Few options for Livingston school

Richard Anderkin
Editor
Mount Vernon Signal

It is understandable that members of the Livingston community want the former school building on Main Street renovated to the point that it would be an asset to the entire county.

But the problem is - some people have grand ideas, but no way to make them come true.

They then turn to the Rockcastle Fiscal Court in the hope they will do something about what has quickly become an eyesore in the community.

Although the Rockcastle Fiscal Court has never accepted ownership of the structure - they have been looking at ways to preserve it, especially Judge-Executive Buzz Carloftis.

Daniel Boone Development Council owns the property now, but has offered it to the county.

If the county agrees to take it - they must figure out a way to come up with the needed funds to properly reconstruct the facility.

Initial plans by Daniel Boone was to turn the entire property into a community center. That is all well and good but it would take approximately $1.8 million to make that happen.

Daniel Boone applied and reapplied to the state and federal government for funding for the project and were turned down everytime.

In the meantime, vandals have basically destroyed the historic building.

Judge Carloftis has suggested using part of the property, the newer classroom building as a facility which would house work release prisoners. Money generated by keeping those prisoners could be used to fix up and maintain the rest of the property.

But most Livingston residents seemed opposed to that idea, because they don't want prisoners in their community.

The fact of the matter is that the county would have to build some security fences on the property, not to keep the work release prisoners in, but the vandals out.

Carloftis then turned to Holly Wiedman, a Lexington woman who specilizes in restoring old buildings and making them into affordable housing. The building is preserved and there is enough money generated by the rental income to pay for the work which is done on the building.

Ms. Wiedman was able to save the Midway School building with such a project, but Carloftis said that he has even gotten strong opposition to that idea.

I'm sure the Judge and the fiscal court want to do whatever they can to save the former school property, but they also have to look out for the best interest of the entire county.

I think Carloftis is making every effort to come up with some idea that will work and make the school property an asset to the county and not a liability.

But he knows how hard it is to come up with $2 million for any project - he also knows how important it is to the Livingston area for the school to be preserved.

The Judge also pointed out that no one seems to want to consider who will be in charge of the facility once it is completed.

Who, for example, will "police" the buildings to prevent further vandalism if state or federal funds are spent on either of the structures?

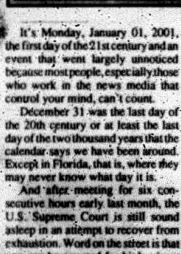
The Judge pointed out that property is only safe, generally speaking, if there are 24-hour, on-site residents. This alone will usually deter vandals from destroying property.

The Judge also pointed out that Midway welcomed residents to their school in order to just save the structure, something that hasn't happened so far at Livingston.

The Judge has said that he will continue to search for some kind of solution to the problem. He said that the $100,000 appropriated by the state, which is only a drop in the bucket, will be banked until some viable solution has been reached.

The point is - with very few options, people should be willing to give a little to get something many of them so desperately want - the school property to be preserved.

It sorta goes back to the old cliche, "beggers can't be choosers."



Points East

By: Bob Adams

It's Monday, January 01, 2001, the first day of the 21st century and an event that went largely unnoticed because most people, especially those who work in the news media that control your mind, can't count.

December 31 was the last day of the 20th century or at least the last day of the two thousand years that the calendar says we have been around. Except in Florida, that is, where they may never know what day it is.

And after meeting for six consecutive hours early last month, the U.S. Supreme Court is still sound asleep in an attempt to recover from exhaustion. Word on the street is that you can be arrested for high crimes and misdemeanors if you utter the word "Florida" in the presence of a Supreme Court Justice.

My personal computer crashed (this is true by the way) on December 26 and I lost everything in it to a virus that was downloaded on November 26 according to the experts who spent three days digging around in it. So I strongly suspect that either November 26 or December 26 was actually the first day of the new century.

The calendar that modern man has been using for the last two centuries was developed by a Roman Caesar and according to recorded history they stayed drunk all the time so who knows? I've always wondered about how much science went into assembling the calendar and the fact that February only has 28 days and a bunch of others have either 31 or 30 depending on Caesar's whim makes me suspect that not a lot of time went into this endeavor. Floridians can't add. Apparently the Romans couldn't divide.

Try it yourself. What is CCLXV divided by XIII? See what I mean? You can't do it unless you know how to convert Roman Numerals into regular old numbers and they didn't have regular old numbers back then. This was not something easy to figure out.

