Opinion

Guest editorial

Cutting the deficit

by Edwin Feulner

Congress is home and the Republic is safe for another couple of months. When they return at the end of January, however, hold on to your pocketbook. In 1983 they almost saddled us with another tax increase; they'll make another valiant try in '84.

The problem, according to many Washington movers-and-shakers — everyone from the former head of the Congressional Budget Office, now Brookings Institution Senior Scholar, Alice Rivlin, to Kansas Sen. Robert Dole, Republican chairman of the Senate Finance Committee — is that President Reagan's 1981 Tax Reduction Act took too much money away from government.

Don't you feel just terrible for Washington's big-spending bureaucrats?

The 1981 Tax Reduction Act has left the average taxpayer paying essentially the same in 1984 as in 1980.

What has been done, however, thanks to President Reagan and some of the bright young stars in the Senate, like Bill Armstrong of Colorado, is to take the profit out of inflation. Specifically, when history is written about the 1981 tax cut, this anti-inflationary "tax indexing" may be viewed as its most lasting contribution.

What indexing does is stop us from being pushed into higher tax brackets simply because of inflation. In the past, congressional spenders have been able to keep ever-larger sums of money flowing to Washington — first by causing inflation, and second because they knew our inflated paychecks would automatically result in bigger federal tax bites. It made the big spenders happy because they could keep on spending without having to vote for tax increases. Santa Claus never had it so good.

Well, that jig is up. If the federal government is operating in the red, as it is with a vengeance, Congress can no longer secretly pick our pockets.

All this is not to say that the size of the federal deficit is not a serious matter; clearly it is. But the deficit has increased not because of the tax cuts we now enjoy but because federal spending is simply out of control. Tax receipts for the federal government have been remarkably consistent over the last 10 years, ranging from 18.1 percent to 20.8 percent of the gross national product (GNP). Preliminary estimates show that 1983 receipts should be in the 18.6-percent range — about in the middle of the most recent period — even with the current lower tax rates. The reason: the economy is now expanding; and revenues can be expected to increase so long as the economic expansion continues.

We face a huge deficit, however, because spending as a percentage of GNP has been consistently increasing — from 21.5 percent in 1979 to an estimated 25.6 percent this year. These are staggering numbers.

What to do about it? The answer clearly is get government spending under control. Don't increase taxes!

Agree or not

Key problem facing legislature is money

by S.C. Van Curen

Frankfort — The 1984 General Assembly will be faced with many problems, but the key problem that affects them all can be summed up in one word, money.

Rather, it is the lack of money for the general fund that is going to affect new legislation dealing with service programs and acts passed by former legislative sessions that are awaiting funding.

Capital construction is a field crying for new money, while freedom from growth for the general fund is bleak indeed when inflation is taken into consideration. Growth in normal operating expenses is expected to consume about all of the anticipated increased income.

Education is crying for more money, and Kentuckians are expecting some improvements in educational opportunities which isn't necessarily translated into more money by the taxpayers. This is an area that is going to get a lot of attention by legislators and probably will draw a lot of discussion and criticism from the populace.

Kentucky's jail and penal system has been neglected so long that it has hit the emergency stage. The federal courts have mandated that Kentucky, take some action. Our penal system is overcrowded to the point where new inmates cannot be accepted unless some are allowed to leave, either through completion of sentence, probation or parole.

Our jails are in a horrible state in most counties in the state to a point new jails must be built or transgressors not incarcerated until their trial in the courts.

The fields of health and welfare have suffered some cutbacks in the past few years from both the federal and state levels. The time is fast approaching when taxes are going to have to be increased or services further curbed, at least not expanded into marginal areas.

Financing capital construction through the convenient revenue bond route has about reached the point of deficit financing. The money has to come from somewhere to meet bond obligations regularly and many of the revenue bond issue facilities are not generating sufficient revenue to meet the obligation and the cost must be borne through the general fund, at least in part.

The Appropriations and Revenue Committee has been searching for sources of new or additional revenue, but hasn't come up with a satisfactory answer to fill the need.

The option seems to be to tap several tax sources for a little more revenue to get a reasonable total, but this isn't anticipated to supply the need.

The two largest sources for the general fund are income and sales taxes.

