Opinion

Congress: 'tis season to go bankrupt

Congress put an onion under the Christmas tree of the U.S. bankruptcy court system.

Approximately 700,000 pending bankruptcy cases, millions of dollars of claims and thousands of jobs have been thrown up into the air. The Supreme Court refused to grant a third extension of the bankruptcy law, which the court has declared unconstitutional. Two hundred and twenty bankruptcy judges no longer exercise the broad powers Congress granted to them in the 1978 law, and it is unclear whether federal district judges will gain legal jurisdiction over the cases.

Bankruptcy proceedings often mean the difference between a business going broke or surviving. The courts help supervise reorganizations and give creditors assurances that they will be paid, if the business is given time to recover. Time and judgment are crucial in resolving these cases. If bankruptcy cases are thrown onto the already overloaded federal district court system, many cases will be delayed. Businesses will go under. Creditors will lose their money. Jobs will be lost. And this in the depths of the recession, when bankruptcies are already at postwar record levels and unemployment at the highest rate since the Great Depression.

The only group to benefit will be lawyers, who will be called in at their clients' expense to untangle the legal mess.

Congress had a chance to pass several different bankruptcy reorganization bills. House Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino, D-N.J., had a plan to make bankruptcy judges equal to federal district court judges. Sen. Strom Thurmond, R-S.C., and Sen. Robert Dole, R-Kan., wanted to bring bankruptcy courts into the federal district court system — and simultaneously make changes to make it more difficult to declare bankruptcy. Congress bickered and delayed, then adjourned without passing a bill.

The 98th Congress must pass a constitutional and equitable bankruptcy law as its first order of business.

Work needed to put America back to work

The only notion worse than fighting unemployment by traditional jobs programs is the notion that the government should have no program at all. Yet these are the choices seemingly favored by liberals and conservatives in Washington today. The probable outcome is all too clear. Claiming to "put America back to work," the political leaders will strike a compromise between bad alternatives.

Instead President Reagan and Congress should come forth this winter with actions that credibly promise to accelerate recovery. And they should start large programs to help prepare the jobless — especially the young — for the new kinds of work that recovery will offer.

Most so-called jobs programs are not a true stimulus and do not address the challenge of work that is obsolete. Indeed, they have little effect on total employment at all. If new work is provided by special taxation, existing work is lost when the money for its wages goes for taxes instead. If some jobs are created by deficit financing, others are wiped out when the Treasury borrows their investment base away. If traditional jobs are saved by keeping out cheap imports, newer jobs are taken from Americans who live by the import trade. And if high inflation is the tactic tried, then everyone pays with deep recession that follows soon after.

Yet the impotence of these ways to reduce unemployment does not mean the government should just get off people's backs and hope for the best. It has and should welcome a more creative role.

One imperative positive action to stimulate jobs is to cut back sharply on gargantuan federal deficits. The deficits ahead are a strong depressant on economic growth — that is to say, on jobs. The depressant will be removed if Mr. Reagan and Congress reduce the demands of national defense and of payments for Americans who are not poor. Tight fiscal discipline now would boost the confidence needed if consumers are to spend and businesses expand. It would truly stimulate new jobs.

Many of those jobs will be in unfamiliar places and new occupations. As old industries shrink and different work emerges, people deserve help to take advantage of the change. Otherwise, many will be hurt and pressures will increase to prevent the change from happening. This winter Mr. Reagan and Congress should forge a major program to support retraining workers whose jobs are gone, to ease the entry of young people into work, to help people move to where business is brisk, to help new business start where people are plentiful. Companies, unions, communities and individuals will meet these challenges better if the national government takes a vigorous lead.

Twelve million Americans are looking for work. Like high inflation, high unemployment will be difficult to bring down. But better tools are available than the ax that won't work or to give the appearance of not trying at all.

Letters from our readers

Upset subscriber gets 2 Mercurys; publisher joins in commotion

Jan. 6, 1983

To The Carlisle Mercury:

It's been about three weeks that I sent check for the Mercury. I haven't gotten my canceled check back yet. Anyway I haven't received but two Mercurys — thought sure we would get last week's by now, but we didn't.

(Hester Allison sent me the Mercury before I sent for it and we got it in 2 days. If I were you, I'd check the P.O. department if you send it through them.)

I will expect by return check the difference — I don't think it's worth the amount you charge, not get it only once in a while.

