Opinion

Other voices

Goring the wrong (tax) ox

A traveler laying dollar bills coast to coast would have to make 141 round trips from here to Los Angeles to use an amount equal to all U.S. tax receipts from tobacco products for fiscal year 1983.

Smokers paid federal, state and local governments more than $7.9 billion in tobacco taxes for the year ending June 30, 1983, according to the latest edition of "The Tax Burden on Tobacco," now available from The Tobacco Institute.

Of the total, cigarettes generated 98.9 percent, more than $7.8 billion — $1.1 billion more than in 1982. That's equivalent to $33.83 for every man, woman and child in the U.S., the annual report says.

The amount, levied on 29.2 billion packs, was five times the amount received by farmers for the tobacco used in those cigarettes.

Tobacco in all its forms has been — and remains — the most heavily taxed single consumer product, the report notes.

The U.S. Treasury grossed more than $3.4 billion from the federal cigarette excise, raised on Jan. 1, 1983, from 8 to 16 cents per pack of 20 cigarettes. Other tobacco products brought in another $39 million. Total federal tobacco tax collections were up more than $900 million from 1982 collections, according to the annual compilation of tobacco tax statistics.

The doubling of the federal excise, the report says, was especially burdensome for low and fixed income people such as the elderly. The cigarette tax, always regressive, last year bit even further into the incomes of many who could least afford it. And as recession affected state income flows across the nation, higher cigarette tax rates contributed to higher prices, adding to the burdens of inflation.

Duirng 1983, 14 states increased their cigarette tax levies. State-imposed cigarette taxes — averaging 14.54 cents per pack and paid in addition to the 16-cent federal excise — generated more than $4.2 billion in FY 83, an increase of almost $200 million over 1982 collections. State excises on other tobacco products grossed $48 million.

State and federal tobacco taxes accounted for one-third of the average retail price of a pack of cigarettes, the report notes.

Municipal cigarette excises, imposed by 370 cities, towns and counties in six states, generated $174.4 million for local governments in FY 83.

Since the first federal excise collections in 1863, American cigarette smokers have paid more than $157 billion into government coffers at all levels, receiving no extra government services for those dollars, the report says. Taxes on other tobacco products have added $8.1 billion more to federal, state and municipal treasuries. — **The Tobacco Observer**

Here Abouts . . . . . with Emily A. Wolf

The 'beat' goes on...

Last week The Mercury called your attention to a Belcom mailing which might be misconstrued as a bill for a listing in an electronic classified directory.

This week comes word from the local bar association (**Jeck Conley, Joe F. Conley, Billy G. Hopkins, Charles Cox and Roger Womack**) that several people in the county have received letters from a company in Washington, D.C. called "Self Employed Tax Benefits."

The official-looking letter is addressed "Dear Estate Owner" and includes a confidential questionnaire.

Barristers here strongly recommend if you receive one of these letters or are contacted by any person representing this company or any company who wants to discuss an estate tax question that you refer them to your local attorney.

*****

A bill proposed in the General Assembly which might not get a lot of headlines makes mighty good sense to this observer.

It has to do with requiring headlights (low beam) to be turned on while driving **anytime** it is necessary to have the windshield wipers going. In other words, when visability is poor, turn on your wipers, pull on your lights and be **seen**.

Let's hope the proposal gets some ink. Even if it does not become law, it will put the thought in motorists' minds.

Remember, since the idea is to be **seen** on the highway in inclement weather, turn your low beam lights on. Parking lights are just not as effective. (Are you reading me, John?)

*****

It was a long time coming, but we finally got to see a UK game in Rupp Arena, last Thursday's game with Ole Miss. Facilities there are quite an improvement on the old Alumni Gym and Memorial Coliseum where I'd watched many a blue-knuckler back in college days and before.

