of the promise of April in this month, mother of roses, peerless prima donna in Nature's pageant of Summer. All about are the wonders of life resurrected, creeping grubs metamorphose into gauzy-winged insects, ugly groping forms crawl up from the ooze of the pond bottoms and float away on lacy wings peace as I sit in the sunshine of June, the most beautiful of months. And I think of the fulfillment of the promise of April in this month, mother of roses, peerless prima donna in Nature's pageant of Summer. All about are the wonders of life resurrected, creeping grubs metamorphose into gauzy-winged insects, ugly groping forms

* See This, That and 'Tother, page 4

In this corner.....

Here's some more true snow stories

by Jim Butler Wanke

Now that we are into January, it seems a good time to tell some more snow stories, since the last column on that subject received such wide acclaim!

Really though, there is a story about a train that was buried by the snow. It happened just a few years ago in Montana on one of those rail cuts they make alongside the edge of a mountain. An avalanche came down, inundating the engine and eight passenger cars. Only the caboose escaped the snow, and it was by that escape route the passengers fled to safety. Once they got outside, however, they found 45 mile per hour winds and near zero visibility, with a wind chill of 100 degrees below zero. Just thinking about going to the bathroom was enough to freeze you up.

So the 40 or so passengers trooped back inside the train, underneath the snow, and remained there until rescued. A true story.

You don't necessarily have to suffocate if you become covered up with snow, the moral of the story is. The veteran snow people of the north say the first thing to do is not to panic. (That's easy to say when writing a book about the experiences of a warm critter.)

The next thing is to use your arms to hollow out a breathing space and keep your breathing shallow. The third thing is to pull out your 25 foot collapsible antenna with a confederate flag on the end. Just push it up through the snow and some northerner is bound to notice. He will send a crash of brandy down and you can stay there and drink it until your wife comes looking for you.

Another popular story told in Canada is about the two persons marooned for 47 days in the wilds of the Yukon after a plane crash. They were a married man and a married woman, but not to each other. They were forced to share their body heat in order to survive, the story in a Canadian newspaper said. That was when the reporters really started asking questions, but the couple obviously had a pact that the past was the past and not to be discussed. They both survived in good shape and went home to their families where the questions really got started.

The best one

But the best snow story I ever heard is about the airline pilot who landed at the wrong Minnesota airport in a blizzard but didn't know it. On top of that he called a cab and the cab driver took him to the house of another airline pilot in a suburb where all of those look alike. The front door was open, so he went upstairs and crawled in with his wife, or so he thought.

It was the dog that got him in trouble. The lady still didn't know it wasn't her husband the next morning (can you believe that?), but the dog wandered into the bedroom and started barking like mad.

At least that's the story they told in court.

Some of the ways to do business with us are changing.

But we're still as close as your phone.

The telephone industry is changing — reorganizing. That means more options for you. And some changes in the way you do business with us. If you've done business with us lately, you may have gone to one of our retail outlets. Now, if you need help with phone service, call us first.

Call a South Central Bell service representative if you want to:

– order new phone service.
– change your existing service.
– disconnect your service.
– ask a question about your bill.
– buy, change or return sets purchased or leased from South Central Bell. (We cannot exchange or take back sets purchased or leased from other suppliers.)

Call South Central Bell's repair service if you have trouble with your service or with a phone set that is leased from South Central Bell. (For service or repair of phone sets that you own – whether they came from South Central Bell or another supplier – you should follow the warranty instructions or other maintenance arrangement made at the time of purchase.)

You'll find the phone numbers for your service representative and repair service in the front of the South Central Bell phone book. When you call us, in many cases we'll be able to complete your business or solve your problem while you're on the phone. In other cases, we may offer to mail equipment or parts to you. Or you may be referred to a phone company service center to complete your transaction. If so, we'll tell you where the nearest one is and when it's open.

Some things won't change. During 1983 South Central Bell will still provide you with dependable local and long distance phone service. We'll continue to be responsible for repairs that residence and business customers now lease from us. And we'll continue to lease telephones (and to sell some selected phones) as long as they're available from inventory. (With regulatory approval, we do plan to offer single-line residence and business customers the option of buying telephones that are now leased from us.)

There'll be more changes in the telephone industry in the coming year or so as South Central Bell and other Bell operating companies are separated from AT&T and reorganized into regional companies. This change in organization, to take place in 1984, will affect significantly how you get and use telecommunications services.

But no matter how things change, South Central Bell is committed to seeing that certain things will remain the same. We'll still have good, dependable people and the same goal: providing you with the best, most advanced telephone service at reasonable rates.

We'll keep you informed. But in the meantime, if you have any questions about the changes in the industry or about how to do business with us now, call 1 800 555-5000, toll free, 10 a.m. til 8 p.m. Central Time, Monday through Friday. Or write for a free brochure, "Let's Talk About Change."

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