

It was raining hard when I left for work this morning and for the first time in a week! was breathing through both nostrilis and I could actually smell stuff. The sweet smell of wood smoke hung on the air and one of the neigh-bors was frying bacon for breakfast. There's not a more appetizing co-bination of aromas on the face of the earth as far as I'm concerned and had which house it was coming from I would have found some ex cuse to knock on the door. . "Is that your cow out up the road?

ope. We don't have any cows."

might have been the reply.

"Oh well, it'll probably find its
way home anyhow," I would have
said. "Lord have mercy, that bacon

said. "Lord have mercy, that bacon sure smells good."

And that's all it would have taken to get invited for a second breakfast because nobody here on Lowell Branch would ever have it on their conscience that they let somebody go

conscience that they us abundon, phungry.

I don't feel guilty about eating too much this time of year because most of the time I don't. Most of the time ny nose ain't working so food is food. With my eyes closed I couldn't tell you whether I was eating n'beye steak or a chunk of raw fat back. When it does work I don't want to ston.

stop.
I'm dreadfully allergic to about a dozen different pollens that pop out this time of year, but when its raining, the stuff generally gets washed out of the air and I get these short-lived periods of relief that most everybody else takes for granted but which are somewhat akin to finding an oasis in the midtle of a dry desert for me

the middle of a dry desert for me.
This morning was such an oasis. I left home with a quart cup of coffee, savoring every sip. Most of the time I drink coffee to get wired up, but this I drink coffee to get wired up, but this morning I could appreciate why lots of folks actually enjoy the decafeinated stuff. Most of the time I don't understand the point of drinking decaf coffee. Why bother? Why pay all that money for something with no kick to it? What's wrong with hot water? Throw in a little dab of liquid shoe polish and you can't tell the difference? Especially if you can't

the difference? Especially if you can't smell anyway, I was trucking along up Paint Lick Creek on 21 toward Berea, happy as a lark and singing along with IIIrd Tyme Out when my smeller quit just like you'd turned the key off. Within seconds my eyes were swelling and my temples throbbing. The

pain was so intense that I had to struggle to keep from screaming. I pulled into someone's driveway cursing my luck and figuring that the best thing for me to do was get back home while I wondered what in the world had zapped me this time. I've had people tell that stroke symptoms are jimilar to his, but it has happened enough before that I know it's an allergy attack. I just don't know which particular blossom has beat me at any given attack.

lergy attack. I just don't know whitch particular blossom has beat me at any given attack.

So I've been in misery all day. Anybody who has spoken to me has found rapid reason to beat a fast retreat because I tend to be a less than pleasant person. In my case, misery does not love company.

I've spent the day breathing steam off a cup of Vicks Vapor Rub and boiling water. Someone gave me a bottle of eucalyptus of a lew years back so I put in a spoon full of that too. It seems to help some. At least it makes my nose run and the pressure seems to relax a bit. I gauge relief in my temple. Everybody does my temple to be a busy to be a bus

ts in Kentucky on a first n basis. They tell me that the older I get the worse this affliction is apt to become. I'm immune to most allergy become. I'm immune to most allergy medicines —or allergic to them too. If I need somebody to shoot me, I may go back to a doctor.

Tonight I finally picked up this mornings paper and immediately turned to the back page to see about the pollen count. The pollen of the day is cedar. I didn't even know that cedars had pollen, but when I stop to think about it, there's a mile or so along 21 with nothing but cedars on both sides of the road. Bingo.

So tomorrow morning, I'll put on y painter's mask and just before I to that stretch of road I'll build my teed up and take a deep breath which will attempt to hold until I get ough the cedar thicket. I think I my painter' get to that st can do it. But if you meet a red Chevy

pick-up truck being driven just a tad too fast by somebody who looks like he's rushing to perform emergency surgery, do not be alarmed. And the mask does work, by the way so don't be laughing too hard. If you're having bacon and eggs for breakfast, enjoy, I probably had

cheerios and bananas, but I'm not ab-solutely sure about anything these

days.

Speaking of cheerios; you may not have heard about the guy down Tennessee that the county agent found planting them in his garden. He thought they were donut seeds.

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,
For the past month, or longer, I
have read something every week in
our newspaper about the police offičers. Well, this is my opinion, and

yes, everybody has one.

First of all, I do appreciate and have respect for our police officers that protect and serve. It's those that

that project and serve. It's those that don't or won't protect and serve, that I have a problem with. When an officer comes to a home where a mother and three small chiefen have called them for protection, because of domestic problems, only to have the officers tell her that her and the children have along the serve is the server of the children have to leave (at 2:00 a.m.) because, "that at IIS home." Yes, I have a problem with that.

home. "Yes, I have a problem with that.

When a woman calls the police because an uninvited man is in her home, they not only make the man leave, but took her to swear out a restraining order against him. That appreciate and have great respect for. Thank You.