The occasion was fun and seeing familiar faces made it even more so. The **David Zacharys** were seated directly behind us, the **Laysons** of Millersburg directly in front. (**Latie** is a great fan.) Over one section were the **John Sopers** and former resident **Doug Lowry** and wife **Wilma** of Paris and **Proc** and **Sara Jim Blair** on down in front of them. At dinner before tipoff we ran into the **Harold Lettons**, and bumped into a UK classmate **Emily Jones Thompson** of Paris in the mad scramble for the exits after the game ended.

Fans came ready to cheer the every move of their favorite team. There were many moves and many cheers. It was the next to the last home game and some of us were saying goodbye to five seniors we've mostly hoorahed and occasionally hissed over the years.

For all the agonies of defeats there have been countless more ecstasies of wins. Of all those departing **Sam Bowie** will create the biggest void. Not because of the size of his rangy frame but because of the immenseness of the man he has become since first donning the blue and white of Kentucky five seasons ago. He's had to overcome more pain, adversity and frustration than any ballplayer in memory.

And he's done it with dignity.

I'm not one in favor of megabucks for professional athletes but when Big Sam puts his John Henry on a pro basketball contract let's hope it's for a lot of marbles. Every cent he wants.

It will be a long time, if ever, before the likes of this year's Wildcat squad will be assembled again. Though probably not mentally tough enough to bring home another NCAA championship flag to fly in Rupp Arena, the team has been a class act, the kind you can love, even in defeat.

When they introduced the seniors for the final time Saturday before the LSU game, it was an emotional moment just listening at home through Cawood Ledford's eyes. There were very few dry eyes in the crowd. One of the tougher farewells. "Write it down," as the veteran sportscaster would say, "write it down."

*****

Of the 314 three-year-olds nominated for the Kentucky Derby May 5, three have local ties. **Dr. Taylor (Tuck) Asbury** of Cincinnati and Carlisle, an owner of Forest Retreat Farms Inc. here, has three nominees — A Gift, Bet Blind and Noble Naskra — that would wear his colors should any make it to the post in Louisville.

Of the three, only Noble Naskra was bred at Forest Retreat. He's a bay son of Naskra, out of Dottie Jay Jay.

When we can catch up with Tuck there'll be more on this subject, from the horse's mouth, so to speak, in coming weeks.

*****

A sidelight on Gladys Shrout's basket-weaving: It's been documented that in the depression days of the 1930s, a poor Appalachian mountaineer tied the knot by giving his bride an egg basket in lieu of a wedding ring. More practical, less expensive...Understand **Dottie** (Mrs. Horace) **Marshall** has perfected quite a hobby of creating wooden plaques which we hope to feature in a coming issue. Interesting hobbies and the like rate a big number one with us. Please let us hear from you...It has been estimated that as a nation we use as much as 700 **billion** gallons of water each day. This is according to figures released by the National Wildlife Federation in its promotional material for National Wildlife Week, March 18-24...

*****

A letter with an Oklahoma State University, School of Journalism and Broadcasting return address was received by **John Fredrick**, who takes care of things at the local cemetery. And we quote:

"Enclosed find a check for $20 as a donation for the fine work you are

*See Hereabouts, page 3

Letters from our readers

Recreation group grateful for support

To The Carlisle Mercury:

The Carlisle-Nicholas County Recreation Department is pleased to announce that the application for a grant to improve the facilities at the East Union Road park has been approved. These improvements include complete relighting of the ball field, new bleachers, resurfacing the tennis courts and hopefully others.

Many businesses and citizens wrote letters of support and financial aid for this project. The letters were sent to Bluegrass ADD with the application. They were a tremendous help. Thanks for each letter.

The Recreation Department is now completing plans to build a new recreation park just behind the new armory, west of town. A pre-application has been filed with Bluegrass ADD for a grant to build this facility.

The preliminary hearing has been held and Nicholas scored well, thanks mostly to the efforts of Mrs. Sharon Wilson, who solicited letters of support and financial aid for the project.

Her efforts raised close to $10,000 in cash donations and in-kind work. She and Mrs. Merolyn Sams went to Lexington to represent the county before the Bluegrass ADD review and scoring committee. Thanks to these two ladies.

