



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

My back is out again. I needed to get the concrete lid off a cistern Sunday afternoon. Instead of waiting for someone to help me lift it, I fastened on my trusty back support which seems to be modeled after an old whalebone corset and then proceeded to lift with my legs the way half a dozen physical therapists have taught me.

I got the lid up but now I'm down and the only way I can get any relief is to stay pretty much folded up and feel contemptuous. This growing old business is not something that I am inclined to do gracefully.

But I am making, at least, a half-hearted attempt. The fact that I am in pain and there are other people in the house going about their business normally instead of trying to avoid being on the same floor with me is testament to my successful determination to avoid making every body else as miserable as I am.

I spent half an hour on the front porch watching the shadows lengthen and the birds wind down their day. I don't have a bird bath as such but in the garage I found one of those big bowl shaped things that kids use in the snow.

I placed it a few feet from the porch and sprayed it about half full of water. By the time I got back to the steps half a dozen fat robins were sloshing water in all directions. There are even a couple that will walk about the garden when I'm spraying

it down so that they can get wet too. After the robins left, three pairs of eastern blue birds, took a dip.

I am now determined to purchase at least two of those big concrete bird baths. The plan is to get them loaded at the garden store and then block the driveway and refuse to move until somebody unloads them and erects them in the front yard on spots that I plan to mark with lime first thing tomorrow morning.

I wonder what it would take to get the dozens of farm swallows to take a bath. They swoop and dive about the yard and garden and ever once in awhile right through the porch so close that my instinct is to dive under the swing.

Occasionally, I will see mosquito or moth wings wafting down to the grass. The swallows catch them in mid air, and chomp the victim's carcasses from between its wings.

Go Swallows!

I just wish they would slow down long enough and close enough to be admired. Maybe the bird baths will do that trick.

These last days of June when the days are near the longest they will be all year are perfect when the wind is still and the sun is dipping low and the air is just cool enough for the height of comfort. At this time of day most of the folks on Charlie Brown Road are watching television and it may be an hour before a car goes by.

The quiet, at first, seem almost unnatural until I realize that this may be as natural as it ever gets here on Howell Branch.

Too often folks get bored with these nothing evenings but if you watch closely it's far more entertaining than anything happening on the book tube.

And even though the spell may

only last a few short minutes, I find myself literally "getting away from it all" without ever leaving the front porch steps.

And for half an hour tonight I did just that. If my back was hurting then, I never noticed.

But now it is and you're going to have to settle for this meager helping that I hope your editor will call a column.

They, (the whole staff) went that extra mile to insure her comfort to and from dialysis, made sure she was monitored carefully, slipped in between cists when her blood pressure dropped, brought her home and carefully CARRIED her to bed. Try if you will, but we don't think you'll find caring people like these in the big city.

It's good to know that our ambulance service is there to serve, but it's better to know we have people there who will give beyond our expectations of what a public service should do.

God bless and keep each and everyone in this caring service, and know that if no one else cares, we the entire family of Tennessee Northern do.

And you all quickly became a part of our family. We love each and everyone of you from the bottom of our hearts. Once again, God bless you all.

The Northern Family

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the numerous businesses, groups and individuals that donated their time, talents or equipment to help Broadhead Elementary School move out of the old facility. I know for most of us this has been a very emotional time. Change is always difficult, especially when your leaving a place that holds so many fond memories.

First, I would like to thank Mr. Mark McKinney for the many years of leadership he put into helping Broadhead Elementary School grow into a school and community that believes that "Working Together Works." His efforts were proven again during this move.

I would also like to thank the staff at Broadhead Elementary School for working during the day to make school go on an usual and working nights to get everything packed and ready to be moved. I know of no other group of people who could have pulled together to make such remarkable things happen. Your efforts both in and out of the classroom were tremendous. I applaud you.

Thirdly, I would like to thank Doug Mullins our facilities director. Yes this is all part of his job, but this man has gone beyond the call of duty. He rolled up his sleeves just like the rest of us, carried tables, boxes and simply got dirty and sweaty. He is a man that makes things happen.

Lastly, but probably most importantly I would like to thank the following groups and individuals for all their contributions. Without them, we would still be moving.

Bryan Bussell and Keith Graves who worked day and night in shipping and receiving.

Paul, Jackie, Dale, JC and Rick, Rockcastle ROTC - the most well behaved, polite and hard working group of teenagers I have ever met, Taylor Produce, Johnny Bengie, Shirley Martin, J.D. Bussell, John Dychose, EST Tool and Dye, Amanda Ott, Becky Anglin, Walter Cash, James Miller, Rockcastle Jail

Work Release Workers, Bill Adkisson, Ben Taylor, Marvin Owens, Christopher Mullins, Thomas Shaffer, Kristi Reynolds, Derrick Messina, Mark Dychose, Kendall Mink, David Ott, Trish McGuire, Buzz Carolotis, Jared Stevens, Jon Noe, Hal and Carolyn Hunt.

