Opinion

The 'love boat' bill

Attached to the gas tax bill Congress has just passed are several tax measures that have nothing to do with gasoline or highway construction — among them an amendment known as the "love boat" bill. It would allow a tax deduction for the expenses of attending business or professional conventions held aboard cruise ships.

The Reagan administration, to give it credit, had the good taste to oppose this measure, but it couldn't veto it without killing the whole transportation jobs program. So now, amidst Congress' supposed frantic efforts to reduce the federal deficit and the administration's latest draconian proposals for social spending cuts, we have the spectacle of new tax subsidies for pleasure cruises being hung like some gaudy ornament on the federal Christmas tree. It doesn't exactly go with the unemployment benefit extension and public jobs programs that Congress said it was working on, does it?

The love boat bill is not without its rationalizations. As its proponents argued, it would extend to cruise ships only the kind of tax advantages other resorts already have. In fact, the love boat bill — by restricting the tax deductions one can take for attending conventions at $2,000 per year — is actually less noxious than the deductions now allowed for conventions at such dry-land locations as Honolulu and Puerto Vallarta. The latter are subject to no ceilings at all. And since the new tax measure is unlikely to result in additional conventions — just new locations for them — it probably won't cost the federal Treasury anything.

Still, it looks bad. The way eating stuffed goose in front of people who can't afford canned beans looks bad. And it certainly does remind the public just how many other people's vacations it is paying for already. Perhaps opponents of the love boat bill had the wrong idea when they said, "We don't think you can justify holding any convention on a boat." Perhaps they should have recognized that it is unjustifiable to use tax deductions to subsidize the vacation element of any convention on land or sea. If Congress is really interested in equity, this is what it should start working on when it returns.

Distorting lens

Western Europe, prostrated 37 years ago from the most destructive firepower exchanges of history, has been having the best of two worlds for what is now too long.

The treasure of the United States continues to be poured into supporting more than 300,000 young Americans on the terrain of that continent rebuilt with generous U.S. help, while pacificism flowers in a fog of unreality and handout government.

Socialist politics, surely those nations' own business so far as internal questions extend, is proving a mighty complicator of the increasingly unhappy relations between the United States and its allies.

The Europeans are re-evaluating our relationship and promise to continue to do so, whether we do or not. No better symbol of strain exists than the Russian gas pipeline for which several European nations furnish an eager financing hand. They are also manufacturing pipeline materials and are promising to order gas despite warnings that the massive project will strengthen Russia's tyrannical hold over a regressive empire.

True, not socialists alone object to the belated American fight against the pipeline; Margaret Thatcher gave the go-ahead on compressor shipments and her nation is not even to be a recipient of the gas.

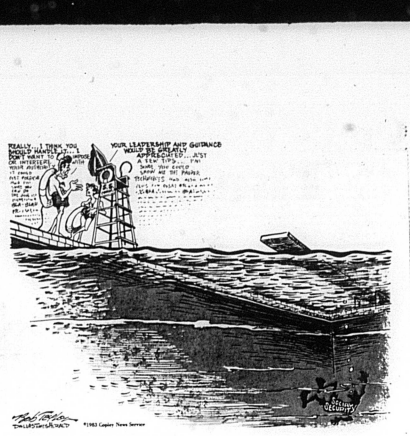
But in socialist France the government not only gave its explicit permission, it ordered the subsidiary of an American company to make shipments, invoking an emergency powers administrative decree. The quick and forceful French dissent was defended in terms of honoring contracts, but reflected a deeper conviction that recently was elaborated by Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy before the U.N. General Assembly.

Russia and the United States are peas in a pod, problem makers for others, he seemed to say:

"The continuing temptation of the superpowers to defend or enlarge their spheres of influence, to deal with the world's problems through the distorting lens of their interests alone, and to translate states' internal tensions or neighboring countries' disputes into a confrontation between East and West is a permanent factor of destabilization."

So much for differences illustrated in the return of the Panama Canal, the repression of Poland and the invasion of Afghanistan. The map weighs equally the ambitions of Russian activism and those of the most powerful friend of freedom in the world.

Distorting lenses thus are in wide supply, about the socialist skew to the left seems one step from blindness.



