

Points East

By:
Ike Adams

Every year since 1976 I have been honored to be spokesperson for the National Association of Woolly Worm Winter Weather. Readers better known as NAWWWWW by the majority of my readers because they can never string all the words together correctly.

And every year since he moved back up North 15 years ago, my buddy, Fredrick J. Beste III, drops me little one liners in the mail. These little memos always include the word "cute" and "enjoyed" along with a stinging admonition that "they are never right."

Fred J lives in Wind Gap, Pennsylvania, a place where polar bear sightings in the local landfill don't even make the news anymore. A damp and dismal place at the foot of the Pocono Mountains in the summer time, Wind Gap is a haven for skiers on a budget in the winter months. They simply slash the interstates down after Halloween so that the local folks who can't afford resort prices can come to make do slops.

But every year, without fail, Fred reads the NAWWWWW forecast from a Kentucky paper and imagines that it also covers Wind Gap. Fred has a big outdoor swimming pool and for several years, when NAWWWWW correctly predicted mild weather for central and eastern Kentucky, he sent out invitations to his Annual Christmas Party suggesting that folks bring along their bathing suits. Heck, most people in Wind Gap drain their indoor pools in the winter time. The water lines stay frozen for months and people take baths by melting snow in a number two wash tub on top of their wood burners.

What we're trying to say here is that you readers who do not live "locally" should not pay any attention to the NAWWWWW forecast even though we have happened upon a report from a NAWWWWW contingent headquartered in Allentown that we will discuss later.

The local NAWWWWW chapter based here in Paint Lick and currently housed under the floor of the Sportsman's Club has just returned from Sydney, Australia. Even though it has gotten attention on NBC, NAWWWWW, chapters from all over the world have converged on Sydney for the Woolly Worm Summer Olympics.

The Paint Lick crew came home early and many of the members are not speaking to each other. It seems that our entry in the synchronized swimming competition was nearly as together as it thought it was and there is considerable disagreement about who wiggled left when they should have wiggled right.

However, we were able to get them together over the weekend for a surprise prediction and there is a surprising general consensus. The official forecast FOR CENTRAL & EASTERN KENTUCKY follows.

Look for a late and lasting Indian Summer commencing in mid-November and ending around the first of December. There will be some frosty mornings but mostly warm, sunny days in the eighties and perfect weather for nursing the ever small-mouth bass in your favorite stream. This will be followed by a cold snap and a heavy freeze during the first two weeks of December before the weather turns mild again until well after the first of the year. Look for a significant amount of rain during this period and perhaps some snow showers that will melt off before lunch time. Christmas is almost certain to be wet so the chances of a white Christmas are excellent.

January and February promise to be much milder than normal with many days in the fifties and sixties, but look for a continuation of more rain or snow than normal. Again, if the snow falls it will not linger around very long. Look for an early Spring, but be prepared for an interruption by a heavy, lasting snow during the last two weeks of the month or perhaps the first week of April. The worst weather of the season promises to be after the official first day of Spring.

And now for the other news. It seems that on their trip, our NAWWWWW delegation ran into a bunch of fellow Woolies from Allentown which is just down the road that folks bring along their bathing suits. Heck, most people in Wind Gap drain their indoor pools in the winter time. The water lines stay frozen for months and people take baths by melting snow in a number two wash tub on top of their wood burners.

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words shocked me into reality, our house on the farm burned last night. Was I dreaming? What was she saying, our house on the farm, burned? That couldn't be! That was my home, the one Mat and I built with our own hands. The new house we moved into when Judy was 11 months old and took her first steps. In the house Rodney was born in, and the house Polly was brought home to from the hospital to be welcomed by her older sister, Judy and brother, Rod. This house, the one with so many memories already etched in the framework and trampled into the bar floors: the house so many people called their second home, gone? burned down? Yes, it just couldn't be. It had weathered the storms of snow and reflected the sun rays from the metal roof back into the heavens to protect us from the heat in mid summer, and never even quivered when the winds fun and games, or a quick stop whangings passing by. This house had been the waystation by friends and visitors into the hills and hollows of the Appalachian Mountains. Gone?