I hope that I have not forgot anyone, but if I have please forgive me. Every effort made to help us was and is appreciated.

Sincerely,

Caroline Graves
Broadhead Elementary School,
Principal

Dear Editor:

I would like to find out any information on a Jonas Brown, from Rockcastle County, born around 1840 and served in the Kentucky 6 Cav. Co. B, Confederate during the Civil War.

Please contact:

Lloyd Brown
10730 Elzroth Road
Goshen, OH 45122
or E-mail ToadsRun@aol.com

Dear Editor:

Rockcastle County has gotten a lot of bad publicity over the years, some of it is probably just. Some of it is not. Overall, it's still a good place to live.

We have our share of bad people, but we have our share also, of good moral caring people that restores our faith in the human race. Besides our helpful, caring neighbors, we have an ambulance service staff that is second to none in the world.

When our mother became bedfast last year and needed to be transported to Richmond three times weekly, our ambulance was there for us. But, they didn't just transport her, they quickly showed our whole family just what caliber of good people they were.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Puppy Dog Tales

Which is the cutest, most lovable and desirable as a pet or companion, a frisky puppy whining at your feet for attention or a soft curious kitten, curling up in your lap meowing for love? Hard choice, isn't it? So, why not both?

Second thoughts solve that problem. For one thing, you couldn't take him for a walk without the danger of Kitty slipping through the open door. And when he's dead, which was inevitable every time the door opened, the whole neighborhood would have to be combed to find it and, at this stage of my life, energy has its limits. So, I concentrated more on the doggie idea.

The puppy I had in mind was a golden Cocker Spaniel. I had watched the national dog show on TV, one night and, at a beautifully groomed Cocker Spaniel was shown, my heart did a flip-flop. The only resemblance he had to our pet, "Stubby," was his color, size and long ears. The meticulous grooming and training had taken away much of the frivolous nature of a house pet. And that was what I was remembering. Of course, all puppies are cute and lovable when they are little and use their size and puppy pranks as a play to get inside your heart. For puppy instinct has told them that once they gain entrance into the sanctity of a human's heart, it will undoubtedly be

their future home. I remembered all the joys and sorrows of the life of "Stubby," our own blond stubbed-tail pet Cocker my sister Polly gave to Rodney when we moved back to Kentucky after the war.

Rod was seven and the move back to the farm was the perfect place to get acquainted with his pup. This was his first dog. Major, the shepherd pup given to Judy when she was a baby, had disappeared while we were away but now Rod owned his very own little dog and he was as cute as he could be with all the traits that belonged to puppies. And Rod loved him with all the love a seven-year-old boy can hold - a lot! Words cannot describe the feelings or emotions stored in the body and heart of a kid, but his actions are a dead giveaway. He fed him special tidbits from the table. We hadn't read the books on feeding a puppy and did all that country people did back then, fed them scraps from the table and Stubby thrived on it.

Before I accepted him as a house pet, Rod would sit on the front steps and cuddle him from the cold. Maybe it was his shivering from the weather that warmed my heart and made me tell Rod to bring him inside where it was warm. From that day on, his place was close to the stove and training him to obey and leave things along was begun. He learned quickly

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Bobby Cummins joins Kentucky Farm Bureau Insurance as Agent in Rockcastle County



Officials of Kentucky Farm Bureau Insurance Companies have announced the appointment of Bobby Cummins as an Agent in the Rockcastle County Farm Bureau Insurance Agency.

In his new position, Bobby will be calling on the residents of Rockcastle County to offer a wide variety of insurance coverage through the Farm Bureau Insurance Companies. He will be working with Agency Manager, William Bullen, and the current staff in the Rockcastle County office at Highway 25 South, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky, 256-2050.

Bobby joins a well-established network of Kentucky Farm Bureau Insurance agents. The company, founded in 1944, has offices in all of the commonwealth's 120 counties.

The agents of Kentucky Farm Bureau Mutual Insurance Companies offer a wide variety of insurance lines, from homeowner's and automobile coverage to life and health insurance and retirement planning.

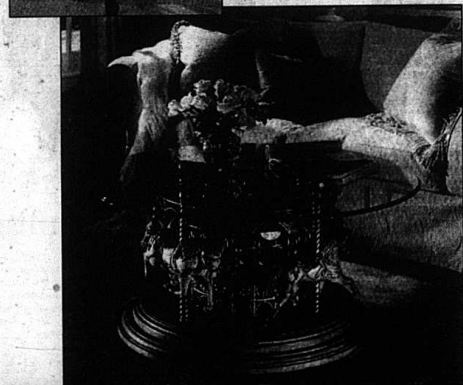
If you would like a rate comparison or quote on your current insurance or a great rate on life or health insurance give Bobby a call at 256-2050.

Or, if you need a local agent you can trust and depend on for all your insurance needs, call Bobby Cummins at 606-256-2050. "A man who has been in business for many years and knows the needs of Rockcastle County residents."



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