The legislature is a bit gun shy of both of these since they must stand for election next year. Too, Gov. Martha Layne Collins indicated during the campaign that she is opposed to an increase in taxes.

The biggest single source of additional revenue is through the sales tax. It can be extended to include services and bring in a wad of money. Then, there is "Nunn's nickel," a short phrase that the Democrats used to enjoy rolling off their tongues during campaigns.

It could be put back on food, medicine, or even increased to six or seven percent as some other states have done.

U.S. Senator Wendell Ford, when he was in the State Senate, got the tax repealed on prescription medicine and got elected lieutenant governor. Then, he got the sales tax taken off take-home groceries and got elected to the U.S. Senate.

This was at a time when federal revence sharing filled the state coffers and the repeal could be handled. Then, legislators repealed the sales tax on some public utility services. Now, the Democratic administration faces a tough financial problem.

Have the Democrats repealed themselves into a financial squeeze?

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John B. Kerns, Carlisle
Granddaughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Sammie House
Moorefield

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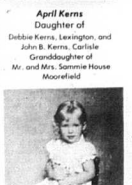

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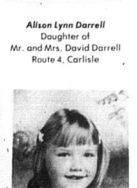

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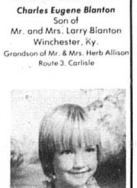

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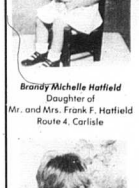

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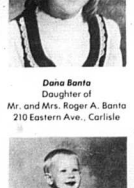

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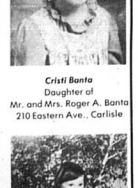

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Down Memory Lane

Rotary Club holds first regular meeting

Thursday, January 9, 1964

The Carlisle Rotary Club was recently advised by one of its local citizens, Dr. Estle Asbury, that the local civic club has been added to a group of organizations throughout Kentucky which will henceforth receive annual contributions from the "Keeneland Foundation." The contribution of $200 received by the club for 1964 was donated to the Nicholas County 4-H Council to help raise the quota of funds for the 4-H camp.

Fire destroyed a tobacco barn, several head of cattle and about an acre of stripped tobacco on Cecil McCarty farm, Persimmon Ridge, last week. The cause of the fire was undetermined.

Cecil Elkins has arrived in Carlisle from Pompano Beach, FL., and is temporarily employed as pharmacist at Hopkins Drug.

Construction work on the sanitary system and sewage disposal plant is tentatively set to begin about the middle of February, according to Nelson Foster, design engineer. Citizens are urged to sign easements if they haven't already done so.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. John Mayer of Versailles, a daughter, Dec. 24 at Woodford Memorial Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sumner of Lexington, a daughter, Kathy Lynn, Dec. 19 at Central Baptist Hospital, Lexington. — To Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Alexander, Ewing, a son, Timothy Dwayne, Jan. 2 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beatty Jr., a daughter, Malinda Susan, at the Nicholas County Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Bonnie Elaine Fite and John R. Glass, Dec. 27 in the Carlisle United Methodist Church.

DIED — Mrs. Vida Halley, 85, Lexington, widow of John F. Halley, Dec. 26 at home. — Mrs. Lillie Roberts Hickey, 66, Lexington, Dec. 27, at St. Joseph Hospital, Lexington. — Herbert C. Garrison, 71, Dec. 20 at home in Harrison County. — Charles H. Conway Jr., 57, Jan. 4 at St. Francis Hospital, Cincinnati, OH. — James Oliver Overly, 81, Jan 1 at the Whitis Nursing Home. — Stone Gilvin, 62, husband of Mrs. Florence E. Gilvin, Jan. 1. — Mrs. Reatha Alice Gray Vice, 77, wife of Sterling Vice, Jan. 5 at home in Lexington. — Mrs. Emma O'Mallery, 86, Verona, widow of Pat O'Malley, Dec. 22. — Robert Gallher, 77, — Arthur Markland, 63, Jan. 7 at the General Hospital in Pittsburgh, PA. — Henry P. Kenton, 77, husband of Mrs. Bessie Barnett Kenton, Jan. 5 at the Nolen Nursing Home in Paris. — Infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin H. McCarty, Jan. 6 at Bourbon County Hospital. — John M. Mathias, 78, Dallas, TX.