Plans for the West End Recreation Area are a new ballfield, bleachers, concessions, lights and restroom facilities, also a horse show arena and a tractor pull and a walking path. Later we hope to have a shelter house, picnic tables and tennis court.

The following sent letters of support and aid: The Carlisle Rotary Club, Clay's Burley Tobacco Seed, Deposit Bank of Carlisle, Nicholas County Fair Board, Eastern Kentucky Production Credit Association, Nicholas County FFA, Nicholas County 4-H Council, Nicholas County Lions Club, Blue Grass Industries Inc., First National Bank, Carlisle Automotive, American Legion Post #17, Mayor Franklin Hughes, Judge/Executive Reese Smoot, Larry Thompson, Jackie Cheek, Mark Hughes, Southern States, Federal Land Bank and Greenbriar Farms-Dr. Allen Hamon.

Carlisle-Nicholas County
Parks and Recreation Dept.,
Kenneth Baker, president

Agree or not

Cave Hill Place costs revisited

by S.C. Van Curon

Frankfort — How much would you guess the state spent on remodeling and repair of Cave Hill Place from 1980 until Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. left office in December 1983?

Grab your chair. You are about to find out.

The governor and his wife Phyllis George Brown bought Cave Hill just outside Lexington shortly before he went into office in December 1979.

The Governor's Mansion in Frankfort was condemned by the Fire Marshal's office shortly after the Browns moved in. The electrical wiring was called old and dangerous and the plumbing unreliable. The last major repair to the property was undertaken during Gov. Bert T. Combs' administration, beginning in 1960.

LABOR UNIONS got into a dispute with the contractors and the Governor cancelled everything but some electric wiring and other minor repairs.

Gov. Louie B. Nunn then improved the basement quarters and the interior decorations. In the meantime, patchwork was done.

When the Browns moved out, Mrs. Brown was instrumental in raising approximately a million dollars from private sources to remodel the mansion and landscape the grounds.

The state spent $2.6 million on the job that was finished in November 1983. Part of the money raised by the private group went into the remodeling, but much of it was used for furnishings and art work. These records come from the Finance Department.

THERE HAVE BEEN all kinds of guesstimates over coffee, talkfests and gossip about what it cost to remodel Cave Hill Place, and even some experts guessed that Brown had the mansion condemned so he could get his new home repaired at state expense.

And some wondered if the state paid the Browns rent since the state is required to furnish the governor a home. The answer to this question is "No."

Three projects, two of them major, that raised eyebrows and fed the rumor mill in Frankfort involved remodeling the adjacent servants' quarters at Cave Hill and construction of a private road, plus a helicopter pad for the Sikorsky helicopter the governor used to commute to work.

The servants' quarters job for State Police and security equipment cost $20,732.91. The road cost $16,567.78 and the pad cost $1,499.71.

The state was reimbursed $14,513.03 through reclaiming security equipment and was paid the depreciation value of the building according to records in the Finance Department.

THE STATE was reimbursed $10,769.05 on the road. The pad is a different story. The Transportation Department estimated it would cost more to remove and re-landscape the ground where the pad was than the original cost. Brown also reimbursed the state $4,526.00 for sidewalks that cost $5,904.52.

When Brown's term neared an end, the state refurbished wear and tear on the building and its furnishings since it had heavy use as the official mansion for state government.

All of the initial remodeling and road cost the state $48,821.92. The state was reimbursed $29,808.08 of this amount for a net cost of $19,013.84. The state paid the operating costs, utilities, etc., just as they do at the state mansion.

Refinishing the floors, new carpeting, painting, reupholstering and cleaning furniture at the end of his term cost $4,301.93. This brought the final net cost to the state of only $23,315.77.