But when a police officer takes a gun from an intoxicated man, the same man that the restraining order is against, only to give it back to him later. Yes, I have a problem with that. When that same man, only days later, shoot at my daughters and grand-daughter. I have a major problem with that.

So for every mother and grand-

ith that.

So for every mother and grandother that reads this, I ask you two
uestions. What's wrong with this
icture? And, would you have a probm with this situation? From what I read the Federal Drug

Enforcement Agency with the help of Rockcastle County Police Force brought down our last big drug bust. So I feel like this proves that eve-rybody sometime in their lives (or

in from a mother (or anyone) help them, for someday this could be your own asking for help.
A Concerned Mother & Grandmother
Sheila Downs
Mt. Vernon, KY

Dear Editor

I wanted to grant my appreciation to Dale Winstead. Back in January my freezer quit, it was a Sunday and Appliance Service Center was closed. I called Virginia, she told me to keep calling Dale, that he might bring me one out. About 4:30 Sunday after one out. About 4:30 Sunday atter-noon Dale did bring me a freezer. I'm late writing this, but some things don't cross my mind any more. I just wanted to thank Dale for bringing that freezer out to me, without him all the food in there would have ruined. Thanks Dale and Appliance Serv-ice Center.

ice Center,
Mrs. Bessie Gadd
Mt. Vernon, KY

Dear Editor,
I trust you will allow space to air a problem for which I find no solution

Irust you will allow space to air a problem for which I find no solution elsewhere. It has to do with bank lending and land transfers in Rock-castle County that I feel should be investigated, perhaps even by the FDIC and State Representatives. My family and other share-holders are currently threatened with what appears to be an outright violation of our ownership rights, which, if successful, will transfer partnership that to The Jerry Ikerd Family Limited Partnership via a master commissioner's deed. We oppose this sale, though we are now told that each individual share will be distributed—after all expenses are paid. And therein lies the rub! We didn't make this debt and should be not be responsible for the legal costs to settle it, which will leave little if anything, of our inheritance.

e property, which we inherited our late father, C.C. Harper, The property, which we inhented from our late father, C.C. Harper, wasmortgaged by my brother, Russell Harper, in the early 1980s, unbeknownst to the other heirs, using a Deed of Conveyence as collateral, which by all indications, is a bogus document. The Bank of Mt. Vernon document. The Bank of Mt. Vernon accepted this as security for the loan without a title search or other background check. Their client defaulted on the loan in 1986 and the bank foreclosed. Since that time the land has been in limbo, none of us having the right to sell or make use of our. the right to sell or make use of our

the right to sell or make use of our share without going through court. On May 20, 1993, the bank trans-ferred the property to Bobby Ikerd who then transferred it to The Jerry Ikerd Family Lid Partnership, again without the knowledge or consent of other interested parties. We feel all the title transfers were illegal, having found a number of things wrong or questionable in Ikerd's claim. For example:

example:

1. Exhibit A erroneously claims
175 acres. This land belonged to J.J.
Harper, our grandfather, who died in
1912. Prior to his death he had started
selling off portions of his land to the

newly-married children. I have deed copies showing that in May 1909, our father bought 40 acres of this tract, which he sold to Sid Taylor in Dewhich he sold to Sid Taylor in De-cember 1925. This land is currently owned by John Justice who purchased it from Willis Childress. It was never again a part of the original 475-acre tract.

On the same date in 1999, another son W.T. Harper purchased from his fasher 6.3 series of the same tract, which he same tract, which he same to Earnest Randout to Earnest Randout to Learnest Randout to Learnest Randout to Learnest Randout to Learnest Randout Several times over the years, and was eventually bought by Lewis Miller who sold to S.E. Bullock, whose heirs currently own it. At my there's death, this tract-belonged to a Nicely family.

Of the original 175 acres, only 72 acres remained. This was sold by 1J. Harper's heirs in 1919 to Earle Ren-On the same date in 1909, and

Of the original 175 acres, only 72 acres remained. This was sold by J.J. Harper's heirs in 1919 to Ezel Rener and wife, Bessie, who sold it to C.C. Harper in April 1926. My dad owned this at the timfe of his death.

2. Exhibit C'is another claim that annoto be justified. This 40-acre tract, once purchased (1929) from G.W. Vance by C.C. Harper, was sold in 1932 to A.N. Laxton and wife, Lizier Roberts Laxton. Never again wast his parcel of land a part of our family

holdings. It was purchased in the '50s by S.E. Bullock, whose heirs currently own it. Yet this is part of the land accepied by the bank as collateral for a Harper loan!

3. The Deed of Conveyence my brother presented the bank purports to show that he purchased our widnessed with the purchased with

An Affidavit of Descent sworn to An Athdavil of Descent sworn to and recorded on the same October date by another brother, Tarter Harper, lists Josie Harper as dower and all Dad's children as heirs. This and all Dad's children as neurs. Inis affidavit, the boys apparently thought, gave Russell legal ownership of the entire property, since it was "trans-acted" prior to Mother's death. Andit must have been this statement of

"fact" that impressed bank officials.