On the other hand 365 divided by 12 equals 30 with five left over. So why didn't they just make a calendar with 12 months, each with 30 days and leave five at the end for a big party? Every four years the calendar could be adjusted by adding a Leap Day which would be an especially big party for roasting the fatted pig and hiring dancing girls and such. If the Romans had spent more than 30 minutes in putting the calendar together it would be much more functional and you wouldn't have to be thumbing through your Daytimer every hour or so to see how many days there are in any given month.

And where on earth did they come up with the names for the months? I'm betting that Caesar left this up to his kids. January, for example, was named by daughter Jan who was 13 at the time and just wanted her name to have more letters in it than the rest of the kids in her class at school so she could stand out and look more important than she really was.

Daughter Febling insisted that if Jan could add usry to her name than she ought to get to do the same thing because she didn't like her name anyway and for the rest of their lives Jan called Febie "copycat" and they avoided each other at family reunions.

March was named by the baby, Fred, who was only eight months old, but had spent a lot of time watching the troops practice because his sitter had a crush on the drill sergeant. The first word out of his mouth was March and it got stuck on the calendar's third month because that's all the kid could say.

April, May, June and July were named by and for the not-so-pretentious middle daughters except that Julie was only three years old and still learning to spell by using one of those phonetics kits that her Dad had whimsically purchased from a sales pitch on QVC one day when there was nothing else to watch on television.

August had gotten his name from Uncle Caesar Augusta and really wanted to call his month Auggie, but the family thought the elder might be insulted.

September, October, November and December were named by the teenage boys Steve, Oscar, Tom and Willard, who had formed a rock band, written a song and were searching for a word to rhyme with remember. The actual verse was "Man don't you remember that time in _____ when we ate poison snakes and got them bad shakes." They laughed at Oscar all his life because October doesn't come close to rhyming with remember but it stuck.

So there's the story behind the calendar. Please clip this column out, give it to your children, have them take it to school and give it to the principal. Simple history lessons like this should be taught in the classroom so that hard working columnists could deal with more important issues such as planning the big Leap Day Party.

The Wk. of 12/28

This column makes 52 in a row and represents, perhaps, the only New Year's resolution that required a bit of tenacity that I have ever kept. I have been reminded several times this month that folks remember the resolution I made last January to write a column every single week in 2000.

No single paper carried all 52 columns but all of them got published by at least a couple of papers. If your favorite family weekly missed a column here or there it was because they wanted to avoid a libel law suit or because my language was a tad too ribald for innocent ears. More than once I've been considered crazy or at least out of touch with reality by more conservative editors.

Rick Anderkin, editor of the *Mt. Vernon Signal* and Jack Pentchoff who edited/published the *Garrard County News* until it merged with the *Central Record* took more risks than anybody else. I'm convinced that they ran stuff that kept them up at night wondering which lawyer would call first.

In any event, I'm making no such resolution this year. If my column isn't in your paper you can assume that I went fishing instead of sitting down at the computer like a good little boy. I plan to go spend a week on the end of a fishing pier that stretches way out in an ocean somewhere and I don't particularly care which one. I also plan to spend a few days with daughter, Genny, before she leaves Boulder and cool around the Rockies for a spell. Genny and husband, Maher Awad, are going to make a grandfather of me again in May and shortly after that they will probably move to the United Arab Emirates where there is lots of sand but no ocean, no mountains and a scarcity of fish.

If I win the lottery I aim to go see old friend, Tom Miller in Tanzania and find out how well the fish bite in Lake Victoria.

I also intend to spend more time in my garden. I may just take a lawn chair out and sit in it and have conversations with a few tomato plants if I can't find a chiropractor who can fix my back because I've found that plants have more sense than a lot of people. The Supreme Court comes to mind. And the Kentucky State Legislature.

I'm putting together a resume that I intend to send to King Dubya outlining my qualifications for a Seat on the United States Supreme Court. I intend to swear to uphold the Constitution and then completely ignore that responsibility which will make me right at home with the current crowd. I'm alrady practicing senility so that I will be better qualified. If any of you know how to speed up dementia, please give me a call. In the meantime, if you ever hear me say "President Bush," please know that I'm talking about Dubya's Daddy.

Two doctors have told me that if I don't stop getting so bent out of shape over politics my blood pressure is going to blow the top of my head off. Apparently a majority of Kentuckians would like to see that happen because that's the only reason I can figure why the voters of this state approved annual meetings of the Legislature.