I must see this for myself, surely they had had a bad dream, or I was having one now. Somehow, with Polly's help, I got dressed and accompanied them back down the familiar road to the farm. I haven't found words in the dictionary to describe the feeling of awe, disbelief, helplessness, that overtook me when they took, for the first time, at the destruction of my ravine stop whangings it has taken a life time to accomplish.

I was still in disbelief when Chuck turned into the driveway, and until I saw the smoldering ashes between the framework of concrete blocks that had been the foundation.

The fireplace and stone chimney was still standing guard over the remains of what I had called HOME. There really isn't that, pile of smoldering ashes was all that remained of the carefully measured, and sawed by hand, boards that Mat and Dee had painstakingly built into a house that wind and weather couldn't shake or destroy. The quivering inside gradually reached my hands and legs and I knew I was hurting, hurting in a way I had never hurt before. Beneath those

smoldering ashes lay my belongings.

Not just the ordinary things she kept with such as stoves, refrigerator, dishwasher, beds, table and chairs and such, there were also the things I had left behind for safe keeping. Antiques handed down for a couple of generations, hand made quilts to leave for the next generation to become their antiques. Mat's diary and collection of arrowheads and old jewelry. My mind was in a whirl as it tried to remember all the things I had taken years to accumulate and fire had destroyed in one night.

Then I looked at Polly, she was just as heartbroken as I was. This was not only my loss, it was her loss too. She had lost the home of her childhood, and what she had dreamed of being her future one as well. Many of her belongings already filled the vacant spaces left behind when I moved to Mt. Vernon. These were also smoldering ashes, the memories of the old and the type writers she had been collecting. It was among her belongings the little angel from a jewelry box top was found on a smoldering pile of ash, the angel, except blackened by smoke.

The old part of the house was built before her time, but she helped with every phase of the new part. The addition that was the pride and joy of our life. It was she and I that designed the kitchen with the most modern cabinets, and arrangement for cooking and baking. Everything had its place and space, including the serving window between the kitchen and dining room, with dishwasher and sink in reaching distance. Since she lived close by she became Mat's right arm, and extra legs. It was she that helped dig the drainage bed for the septic tank and basement. Now all their work, her dreams and many of her valuable life in ashes. What lay before us in ashes, was memories of the past and dreams for the future. Time heals wounds, the scar being the only thing left of the lingering memories.

Judy, Rod and Polly, still celebrate my birthday in one way or another since the day that one big tragedy so closely, at least one of them is with me when it comes around. Judy and Geof are here now and will be for a day or two. Rod and Helen were here last weekend, and Polly and Chuck of course are in and out most daily. So, I do have support in remembering days on the farm when all was well.

Memories of the Graves' home

Precious Memories -
How They Linger

By Inez Norton Hill
When we came through the tall pine forest, on the narrow, dirt road, where the grassy fields met the trees and looking across the fields, I could see the welcome sight of the Graves' home.

We would knock on the door and Mat or Zed would say, "Come in, glad to see all of you!" In winter, Mat would say, "Take off your coats and come around the stove and warm yourselves. Z is in the kitchen." She would come in and say, "Hello," and give us a big hug.

I remember Z asking us into the kitchen to talk, "women talk," around the kitchen table. The men would mostly sit in the living room talking of business, oil wells, property and old times of the past. Around the

kitchen table we all drank tea or coffee, ate some of Z's delicious cakes, or cookies; played scrabble or other games.

On Christmas Eve, we often went to the Graves' to exchange gifts and eat many "Christmas Goodies" on Christmas Eve night, and expected them at our homes, for Christmas dinner the next night.

My Dad, Roscoe and Z had their birthdays just one day apart. So we would, many times, all go to the Graves' home and celebrate together, with some of Z's good homemade doughnuts Dad loved so much and maybe some cake and ice cream, too.

I remember when the Graves children were very young. One night, Z asked me to spend the night with her, when Rodney was a baby and very sick. Mat had to be away on business.

It was, also a stormy night.

Yes, I can recall Z's mother, who came to their home to spend most of the summer. We visited their home many times that summer and learned to love Mrs. Tackett. For years, most of Z's relatives would visit, their home, from time to time on special holidays. We learned to love them all. The kindness, fellowship and love we all shared will never be forgotten!

When Z worked in Cincinnati, many years ago, and the children were in school, Z had to leave Judy, the eldest daughter, in charge of taking care of the home and family. Mat was there, doing his own work, and Judy was in school. We visited there, many times and could soon see what a great job Judy was doing with the cooking, household work and care of Rodney and Polly.

In summer, they had a nice garden, with all kinds of vegetables. We would go help string and break beans for canning, and cook them in large tubs, over open fires, in the backyard. It was a polly, happy time for us all - talking, laughing, eating and enjoying just being together! Also, in the summer, we all sat out in the yard, while the kids and the grown-ups, would play croquet, ball and other games.

In later years, Judith, Rodney and Polly married and had their own families. We all still visited and loved being with them, and their children, as we had always been just part of the family, anyway.

As years passed by, Mat had always had a dream of making additions to their home. So, slowly, he turned the "old home" into some-

thing real special! There were new rooms, baths, basement, beautiful built-in cabinets in the kitchen, lovely, large fireplace, in the living room, and much more. He worked so diligently to finish it all! We loved the "new home," but the "old part" where we spent such special times, we all have fond memories that will always be with us.

Not too long after the completion of his home, Mat became very ill and passed away, but the home place still remained for all the friends to see and remember the Graves' family, and their hospitality, love and kindness toward all who knew and loved them.

One morning in September of 1997, the old Graves' home burned. It was such a tragedy and shock to us all! But the love, friendship and special memories of those years gone by will remain in our hearts and lives, always!

My memories and love for the Graves, always!

The Old Home Place
By Inez Norton Hill
The old home place by the side of the way.

Where we all spent such happy times thro' passing years. Our precious memories will surely linger from day to day. As we recall those times, with such sadness and tears.

Yet, we will never forget the dear old home place. No longer will we see the home, coming into sight.

Where the family and friends had smiles on each face, Fire, cruelly swept it away, on a foggy Saturday night!

My memories and love, Remain thro' the years always!

Bus Drills Early Dismissal

The Rockcastle County Schools will be conducting bus drills on Thursday, October 5, 2000. The Rockcastle County High School and Middle School will dismiss at 2:30 p.m. Buses will then proceed to the elementary schools where the drills will be conducted. Please adjust your schedule for this early dismissal.

The Principles Live in Concert

Maple Grove Baptist Church

October 1st at 1 p.m.

Homecoming Service

Directions: Take I-75 to Exit 59. Go 1 mile east on Route 1004

Sweet and Sour
By Zi Graves

Third Anniversary
"Ashes Versus Hope"
Most anniversaries are happy affairs, celebrating so many days, months or years, of events that have fulfilled dreams and set the stage for many more in future years. Not for me today. It was one year ago this morning, shortly after daylight that Polly and Chuck awakened me and I

knew before a word was spoken that it was bad news. My first thought and question was, "a wreck, has someone been killed?" Before I could ask the question though, she blurted out, our home burned down. It took a while, but I did sink in, what are you talking about, what house? Then I noticed she had been crying, and Chuck was standing silently close by, her next

Mount Vernon Signal
Publication Number 366-000
Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
606-256-2244
Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky 40456.
James Andrikin, Jr., Publisher Emeritus • Richard F. Andrikin • Editor
Patricia M. Andrikin • Managing Editor
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In County - \$16.75 Yr. Out-of-County In State \$21.75 Yr.
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