Opinion

Dealing with Cuba

The prime minister of Spain, Felipe Gonzalez, was in Mexico City the other day with some thoughts about Central America — and a message from Cuban President Fidel Castro — that deserves attention in Washington.

The message from Castro — that the United States "should be assisted in trying to find a solution in Central America" — sounds almost like the patronizing advice of a long-suffering parent to an obstreperous child. Yet, it's also clear that the American policy of trying to isolate Cuba, as Gonzalez pointed out, has been a dismal failure. This country ultimately has to reach an understanding with Cuba, and the sooner the effort to do that is begun, the better.

As a conservative, Ronald Reagan is almost ideally placed to reispond to the signals Castro has been sending this country calling for the initiation of some sort of talks. Richard Nixon's most lastign foreign policy success was his China initiative. There is an opportunity to play a Cuba card as well as a China card.

Gonzalez will be in Washington later in June to meet with President Reagan and thus will undoubtedly deliver his message directly — about Cuba, about direct talks with the Sandinista government in Nicaragua, about diplomatic flexibility, and about what Gonzalez described as the American need to shift from "negative" to "positive leadership" in the region.

The best chance this country has for long-term stability in the Caribbean Basin and in Central America — and certainly the best chance for challenging Soviet influence in the region — is through talks and an eventual accommodation with Cuba, an accommodation that Castro appears to want. If Cuba, in fact, is the key to Soviet efforts in the region, as the administration insists, then the most promising way to undercut them is to deal with the chief player directly. If the Russians can profitably flirt with our allies, why is it so hard for us to court theirs?

Romania cracks down

Romania is a totalitarian communist country. But the Romanian people are outspoken and always have had a streak of independence.

Apparently some Romanians have been too outspoken in recent months. Although the government controls the press and airwaves, it has not been able to control the typewriters.

According to reports from Romania, brave people with typewriters circulate articles and letters that are critical of the government. Although this hand-to-hand distribution hardly provides a serious threat to the regime, it shows that there is dissent. And dissent is dangerous for any totalitarian country.

In order to inhibit the free flow of ideas, the Romanian government has ordered every citizen who owns a typewriter to register it with the police. Anyone with a criminal record or who is considered dangerous by the government is prohibited from owning a typewriter.

When registering their typewriters people also must provide sample pages typed on their machines.

Aren't you glad you live in the United States where the First Amendment safeguards your freedom to speak and write what you please?

In a faraway galaxy long ago

An unheralded historical event occurred nearly three billion miles from planet Earth at 5 a.m. on June 13. At that moment, Pioneer 10 left the solar system and became the first human artifact to enter interstellar space.

In breaking away from the hold of the sun, the nine-foot spacecraft embarked on a journey into the unknown that may leave it as the only surviving memorial to our era.

The 11 years that have elapsed since the launching of Pioneer from Cape Canaveral may represent only a tiny fraction of a trail-blazing trip that could take billions, possibly trillions, of years. When the sun explodes into a "red giant" and vaporizes the earth in five billion years or so, Pioneer 10 could be continuing on its voyage through the expanding universe.

Where and when Pioneer's incredible journey will end are questions that cannot be answered. But if the hardy craft encounters other intelligent life in the vastness of space, its small aluminum plate carrying sketches of a man and a woman and indicating the location of our solar system may provide a footnote for a future history of the universe.

Some day, somewhere, scholarly E.T.'s out there could learn of a civilization of earthlings that flourished on the third planet from a small star in a faraway galaxy long ago.

A bank with 'class'

Some years back, the staid First National City Bank changed its name to the trendier-sounding Citibank. Along with the new name came a new style of aggressive, "go-go" banking that has pushed the New York-based company to the top among U.S. banks. But in the public relations department, give the Citibankers a "C" for clumsy.