You understand I hope.

Were looking forward to getting the Mercury every week, not just once in a while after we've paid for it, and it's been this way the past years.

Just cancel my order and return the balance of check. We got 2 Mercurys since you cashed the ck.

Dorothy Eads

(**Editor's note:** We do not know if the address given us in December was correct or not, but can only assume if the customer got two Mercurys then it must have been. Our local postmaster, John R. Anderson has started a check from this end with the address we had. Mrs. Eads didn't deem it necessary to put an address on her letter or envelope received Monday, Jan. 10.)

Court of Appeals productivity up; Judge encloses his annual report

To The Carlisle Mercury:

This year the Court of Appeals again participated in 226 appeals as a panel member. Both totals are the highest for any member of the Court. Both exceed my own numbers for last year. Enclosed is my annual report.

Since 1976, I have authored 694 opinions and served on panels reviewing approximately 1,734 cases. Most appeals are now heard within 7 to 9 months of their submission as distinguished from 1 to 2 years under the old system.

My new responsibilities on the Supreme Court involve the final interpretation of Kentucky law because that Court is the one of last resort in this State. Each case must be studied carefully because the decision will have a permanent impact on Kentucky law.

Your comments and suggestions are always appreciated.

Very truly yours,

Donald C. Wintersheimer

Justice, Supreme Court of Kentucky

(**Editor's note:** A report to the people by Judge Wintersheimer appears elsewhere in the Mercury.)

Annual report of Judge Wintersheimer may be found on page five.

"We're selling so many we had to buy one ourselves to keep track of it all."

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Agree or not

Convenience, economy is served

by S.C. Van Curon

For convenience and economy Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. and the legislative leadership moved the convening date of the special session up from Monday to last Friday.

This action was taken over the protests of strict constitution constructionists who argued the change would be setting a dangerous precedent since there is no provision for such a move in the document. However, the argument for moving up the date for the special session is to save the taxpayers approximately $30,000 which is estimated as the cost of each day the legislature is in session now.

In providing the right for a governor to call a special legislative session, the Constitution says: (Section 80)

"He may, on extraordinary occasions, convene the general assembly at the seat of government, or at a different place, if that should have become dangerous from an enemy or from contagious diseases. In case of disagreement between the two houses, with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper, not exceeding four months. When he shall convene the general assembly it shall be by proclamation, stating the subjects to be considered, and no other shall be considered."

Since there is no mention against moving up the date a day or so, the leadership contends no harm is being done and it will save the people money.

However, the strict constructionists maintain otherwise.

The Attorney General issued an opinion which said:

"There is no express authority in Section 80 for the governor's changing the date of convening, and there is no basis for implying that the governor may make such a change.

"The proclamation and its convening date are one and inseparable."

The opinion said the thing appears as "a tempest in a teapot" for all practical purposes and there is no actual harm done. Attorney General Steve Beshear did warn "that the issue would be more serious if the governor and the legislature do not agree in the future."

He added, "It also envisions a call for emergency legislation only after careful executive deliberation. It does not envision unnecessary or impulsive calls."

The strict constructionists argue that this move could set a dangerous precedent and the legislature should meet Monday according to the governor's call and adjourn.

Conceivably, the commonwealth could be liable for legislative pay from Jan. 10 until the fiscal year ends or until the end of this governor's term.

A suit could be filed. However, no legislator is likely to do this.

The only test case on special occasions goes back to the 1930s when then Lt. Gov. A.B. (Happy) Chandler called a special session when Gov. Ruby Laffoon was out of state. The Court of Appeals (the states' highest court at that time) ruled Laffoon could not rescind the order and that the legislature had to meet.

Gov. Julian Carroll certainly would have liked to have called off the special session called by Lt. Gov. Thelma Stovall to eliminate the utility tax. However, Carroll holds high respect for the Constitution. When this special session was scheduled to meet, Frankfort was under its worst flood in history.

Carroll met with legislative leaders and the session was adjourned to save money, on the promise that Carroll would issue a call for another date when the flood problem was ended. He did this. The flood was declared an emergency situation.

No one will know the legality of the move made for this special session unless it goes to court.

The Rubber Dollar opinion of Kentucky's Court of Appeals and its decision in the Tom Raney case stand as examples of what a court may do in ruling in favor of prevailing circumstances.

