

ARGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!
I'll be @\$%&&!!!&*#@@&!!
I could go on for days like this.

I'll be (a)5%&E!ll.e.**m@ee.et.!

Loudl go no for day's like this.

You've probably guessed by now
that I spent the week-end doing my
income tax returns and hardly any
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period of mourning ought to last for 90 days.

Now that the session is finally over, thank God, the good ole boys and girls who represent their own best interests and somehow connive

and gain who represent their own best interests and somehow comitive orifice so they can run the state in the ground, they are rushing home to courthouses all over the state to begin the formal process of filing papers to change their names. Now that they've some legislation, sure to be struck down by the Supreme Court, to hang the Ten Com-mandments inverse yes chool and court-house in the state, as well as on the front tawn of the capitol, they are fighting again to see which one can become the first to officially change his or her name to Moses. All of them, that is, except for David Williams who spearheaded the Republican takeover of the state

Republican takeover of the state senate. Dave wants his name changed to Junior or Little Mitch as soon as

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the blisters wear off his wrists and ankles from being jubbed so hard when the strings attached from which Senator Mitch McConnell had him dangling and dancing so vigorously over the last four months.

But like I said, the session is over

But like I said, the session is over so it's safe to invite your out of state friends to visit without any fear of being embarrassed by any mention of the legislature on the front page of your paper or on the evening news.

And the garbage in the creeks and on the roadsides that they refused to do anything about yet again will soon be covered up with the grass and weeds that only get mown one time during

the growing season. You'd better call fast though You'd better call fast though, because the tax on your long distance call to anybody out of state is going to jump sky high here in a few day shanks to this bunch of yokels who have managed to raise hypocristy to level than darn near deserves a halo. If this bunch of saint is what! For this bunch of saint is what! For lot look forward to contending with in heaven, hell is starting to look better all the time.

Doing my taxes is bad enough, but when I sign the check that goes to Frankfort and realize who is going to decide on how it gets spent, I literally

I have never had a tax preparation I have never had a tax preparation service do my paper work in the 35 years that I've been filing, but I've already got a drawer set aside in my file cabinet where I'm tossing every receipt and record had tooks remotely close to deductible and next year I'm going to dump the whole mess on somebody's desk and tell them to call me when the papers are ready to sign.

In the meantime, I guess every-body has a garden growing now but I have yet to plant a seed. If it dries out enough this week to plow I aim to get enough this weck to plow I aim to get started. People keep saying its too late to plant peas and I am here to tell you that the best crop of peas I've ever seen were planted on the 20th of April by your truly and Ralph King. In fact, we planted an acre of snow peas and grew so many that we had to hire migrant labor to get them picked. We had Mike Mitchell and my nephew, Chris Adams, migrate down from Letcher County for three weeks and without them we dhave never pulled off the harvest. And if you think I'm a tightwad, you ought to try

to make a living selling snow peas to the owners of every Chinese restau-rant between Cincinnati and the

Tennessee state line.

Come to think of it, that would be a good way to straighten government out in this state. I think we ought to turn the state house over to all the Chinese restaurant owners in the state for about four years, and then I have a feeling that we might elect them for life.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

Stanger than Fiction

Sometime during our lifetime we may witness an accident or some other happening that is so unusual and strange it would be hard to believe if someone else was relling the street. telling the story.

One particular accident I remember happened at my brother,

remember happened at my brother, Herb's house in Cincinnati His wife. Ann, had been ailing for several weeks and they seemed to think if I was there for a few days, helping with the cooking, etc., it might lift her spirits and perhaps support their belief in, "something is seriously wrong and, we are trying to find out what it is." That was the reason they gave me for so many medicine bottles on the shelf above the sink. There were two or three kinds of stomach medicine, three kinds of stomach medicine, pain pills for headache, heart pills for irregular heart beat, sleeping pills, nerve pills, pills to relax and pills to make her more alert. No wonder she had stomach and other problems. What she really needed was expert, support and encouragement, in discarding half of the medication, or a psychologist to find what the real psychologist to find what he lear problem was: I was neither, but I at least knew the consequences of over and incorrect medication can be fatal.

Regardless of Ann's imagination and obsession with medication she was intelligent, pretty and a lovely person. Her dignity and honesty was above

reproach and her love for God and her husband, was uppermost in her

Herb, my next young brother Herb, my next young brother, and I had been exchanging the good times as well as the bod ones all our life, so it was only natural to call on me. He and Ann had been at my beck and call from the time Mat was diagnosed with cancer till his death four years

later. When either would call to ask how Mat was and heard he was worse or back in the hospital, he would say, "Hold on sis, we'll be

would say, "Hold on sis, we'll be down as soon as we get packed." Once 1 heard Ann, in the background say, "Really we don't have to pack, I always keep the suitease ready so we can leave at a minutes notice."