Thursday, January 13, 1944

The first regular weekly meeting of the Carlisle Rotary Club was held Thursday evening at the Feeback Hotel with approximately all charter members who signed applications Dec. 17 present.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Deposit Bank the following officers were elected: Innes B. Rose, president; Forrest Dalzell, vice-president; J.W. Parker, cashier; Sterling Blake, assistant cashier; Henry M. Fotla, secretary.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank Tuesday the following officers were re-elected: Henry Carter, Harry Letton, Dr. B.F. Reynolds, Mrs. Harry King and Mrs. Leer Buckley, directors; H.T. Letton, president; Henry Carter, cashier; Henry Allen Palmer, assistant cashier.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Joe Simons, Flemingsburg, a son, Jan. 6. — To Mr. and Mrs. John B. Calloway, Jellico, TN, a son, Jan. 4. — To Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien, Covington, a daughter, Dec. 26. — To Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence, a son, Jan. 8 at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

DIED — Samuel Walter McCann, 75, on Monday. — Fred P. Jones, 77, Friday. — Francis Marion Shanks, 82, Friday. — Miss Allie Thompson, Friday in Louisville. — Mrs. Anna Laura Adamson Linville, 76, wife of John Thomas Linville, Wallingford. —John Henry VanCamp, 78, Jan. 12 at home on East Main Street. — Mrs. Etta Bell Hamilton, wife of Ernest Hamilton, Wednesday at Good Samaritan Hospital, Lexington.

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If you have something to say, write a letter to the Editor.

We reserve the right to edit and or reject any and all letters.

Op-Ed page

Bah, humbug . . .

the ghosts of Christmas past and instant riches are haunting me

Russ Metz

If you haven't seen me around lately, it's because I have been home beating my wife.

Weeks before Christmas, I made the mistake of telling her about my secret plans for making a bundle off holiday shoppers this season. What I was going to do was program our office computer to design a new kind of limited-edition dolls, something never before done.

"I'll have the computer turn out dolls with no two faces alike," I told her. "Then I'll print up some fancy-looking birth certificates and adoption papers on the office press and hawk them as pedigreed Briar Patch dolls."

"Stupid idea," my wife said. "You can't play God. Only He can make people-types to look different. It would be blasphemy to even think it could be done, as smart as computers are. And don't you think the FBI might frown on bogus birth certificates and adoption papers. That's forgery, you know, a 5-to-10 rap."

"I intend to put a few scratches on the dolls and the papers, just to show they aren't genuine," I said meekly.

"They'd never sell," she said. "You have to have something appealing—like pet rocks and E. T. dolls. Briar Patch dolls has a scratchy sound to it."

So, wouldn't you believe it. Some clod comes up with a Cabbage Patch doll as homely as sin. He announces there are only five made per state, manufactures 6 million of them and cute little girls and muscle-bound mothers wreak havoc in department stores in army conflict over who can get suckered firstest and mostest.

Why these ugly little dolls don't even crawl from cry mommy or wet the bed. All they got going for them is the fact they have birth certificates and adoption papers just like I was going to print.

My doll would have been more popular. When you adopted one of my Briar Patch dolls, a shapely young cane worker would have made monthly house calls to insure proper living conditions. If you think the mothers created mayhem trying to buy a Cabbage Patch doll, imagine what the fathers would have done to department stores for one of mine.

Like Saturday night in Lebanon, baby.

— RM —

Though the following "Don't for Peace" is for diplomats, it can be applied without great harm to the office of the home.

Excerpts from a speech by Brian Urquhart, deputy secretary general of the United Nations, detailing things that workers for peace should not do:

Don't forget that timing is essential and that there is a right time and a wrong time for everything, just as it says in the Bible.

Don't rely too much on reason. Sometimes an appeal to fear, prejudice or vanity is more effective.

Don't get dragged in on one side of a conflict and then expect to be accepted as impartial.

Don't tell everyone what you think they want to hear. The essence of the game is to establish confidence, which takes a long time. If you want to establish confidence it is no-good telling lies, which are always found out in the end.

Don't ask people you are dealing with to commit suicide. To provide a graceful way out of difficult situations should be the aim.