Down Memory Lane

Snow on ground since Nov. 24

Thursday, Jan. 17, 1963

Major Ivan S. Kendall, Base Commander, Fort Knox, was presented the Air Force Commendation Medal by Colonel Robert L. Bennett, Jr. The commander last Friday morning, Jan. 4, at England AFB, Louisiana. The medal was for meritorious service while serving in the Philippines as materiel officer for the 5th Tactical Control Group.

Purchase of three memorial bronze bells, to be installed in the tower of the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe here was announced Thursday by the Rev. Edwin H. Timbur. The bells were donated in memory of Ralph E. Timbur, who was killed in action on Leyete in the Philippine Islands, Dec. 7, 1944, and Judge Aloysius E. Timbur of Bellevue.

Charles Mann opened an automotive shop this week in the building at the rear of the Home Hardware Company on Elm Street, formerly occupied by the Giffin Manufacturing Company. William Mann has been employed as the mechanic.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. John R. Giffin, East Lansing, Mi., a son, Mark Shawn, Dec. 26. — To Mr. and Mrs. James E. Hughes, Pleasureville, a daughter, Melanie Ann, Thursday. — To Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Craig of Brooksville, a daughter, Lisa Michelle, Jan. 13 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Thelma Phillips and William Frederick, Friday by Rev. Frank Simons. — Miss Claudia Lou Hardin and Alvin Leonard Guimond, Saturday at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church. — Miss Martha Ann Flora and Sterling Saunders Jr., Dec. 27 at the Carlisle Christian Church.

DIED — Miss Nancy Laughlin of Maysville, Jan. 15 at the home of the late Mrs. Carolyn Russell. — Miss Winnie D. Thompson, 71, Saturday at Nicholas County Hospital. — Ben R. Owings, 77, Saturday at Nicholas County Hospital. — Tom Holland, 78, Jan. 9 at Bourbon County Hospital. — Mrs. Martha D. Cameron Flores, Thursday at Odd Fellows Home in Lexington.

Thursday, Jan. 21, 1943

1st Lt. Allen V. Hopkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hopkins, was decorated for the third time. The award was "in recognition of meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight against the enemy."

J.E. Freeland, who has been superintendent of the Carlisle Cemetery since March 1919, entered his resignation effective March 1. George Honican will replace him.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Asbury, Paris, a son, Jan. 16. — To Mr. and Mrs. J.R. Campbell, Millersburg, a son. — To Mr. and Mrs. Ed Harp, a son, Jan. 17.

DIED — Miss Margaret E. Galbraith, 84, in Merced, CA, Saturday. — Mrs. Phoebe McCann Henry, 81, Monday. — Harvey Warren Coy, 81, Wednesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lee Murphy, Lexington.

Thursday, Jan. 24, 1918

Snow has been on the ground continuously since Nov. 24. The heavy snow now covering the ground fell on Dec. 8, but at that time patches of snow were still showing from the snowfall of Nov. 24.

Coal is still a scarce article, although 12 carloads have come in to local dealers in the last 10 days. A load lasts but a short time, there usually being a line of sleds and wagons waiting when the car is set at any of the yards.

The merchants of Carlisle and Nicholas County willingly closed their places of business Monday in cooperation with the rigid enforcement of the regulations set out by Fuel Administrator Garfield to save fuel to help win the war.

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MARIANA TRENCH

The oceans average almost three miles deep, but trenches in the ocean floor are twice as deep, according to the National Geographic Society. The Pacific's Mariana Trench, almost seven miles below sea level, is the deepest point on Earth.

Op-Ed page

New national slogan: In God we have to trust—we're in a hell of a mess

You may recall President Reagan's slip of the tongue when he uttered, "We're in a hell of a mess" regarding the state of the economy over a microphone that was not supposed to be turned on. I am not so sure it was actually the slip of the tongue everyone made it out to be.

Our El Presidente may not know from diddly-squat about what to do with our faltering economy, but he does know a mess when he sees one, and they don't call him the Great Communicator for nothing.

"Stay the course" is a noble-sounding slogan as far as presidential slogans go, but whoever thought up that theme at this particular time ought to be sent over to Interior to flak it for James Watt, or hang it in a battleship pilothouse on the next raid into Iran. It just doesn't have the promise that a good slogan ought to have, like for instance, "A chicken in every pot" or "Prosperity is just around the corner."