First, they relegated their customers with bank balances under $5,000 to the automated-teller lines, which grew long, producing loud complaints at branches all over New York state. Then, Citibank's South Dakota-based subsidiary, in a bid to drum up retail business from around the country, began offering 10 percent interest on money-market accounts. All you had to do was dial a toll-free number. The trouble was, operators would tell residents of New York they need not apply,a putdown made doubly irksome by the fact that in New York Citibank pays only 8.6 percent.

Public outcry and a lot of bad press had led to a retreat by Citibank on both fronts. New Yorkers no longer are discouraged from seeking accounts in South Dakota, and, once again, small depositors are allowed to stand in line and deal with live tellers. Really big-account holders need not fret, though. A balance of $25,000 and up still gets you into a preferred customers' line — a short one, to be sure.

Agree or not

Opposition has a 2-1 advantage

by S.C. Van Curen

Politics may be considered in the summer doldrums, but that doesn't mean that both political parties aren't busy preparing for the November election.

The real task facing the Republicans now is putting together a strong campaign organization to face the foe that has better than a two-to-one registration advantage in Kentucky.

The job facing the Democrats is unifying a party after a tough three-way primary in which Lt. Gov. Martha Layne Collins outdistanced Louisville Mayor Harvey Sloane by less than 6,000 votes and former Human Resources Secretary Dr. Grady Stumbo, who ran a very strong third and probably will be heard of in the future in Kentucky politics.

This race was reminsiful of the 1959 race that started out as a three-way skirmish with then Lt. Gov. Harry Lee Waterfield, former Gov. Bert T. Combs and former Lt. Gov. Wilson Wyatt as the principal adversaries.

Wyatt was then a former mayor of Louisville, Combs had lost to A.B. Chandler in 1955 and Waterfield was making his second run for the top spot.

It became evident that Waterfield would be the winner in a three-way race. Former Governors Earle C. Clements and Lawrence W. Wetherby, whose faction of the then split Democratic Party, was supporting Combs.

They arranged meetings with Wyatt and his forces and Wyatt agreed to run for lieutenant governor as a team, billed as the "Team You Can Trust."

They defeated Waterfield by not too great a margin but went on to defeat Republican nominee John M. Robson Jr. in what might be termed a landslide.

Sources tell me this effort was made to combine the forces of Sloane and Stumbo. The primary vote indicates such a combination would haveseen successful, providing of course that such a union could have been brought together harmoniously and with sincerity on the parts of the principals as well as their campaign organizations.

While it doesn't seem to this observer that as much animosity was engendered in the Democratic primary as some in the past, bringing the party back together for the fall campaign is getting a lot of consideration from the leaders and notice in the press.

There is considerable difference in politics in Kentucky in the two periods being discussed.

A lot of travel, political rallies and courthouse speakings were principal methods in the Combs-Wyatt campaign while most of the campaigning effort and money is spent on television today with personal appearances just to be seen and to meet people personally occupying the time.

Attendance at the testimonial dinner June 19 for Senator Clements accented this situation for me. I saw a lot of oldtimers whose dedication was to politics and their faction of the party and to the Democratic Party in particular.

While Gov. John Young Brown Jr. finally got into the race in the last 15 days to support Dr. Stumbo, he had exhibited a stand-off position and there doesn't seem to be any indication today that he is going to be one of the principals in the Collins campaign this fall. Brown seems to be of the new breed of politicians who rely more on television than people.

Down Memory Lane

Ledford hurt as stove explodes

Thursday, July 4, 1963

James B. Ledford suffered painful burns on his arms, face and legs Sunday morning when leaking bottled gas exploded in the kitchen of the clubhouse of the Nicholas County Fish and Game Club on the Hickory Ridge Road.

Mr. and Mrs. H.D. Ruddell of Carlisle have leased the Flora Hotel on Main Street from Mr. and Mrs. Ray Flora. Mr. and Mrs. Flora purchased the Feeback Hotel at auction after the death of Mrs. Pevie Feeback, who owned and operated the hotel many years.