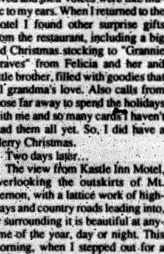
Maybe I should borrow money and go see Tom right away because being out of the country when the mob gathers in Frankfort probably is good for my health. I wonder what the job market is like in Tanzania?

I'm already planning to send Miller some seeds so he can see if Molly Helton Sunburst tomatoes and Vidalia onions will flourish on the shores of Lake Victoria. The politics sure can't be any worse there than they are in Kentucky.

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Christmas Two Thousand

It took 87 years to bring to reality the circumstances that led to me being alone, and as far as I knew the only guest in the Kastle Inn Motel. The semi permanent, and over night guests had left early for the Christmas holidays and the one attendant in the office was presumably busy in the privacy of her office in back of the front desk. The Kastle Inn Restaurant next door was closed till after Christmas so I was alone. Memories of other times when Christmas Eve meant an evening of happy voices filling the rooms where a tree was being decorated and gifts wrapped for surprises the next morning almost overpowered me. The phone was handy, but whom could I call? I had talked to Polly earlier in the day and knew she would be busy tonight, Judy and Rod lived in distant states and I would be talking to both of them tomorrow, so, my phone stayed silent and I went back to memories of happier times and made the best of being alone by watching the traffic on I-75, which I can see from my window, as the headlights from one lane appeared over the hill and the taillights from the other lane disappeared in the distance.

Christmas day changed the dreary thoughts from the night before into a happy day with Polly, Chuck, Chad and Angie as we crowded around the table filled with Chrismtas cheer and good food before gathering around a beautiful tree loaded with gifts to everyone. Now I was with those I loved and their voices were like music to my ears. When I returned to the motel I found other surprise gifts from the restaurant, including a big red Christmas stocking to "Grannie Graves" from Felicia and her and little brother, filled with goodies that all grandma's love. Also calls from those far away to spend the holidays with me and so many cards I haven't read them all yet. So, I did have a Merry Christmas.

Two days later...

The view from Kastle Inn Motel, overlooking the outskirts of Mt. Vernon, with a lattice work of highways and country roads leading into, or surrounding it is beautiful at any time of the year, day or night. This morning, when I stepped out for a breath of fresh air, I watched as the sun appeared and painted the clouds drifting over the hills in the distance with a brush filled with a mixture of red, pink, mauve and gold. Small clouds kept drifting in and out and each was touched with the magic brush. I know it had to be a brush for the marks left in the sky were delicate streaks that only a brush held by a Master's hand could have wielded to form the pattern it left. Then as I watched and marveled at the beauty, while breathing deeply of the cool invigorating air, it began to fade into the clouds and the sun, seeming to know the spectacle it had created had been seen and appreciated, by one person anyway, decided to hide behind the hills or clouds so it would not interfere with another wonder of nature, snow flakes falling from those same clouds and soon a white blanket took it's place.

Anytime of the day or night I can watch the traffic on the highway and get lost in thought of, I wonder where they are going? Are they on their way home? Do they have a loyed one waiting there to greet them with a kiss, or smile? Or do they have to go to an empty apartment to spend the evening alone? Are there children restlessly squirming inside these cars with parents, just as restless, calling back to them, "be quiet, we'll be there soon"? Each car I see, coming or going, has at least one person in it so I am truly watching a live show anytime I wish.

Why am I here? I guess my only answer is the house isn't ready to move back into yet. Or God has a reason He hasn't told me about. Maybe it was to let me meet and get acquainted with people. I had never known before and feel that twelve days during a trying time in my life. Maybe it was to find the beauty from a motel window on the top of the hill overlooking the valley and highways beyond. But whatever the cause, I am here, warm and comfortable and cared for by willing hands until my home on Tevis St. is once again livable. Sooner than later I hope.

The scene from my window is a bit different this morning but just as pretty as the previous ones. The trees on the hillsides are covered with a glittery layer of ice with a bed of snow at their feet. (Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, I see it everywhere.)

DO HAVE A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

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Rockcastle Water Association
PO Box 540 • Mt. Vernon, KY 40456 • 606-256-5480

A BOIL WATER ADVISORY is in effect for some of the customers on the line who receive water from Jackson County due to water shortage.