I think President Reagan knew exactly what he was doing when he said, "We're in a hell of a mess." No dilly-dallying or room for compromise there, either. Just like the Wagon Train days when he might have said, "They went thattaway, sheriff." Right to the point.

It is the kind of statement with which everybody can identify and rally around. Reagan probably feels. We've all been in hells of messes before. I have been in five or six in the past couple of weeks and can relate to the president's helluva mess. As a matter of fact, his helluva mess caused a couple of my helluva messes. But people understand my messes. They just say, "That Metz is a helluva mess."

Gerald Ford should have used the same ploy when inflation started to rise, instead of stumbling in and out of airplanes with that silly "WIN" campaign of his.

"Gerry's a little dense," the people would have said, "but the poor guy's in a hell of a mess." And that would have been it. Gerry could have picked himself up, dusted off his britches and collected a few more sympathetic votes.

And think of Nixon. He actually may have thought of saying, "We're in a hell of a mess" to describe the Watergate situation, but he opted for the stonewall route and the "I'm not a crook" slogan that cost him the presidency. If Nixon had appeared on television and bunted his face in his hands, instead of sticking up a two-finger salute, and cried, "We're in a hell of a mess" we might have forgiven him.

"Nixon may be a crook and a jerk" we would have said, "but the poor guy's in a hell of a mess."

The same for Jimmy Carter. People said Jimmy wasn't tough enough. He should have announced, "We're in a hell of a mess and anybody who wants to make something of it can kiss my grits." Americans would have loved that.

Frankly, I admire President Reagan's candor and his courage in finally admitting our economy is in fact, in the ditch. We may still be in a hell of a mess with no immediate hope of getting out, but thanks to the president we at least can now take comfort in knowing where we are.

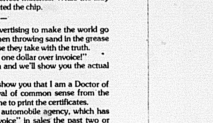
I hope he enjoys the present I sent him for Christmas: a Mr. Microphone.

— RM —

These two nature-lovers were hiking through a wilderness area in the Rocky Mountains. They looked across a shallow canyon with a dry creek and saw a bear. It was a lean, hungry bear that had gotten a whiff of those two and was heading purposefully toward them.

The men were hikers, not hunters. They were not armed.

One sat on a log and hurriedly pulled tennis shoes out of his



back pack and began putting them on.

"You don't expect to outrun that bear with those tennis shoes, do you?" his companion asked.

"No," said the fellow with the sneakers. "I know neither of us can outrun that bear. I just want to make sure I can outrun you."

— RM —

The story has a ring of truth about it. A painter says he was called by a lady who wanted her living room painted and had a chip of the exact shade of blue she wanted on her walls. "When they've got a color they know you're in trouble," the painter said.

Anyway, the painter started mixing his colors and finally hit on what he thought was a perfect match. He daubed it on a section of the wall and then stood back to let the lady inspect it. She examined it critically for a few moments, holding up the chip for comparison, squinting her eyes and tapping her foot. At last she handed down her opinion. "No," she said. "No, that's not quite it."

Well, the customer is always right—especially when business is slow—so the painter tried another mix. Again he applied his paint to a wall square and invited the lady to make her decision. Again the lady help up the chip and looked from it to the sample on the wall and back again. And, again, she turned thumbs down. "That's almost it," she said, "but I think there's just a touch of aquamarine here . . . ."

The painter did it all a third time. The lady still wasn't satisfied. Just then the telephone rang. The lady went to answer it. It turned out to be the friend who had given her the paint chip and they discussed the problem at some length. Finally the lady came back into the room. The painter was ready with a new sample on the wall.

"How about this one?" he asked. The lady compared it with the chip. She beamed. "Oh," she said, "that's perfect. That's it exactly. Go ahead and do the room."

The painter, with a little smile, turned to his work. He knew that the chip and his fourth mix were perfect matches. While the lady was on the telephone, he had repainted the chip.

— RM —

In my biased opinion, it takes advertising to make the world go around. Yet, I see some slick salesmen throwing sand in the grease and I am a little upset with the license they take with the truth.

"We'll sell you these cars for only one dollar over invoice!"

"That's right," he says, "come in and we'll show you the actual invoices on these cars . . ."

You come into my place and I'll show you that I am a Doctor of Medicine specializing in the removal of common sense from the customer—if you'll give me a little time to print the certificates.

Are we supposed to believe this automobile agency, which has been advertising "a dollar over invoice" in sales the past two or three years, is making only a buck on each $8,000 machine he sells? And he is staying in business with that kind of markup?

Oh, come now. We all like to be bamboozled a little now and then just to put a little pizzazz in the fun of spending our money foolishly, but even the tooth fairy would have trouble handling this kind of business shenanigans.

And how about those $500 and $1,000 rebates. Cracker Jack made it for more than 50 years by giving a little prize in each and every package to sweeten up the customer, but no one believed the surprises would be anything you could put in the bank.

If automobile companies can give you $1,000 back, then their cars are overpriced to start with, pure and simple. If the old shuffle is put in there to "give you a down payment," then why not sell the cars with no down payment and be done with it?

I think most Americans are mature enough to handle honest advertising and honest business transactions without all that flimflam. It is one thing to gloss up a deal to unload a horse with the heaves or a gun-shy rabbit hound, but the selling of automobiles ought to be something a cut above all that.

Onward, upward.

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

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
July 29, 1926

Back to work after a vacation of two days and mighty slothful withal and do sit at my typewriter like a numbskull and smoke and strike not a key. But fall to looking at a print of the narrows of the Hiwassee River on the back of the Louisville & Nashville Magazine, very cool and enticing with its banks boulder strewn and abloom with flowering shrub, but narrow as the branch which ran through the meadow by the big spring. And with thoughts of the old meadow and the great spring over which a giant weeping willow arched, of the minnows flashing their silver sides in the branch and the meadow larks and red-wings nesting along its banks, I am straightway lost in daydreams and abominate all forms of endeavor whatsoever and particularly my own.

Presently to reading proofs of this week's news columns and fall first upon a fine poem by Service called "The Wanderlust," very fit to bring back dreams of the open road, the fields and hills and peaceful woodlands to one who would, alack! prefer to be anywhere else but at the reading of printer's proofs. And I hurry on, but come upon another poem, the burden of which does mock at poets of the springtime, who in winter do pipe of the beauties of summer, yet grow strangely quiet in the sultriness of summer's high noon. This is truth and I do think that we all fall into the doldrums from railing about the heat and stating for much and that summer is beautiful, despite the humidity of "dog days." As if in proof I recall an excursion on a recent Sunday, when the air was sultry and the roads hot and dusty and I remember I did think that people would be happy, were it not for their amusements. But presently come to the shady banks of a creek and there swam and grew cool. And evening coming on the silent trees grew vocal and a pair of great crested fly-catchers chased and shouted at each other through the leaves; cardinals and wrens whistled and trilled and looking up into the branches of a great sycamore I found the nest of a hummingbird saddled on a limb. Poets of springtime, all of these, though silent in the heat of summer's noon. And so a plague on this matter-of-fact rhymster! Poets of the springtimes are not disillusioned, they but take their siesta.

On one proof sheet I read of a girl, blind since birth, to whom surgeons have brought sight and much disappointed, poor lass, at the lack of beauty in human beings, thinking a dandelion the most beautiful thing she has seen. Which seems mighty queer. And yet a dandelion is a wondrous sight, no doubt, for eyes that see for the first time. On its face are no dents of old wounds, scars of battles lost and won, lines graved by sickness, pain or fear, by lost hopes, by greed denied or ambition satisfied. The minute chemical laboratories of the Universal Mother work without stint and without hindrance from a mind that might mar her handiwork, in a flower. And so we think perhaps this girl sees more clearly than we do who, grown used to the boon of sight.

Comes the post and a letter from a friend who makes a merry, witty comment on the fact that we did carry notices of births last week under the title of "Religious," which provokes a laugh and we would fain pass it on, but the postal laws are stricter than the rules of polite conversation these days of shocks and flappers and so we do forbear. Yet so potent is a bit of merriment that straightway all seems brighter and I do fall to work with better spirit.

So to scanning the accumulated papers and in great glee over an editorial in which Purdon, of the Maysville Independent, does avow that it is humiliating to have an Ohio trapshooter's team defeat a Kentucky team, the Maysville team having been nosed out by a target or two at the State Shoot.

