Opinion

Updating the hotline

Twenty years ago, the United States and the Soviet Union, mindful of how close they had come to the brink of nuclear war during the Cuban missile crisis a few months earlier, inaugurated what was popularly dubbed the "hot line" connecting the White House and the Kremlin. It was, and is, a teleprinter connection — now carried via satellite — that enables the two nations' political leaders to communicate quickly, albeit somewhat encumbered by the fact that America transmits in English and the Soviets in Russian, both at the laborious rate of 60 words a minute.

The hot line was a good idea, and it still is. Unfortunately, it has been used only rarely, either to protest the other side's action in some trouble spot — as when Jimmy Carter responded in outrage to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan — or in an effort to avoid dangerous misunderstandings about each other's intentions, as during the 1967 Middle East war. Moreover, technologically it remains in the horse-and-buggy age, and needs to be updated. Because of the increasing danger of a nuclear exchange being triggered by accident or misunderstanding, Congress last year ordered the Pentagon to study the problem and come up with proposals for improving the concept.

Recently, the Defense Department suggested a plan that would upgrade the system to allow instantaneous transmission of whole blocks of text in addition to maps, charts and photos. It also recommended a second line connecting the two countries' military commands to permit the exchange of technical information, high-speed computer data transmission links between Washington and the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and between the Kremlin and the Soviet Embassy in Washington, and the negotiation of an international accord — to include other nuclear powers — setting up a consultation procedure to deal with nuclear terrorism.

Although there may be problems in expanding such an early warning system beyond the present two-way link between the supreme command centers in Washington and Moscow, it is long past time that that primary connection be brought into the technological age in which we live, and it's to be hoped the two superpowers can agree on such an improvement soon. What's still lacking, of course, is the human will to make constructive use of the system. Or, better still, to make the hot line an obsolete in political terms as it has been allowed to become technically.

Scholarships

Private colleges and universities are beginning to recruit outstanding students with an ardor once reserved for star athletes.

This renewed pursuit of excellence should enable more students from middle-class families to attend private colleges. Soaring tuition too often has restricted enrollment to impoverished students who can qualify for financial assistance and to students from wealthy families.

Because of the recession and a decline in the student-age population, numerous private colleges now find difficulty in attracting enough top students to retain their academic reputations. Increasingly, high achievers have been enrolling in less expensive public universities.

Moreover, the student pool has shrunk dramatically in scholarly achievers. The number of students who scored 650 or higher on the Scholastic Aptitude Test for verbal skills declined 35 percent during the last decade. There was a 23 percent decline in students scoring 650 or higher in the math section of the test.

To help recruit top students, Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass., for the first time is giving $4,000 scholarships to 15 outstanding freshmen. Previously, that institution gave scholarships only for financial need. Duke University in Durham, N.C., is offering free tuition to all 20 winners of the prestigious A.B. Duke Memorial Scholarships. Until now, full tuition was offered only to winners who had demonstrated financial need.

And, using a technique described as similar to methods of recruiting outstanding athletes, Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh matches offers made by other schools to top students.

Scholarships for scholars has not been without controversy. Some college administrators and faculty members fear the trend will keep out needy students. But scholarship funds awarded on the basis of need still far exceed the value of grants based on merit. Needy students who earn top grades are, if anything, better off under the new emphasis on achievement.

An unfortunate version of quality that seems to have permeated many aspects of our national life has been reflected on college campuses by egalitarianism at the expense of individual achievement. The concept of awarding scholarships for scholarship is a long overdue stroll in the groves of academe.

Letters from our readers

Criticizes our news coverage

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I would like to let you know I was really disappointed, along with a lot of others, after reading The Carlisle Mercury dated May 5.

National Nursing Home Week was last week, along with Nurses Appreciation Day.

Everyone at Johnson Mathers Nursing Home had worked extra hard to have everything in readiness for the extra visitors expected to attend the activities that had been planned for the week. Something special every day, beginning with "Open-House Tea" on Mothers Day, Sunday, May 8.

I know that the activities director put in a lot of time and thought trying to write a news item to inform the readers of the Mercury about the program planned for the patients and their family and friends.