Updated: December 19, 2000

Location: ALONGSIDE ROADS off of these roads: #1912, #2614, and #1955 which includes the following: Louie Northern, Robinson, Rice Hill, J.B. Sexton, Brushey Ridge, Hickory Flat, Road #1797, Carpenter, Drew Valley Lane, Murphy Martin, Charlie Smith, Earnest Smith, Gilbert Shepherd, Ponder, Simon Hill, Singleton, #1004 West, Trace Branch, #490, Waddle, Lamero, Parker Holles, Upper Piney Branch, Bad Clark Ridge, and William Bowman. South of Red Hill Baptist Church all customers on Road #1955 as well as all side roads.

Until further notice, boil all water used for drinking and cooking by bringing the water to a rolling boil for three minutes before using.

For more information concerning BOIL WATER ADVISORY contact Jo Coyle at Rockcastle Water Association; Phone 256-5480.

Respectfully submitted by,

Randal E. Corty - General Manager

Commonwealth of Kentucky
28th Judicial Circuit
Rockcastle Circuit Court • Division II
Civil Action No. 00-CI-00133

Countrywide Home Loans, Inc. formerly known as America's Wholesale Lender — **Plaintiff**

V.

Teresa R. Hasty, Unknown defendant, spouse of Teresa R. Hasty — **Defendants**

NOTICE OF SALE

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale entered in this action on December 8, 2000, for the purpose of satisfying the judgment against the defendants in the amount of SEVENTY ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED EIGHTY FIVE DOLLARS AND 85/100 ($71,285.85), including interest, costs and attorney fees. I will offer at public auction the hereinafter described real property in Rockcastle County, Kentucky.

At the Courthouse on East Main Street
Mt. Vernon, Kentucky
on Friday, January 12, 2001
Beginning at the Hour of 2:00 p.m.

Said property being more particularly bounded and described as follows:

A certain tract of land in the Lake Linville section of Rockcastle County, Kentucky, more particularly described as follows:

Unless stated otherwise, any monument referred to herein as a "rebar with cap" is a set 1/2" rebar with a plastic cap stamped RLS #2773. All bearings are referred to bearing of record (N 18 45'00W) as shown in the Harry Sagraves Deed as recorded in Deed Book 142, page 236, and lodged in the Rockcastle County Court Clerk's office.

Beginning at a found iron pin on the North side of Barnett Road and being a corner to Harry Sagraves, Jr. (DB 142 pg. 236); thence going with the North side of said road the following calls: S 82 04'17" W, 73.79 feet to a found pin; S 89 36'21" W, 50.00 feet to a rebar with cap on the North side of said road and a corner to Marvin Carpenter (remaining portion of DB 239, pg. 34); thence going with a new line to Carpenter: thence N 2 11'51" W, 256.63 feet to a rebar with cap in the line of Glen Roberts (DB 130 pg. 163) and a corner to Carpenter; thence going with the line of Roberts N 55 15;35; E, 144.47 feet to a found iron pin in the line of Roberts and a corner to Harry Sagraves, Jr.; thence going with the line of Sagraves; S 18 45'00" E, 328.38 feet to the point beginning according to survey by C. Douglas Mullins, RLS #2773, with Charles Mullins Land Surveyors on September 2, 1998.

Being the same real property which Teresa R. Hasty obtained by deed dated October 2, 1998, executed by Marvin Carpenter, et. us., of record in Deed Book 172, page 160 in the Office of the Rockcastle County Clerk.

The property shall be sold on the following terms and conditions:

1. The real property shall be sold for cash or upon a credit of thirty (30) days with the purchaser required to pay a minimum of twenty-five percent (25%) of the purchase price in cash on the date of sale and to secure the balance with a bond approved by the Master Commissioner.

2. The bond shall bear interest at the rate of 7.25% per annum until paid in full. The bond shall have the force and effect of a judgment and shall be and remain a lien upon the property sold as additional surety for the payment of the purchase price.

3. Unpaid taxes or liens of record at the time of entry of judgment shall be paid out of the proceeds of sale.

4. The purchaser shall pay all the taxes assessed against said property for the year 2001 and all subsequent years.

5. The purchaser shall have possession of the real property upon compliance with the terms of the sale.

6. In the event that the plaintiff is the successful bidder and the sale price does not exceed the amount of the plaintiff's judgment, no deposit or bond shall be required.

7. The sale shall be made subject to all easements, set back lines, restrictions or covenants of record or otherwise and shall be sold as is.

Willis G. Coffey, Master Commissioner
Rockcastle Circuit Court