They cared for things on the farm while I would stay with Mat in the hospital, or take over the housekeeping and most of the cooking while I would try to eath up on the rest when he was home. Since Mat loved to talk, especially so if it was to a pretty intelligent woman. Ann was both, they spent many, houss falling in the lonely days of his continement. He never days of his confin

was.

During idle time, which does happen during a prolonged illness, we 'would play canasta. I have found playing an interesting game can keep ones mind almost free of serious worries. I must have a one serious worries. I must have a one track mind, for when things are not going well I can get out the scrabble board and become so involved in finding words I forget

the problems. Herb and Ann were the problems. Herb and Ann were at the hospital when Mat passed away and before anyone was aware of it they went back to the farm so the house would be warm and lights turned on before the kids, Judy and Rod arrived, while I stayed the night with Polly and Chuck, Judy and Rod each told of the comfort of going into what would have been an empty house with memories of a different kind with memories of a different kind of welcoming had it not been for Herb's thoughtfulness. The coffee pot was on and a snack from the refrigerator was waiting for them. Herb had been a part of their life so long it was natural to find him there in their time of need. Herb must have inherited the

Herb must have inherited the gift caring for the sick and dying from Mom for when a neighbor or friend was sick unto death it was she who was called to be at their bedside during the last hours to comfort the family and do what she comfort the family and do what she could to case the last hours of the dying one. Another duty, after the death Angel did his job was to close the eyes and put pennies on them to keep them closed until he/she was dressed for the funeral. Today this is all done by the mortician. Mom was the first person called when a woman went into labor so she helped deliver many of the babies in the hills and hollows around Carter County when we lived in Kentucky, and was active in Ohio until she herself became the victim of cancer. So used it. So when he asked me to come to his aide I packed my bag and left for Cincinnati

His wife, Ann, was not bedfast, she was just getting old and quite, "Puny" her complaints were like all the rest of us when we reach the age of wanting more attenti need some one to listen to them. She had been examined for She had been examined for stomach problems, heart problems, ear noises and sleepless nights till the Doctors didn't know what to do except prescribe another medicine she hadn't tried. Nothing really she hadn't tried. Nothing really worked for they had not come up with a definite problem. Bless her, she was such a dear person. In fact she was the best thing that could have happened to our family. She was a beautiful woman and just as

Tobacco attacks killing Kentucky farmer's livelihood

By Roy G. Brown
Tobacco is not the only health
hazor in this country, and it is not as
bad as other substances.
For instance, more than I million
people die each year of obesity or
overeating, according to national rosearch released last year. Alcolo causes car accidents, fights and brohe homes. Abortion bills a million ken homes. Abortion kills a million

causes car acciuents, Ingian and unken homes. Abortion kills a million
humans a year.

But President Clinion, Vice President
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modifies if only cost the working
men and women more. The tobacco
ornoducts by 50 cents a pack and started
duying tobacco from foreign countries so they just passed the cost ontilly farm in a be, gockcaste County
area had a tobacco base of about
and a tobacus Staff income.

ily farm in the Rockeastle County area had a tobacco base of about 2,000 pounds, about \$3800 income, but since then, the family farm quota was cut to 500 pounds, and the dol-lars dropped to about \$950 or 75 percent. That means the family farmer

will become extinct.
The media and other cheap-talk-ing experts who know all about farming say we, should just grow other things. They think all the farmer has to do is grow something, go out and harvest the money off it and everything is fine. What they don't know about farming is that we have about farming is that we have that ability. We don't own enough hand to grow grain, which is cheaper than it was in grain, which is cheaper than it was in grain, which is cheaper than it was

have that apility. We don't own-enough land to grow grain, which is cheaper than it was in the 1960s. We can't handle many cattle because of pasture and feed. The legislature wouldn't pass a law allowing farmers to grow hemp. The police had more power than the farmer, so one states and countries will have that market tied up before we get any help. The farmers are the forgotten people. We are small in number, about one percent. Many Americans don't know that their food, clothing, shoes, fuel, building material and many other things come from the land. When consumers go to the market and what they need isn't there, it will be a tittle late to care about the farmer. Roy G., Brown, of Brodhead, is a furner and president of the Rock-castle Soil Conservation Service.



(of the Marvin E. Owens Home For Funerals) 147 W. Main St. • Brodhead

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