This item was given to the Mercury office a week ahead of time for it to be in the May 5 publication. I was told that the Mercury had so much to put in that there just wasn't enough space.

I found several items of little or no interest to me. I wonder how many of your readers would have been more interested in the news about our nursing home than they were about a lot of other things that took priority space, for instance middle of page 8 "wild turkey season."

We try so hard to prevent the patients of nursing homes feeling that they are the forgotten and unwanted ones. This makes one wonder how important is our Nicholas County Hospital and Nursing Home? It has top rating in my opinion. I hope we haven't outgrown "The Little Town With The Big Heart" image.

Edythe M. Rich
Carlisle, Ky.

Cub Scouts express thanks

To The Carlisle Mercury:

The Cub Scouts, the leaders, and their sponsoring organization, the Carlisle Presbyterian Church, wish to express their gratitude to C.T. McFarland, Sally Watkins, Charles Ring, the Deposit Bank, and the parents who supported the pack's participation in Expo '83.

We have had an outstanding year in Cub Scouting thanks to the support and cooperation of the people of Carlisle and Nicholas County.

Sincerely,
Suzanne Dotson, Janice Snapp, Kay Hardwick, Catherine Campp, Charles Campp, Phillip Hastings

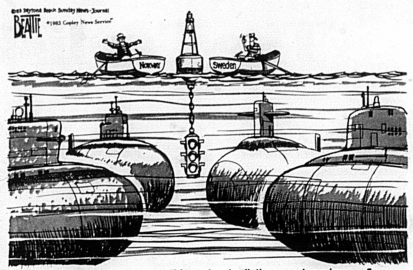
The old days in the county!

To The Carlisle Mercury:

I guess I'm going to keep on until I make somebody mad or just flat get told that I don't know what I'm talking about, but here I go again.

In past letters I've talked a lot about Mr. Peck Finch and his family who lived down on Jerdan in the 1930s. That's because they were our close friends and neighbors and I felt about as much at home there as anywhere. I spent many a night there with Earl and Malcolm, their boys, sharing their bed and board. Well, in those days it seems that there were not nearly so many public agencies for taking care of the unfortunate — I mean the really, really unfortunate — people of this country, and one of those who needed care just about as much as anyone was Jack Morgan. I've lost the notes I made on Jack a few years ago, but as I recall the United States Census reports indicate that he was born about 1860, and it's a pretty safe bet that he was born a slave. He was also born severely retarded and afflicted with some disorder that twisted his body and made locomotion awkward. He was unable to speak and could only make noises like an animal. But he was still a human being, a gentle and harmless person, fully capable of suffering pain and hunger and cold and loneliness, all of which he knew in full measure. And Jack could feel love, too, and I'm quite sure that he loved Mr. Peck Finch and Miss Mary.

By the time Jack Morgan was out of his childhood his parents had vanished from the scene and he was cared for by an uncle. When the uncle died, one of Jack's cousins took responsibility for him, and when the cousin eventually passed on, the cousin's widow accepted



"We had to do something about all these submarines..."

Agree or not

The power brokers in state politics

by S.C. Van Curen

One of the best signs I know that indicates the intensity and closeness of a political campaign is to watch the reports on speeches and advertising in the closing days.

The television advertising of Lt. Gov. Martha Layne Collins is an indication of this kind of a barometer.

She has said that her campaign is not for sale when she talked about the contributions of William H. May to Harvey Sloane's campaign. Her people also said she hadn't received contributions from public utilities.

She has attacked his record as Mayor of Louisville in relation to taxes and larger payroll expenditures and loss of jobs in Louisville.

A candidate's record is fair game in any political campaign and it is not my purpose or intent here to try to say otherwise. A candidate should be concerned in his personal actions and records as well as being responsible for the records of persons with important positions in his campaign.

Bill May has been involved in several political campaigns in Kentucky, and has held office himself as well as running for lieutenant governor one time. He knows the rules of the game.

However, he has never been involved in any scandal in that government, neither has he ever been paid an engineering fee higher than other engineering firms received for similar work.

Martha Layne also has some people in her campaign who might be classed as power brokers along with May.

I refer to J.R. Miller who is an astute campaigner and is known as a tough customer in politics, but neither has he ever been involved in a scandal in state government.

He successfully managed Gov. Wendell Ford's campaign and was state Democratic Chairman under Ford. Naturally, he had some influence during these times as any man in a similar position would have.

As Democratic chairman, he raised funds for Ford's U.S. Senate campaign that was successful. He also raised funds for Ford's gubernatorial campaign when Ford was lieutenant governor. Miller spent a lot of time in Ford's office during the legislative sessions when Ford was governor.

It was during this time that the Ford administration told the Kentucky Bankers Association that H.K. Taylor, an automobile dealer from Morehead, would be their legislative representative (lobbyist) during Ford's tenure. They also told the bankers the salary that would be paid.

Inflation was jumping during Ford's time as governor and banks, savings and loans everywhere were asking for increasing the legal loan rates they could charge. The small loans companies also wanted to be allowed to charge higher rates and to increase the amount they could loan as well as increase the time span of the loan.

Naturally, the banks and savings and loans opposed the small loan people.

The word came to the third floor from the governor's office that no bank or savings and loan interest bill would pass until the small loans bill passed.

J.R. Miller and Attorney Morton Holbrook of Owensboro stood in the Senate gallery and watched the small loans bill pass. The other bills passed with little opposition after that.

There was nothing illegal about this. It was just using political power.

Both sides ought to be told to be fair about it in the campaign.

Miller is an organization chairman for Martha Layne, but her campaign headquarters is very careful, it seems that someone else always makes campaign statements for the press.

They're keeping J.R. behind the scenes.

This may be what they consider good political strategy. There's certainly nothing illegal about it, and nobody can deny J.R.'s ability as a political strategist.

Down Memory Lane

Gov. Bert Combs dedicates 4H Camp

Thursday, May 22, 1963

Governor Bert T. Combs, who officially dedicated the new 4-H Camp in Nicholas County Monday, May 20, the small sum the state paid for the care of Jack.

Her name was Mahalie, and everyone around Bethel knew Aunt Mahalie. She lived on her little farm on a hillside overlooking Little Flat Creek, alone except for Jack and her shepherd dog. To many of her neighbors she was a kindly and beloved person, although the kids were afraid of the dog, a vicious animal that patrolled her premises and the dirt lane that ran in front of her house. But it was no secret that her treatment of poor old Jack Morgan was something less than humane. At least, so it was believed. People said that she would not let Jack into the house, that she fed him in a dish on the back porch just like she fed the dog, it was said that she made him sleep in the barn, and when the cold drove him to try to come into the house, she would stir the dog on him and drive him back to the barn.

I don't know for sure that Aunt Mahalie did those things, but I do know this: On two occasions that I can recall, I happened to be spending the night at Mr. Peck Finch's when Jack Morgan came calling. Both times were the same — a cold night, the boys' bed had been moved to the living room to be warm, the glow was dying in the fireplace, the clock ticking up to around 10:30 or so. There was a scratching sound at the kitchen door, repeated at intervals, until we heard Miss Mary wake Mr. Peck and say, "Peck, there's something at the kitchen door. It must be Jack." Mr. Peck would get up and open the door to find the aged, crippled, mute black man huddled there, the slobbers from his slack mouth frozen on his dirty old coat, looking up in pitiful supplication.

Jack would come in and crouch behind the kitchen stove while Mr. Peck revived the fire, then went to bring covers and make a pallet on the kitchen floor. Miss Mary would get up and fix Jack a plate of food from

*See Letter, page 12

stated to the people as follows: "It is the type of cooperation given by you people of Nicholas County and the 26 other counties in District 4 of the 4-H work in making this camp possible that insures a better place for our country in the future when it is so essential that our young people be given every possible advantage to meet the challenge of the coming space age."

The Kentucky Farm Bureau Insurance Company's Louisville home office has announced that Cliff Vice has been appointed as agent for the farmer-owned company in Nicholas County.

Katherine Bates, three-year-old daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. James Bates, Carlisle, was injured May 17 when struck by a car in Winchester and suffered a fracture at the base of the skull and is in serious condition at the University Hospital, Lexington.

The new swimming pool at Blue Licks State Park will be dedicated Saturday, May 25, by Governor Bert T. Combs.

MARRIED — Miss Linda Ray Dye and Ollie Platt, May 3 at the Carlisle Baptist Church.

DIED — Mrs. Lena Frances Burden, 69, wife of Joe D. Burden, May 15 at Nicholas County Hospital. — John Howard Evans, 77, May 16 at home in New Philadelphia, OH. — William C. Deister Sr., May 17 at home in Cincinnati, OH. — Mrs. Myrtle Ellen, 84, May 14 at Johnson Memorial Nursing Home. — Hisel Hollar, 56, May 19 at home on the Johnson Road.

Thursday, May 27, 1943

Dr. Cecil V. Crabb, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, delivered the high baccalaureate address for Lees College and Jackson High School Sunday.

Miss Nancy Stump of near Millersburg left for Cincinnati, OH, where she has taken a position with Western Union.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Dotson, a son, Roy Wayne, May 22.

DIED — John H. Sparks, 77, Saturday at Massie Memorial Hospital, Paris. — Mrs. Addie Campbell, 86, Friday at home on Walnut Street. — T.W. Case, 62, Sunday at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

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Op-Ed page

Welcome back, paddlefoot . . .

and may your fallen arches leave footprints in the rain puddles of time

Back when you could actually buy a pair of shoes for $4, a friend of mine wrote an essay for a college course he was taking and he called the piece, "Feet, Folks and Friends and a $4 Shoe Hurts My Feet." He got an "A" and his professor, no doubt, is still scratching his head.

In those days, any time you bought a new pair of shoes you could expect to limp around for two weeks until those stiff clodhoppers stretched enough in the right places to fit your feet.

My big brother I thought at the time was the most generous relative a fellow could have. He let me wear his brand-new shoes for the first couple of weeks and it was years later before it dawned on my that he was conning me into breaking them in.

We were told the reason our winter shoes didn't fit was because we went barefooted all summer and our feet spread out, which sounded pretty reasonably at the time for a kid who didn't have all his smarts sorted out yet.

Padding around in our bare feet, we quickly spotted all our flatfooted buddies after the first rain shower. And we would lay a lot of ridicule on them, calling them "paddlefoot," "apefoot," and other non-niceties.

Came World War II and it was they who got the last laugh. Flat feet would get you out of a very unpleasant draft because, even though a fellow might plow corn all day and dance all night, his feet were not made to walk in Uncle Sammy's infantry.

Some of us figured we might cultivate flat feet by jumping off high fences and barn roofs, but only those who carried Bibles under their arms while practicing this dodge, got deferred to 4-F.

But now podiatrists, those unsung medical practitioners who usually are happy to remain in the background trimming ingrown toenails and slapping a few Dr. Scholl's pads on bunions, have stepped forward to say a few good words for feet.

The fad of running has brought podiatrists out of their pods and into the limelight by people who beat their feet to a pulp and wonder why their legs are coming apart at the hinges.

And the most exciting news to come out of the foot business since Odoreaters is the use of electrocardiograms hooked to all parts of your foot to tell a doctor where it hurts and why. After he has zapped off a corn with a laser beam, he can tune in his electric gadget and diagnoze your problems and give you scientific answers like: Your shoes don't fit.

Now they tell us that flat feet are a "variant of normal feet" and may even be better since they provide more surface to support the weight of our bodies. Low arches are less likely to cause pain than high arches and they won't get you a 4-F classification anymore.

In my closet is a pair of neglected shoes that came out a few years ago. They are supposed to throw you back on your haunches like you are walking in sand, but they'll give you Achilles heel faster than a junkyard dog. Cowboy boots that fit well over dropstore stool rounds, give your body a forward pitch that can get your feet and you into trouble when you're trying to back-peddle away from a fight.

Good running shoes seem to be good for your feet, podiatrists say, because they best imitate the conditions our feet were made for: paddling around in the soft savannah, dodging dinosaurs and snickering at those who left footprints like our cousins, the apes.

Be kind to your tootsies, they have skin 10 times thicker than anyplace else on your body and there are more bones in them than in a $5 bucket of fried chicken.

Take off your shoes and blow between your toes and soak them in pickle brine for a week of so. Then thank your lucky stars they are not as big as Ralph Sampson's.

— RM —

RUSS METZ

Steve Stone was having trouble getting his first wind one afternoon when he pitched for the Chicago Cubs. He gave up home runs to the first three Los Angeles Dodgers he faced in the contest at Wrigley Field. The Cub manager, Jim Marshall, trudged out of the dugout.

"Go away," Stone told him. "We've got a chance for a record here."

Herman Franks was managing the Giants when that team signed a young pitcher from Japan, one Masanori Murakami. The irascible Franks complained bitterly that it was impossible to communicate with Murakami, so a few of the veteran players on the team offered to teach the pitcher a bit of English.

"Just teach him enough so he knows what I'm talking about when I go out there," Franks growled.

Soon Murakami could be seen huddling with Willie Mays and Orlando Cepeda, practicing a language he found more baffling than the Kanji kanjihaali. At last, the long-awaited moment came. Franks inserted Murakami into a game, than went to the mound to brief him.

As his manager approached, Murakami bowed politely and uttered the respectful greeting his tutors had worked so hard to help him master.

"Take a hike, fatso," the pitcher said.

— RM —

"The economic difficulties we have been experiencing are a function of the attitude of the work force," so says Layne Longfellow, a Phoenix psychologist who, in his educated jargon, is saying, "The trouble with this country today is people would rather loaf than work."

Anyone who has hired people in recent years could have told him that. But let's hear what Longfellow has to say. "The major stresser in the U.S. today is the feeling that work does not have meaning. If you think nobody cares about your work, then you don't care about it either. And all the scientific efforts to straighten out the economy won't do it any good until we correct the attitude problem.

"Basically, it's because the people who are in charge grew up in a different time than the people who are working for them. And the two groups do not understand each other," he said.

"We show our kids what we think is important in the world and prepare them for that. Then, when they come of age, they are prepared to live in a world that ceased to exist 20 years ago," he added. Sorry, Longfellow, I do not entirely agree. The world of 20 years ago may no longer exist, but the work attitude should remain the same. Unfortunately, the social programs of the last 40 years showed people they did not have to work for a living and that is what changed people's work attitudes.

Longfellow said the people in charge of today's American economy are "Depression babies," people born during the Great Depression. He displays a picture of a Depression-vintage scene of youngsters diligently shining shoes to earn a few pennies.

"The most important thing to notice in this picture is that these kids are smiling," he said. "And now we Depression babies get together and say, 'Those were the good ole days. We weren't afraid of hard work. I got up at 4 a.m. and walked five miles to work 10 hours for a quarter,' And I liked it. Those were the days . .

"But the poignancy about these comments is that we've worked hard for years so we'll never have to live that way again. We look back fondly on a period we have vowed never to repeat. And because the Great Depression hasn't been repeated, Americans have changed," Longfellow said.

Kids who grew up in the '60s are the first generation to grow up with the atomic bomb, television and technology. The first generation to grow up in suburbia; in a nuclear family with the father absent. It's the largest generation in the nation's history—and it's the first generation to grow up with great, widespread affluence."

The father was probably absent because he was out working his tail off to get more money so he could spoil his kids with "a better life than I had" and to show them they can have all the good things the American dream had to offer. Between the federal government's Santa Claus programs and parents' determination to give their kids more than they had, it is a miracle the present generation of workers are not all bums and ideological idiots.

Give our generation a chance to work overtime and we will say, "Be glad to, thank you. I can use the extra money." Give the present generation a chance to work overtime and they'll say, "Hey, no way, man. I gotta get my Corvette running so I can take out this cute chick — but could I talk to you about a day off?"

Onward, upward.

This, That and T'other...

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
May 17, 1934

Forty years ago (Lord help us! can it possibly be that many years?) it snowed on the night of the May 17. To the mere infant this writer was, of course, at that time, the sight of green branches laden with snow — and there was plenty of it — made a lasting impression. Probably more lasting is the memory that we had strawberries for dinner. In that day you had strawberries when they grew in your garden and not before, so strawberries and snow was something to mirack over. Which reminds me that home-grown strawberries ought to be on the market about now and strawberry shortcake, genuine strawberry shortcake, in season — not the dark and sad looking berries on a square of soggy and sad-looking cake that the restaurateurs have been dishing up to their customers for the last three months. The man who prepares that mixture and calls it shortcake, would sweeten corn boecake and ought to be banished "north of the river" and be forced to eat cold biscuits the rest of his life.

Now a strawberry shortcake, to be the thing of beauty and the joy forever that its inventor intended, should be a sandwich, as it were, of ripe berries hiding their blushing beauty between layers of crisp pie-crust. The berries should not be put on until ready to serve. You may use cream, if you are so minded, though the crimson juice furnishes enough moisture for your real epicure. And the crust must be crisp! That is a real shortcake, if you ask us.

Why a man may shut his eyes for a moment, a very brief moment, in the face of its gastronomic delights, and hear the bees humming and catch the odor of the lilacs blooming on the old bush at the corner. Faintly across the years will come back to him the hail of a comrade with whom he will try that afternoon the yet chilly waters of the old swimmin' hole. Umh! Say ma, can't I go barefooted this ev'nin'? All the boys are taking 'em off ma. Ah, ma!"

June 14, 1934

And what is so rare as a day in June.
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

— Lowell

Up to find the sky overcast and the morning close and murky, a listless, drooping day as lazy as the mood which has possessed me of late, so that I care not for work or play. All of which sets me wondering whether it be my liver or the years which begin to wing ever more rapidly into the limbo of my yesterdays. Heigho! Time was when there was magic in the month of June, no matter how murky the morning. For June, the firstling of old Summer's brood, flung open the golden gates of harefoot freedom, of galluped blue cottonade and wide-brimmed straw hats, of swimming hole and the watergaps where the red-bellied sunperch bit; of the slithering swish of the knife in the stripper box as the meadows were swept to glistening golden seedlessness; of the chatter of the binder in the wheat and the whirring hum of the thresher — all these June brought once upon a time — all these and freedom from life's cares.

as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

And whence has flown this freedom? The waiters still ripple about the roots of the giant sycamore that shaded the swimming hole of yesteryear; sun perch nibble at succulent worms from the pool below the watergap; birds chatter in the golden wheat and strippers sign softly through the lush blue grass. But the feel is gone — the feel of freedom — bartered for the compensations that life brings with its responsibilities, but bartered withal. Yet who would go back? For among the roses of youth are thorns and forgotten tortuous hills beset the Road to Yesterday.

With such thoughts, I am in very need of heartening with coffee and fried apples and hot biscuits for breakfast, mighty noble if simple fare, I think, and smelling mighty summery in the house o' mornings. In truth, the odor of fried apples and coffee is a perfume of June, a man-made aroma that vies with the roses and the honeysuckle and the incense of the red clover mantling in luxuriant succulence in the pastures. Just as the smell of cantelouope and coffee is for an incense typical of the langy days of early September, a spicy substantial bracer for the dreaming, droning days of late summer.

So to stroll in my garden, where the larkspur in its pale loveliness has outlived the hardier blush of the roses and where soon tiny hollyhocks will primly spread their gowns of gaudy prints, and to watch for a moment the busy martins, now panting with the cares of family and hungry mouths to feed. And many a fat bug and unwary fly must go into the gaping gullets the next six weeks, that young wings may be ready for the long flight in early autumn. Summer waxes, yet even now come whispers of its waning. "Knee deep in June," yet one is saddened by the thought that so much loveliness must perish, and heartened that it passes but to come again in everlasting cycle.

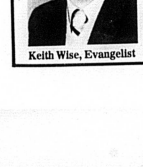
While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Thus the old Hebrew chronicler, borrowing from his hope and faith a promise that each summer since has seen justified. My purple martins know that winter comes, and beyond that winter they know that there shall come another spring. Shall the everlasting cycle hold for that divine spark which in man alone tortures him with doubts or gives to him a hard-won boon of faith?

Who knows. And yet standing on the threshold of summer, all about the proofs of the glorious fecundity of a world grey, drab, dead under the icy blasts of February three months ago, "Hope sees a star."

Have a yard sale... get a classified ad in The Mercury!

REVIVAL



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