Don't claim credit for any success you may get. People in trouble need credit much more than you do.

Don't lose your temper, except on purpose or on matters of principle.

Don't slam doors or let others slam them.

Don't paint people into a corner. This makes them dangerous, paranoid and obstinate.

— RM —

Carol Bauman, a former U.S. assistant secretary of state, was called on to make the closing remarks at a dinner. And to illustrate her topic, she decided to explain the difference between a diplomat and a lady.

"If a diplomat says yes, he means maybe," she said, "and if he says maybe, he means no, but if he says no, he's no diplomat."

After everyone digested that information, she explained how a lady differed from a diplomat.

"If a lady says no, she means maybe," Bauman said, "and if she says maybe, she means yes, but if she says yes, then she's no lady."

— RM —

You may have read that President Reagan will meet with top advisors to hear final arguments over whether to build a permanent orbiting space station at a cost of more than $8 billion.

There is a tendency to disregard the idea as no big deal. Og a good day, our government can spill $8 billion down its shirt front and never get it dirty.

That is, according to Washington Watchers, merely the pot-sweetener. By the time it's finished, the $8 billion probably won't pay for the door knobs.

If the space station is built, it will probably be on the customary cost-plus plan. You know about cost-plus. Cost is what the lowest bidder puts on paper. And the plus is what it actually will cost us.

Like the fine print in legal contracts, it's the plus that gets you. It'll probably cost three or four times that $8 billion before it lifts off the ground. It will take at least another $20 billion to make the station first class. You know, the best indoor-outdoor carpeting, mink-lined space suits, special Jordache jackets for six-armed moon men, and the latest dirty movies flown in daily for the occupants.

Some people in Washington think the idea was conceived during a full moon and suggest the money could better be spent carpeting the ocean floor.

One argument you'll hear is the station will pay for itself. Are they going to sell tickets?

A space station would be a fine place for a man who is behind in alimony payments—at one step ahead of a hyeching party.

Or they could make it a high-class Christmas Club item. Say, a million down and a million a week for 50 years and you get an expense-paid vacation into the drab world of outer space.

My guess is the space station won't make a nickel. If the government had any sense of common decency about it, it would let us take it as a deduction, since we're picking up the tab.

If it flops, they can always ship it to Washington, land of the truly spaced-out people.

— RM —

Middle age, which is somewhere between Blue Lagoon and Golden Pond, is a sore subject to most women.

After a bridge game, the lady players were chatting and the talk turned to the problems of getting old.

One lady, who was suspected with good reason of having been around somewhat longer than she cared to admit, sighed and shook her head. "Well," she said dramatically, "I really hate to think about my 50th birthday."

One of the other ladies smiled grimly and meowed, "Why, dasling, what happened then?"

Then there were these two old codgers who met on the street one day.

"Good grief, Alf," said one "I thought you were dead."

"Heck fire," said the other. "I thought we were both dead."

Onward, upward

C—C—C

By William D. Cochrane

Continued from page one

yelled back, "Smitty, look at the purty boys behind you."

This Smitty turned around, looked Bob Carnes up and down, and sarcastingly said, "Purty Boys, well I'll be a SOB." Bob stuck out his hand and said, "Carnes is my name. I'm glad to know you." They shook up then and there and there's where the trouble started: We would have left them alone and let them fight it out between them, but it didn't happen that way at all. Four or five of Smitty's buddies came piling in and we just didn't buy that so we had us a pretty good free-for-all going until the first sergeant came bursting out of the mess hall and started flinging bodies around like we were pieces of paper. He took our names and told us to report to him at one o'clock in his office.

There was one thing for sure, the camp knew that Smith and his tough buddies had picked the wrong bunch of "purty boys" this time and we wouldn't know it until later, that little episode made us more friends than enemies. Pap Boles was to tell us later, "You'ens didn't know but I was standing right behind you'ens ready to help you if ya needed me but I could see that you'ens could take keer of yerselfs. I aint got no use fer that Smith. He don't fool with me. One time I told him I'd take my knife and cut his dang years off, and he knowed I'd do it too."

I decided that Pap might not be a Kappa Kappa Delta something or the other but he just might be a good person to know, especially in a tight place. Something told me Pap could take "keer" of himself alright.