Down Memory Lane

Licking floods, routing families; U.S. 68 closed at Blue Licks

Thursday, March 12, 1964

Licking River in Nicholas, Fleming and Robertson counties routed many families Tuesday as the rain swollen stream spread out over bottom land. According to Sheriff William Dollins, traffic on U.S. Highway 68 at Blue Licks was stopped at noon.

Marvin Caswell, owner of Nicholas County Feeders Supply, announces the employment of Ira Gilley, Route 2. Mr. Gilley was formerly with the Carlisle Milling Company.

Woody Wilson has been nominated County Fire Chief at a meeting of interested persons Monday night at the County Extension Office. Wilson was given authority to choose his own helpers for the operation of the new fire truck that arrived last week.

Marion D. Campbell, Moorefield, is enrolled in a new class of trooper cadets that began March 2 at the Kentucky State Police Academy in Frankfort.

Members and leaders of the Nicholas County Go-Getters, which was selected as the most outstanding 4-H Club in the county in the annual Kentucky Utilities Company 4-H Achievement Contest, were Mrs. James Simons, leader; Gilda Anderson, club president; Mrs. Margie Wilson, home demonstration agent; Patricia Craig, secretary. They attended the recognition dinner in Mt. Sterling.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Watkins Jr., a daughter, March 3 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Berryman, Moorefield, a son, Randy Lee, March 4 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Wanda Jolly, Ewing, a son, Rickey Nelson, March 7 at Nicholas County Hospital. — to Mr. and Mrs. William Hopper, Mt. Olivet, a son, Matthew Jasper, March 7 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Billy H. Scott, a son, Steven Phillip, March 8 at Nicholas County Hospital. — To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Owen, a son, James Thomas, Feb. 24.

DIED — George D. Stewart, 89, March 7. — Mrs. Lida Smith, 90, March 5. — Mrs. Maggie Foley Thomas, 75, wife of Richard Thomas, March 7 at Nicholas County Hosptial. — Miss. Olive Stewart, March 6 at home in Marion. — Sherry Sue Tincher, six months old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tincher, March 8 at home. — Windsor F. Gaunce, 79, March 9 at Nicholas County Hospital. — David Gray, 70, Monday at Nicholas County Hospital.

Thursday, March 16, 1944

A report from Mrs. John Lee, who had charge of those registered to go to Lexington March 8 from Carlisle to contribute their part to the Red Cross mobile blood donor unit stationed at the First Presbyterian Church, states 134 constituted the group from Carlisle and Nicholas County.

Ernest H. Miller, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dennie Miller of Blue Licks, was seriously wounded in action in Kawajalein Atoll Marshal group and has received the Purple Heart for merit in action.

Mr. and Mrs. E.C. Flora entertained the Headquarters basketball team and Coach and Mrs. Thomas Johnson with a steak dinner at Nick's Restaurant in Paris Thursday night.

Forty Nicholas men received service calls to report March 22 at Cincinnati for pre-induction examinations.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sharp, a son, March 7 at Massie Memorial Hospital, Paris. — To Mr. and Mrs. E.L. White, Waynesboro, a daughter, Saturday.

MARRIED — Miss Betty Louise Smith and Lt. Thomas S. Fitzpatrick, March 4 at the post chapel at Fort Lewis, WA.

DIED — James S. Judy, 75, March 9 at home in Indianapolis, IN.

Got a bouquet,
or a beef?
Write a letter
to The Mercury

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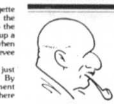
Op-Ed page

All men created equal . . . a built-in loophole for women to exploit



Russ Metz

"While you are screaming about the world going to hades in a handbasket because of communism, racial unrest, atomic radiation and the price of salomi, you are overlooking the greatest menace of all," a poolroom philosopher was telling between shots.

"What? What?" I wanted to know.

"Women," he said grinding chalk into his cue tip.

"You're putting me on," I baited him, to get his mind off the game.

"Mark it down in your little black book—where you keep the stuff you are afraid to print," he said. "This equal pay for equal work things is only the beginning." He had a point, but no one would notice as long as he kept his hat on. Still, when you stop and think about it, the handwriting on the wall is covering up the fly specks.