I have recently been advised by two Kentucky attorneys that Mother could have legally transferred her widow's dowry to another at any time, on condition that the buyer paid couid nave iegality transferred her widow's downy to another at any time, on condition that the buyer paid her in advance while signing an agreement not to take possession of the land of file and yet learns until her death. Well, we know our brother recorded the deed of conveyence five years before she died and we ve yet to see widence of any legal contract or prior payment. This recording, in my opinion, constitutes a claim of ownership. Shouldn't the lending agents have demanded innocla proof, perhaps a receipt or cancelled check made payable to and endorsed by Josie Harper? Did these lenders even ask for proof of Dad's appointed Executor — none of which the state of the contract of the cont

they ask? Isn't the bank negligent in not requiring legal documents bear-ing Mother's signature or power-of-attorney in transferring the property to Russell? If indeed she sold her to Russell? If indeed she sold her dowry, weren't we other heirs to be notified? In the absence of such, shouldn't we heirs have been notified of the mortgage application and the impending confiscation of our land? 5. A second Affidavit of Descent became necessary in 1985, when the back foreclours was imminent.

5. A seeged Affidavir of Descent became necessary in 1985, when the bank foreclosure was imminent. Fearing that the liegality of Mother's deed transfer would be revealed, the bank was presented with a replacement, — six years after her death! This revised Affidavit, also signed by Tarter, showed that the former dower, Josie Harper, was now an owner, who died intestate and left our children to share equally in ther's land. The brothers failed to note that our mother had no land to share or convey. Our father left, her no will and her name appeared on only one 350-acre deed. Obviously, any other rights she might have had died with her, since it is now clear that she did not relinquish her dower rights be forehand.

6. Russell, who had "purchased"

forenand.

§ Russell, who had "purchased" three shares in 1972, immediately took control of four full shares of everything at Mom's death — the bacco, timber, coal eee., from the hearmassed a large amount of money. Then this second, Affidavit of 1985, drawn by his attorney and also sworn to by brother, Tarter, gave Russell four full shares of everything remaining.

My lawyers advise me to keep quiet, let the land sell, then take my one-seventh (or one-fourth?) share of 305 acres and have myself a nice or 305 acres and nave myset a ince-vacation. I'm told it's not my respon-sibility to protect other people's land that is being threatened. Just let the current owners fight it out with the lkerds, or whomever should bit it in.

lerds, or whomever should bit it in, they say. And I respond, incrediculty, "While I'm on some sump beach enjoying mone but doesn't belong to me?" No thank you. Such greed is not one of my shortcomings! In closing, I can only suggest shat anyone interested in bidding on the above property should insist upon a prior title search and professional survey, which is what I plan to do. But to save us all a lot of trouble and expense, the montage holders should But to save us all a not of uducules expense, the mortgage holders should simply issue a Quit Claim Deed an get out of the picture. They wern egligent! Thank you.

Sincerely, Flossie C, McKinney 'West Chester, OH

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves Today would have been my 65th



wedding anniversary if Mat would have had his way and lived to be the hundred years he so badly wanted to brag about. Not so, said a higher power, "You are needed elsewhere, power, "You are needed elsewhere, and this woman needs to try it awhile on her own." So here I am, and I am fighting, kicking and screaming my

on her own." So here I an, and I am, fighting, kicking and screaming my way into old age abone. I have resented every step of the aging process, not purposely, of in ever dreaded the thought of becoming an old woman, it just so happens it hasm it has the process of the proces become too much for me to handle is up to me. Finding someone to take me places I need to go since my driving to Lexington or Cincinnati has become a thing of the past, is up to me. I have a serious handicap, that of being in the outskirts of town all these past years and knowing people

who can do all these things are not ta-miliar to me. My friends and neigh-bors whom I associated with are all gone now. The younger ones whom I thought would be my standby in my waning years are still in the country living their own lives. An old woman, friend to them in their youth, and to their parents have no place in their lives now.

who can do all these things are not fa

lives now.

I have lost the glib tongue I asked to make friends and accomplish a place in the work world. It has now become a stammering tongue with moments of relapses when the right word escapes me. Oh yes, the words are still there and will later pop up when no longer needed, but during a conversation they are not to be found Senility? I hope not, but it sure has

conversation they are not to be found. Senility? I hope not, but it sure has the ring of it. Maybe I have allowed the pride of an appropriately dressed and groomed counger woman, taking her place in a busy and social world, cast shadows on an older one who no longer has a part in any of these things. Age has changed that, Failing vision, ears only catching the clearly pronounced words, plus unkempt har, drooping shoulders and fathering steps have brought about changes I did not anticipate.

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