Cane Ridge Day is set for July 10 at the Cane Ridge Meeting House in Bourbon County, according to Mrs. Jerry Tucker, Cynthiana, chairman of the Cane Ridge committee. This is an annual observance sponsored by the Christian Women's Fellowship of Kentucky. The Shrine is located 11 miles northeast of Paris.

Mrs. R.L. Talbert, the Nicholas County scholarship recipient, is attending the University of Kentucky summer session on WHAS Crusade for Children Scholarships which will prepare them to teach special education classes.

Mrs. B.C. Clark, Mrs. Albert Henry, Mrs. Frank Henry, Mrs. Allie Clinkenbeard, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Stump, Dr. S.F. Hutchings, Miss Mary Margaret Hutchings, Mrs. J.M. Pitman, Mr. and Mrs. Gano Duncan, Mrs. George Dale and Mrs. Grimes Caywood attended the Dixon-Plantiel wedding Saturday at the Hunter Presbyterian Church in Lexington.

Mrs. James W. Parker, Sycamore Hill, submitted to a cataract operation last Thursday at Bourbon County Hospital and her condition is reported satisfactory.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garvin, Aiken, SC, a son, Harry Kennedy.

MARRIED — Miss Barbara Anne Fitzmartin and Roger Zappe, June 29 at the Holy Trinity Church, Dayton, OH. — Miss Mary Frances Law and Stephen Randall Morrison, Saturday at the Millersburg Methodist Church.

DIED — Mrs. Ina Davis Fulton, June 28 at home in Nashville. — The Rev. Ward Russell, Lexington.

Thursday, July 8, 1943

Mrs. O.H. Lambert entertained with Bridge Friday afternoon at her home on Heyman Avenue in honor of her sister, Mrs. Hobert Walker of Ashland.

Pvt. H.M. Endicott was named president of the Young Adult Fellowship Conference held in Winchester last week.

Mrs. William Small left last Wednesday for Westfield, MA, to join her husband after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luther M. Thompson.

MARRIED — Miss Margaret Hamm and Cpl. Elgin George, June 19 at Morganfield. — Miss Irene Forster and William Conley, June 19 at Post Chapel, Ft. Lewis, Washington.

DIED — Mrs. Ella Scott George, 54, Friday at home on the Stoney Creek Road. — Wood Flora, 46, Thursday in New York City.

The Carlisle Mercury
(USPS 090-820)
Established 1867
Phone (606) 289-2464
Published every Thursday at 234 Locust Street, Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky 40311. Postage paid at Carlisle.

Warren R. Fisher ..... Editor & Publisher
Mrs. Katherine T. Fisher ..... Managing Editor
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Mrs. Libby J. Moss ..... CompuWriter Operator
Mrs. Ann Shearer ..... Receptionist

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Nicholas County, one year ..... $7.00, *sales tax included*
Other Kentucky counties, one year ..... $9.50, *sales tax included*
Out-of-State, one year $12.00

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and
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and
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Letters from our readers

Blood-shot eyes

Writer would rather sit in the dark

To The Carlisle Mercury:

Is it true that our city is exchanging our cool soft peaceful blue-white lighting for that angry, eye-squinting, and nauseating orange-pink lighting?

If so, Carlisle will even have the firey glow of hell or as some have said, it will look like it's just been bombed.

Personally speaking, if K.U. furnished the lights free and they lit up the whole world I'd rather sit in the dark.

If I inferred correctly from an issue of the Mercury, I'll soon be saying, "No my eyes are not blood-shot; No, I don't have a sunburn or a fever, it's just the reflective glow of Carlisle...and yes I am puking."