When grandma waddled up the street carrying her suffragette signs, we dismissed her as coming from the kooky side of the family and gave her a few little privileges to get her back to the cook stove. And when mom put on dad's britches and picked up a riveting gun, we conceded only for the duration. But this time when she went back to the kitchen, it was only to heat up some teevee dinners. The die had been cast.

There followed picketing, protesting and striking, which are just about the most unladylike ideas a woman can conceive. By persistent nagging, they convinced henpecked government eggheads they had not only should get equal paychecks, but there should be no discrimination by employers.

The fact that gals are sometimes more expensive to train than men, seldom do exactly the same work and the prospects of marriage and motherhood make them risky employees has not entered their pretty little heads.

As the women folks all over the world take up the equality banner, a highly authoritative French dictionary has changed the definition of "woman" from "companion of a man, or his wife," to "human being, of the female sex." But this isn't the first time the French have come up with strange ideas.

Then there was this subversive organization called "Women's Trade Union," started by a woman in Wales. Apparently a loser in love, she urged housewives to protest by refusing husbands their conjugal rights, the lowest blow of them all.

The in-thing is professional negotiations, taken up by everyone from garbage collectors, to chicken pluckers, to airline pilots. When the women folks get the drift of this strategy, we birds of another feather may have to migrate to a permanent roost in the poolroom.

Some one is going to have to remind them that, as a by-product of humanity, they are by nature and by golly one cut below us male-type masters of destiny.

I'd tell them myself, but we just started this new pool game.

— RM —

When I was pounding the dust out of erasers after school, the females my age seemed more equal than the males.

The girls got all the good jobs.

Class monitor was one. This was the fink who took your name down if you got out of line while the teacher was out of the classroom.

That job always went to a girl because they were the best tattlers. A boy could not hold down that job. He was not equal enough. He also had respect for his face.

Name a boy class monitor and he would have at least one fight on his hands after school.

But you could not hit a girl. They were more equal.

It was a sin to hit a girl. Almost as bad as hitting a boy with glasses. You could go to jail for hitting a boy with glasses. All boys knew that. However, there was no law against a girl hitting you.

My mother explained that little girls who hit a boy probably had a crush on the boy. I sure had a lot of girls with crushes on me.

And girls never got paddlings. The boys would form a line into the principal's office to get their licks, but there was never a girl in one of those lines. They were more equal from behind, too.

From that day on I knew that females would never have to worry about equality. They could probably even get away with hitting a boy who was wearing glasses.

— RM —

With new diseases being invented each year, it is encourging to note that a few have become unpopular and disappeared. One such is plica polonica, reported in 1846 by the French physician Raspail as being rare in France, but common in Poland and Lithuania, and on the Vistula River.

He described it as an extraordinary development of head and body hair, each hair being split into tufts and growing 6 to 10 feet long, matted and felted together into heavy masses painful to the slightest touch.

Those having this disease could be described as the first hippies, but that would be splitting hairs.

Dr. Raspail reported the skin as fetid with black crusts and always crawling with lice, which he suspected as being the basic cause, rather than rebellion against the Establishment.

This little medical goodie I pass on to you, so in case your hair gets longer than you are and you are tired of pop festivals and your barber won't give you an estimate, there is still hope. Sheep dip should cure up your case of plica polonica in a couple of passes through the vat.

— RM —

Recently Congress passed a resolution honoring federal bureaucrats on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of Civil Service. The congressmen then knelt to pray that nobody back in their home districts would find out about the resolution.

Because "bureaucrat" is such a dirty word, they ought to come up with a new job description. How about "the Fun Bunch?" Or "the Potomac Plutocrats?" Or the "feathermerchants?"

A bureaucrat is actually a conservative who has a job that a liberal wants.

The Civil Service Act was signed 100 years ago by Chester Alan Arthur, who became president because his predecessor, James Garfield, had been shot — by a man who was mad because he couldn't get a civil service job.