Agree or not

'Government run like a business'

by S.C. Van Curon

Gov. John Young Brown Jr. probably lost his last chance to leave his distinctive brand on state government when he was forced to abort his special legislative session because errors were found in his finance plan.

The special session called for Jan. 10, following the regular short organization session, was moved back to the last day of that session as an economy move, as Brown and the Democrat leadership announced.

As expected, argument came from the Republicans that under the Constitution the governor has no right to rescind or change a special session once the call has been formally issued and registered in the Secretary of State's office. The Attorney General's office said as much in an opinion sought by the Republicans.

Senate Republicans had a short demonstration session Jan. 10 and Republican House members say they are going to file a test suit.

Regardless of what the Constitution says, there was really no practical reason for the extraordinary session once the governor decided not to present his faulted tax plan. However, the Constitution is a document that must be respected regardless of well-meaning decisions of a governor or a group of legislators.

The Democrat leadership of the legislature certainly wasn't anxious to press the Constitutional point with the governor because it might harm their public image.

But there is more reason to believe the legislators respected the big stick Brown has more than their desire to follow the Constitution.

My sources tell me the governor was prepared to throw in the multi-bank bill, the slammer bill that was bottled in committee during last year's regular session, and most fearful of all the controversial retirement bill for legislators.

The last thing the Democrat legislators wanted to see in the extraordinary session was the retirement bill. They willingly accommodated.

Brown had made a strong issue of wanting to amend the state's archaic (in some ways) and sometimes unfair tax system. This isn't the first time his administration has fumbled the ball on tax questions.

During the last regular session his transportation department sponsored a weight-distance tax bill for heavy trucks, especially aimed at overweight coal trucks that are tearing up roads. When time came for implementation of the new law, it was discovered that administration was impossible. There the skeleton lies on the statute books as a smelly reminder of ineptitude.

The governor has tried to make much of his economy and elimination of state and patsy-waisy politics in state government.

He has saved money on insurance contracts that formerly went at exceptionally profitable rates to administration friends. He also has been successful gaining more interest earnings on state deposits in banks. Deposits were formerly passed around to state banks at low interest rates and have been used by state treasurers for getting votes and support in the next election.

He also claims to have eliminated a lot of useless personal service contracts, but there are those who debate this.

He eliminated several hundred people from the state payroll, but friends of the administration have been added in many places at higher salaries and in some cases with little to do, and some of the qualifications are doubtful.

One thing that has bothered the governor's desire to accomplish great things for the state is the economy that can be blamed for his failure to attract new industry and expand the market for state products. His much ballyhooed coal sales program has had very little success to date, but he shouldn't be blamed for trying.

The biggest fault seems to be that he oversells himself and Kentuckians on his ideas before he gets them into effect.

Too many public relations promises fail to materialize.

He hasn't had the money to make a splash in road building as other governors had and he hasn't built a state building here to stand as a monument to his administration.

Brown just hasn't left a favorable lasting brand although he appeared to have tried.

Letters from our readers

Auto club calls attention to Senate Bill 144

To The Carlisle Mercury:

The Blue Grass Automobile Club-AAA strongly endorses Section 14 of Senate Bill 144, which went into effect last July 15. This legislation states that no vehicle shall be operated upon any public highway for a distance of over one mile whose load is susceptible to shifting or spillage unless the load is covered with a device suitable to prevent spillage.

There is concern that this new law has been blocked by a restraining order. AAA has contacted the State Police and understands that Section 14 is not subject to the same restraining order imposed on other portions of the bill. It currently is being enforced by the State Police, and officers are encouraged to first witness the spillage before a ticket is issued. However, this procedure is not necessary in cases where a truck is obviously overloaded and has no protective cover.

Our auto club represents more than 55,000 AAA members in central and eastern Kentucky and is concerned about their safety. We believe truckers have a right to transport products along Kentucky's highways. Yet, we also believe that a motorist has a right to travel these same highways without fear of having the car struck or damaged by coal or other objects falling from uncovered trucks. Aside from being hit by these objects, accidents can occur when a motorist drives over debris which has fallen onto the highway from a truck.

Spillage on overloaded, uncovered trucks is not only a threat to a motorist's safety, but also can be costly — will be conducted by the University to automobile repairs.

The Blue Grass Automobile Club commends the Kentucky General Assembly for its concern in enacting this legislation and salutes the State Police for its efforts in enforcing it. If you want to express your concern on this issue, AAA invites you to call our public relations department at Kentucky toll-free 1-800-432-0996.

Regards,
Robert C. Owen
Manager, Public Relations

Robot demonstration at seminar

An industrial robotics seminar — including a small robot demonstration of Kentucky College of Engineering's office of continuing education Jan. 19-20 at the Holiday Inn North on Newtown Pike in Lexington.

Co-sponsored by the Bluegrass section of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the seminar is for both those with no experience and those with extensive experience in industrial robots.

Seminar directors said robots soon will be found in construction, mining, health care and medical devices. The U.S. now uses an estimated 7,000 robots with a forecast of over 100,000 by 1990.

The first day of the seminar is a tutorial session for persons not familiar with robotics. The second day will feature specialized talks and a demonstration of a small robot.

Registration fee for the two-day event is $275 including lunches and $150 for one day.

Further information may be obtained from Cheryl Banks, course coordinator, at 606-257-3974.

Has thoroughly enjoyed Mercury

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Please discontinue the annual subscription to the Carlisle Mercury for Mrs. Jesse Smith, 1419-C High Street, Paris, Ky. 40361.

Mrs. Smith is now in a nursing home and due to her many physical ailments, no longer reads. She has thoroughly enjoyed your paper during past years.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. C.M. Day (daughter)
1453 S. High Street
Paris, Ky. 40361

Cold? call Community Action for help!

This winter Community Action is prepared to assist persons in Fayette, Bourbon, Nicholas and Harrison counties with energy problems 24 hours a day. Community Action can assist you in getting help if you are without heat or facing a heat shut-off.

If your income is within the state's guidelines and you need help, call the Community Action 24-hour energy hotline at 233-4600 in Lexington or toll free at 1-800-432-9009.

Down Memory Lane

Coasting accidents take their toll

Thursday, Jan. 24, 1963

The first rheumatoid arthritis patient in eastern Kentucky to be helped by the March of Dimes is Rodney M. Young, seven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Young of Carlisle.

Dwaine Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Green, has been chosen student of the month by the Carlisle High School student body. He is a junior and a member of the Student Council. He is also active in sports and various clubs at school.

Robert McFarland, who submitted to the removal of a kidney Monday at Central Baptist Hospital, Lexington, is reported doing as well as could be expected.

A fire of unknown origin Tuesday destroyed a two-story frame house on the Headquarters Road owned by Mrs. O.B. Gaffin and occupied by Lowell Fryman and family.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Keith Beagle, Cynthiana, a daughter, Janet Marlene, Jan. 16 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Frost, a son, Barry Len, Jan. 17 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. William Jones, Paris, a daughter, Tina Marie, Jan. 17 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fryman, Ewing, a daughter, Charlotte Sue, Jan. 19 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bowles, a son, Roger Keith, Jan. 19 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Fields, Mt. Olivet, a son, Scott Carl, Jan. 21 at Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Carolyn Kelly and Norman Curtis, Jan. 12 at the Presbyterian Church. — Miss Wilma Dean Hudnall and Dean Stanley Shupe, Dec. 22 at the Carlisle Christian Church.

DIED — Clyde R. Snapp, 56, Thursday at Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Nora Graves McKinnie, 75, widow of Charles H. McKinnie, Thursday at Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Samuel A. Flannery, 82, Paris, Saturday at Bourbon County Hospital. — Mrs. Mamie Purcell Ball, 71, Bald Hill Road, Tuesday at home. — Mrs. Sophronia Smith, 88, widow of Elkin Smith, Paris, Tuesday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jesse Taylor. — Mrs. James B. Waugh, 75, Tuesday at Nicholas County Hospital. — Mrs. Anna L. Hicks, Lexington, widow of T.B. Hicks, Wednesday at St. Joseph Hospital. — Robert W. Clark, 74, Thursday at Lexington. — Goebie Allen Bussell, 62, Thursday at the home of a son, Floyd Bussell. — Mrs. Ella Lucky, 79, Cynthiana, Saturday at the Whitis Nursing Home.

Thursday, Jan. 28, 1943

"Ration coupon banking," a new type of banking service for retailers and wholesalers of rationed commodities, designed to make the nation's ration program work more effectively, will be inaugurated on Jan. 27.

Leslie Wells, while working at the Carlisle Mill and Supply last Tuesday, had the misfortune to fall through a "shoot." He was treated at the Johnson Memorial Hospital and later moved to the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Thursday, Jan. 25, 1918

Flour is selling in Nicholas County at $1 a shock, $1.25 when delivered.

Several accidents have occurred during the coasting season. Last week Virginia Martin, daughter of Dr. J. Cray Martin, and Nealya Burgess, daughter of Harry Burgess, were painfully bruised. Kenneth Ruddell, the ten-year-old son of M.T. Ruddell, was badly bruised on Wednesday morning.

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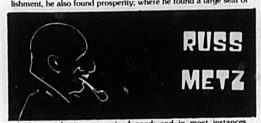
Op-Ed page

No office opulence . . except garish colors of my backside bruises



It's a standing joke around our office that I have the worst chair in the place. I don't agree. The worst chair, it is true, is in my office but it is the "guest chair" that I acquired through descendants of the Spanish Inquisition and guarantees against anyone getting too comfortable and staying all day.

The thing is absolutely the most uncomfortable chair ever designed. Not only is it uncommonly hard, but has a list to it that threatens at any moment to dump the visitor out on the floor at our first disagreement.

My own chair doesn't threaten. It does. Periodically, which in this case is about every week, my chair comes apart and I can count on doing a somersault backwards out of it onto the floor. This has become an accepted ritual around here; no one laughs anymore. They just nod and tell anyone around it's nothing to get excited about. Like the perennial Mason, I am just going through the chairs again.

I have never reached the office gamesmanship of the sharpest executives who, in the mid 1970s began making their offices into palaces. The places became resplendent with carpeting, draperies, couches, cocktail tables, TV sets, stereos, wall hangings, paintings, wet bars, fireplaces and even pool tables and tastefully screened Jacuzzis.

There seemed nowhere left to go with the splendor and silliness until now. I'm told, however, that the very newest symbol of executive privilege and opulence is a chair. We are back to basics, but this time with a flair.

This is not your average run-of-the-office chair. It is the Recaro Executive Swivel, custom-made by a company that makes custom seats for race car drivers and their finely-tuned machines. In leather, the chairs preferred by many executives, the Recaro Executive Swivel Chair costs $1,341.

It incorporates a full-coil suspension and compressed gas shock absorbers. One does not sit in this chair. One "enters" it, according to the manufacturer. I don't know if there is a safety belt, but I wouldn't be surprised. It is the ultimate goal for the corporate ladder climber, a perk that goes nicely with stock options, country club memberships, unlimited expense accounts and Lear jets.

Soon we can expect four-barrel, fuel-injected dictating machines, steel-belted filing cabinets and turbo-charged executive computers—with racing stripes.

The auto industry may yet lead all of American business out of the recession. But it's too late to help me. My bruised rump would never fit into a $1,341 Recaro that would probably blow a gasket and send me into orbit one day after the guarantee expired.

I'll still take my chances with my Model T office chair. I'm more experienced with sprawling on the floor than bleeding into the fly specks on the ceiling.

— RM —

Newspapers now keep a standing head, which is one they can drop in regularly and reuse without change. It reads, "House Votes To Hike Its Own Pay."

The lower house, which is a good name for it, has demonstrated what it thinks of the Common Man and, when you put it all together, its spells "s-t-u-p-i-d." They do not believe we have enough sense to get in out of the sleet, and they might be right.

The message is: "Happy New Year, Sucker!"

A friend recently returned from a sojourn throughout the Midwest, going as far as Nebraska before running out of steam and he files this report: Wherever he found a military establishment, he also found prosperity; where he found a large seat of government, business remained good; and in most instances, wherever he found a large state university, the goose was still hanging high.

He found no other prosperity. Government, he says, is the only stale form of enterprises left in the Midwest and it is prospering from a steady transfusion of tax money flowing into its vampish veins.

Happy New Year, Suckers!

— RM —

A few entries from the "Cowby Dictionary" by Tex S. Ryder:

✓ Sixy—She's so sixy she could kiss the chrome off a Sears trailer hitch.

✓ Parch(veranda)—If that lady was a house, I'd say her best feature was her parch.

✓ Saddle (a city in Washington state)—I hear tell they got a mighty healthy climate in the Northwest. Why, in Saddle they had to shoot a man just to start a cemetery.

✓ Feudal—As feudal as Hamlin' wheat to Wichita.

✓ Hares—She's so pure, she blushes when she hares the word intersection.

✓ War—She's fat. She's got to war a girdle to get into her moo-moo.

— RM —

Writing recently in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Dan Carlinsky said that one smart lady he knows tries to ward off evil at her annual Hannukkah table by mixing Maalox with the horseradish.

But if that doesn't wilfrk, Carlinsky writes, medical authorities are agreed that the best possible remedy for indigestion is a glass of milk.

Milk neutralizes all those nasty excess acids that are depicted in such revolting detail in the television commercials. The only thing is you can't take the milk cold right out of the refrigerator since pouring cold milk into a warm tummy will only mess up your plumbing even worse.

The milk should be at room temperature. That sounds terrible and it probably tastes terrible, too, but if you want to calm your churning innards, it will do the trick better than any of the 575—you want to count them?—different commercial brand liquids, pills, powders, lozenges, etc., on the market.

Even indigestion isn't all bad. Many years ago, a writer visiting in a small Scottish coastal village pigged out on huge helpings of crab at dinner. His punishment was not long in coming. That night, the pangs of internal upheaval were accompanied by a hair-curling nightmare about a vampire rising from the grave and scaring hell out of the peasants.

The next morning the sufferer got up and began writing a novel based partly on his dream. The stricken scribe was Bram Stoker and the novel was Dracula which made him rich and famous. And all because he gorged himself sick.

So if you're going to get indigested, don't just lay there and groan. Spell relief B-E-L-$-H.

— RM —

Some Italian proverbs, from "Proverbs of the World," compiled by John Newbern and P. M. Rodebaugh:

✓ Since the house is on fire, let us warm ourselves.

✓ Never let people seen the bottom of your purse nor the back of your mind.

✓ Of three things the devil makes a stew: Lawyers' tongues, lovers' promises and ungrateful children.

✓ Public money is like holy water: Every one helps himself to it.

✓ When a beautiful woman smiles, some man's purse weeps.

✓ He who has, is.

✓ Love is a thing that sharpens all one's wits.

✓ It is better to have a husband without love than one who is jealous.

✓ He that is a donkey and believes himself a deer finds out his mistake at the leaping of a ditch.

✓ Do not judge a tree by its bark.

✓ A pleasure that is long expected is well paid for.

✓ He fights well who flees fast.

✓ Happy is the child whose father died rich.

✓ Chastise the good child and he will mend, chastise the bad and he will grow worse.

✓ He that has no patience has nothing at all.

✓ A halo needs only a few inches to become a noose.

✓ A hundred cartloads of anxiety will not pay an ounce of debt. Onward, upward.

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

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
August 28, 1928

Awake early, despite the fact that it is the Sabbath and I might lie abed, but such be human nature, that when one will one can't and when one can't one would. Which thought the venerable Samuel Johnson, I think it was, set down in his writings. "When I was young," said he, "and had no penny, I did most eagerly crave sugar plums, but growing old and possessing the penny I find that I have lost my taste for the sweetmeat." Which it seems to me is a warrant somewhat for the goings on of the young these days, over which we of another generation do mirack and hold up our hands in amaze, forgetting that if our past were "an open book," it might be denied the privileges of the mails. For each generation is much alike and the youngsters do but snatch at life which smiles and tempts them mightily to enjoy.

So lay awhile musing, and the morn very still and hot after the rains. And right sadly I miss the twitter of my purple martins, who left their cozy home so unexpectedly that I failed to observe their preparations for journeying as I had intended. And I lay listening to the silence, if that may be, for it seems to me that there is a stillness, a hush about late August that is well nigh sound. Almost one may hear the quiet breathing of Nature, resting quietly, majestically in the completion of her fecundity. Quietly, soothingly she mothers her children of leaf and blossom, of crops ripening under the sun, swelling in the moist earth. And throughout the still nights the little winged musicians of the grass and leaves fiddle a crooning lullaby to these lusty infants of the Universal Mother, growing, growing through the moonlit nights, growing under the golden sunlight of peaceful afternoons, making ready for the Harvest.

And yet with all the peaceful beauty of this, the month of Summer's prime, I do mark the silence of the trees and miss mightily the evening song of the cat-bird in my cherry tree that was wont to sing so blithely when about the business of love and motherhood. Even the chirp of the rowdy sparrow is weak and only the clear call of the wrens bubbles and rings with the joy of life and love that was to all the feathered folk in early spring. "Fine feathers make fine birds" runs the old adage and true I think, for our friends of the air are dull and silent when they moult.

At length up and read the morning papers and I note that Bob Porter, who is an artist of much worth at the making of news, when news refuses to "break," has found a young woman who raises snakes and who does aver she prefers a snake about the house to any man. Which is really news after all, if the unusual is news. For that a lass these days do prefer snakes to men is past believing. 'Tis true one does see them going about with parlor-snakes and lounge-lizards to heel, but these be bifurcated and baggy of trousers, and cruel seldom nor get on their knees, save to play at African golf. And I do think this young woman must be wroth with her young man. But perhaps she is a mythical lass, as was Bob's turkey that the boy rode to school. And so interested in this turkey-horse did a great city newspaper become that it sent a staff photographer to get a picture of the bird. "Lorda mercy!" said Bob. "You're too late. Those people moved yesterday — way up in the mountains!"

Thinking of Bob's turkey and his snake-raising girl I am reminded that Fulton, the barber, does tell me that he will away to Florida, come the winter and his wife willing, if it takes every cent out of his coal bucket. And I do think he will do wondrous well, shaving and trimming millionaires in the Land of Florida. For he could entertain them with his experiences in frozen Alaska and of how he did bring the first mosquitoes to this country, a pair large as sparrows, and did train them to bite the heads of the bald and return to his hand. And he could tell them of the race he rode, when his mount bolted and straddled a tree, leaving him hanging in the top branches; of how he was held up by highwaymen one dark night and how he repulsed them, holding his bridle in his teeth, his knife in one hand and pistols in the other two. All of which would be something new to the idle rich, for Fulton is without a peer in the realm of impromptu fiction, since Baron Munchausen was gathered to his fathers. Yet he will not go, for he has been telling me for 14 years that he will be leaving soon.

To the office, where at this, that and tother and presently comes Howard Golliver and we fall to work as though it were a week day, Lord forgive us! and do told and mail until nearly five o'clock. Grimes Caywood, the scrivener, being on his vacation and work always coming in briskly so soon as a member of the force is absent. Home tired and go for a ride in the country, along a pretty lane where the wild grape festoons the old stone fences and elm trees arch over the road. And the cool of fall is in the evening air and I note that blackbirds are flocking and soon an early frost will begin its artistry on trees and pastures that I never saw more beautiful before. And I would fain enjoy it more, this wondrous beauty of the August out-of-doors. Fain would I wander down through the purple iron weeds of a pasture I once knew and skirt a field of hemp and come at last to a pool, rocky of bottom, blue grass growing to the waters edge, and slip off the garb of civilization in one quick movement and feel the stimulating chill of the swimming hole that called like a thirst to boyhood as summer waned.

Alas, one can't get back; we pass that way but once. And yet it is as well, perhaps, for seldom are the Dunbes blue and the fresh waters of the pool we remember might be but a stagnant puddle in a little branch. Imperial Troy, someone has written, was but a mud fort upon a wind-swept hill.

So to bed and ere I fall asleep come some lines from Richard Hovey:

I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass:
I will up and get me away
Where the hawk is wheeling
Lone and high.
And the snow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass.
The clouds as they pass.
I will get me away to the woods.
So to sleep..

would get me away to the fields, could bilia pay themselves.

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DEADLINE TO APPLY FOR SCHOLARSHIPS AT UK IS FEB. 1

The deadline to apply for University of Kentucky academic scholarships is Feb. 1, 1983 instead of Feb. 13 as stated in an earlier news release.

The scholarships are offered to superior high school graduates planning to attend UK.

Further information may be obtained by calling 606-257-1961.

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