Carolyn Pope
Route 2, Carlisle

Thanks tendered

To The Carlisle Mercury:

On behalf of Browning Manufacturing Division of Emerson Electric Co. in Maysville, Ky., we, the Open House Committee would like to take this opportunity to extend thanks to you for the publicity that you gave us in conjunction with our open house on Sunday, June 12. It was a pleasure to entertain an extremely large crowd during the afternoon, and we believe that your efforts were helpful to us in achieving this turnout.

Again, thank you for the publicity that you gave us concerning our open house. We had guests from 22 states, Canada and Trinidad and 110 cities and towns.

Yours very truly,
George Day
Member, Open House Committee

Hydroplane races a first for Maysville

Maysville is proud to announce that the American Power Boat Association will hold the Kentucky Governors Cup Hydroplane Races on the Ohio River in Maysville beginning at 11 a.m. Monday, July 4. The racers will vie for the coveted Kentucky Governors Cup trophy to be awarded by Lt. Governor Martha Layne Collins.

The Maysville Arts Council, the prime sponsor for the event, is excited about introducing this thrilling sport to this portion of Kentucky and Ohio. A regularly scheduled event on all major network sports programs, the race will include five ($) major power boat classes and over $1500 in prize money. Preliminary elimination heats begin at 11 a.m. with the finals beginning at approximately 2:30 p.m.

Sesquicentennial buttons will be necessary for access to the pit area (Maysville River Park Boat Ramp) and admission may be purchased at the entrance to the boat dock. Viewing of the races during the race time will only be allowed from river bank positions.

"A friend is, as it were, a second self." — Cicero

Op-Ed page

The sting . . . by professionals or a machine you can dial 'O' for ou-c-h-!

Russ Metz

I know it is the sad state of the times, but I couldn't help being amused—and maybe a little disgusted—at the lengths the local school board had to go to draw up a revised policy on corporal punishment the other night.

Paddling a kid is delicate business these days, with teachers, principals, superintendents and school boards walking a tight rope between meting out a few hot licks while dodging the wrath of over-protective parents and subpoenas by lawyers eager to hail them into court for cash settlements.

Everything must be spelled out now: the exact dimensions and weight of the paddle, the number of licks and the presence of a witness any time you take a kid into the office for a seat-warming.

I couldn't help but ask if the policy was not still incomplete. No mention had been made of the arc of the swing, which is probably the most important aspect about the whole business of paddling. Is a full golf swing, with shifting hips, allowed, or must the three-lick maximum be confined to short, wrist strokes with no body twist to give it speed and finesse?

And how about refinements for the paddle, such as non-slip, wrapped handles, ribbed or quilted surfaces, or holes in them to cut down on wind resistance. Is a principal permitted to name his favorite paddles for a more personal affection to them? Think these are exaggerations? Think again, because back when they were not sparing the rod, these personalized paddles were used on kids to warp their minds and backsides.

I should know. I ranked in the top ten in my school, summa cum laude, for getting the best paddle marks. Today I would have been a problem child; then I was simply a normal, mischievous, precocious child who could get into more fights accidentally than most kids do on purpose.

Our grade school principals then were strong on paddle punishment. You got the wood for about anything from shooting paperwads to bloodying a kid's nose over a marble game. And there were no witnesses required. You simply reported to the principal's office where he reached for his stick, grabbed you by the arm and began flailing your britches, without asking questions or caring what your parents might say about his laying the timber on you.

You quickly learned to pick out a clear spot in the room so you could maneuver. Then, like a prize fighter moving in a circle to avoid a paralyzing right, you began going around and around, timing each lick so you could soften the blows with body English. The number of swats was limited only by the endurance of the principal. When he got tired he quit hitting you.

One of my principals was a sadist, who paddled for the most minute infraction and did such a poor job of it, he lost all my respect. When we lined up to go back into school at recess and some clown in the pack pushed another kid in the back of line so he could get behind the old man would rush over and yell, "From here to here, into my office!" which meant you were in for a paddling just for being in the group of kids who got pushed.

We'd file into his office, each of us trying to be last, so he'd be tired by the time he got to us, and wait for our licks, more bored than afraid.

But another principal I had I admired greatly. He was strong as a bull, a southpaw and one I never could quite outwit or outdance. One of his paddles he named "Big Brother," the other, "Office Help," and he used them sparingly but most effectively. When he paddled you, you knew you deserved it and had it done by an expert. I still have great respect for that gentleman, who is still living.

Somewhere along the line, the whole attitude about paddling has drastically changed in teachers, kids and their parents. Teachers now tell you paddling is "not for punishment." I guess it is like hitting a mule between the eyes with a two-by-four: it is only to get his attention.

A principal told me the night of the school board meeting, "You paddle only as a last resort," which sounded reasonable to me. But

when he said, "When you paddle a kid, you lose him. You can no longer counsel him," I could only say "Bullcrap."

Perhaps the biggest problem in education today is discipline. Ask any teacher in the classroom and he'll tell you Doctor Spock ought to be run out of town. The monsters he helped create by his fervent philosophy of a generation ago.

If schools nowadays are forced to paddle by the numbers, in a ridiculously impersonal manner as seems to be the case, then I suggest the position of professional paddler be created. Like the hangman of old who traveled from town to town doing his dirty job, the professional paddler would travel from school to school impersonally laying it onto the rear ends of naughty children by appointment only, with complete immunity and by prescribed design.

Or a paddling machine, approved by the U.S. Department of Education, the Civil Liberties Union, Ralph Nader and the Humane Society, where a kid could be inserted into place get his hot licks dialed in according to the degree of classroom crime he committed.

Just like the electric chest has been replaced by the padded cell, paddling seems to have fallen into the despair of Epstein's Law: If you think the problem is bad now, just wait until we've solved it.

— RM —

All you sports fans out there may be interested in the results of the first Office Olympics, held by deskbound athletes recently in Chicago:

Wastebasketball (tossing wads of paper into baskets from 10 feet), 9 hits out of 13 tries.

Spinning desk chairs, 24 revolutions in 30 seconds.

Flying paper airplanes (hitting a person labeled "Boss" from 20 feet), three hits in five tries.

Tossing hats on racks, five ringers in seven tries.

Carrying coffee cups (25-foot race, with 3-second penalty for spilling and 5-second penalty for not smiling the whole time), six seconds.

— RM —

Humorist Joe Griffith flew into Cleveland the other day for a speaking engagement, he said, on Billy Bob Airlines. "They seat you according to your hat size," he said.

"We had a good-looking stewardess. She told me, 'Sir, if you'd quit leaning into the aisle, I'd quit bumping into you.'

"I said, 'I know.'"

Griffith, the previous week was in California. "In Beverly Hills," he says, everyone goes to the same church: Our Lady of E. F. Hutton. Their children are baptized in Perrier."

He has some Texas lines, too. "In Texas," he says, "even Oil of Olay is sold by the barrel."

He asks: "Do you know why they don't launch the astronauts from the Space Center in Houston?" His answer: "They'd have to change planes at Dallas-Fort Worth."

Griffith says he's quit playing the stock market, and he regrets it for two reasons. One, he says, is: "The stock market is like a woman. Sometimes it's good, sometimes it's bad, but it's always fun to speculate."

The second is his choice for other investments: "The John DeLorean School of Business, the Leon Spinks School of Dentistry, Charles Bronson's Beauty Salons and the George Steinbrenner Day Care Centers."

"I've quit talking to my plants," Griffith says, "and started eating them."

— RM —

A friend of ours have a son, Jimmy. He's about 12 years old and in the sixth grade.

Recently, his school got permission to add a sex education class to the curriculum. The teacher felt she should have permission from parents before assigning students to the class.

One day Jimmy brought home a sealed note from the teacher asking his parents if they would approve of Jimmy taking the course.

After talking it over between themselves, his parents decided it would be okay. The next morning at breakfast, Jimmy's father said, "Your mother and I have decided you may enroll in the sex education class."

"No thanks!" said Jimmy emphatically. "None of that stuff for me. I've got enough homework already!"

Onward, upward.

Thurlow Creek

by William D. Cochrane

...I didn't see any devil in there at all — just the one that I saw every day on the streets of the town. The Moving Picnfe Show with the Saturday afternoon matinee where for a dime you could see a five reel Western and a two reel comedy. It didn't matter at all that we had to sit and wait for the reels to be changed — there was only one projector — the magic of seeing our favorite cowboy on his horse racing to overtake a run-away stagecoach was a thrill to remember...To be sure the town of Drew was no El Dorado, but it had its mysteries to which other than gold. There were so many things to enjoy when I was 10.

I can still remember the summer nights after a shower of rain — how clean the earth smelled — lying awake for awhile in the big wide bed watching the white curtain sheers stand out like something on white gossamer wings as the night wind made them wave from the open window — the whistle of a night train — the far away faint hoot of the owl, and closer by, the chirping of the crickets and the occasional song of the whippowill, the katydids, the locusts, all blending their voices in a musical salute to the evening.

It was long about this time that I got Bango — Bango was a stray dog that wandered into our yard. He was half starved, his wiry hair was dirty and was a mess of dirty gray mixed with the brown of cockleburs. He sure wasn't a pretty dog at all and I will never know why my father let me keep him unless he just felt sorry for this half-starved mongrel. He said, "Ok, son clean him up and we will take a look at him to see if he is worth salvaging." After a good bath or two and much currying and brushing he became a good looking dog. I do not know how I arrived at the name Bango, but after I had named him I would be furious if someone called him Banjo or worse still, Banger or Banjer. He turned out to be the best squirrel and possum dog in the county.

It rained day and night for almost a week. Thurlow was up, muddy and raging. It spilled out over its shallow banks and kept rising. Granny Meech-um who lived near the creek made the remark, "Well, it'll quit sometime — at least 'fore it rains 40 days and 40 nights cause they ain't going to be another flood. The Almighty says in the Bible that never again will the world be destroyed by water." I suppose that Granny was referring back to the flood and Noah when God destroyed the earth with 40 days and nights of continual rain. Granny was right in that it did quit raining but not before half of Granny's world was destroyed. Her chicken house with about 200 baby chicks washed down Thurlow and her garden became only mud and debris. She said, "In all my days of living near the creek I ain't never seen old Thurlow so mad and destructive." When I asked, "Dad, — there be gone?" In the dusk I had seen nothing but Arnold must have let it was just a minute until the dogs picked up the scent of the cat and were plunging into the creek bottom, hot on the trail. They would follow the scent for awhile and then lose it as the cat wisely went in and out of the stream bed. Then they were quiet for awhile and then bolt out loose with furious growls and barks. Old Belle, Arnold's dog, let out a long hoarse bark and Arnold shouted, "Treed!" We hurried across the bottom corner of the plowed field in the direction of the furiously baying dogs. The dogs were going crazy now. They had chased the cat up a big tree that was at a slope on the creek bank. Arnold flicked on his light and as the light climbed the tree we could see the cat, yellow-green eyes shining and teeth bared with saliva dripping from the corners of his mouth. The dogs would climb the sloping bay tree and the cat would scream and slash at them with his left paw. I heard Arnold when he flipped the safety from his rifle and I put a single round into my .22. The cat screamed again and Bango, wild with the excitement of the chase, shot up the tree after him. I yelled at him but he paid no attention. He was crazed for battle with the cat. He lunged into the big cat just as Arnold's light picked them up. The cat had backed into the fork of the tree and was slashing at Bango with its left paw. The right was hanging limp and badly mauled. The cat was being wounded the cat and it was now crazed as it fought for its life. I could see blood on Bango's face where the cat had slashed him. We could not get a clean shot for fear of hitting the dogs. Both cat and dog now toppled from the tree into the slough below. Bango was badly mauled and cut. The fight had about gone from him and Belle was not now anxious to continue the fight. I saw the cat plainly now and I took steady aim with my one shot and killed the cat dead center between the eyes with that 22 calibre hollow point round. I threw the rifle down and ran to my dog. He was bleeding but he was breathing. The cat was dead. No longer was he a big furry thing of terror — now he lay dead in the mud, an ugly piece of muddy hair. For a long time after the fight we did not know whether Bango would live or not. With good nursing and loving care he survived. He was the hero of the farmers and for years they would tell and re-tell this story of the cat and dog fight.

Last summer on Thurlow not good

Above Upper Thurlow there was the mountain. It really wasn't a mountain at all, just a hill, but we called it our mountain because it was the highest table of land anywhere around Drew. Between Thurlow and the Mountain there was a valley called "Happy

See Thurlow Creek, page 10

What's wrong with education?

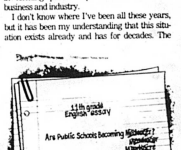
By S. C. VanCuren

Mention education and you can get a lively discussion started immediately in most any group.

You'll get all shades of opinions and suggestions for improving the system with several suggestions that are simply ridiculous.

A news story said the most recent suggestion coming from a series of national reports recommend that local governments lead the way in forming partnerships between education, business and industry.

I don't know where I've been all these years, but it has been my understanding that this situation exists already and has for decades. The



federal government is the most recent partner, joining something like 20 years ago, give or take a few years.

All the progressive ideas, innovations, liberal theories on educational teaching methods and tests along with the Golden Rule and many of Poor Richard's axioms that could improve upon the conduct, behavior and manners, not to mention the basic knowledge, of children who are allowed to do their thing by neglectful parents.

Money, money, money has been the complaint heard in legislative halls for the last four decades. The more money poured into public education, the poorer the product generally seems to be hatched out of the schools each year.

Consider these figures revealed in the coming report. In 1961, $29 billion was spent on education in this country and this year it grew to $213 billion—just in 21 years.

With the indictments facing educators, let's take an unprejudiced look at the cause.

Half a century ago when reading, writing and arithmetic were the basics in education, fewer children completed the eighth grade than now complete high school. About the same percentage complete college today as finished high school then.

The teachers taught the basics. If a child didn't have the mental capacity to learn, or his parents didn't force him to go to school, he dropped out.

The more interested, ambitious, adept or those having the most inborn mental ability to learn were the ones who went through high school and college.

Parents understood their lack of education and were more insistent through the years that their children receive better educations. Parental guidance was exercised more strongly. The constant direction in the home was to study, learn and get a better education for it would to the child's advantage all his life.

Driver education and many of the other elective courses wefe not taught in the schools. School was the workshop where basics were to be learned. Driving an automobile, horseback riding, swimming and other things were to be learned at home or in the school of hard knocks.

Teachers were not considered coddling baby sitters to watch over children during the day. Children were required by their parents to study at home and not allowe listractions such as television and other pursuits to occupy all their time outside the classrooms.

Colleges and universities were really factories of knowledge, or considered such in my youth. Their mission was to teach.

The mission today seems to be in gaining the biggest enrollment, building more and taller buildings, turn out better football and basketball teams.

Colleges are now complaining that the products they get from the primary and secondary schools are not prepared for college.

Why? What's the big problem?

We're spending more money. Keeping kids in school longer. Offering everything from sports to computer operation. But they can't read and write when they go to college, supposedly prepared.

The solution might be an answer to another question.

Where did today's teachers get their education?

All the colleges of course—the very colleges that are doing the complaining.

Many of today's grammar and high school teachers couldn't pass a tough English examination dealing with the fundamentals they should have learned before they went to college.

A little self-examination at the colleges might be helpful.