— RM —

The long and short of it is this: 1,000 bathtubs delivered to a hotel under construction in western Siberian were longer than the bathrooms in which they were to be installed.

No one had told the builders to lengthen the rooms after the Siberian State Construction Ministry decided tubs in the original plans were too small for comfort.

So now it has been decided to knock holes in the bathroom walls. The tubs will stick out into the hallways, covered with wooden frames and tin.

You have to give credit to the Soviet planners. It could have been worse. They could have decided to go the other way and allow the tubs to protrude out into the Siberian cold.

— RM —

Let us consider Abraham Lincoln's 1860 presidential campaign in which he spent a total of $700. This year the candidates will spend more than that on hair spray.

Of course, in Lincoln's time there was no television or radio. He once had a big closed-circuit fund-raiser in Morse code.

In fact, Lincoln seldom left his home in Springfield, Ill., to campaign. He just printed up some buggy bumper stickers.

Honest Abe didn't do very well in the Southern primaries. Every time he went into a restaurant in the South, he freed the waiters.

Onward, upward.

Tramp sign painter . . . . by William D. Cochrane

Note: A small part of this story is true but most of it is fiction. I leave it to the reader to decide which is which. All names are fictitious and any resemblance [illegible]

[illegible]

...raised some six or eight inches above the original contour of the rumble seat. (I could keep all of my equipment dry.)

Then I hired a welder to fasten hooks on the top of the A Model coupe to secure my ladders. My next move was to a sign supply house in Birmingham where I bought some new brushes, pint cans of "One Shot" lettering paint and a couple of buckets of bulletin paint and packages of different tints. I was tempted to buy an air brush that was on sale but then I knew I could do without this frivolity.

In the shade of the giant water oak in our front [illegible]

[illegible]

When he said "No" then I crossed the street to Charley's Barber Shop. It was a neat small building next to a neighborhood grocery store. Charley didn't have any customers when I went inside. He sat relaxed in his one barber chair while I climbed up and sat in his shoeshine stand and we talked a few idle words of small talk before I told him what the sign would cost him. I purposely priced it a little high because I thought that I would have to come down a bit, but to my surprise he said, "All right."

Then my conscience started to bother me and try [illegible]

[illegible]

I took a shower. The water was good and hot and the whole place was clean. There was even a little wooden trough that contained a green disinfectant to dip your feet in to prevent athlete foot which I decided to pass up. I wasn't sure when the preventative had been changed.

After the shower I felt pretty good. There was a cafe across the street where I had fresh catfish, hushpuppies and French fries, washed down with good coffee for supper. I recrossed the street and entered my domicile of the night. I wasn't entirely convinced with the owner's assurance of safety so when I locked the door I placed the back of a straight chair under the door knob.

I turned off the single bulb hanging from the ceiling and crawled onto the cot. There I lay for a while on my back with my hands clasped under my head and listened to the sounds of the katydids. I had not anticipated spending the first night this close to home, but neither did I expect to have this extra cash in my pocket. I drifted off to sleep well pleased.

*See Tramp sign painter, page 18

Here Abouts

Continued from page 2

doing in the Carlisle cemetery. We appreciate your getting the monument, having it installed and sending us a picture of it. It really looks just like we wanted.

"Carlisle cemetery is one of the prettiest cemeteries around, and we know much of this is due to your hard and dedicated work. We hope this small token of our appreciation will be helpful."

It was signed **Philip E. (Ed)** and **Adalene Paulin**, 2917 N. Husband, Stillwater, Oklahoma 74075.

Super idea, Paulins!

*****

Speaking of the cemetery, **Roy Gaunce**, deputy coroner, is often quite frustrated. Seems it's next to impossible to find anyone to blow taps when a veteran is buried and the family requests this graveside rite.

Anyone who might lend a hand and a horn is asked to give Roy a call at the funeral home, 289-2271.

*****

Somebody Said — It's a wise father that burns all his old report cards.