"Think of it," writes Purdon, "having Ohio people strutting about and bragging that they can outshoot Kentuckiana. It is most humiliating. Why, it can be remembered when folks said a Kentuckian could kill more squirrels with sailing rocks than an Ohioan could kill with a shotgun, but it seems that day has passed. We are fully convinced that the world is getting worse."

But, softly, Bro. Purdon; perhaps after all we should let the past rest in the nonce, for folks did slanderously speak of the prowess of Kentuckians in shooting each other and not blue rocks, I do fear and that questionable title we can well be rid of. And yet I do myself dislike being defeated in anything by Ohio. For somehow I have more than often felt toward our neighbors across the river as Judge Tarvin, of Covington, was wont to say the schoolboys of that town felt toward Newport, evidencing their emotions by going down to the banks of the Licking and "throwing rocks" at the village on 'tother side. And yet 'tis a feeling born of old prejudices and misunderstandings, no doubt, for there be good sportsmen and fine fellows aplenty North of the Line.

And I am minded of a remark made by Will Ardery the scrivener and a shooter of no mean parts, while the guns were popping at Winchester last week, that live bird shooting is such immeasurably finer sport, which no doubt it is and I would but waste sympathy were I behind the gun, yet so squeamish or sentimental have I become, that I must needs have at least the mitigating excuse of game to kill a feathered creature.

And somehow this thought stays with me as I go home and sit for awhile in the dusk and watch my purple martins push their young from the perches of their house, twittering in their terror and flapping frantically back to the perch. And I think how out of place would be sentimentality upon the part of the parent bird, with the long leagues of the journey to South America soon to be covered and young wings needing to be strong and accustomed to flight. And I wonder if there is a place for sentimentality, or even sentiment in this practical, workaday world; and if so whether one should show his feeling or affect a hard-boiled indifference before the rest of the herd.

And suddenly there comes to mind a poem, written by the late Stanley Keller. And I go find it and read it there in the twilight, while the martins scold their young to flight. And whether or not its philosophy be true, I know not. Here it is:

Only His Father

Because I am his father, they
Expect me to put grief away.
Because I am a man and rough,
And sometimes short of speech and gruff,
The woman folk at home believe
My silence doesn't make me grieve.

But how I felt they little know.
The day I smiled and let him go.
They little knew the dreams I had
Long cherished for my sturdy lad.
They little guessed the wrench it meant.

That day when off to war he went.

They little knew the tears I checked,
While standing smiling and erect.
They never heard my smothered sigh,
When it was time to say goodbye.
"What does his father think and say?"
The neighbors ask from day to day.

"Oh, he's a man!" they answer then,
And you know how it is with men
He seems indifferent and grim,
And yet he's very proud of him.

Indifferent and grim! Oh, heart!
Be brave even to play the part;
Let not your real grief be shown;
Keep all your loneliness unknown.
To you the women folk must turn
For comfort when their sorrows burn.
You must not at this time reveal
The pain and anguish that you feel.
Oh, tongue, be silent through the years,
And eye keep always back the tears.
And let them never see or know
Your silly hidden weight of grief and woe
Though every golden dream I had
Was cherished in my dear young lad.
Alone my sorrows I must bear —
They must not know how much I care!

Though women folk may talk and weep.
A man unseen his grief must keep.
And hide behind his smile and pride
The loneliness that dwells inside.
And so from day to day I go
Playing the part of man, although
Beneath the rough outside are! grim.
I think and pray to God for him.

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 a new phone service.
– change your existing service.
– disconnect your service.
– ask a question about your bill.
– exchange or return sets purchased or leased from South Central Bell.
– get information about the 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 on your 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 phones that residence and business customers now lease from us. And we'll continue to lease telephone sets and some other telephone products 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 will 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 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.-11 p.m., Central Time, Monday through Friday. Or write for a free brochure, "Let's Talk About Change."

Let's Talk.

☐ Please send me your free booklet, LET'S TALK ABOUT CHANGE.
☐ Please have someone call me with information.
Best time to call: ☐ Mornings are best ☐ Afternoons are best ☐ Residence customer ☐ Business customer
Send to: South Central Bell, P.O. Box 435, Memphis, TN 38101.

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"Everything should be as simple as it is, but not simpler." — Albert Einstein
"Simplicity is the ultimate sophistication." — Leonardo da Vinci
"I can't understand why people are afraid of new ideas. I'm afraid of the old ones." — John Cage

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