We reported to the first sergeant at one o'clock. He had not come back from lunch yet so the clerk told us just to have a seat in the big waiting room outside and to keep the noise down. We didn't have long to wait until the first sergeant came in. He really was a tough looking bird, not so big, maybe 6 feet and 175 or 180, with a Roman nose that was sort of misshapen like maybe it had met with a few fists now and then so, here was another one I decided could take care of himself. "Well, well, well — my big bad tough city boys — street fighters. OK, you won out in that brawl today but I'll warn you, these old Alabama country boys can get pretty mean, and they thrive on beating up on city punks (that stung). All right, what do you have to say for yourselves?"

I sat there for a couple of minutes trying to think of the best way to start this off and still keep my cool. I was still smarting over that "punk" remark and I knew the rest were too. While I was letting all of this run through my mind I was looking him straight in the eyes and he was the first to drop his. This made me feel somewhat better.

I said, "Mr. First Sergeant, I'll speak for all of us, OK?"

"H—yes, it's ok with me, if it is with your buddies, so start talking."

"Well, in the first place we are not punks and none of us appreciate being called one. Neither are we smart alecks and we are not city boys either. All five of us come from the same town and the whole town is about the size of your camp here. Bob Carnes did not start the fight and none of us would have got into it if his buddies hadn't bought in. Carnes could have taken him without us, and something else, Mr. First Sergeant, we will work just as hard as anyone else whenever anyone gets around to telling us what to do. We are sorry that this incident happened and as far as we are concerned, it's over and forgotten."

"How about the rest of you? Anyone else that wants to get something off his chest, now's the time to sound off."

"No, Bill has pretty well said it for us."

"Well, let me tell you I wasn't exactly calling you punks. It was just a word I used to let you know there are some tough boys in this camp. We will forget this for the time being. I'll be keeping my eye on you and I'll decide what sort of people you are later on. I run this camp under the orders of Captain Mathers. He lives in town with his family and will not be back in camp until Monday morning unless I have to call him in for something. Oh, and one other thing, don't call me Mr. First Sergeant. Leave off the Mr. The clerks will now take care of you."

The company clerk, a long tall fellow dressed in khakis named Lamont Duke came to the door and said, "Men, if you'll go over to the dayroom, the place where you left your gear, you can start processing in now and remember, the more you cooperate the quicker we can get through and get you in your new home. We should be able to get it all done this afternoon."

We went over to the day room and pretty soon Lamont Duke and his assistant clerk, a little short cotton headed kid by the name of Frost came over with a handfull of papers and a typewriter and we began reading and signing forms. We found them to be understanding and helpful. Frost told us this Smith didn't have too many friends, just the gold bricks and the lazy complainers that rode the sick book a lot. Also, he said their time was about up and he didn't believe that the camp commander would recommend them for another "sign up" though none had reached the mandatory age limit when because of age you were ineligible to stay longer. Their record had been anything but desirable.

I asked Frost if the ones we saw at noon were the only ones in camp and he said no, that their camp strength was between 140 and 150 at the present time and the ones we saw were just the members of the Camp Overhead, the ones who had been on sick call and ones who had appointments of one kind or another. Then he told us about the different projects that the camp was engaged in: the Rock Quarry, the Rock Crusher, the Brushy Creek Dam, and the Reforestation Program of the Forestry Department, and that we would be assigned to one of the projects after we had spen the camp commander on Monday. After we had finished with this part of our processing, Frost helped us get moved into our new homes.

Frust took us to Supply where we drew our bedding complete with linens, our clothing which consisted of three sets of blue fatigue work clothing (to include a floppy blue fatigue hat), two pair of work shoes and socks, one heavy work gloves, underwear, a complete set of toilet articles (but after this issue we would have to buy our own toilet articles), two large white bath towels, four smaller white hand towels, and a green wooden foot locker. We'd have to buy our locks.

Then we were assigned to our barracks. They were single story tar paper covered buildings that would sleep about 40 persons without crowding. None of us assigned to the barracks where Smith and his buddies lived. Ross, Key and I were assigned to the same barracks while Stidham and Carnes moved into the barracks nearest the Mess Hall. Frost showed us how to make our bunks head to foot, i.e., one person with his head next to the wall while the next person's head was toward the center aisle that ran down the middle of the barracks; the SOP for hanging our clothing on the wooden open type hanger, which was a round pole lathed and run through holes at each end of partially enclosed frames that denoted privacy for each bunk, and the SOP for our foot lockers. Frost also showed us where he lived in this same barracks. He said that Jim Stucky was the assistant leader in charge of this building. He then showed us where the showers and latrines were located.

By the time the first truck load of workers got into camp we had taken our showers and had changed into fatigue clothing and were sitting on our foot lockers. Frost had warned us not to sit or lie on our bunks until after the recording of retreat had sounded.

The sweaty bodies of the workers came into the barracks like a swarm of locusts, barely glancing our way as they came shouting and laughing, grabbed soap and towel from their lockers and headed for the showers. Where all was as quiet as a cemetery before had now turned into bedlam personified.

Assistant leader Jim Stucky came down, introduced himself and welcomed us to the camp, chatted for a little while and then wandered out of the building and over towards the mess hall. This time as the men came back from their showers they did pay attention to us. They had heard of our grand entrance into the camp at lunch time. Some of them now stopped by to talk with us, bummed a cigarette or two and then Ole Pap Bowles came blustering in. I learned his bunk was just across the aisle from mine. "Hey there, fellers, glad you'ens moved in here. Where is your buddies?"

We told him that the other two had moved into the next barracks, and then Pap said, "I wisht old Carnes had moved in here too. Y'all look keer of Smith and his bunch purty good. Hits all over camp by now, but I'd watch 'em for a few days. They are a dirty bunch. Keep yore foot lockers locked when you aint settin' on em. Most everybody in camp is glad you'ens whupped em so you ort to git along all right with everybody else."

The sound of retreat over the camp PA system broke up the conversation. Later we learned if you were inside (under cover, they called it), there was no action required on your part but if you were outside you stopped, faced the flag as it was lowered and placed your right hand over your heart. But don't ever let the first sergeant catch you running to get inside so you won't have to do this or boy you have had it, we were warned. One guy chimed in with, "Yeah, remember the time when Slim was coming from the shower with his towel wrapped around his waist and his britches in his right hand when retr-sounded?"

Yeah," said another, "he dropped his pants onto the grass and brought his hand over his heart. His towel fell off and he stood retreat naked as a jaybird, a picked jaybird at that. He was some bird as he stood there."

I never did learn who old Slim was. He had already gone home.

The food was good and there was plenty of it. Ten o'clock came, the lights went out and we went to bed. The end of our first day in the CCC.

(Continued next week)

I NEED YOUR VIEWS

On January 3, 1984, the General Assembly will meet for sixty days to determine the course Kentucky will take for the next two years.

With a projected $450,000,000 shortfall in State Revenue for the next two years, some hard decisions will have to be made.

Following are some questions I would like for you to take time to answer and return to me. Your views will help me represent you better in Frankfort.

Question:	Yes	No	No Opinion
1. Do you favor a Constitutional Amendment to allow lotteries as a means of providing revenue to run the State?			
2. Do you favor Multi-Bank holding in Kentucky?			
3. Do you consider Education a top priority for this State in 1984?			
4. Would you support a tax for Education?			
5. Do you favor teacher salaries in Kentucky being equal to the average of seven surrounding states?			
6. Should Cities be allowed to expand their taxing authority to provide necessary service?			
7. Should Kentucky pay a one-time bonus to Vietnam Vets?			
8. Do you support reducing or eliminating the Kentucky inheritance tax?			
9. Do you support the Constitutional Amendment for Sheriff's succession?			
10. Do you support a strong Drunk Driver Bill?			
11. Should the state require a competency test and internship for new teachers?			
12. Do you favor Capital Punishment for severe crimes?			
13. Do you support permitting cities to have ordinances for Gun Control?			
14. If necessary, do you prefer a reduction in government services or an increase in taxes?			

Reduced Services Increased Taxes

COMMENTS:

PLEASE RETURN TO:
Representative Adrian K. Arnold
State Capitol Building
Frankfort, Kentucky 40601

OPTIONAL:
Name:
Address:
Occupation:
Phone No.: