



Points East

By
Ike Adams

Fred probably remembers, without checking his diary, the year and the exact day of the month that he invited Little Tommy Miller, David Schroder, Steve Meng and your's truly to come to his swamp to wapsiles and call in the owls.

It was a rather impromptu gathering essentially arranged to continue the great owl/hawk controversy that originated after considerable disagreement over the identification of a huge fowl that we saw sitting on a limb along I-75 during our daily work commute from Berea to Kentucky Highlands Investment Corporation's headquarters in London where we worked together in the Seventies.

I don't remember which side I took but still maintain that I was right. I may not know a lot about precisely wording subordinated convertible debentures but I do know the difference between a hawk and an owl. I also know for sure that it was a more interesting topic of conversation than whether or not Nixon deserved impeachment.

I'm thinking that it was probably August of 1989. I know for sure that the weather was hot even under the hemlocks in back of the swamp where we pitched our tents and Fred lives just south of the Arctic Circle in Wind Gap, Pennsylvania. I'm fig-

uring August because heat waves in Wind Gap only happen for three days in August during a normal year.

The other thing I know for sure is that the tent I took along to that reunion is hanging in my garage and has not been used since.

But that's about to change. I have, in my possession, a round trip airline ticket to Lehigh Valley International Airport which provides service to Allentown, Bethlehem, Nazareth and Wind Gap.

And if the baggage guy doesn't sniff my luggage too carefully, the tent is going back to the swamp with me. The reason I haven't used it since the last trip is because it still smells like Fred's Swamp and I see no reason to ruin another one when this one is already broken in.

Fred's test of his faithful buddies to see if they remained loyal enough to visit him in the middle of nowhere worked so well that he almost immediately announced publication of what he called the Wonderful Book of Wonderful Books.

The way this worked is that he invited everyone he knew and lots of folks whose names he found in old phone books to make lists of their ten favorite books and why we considered them our favorites and then he

went to the trouble of publishing all our reviews in a bound volume which he subsequently distributed to the contributors at Christmas time.

This worked so well that the next year it was favorite places, then favorite recipes, favorite cars, movies and you begin to get the picture. Before long so many people were contributing to this annual opportunity to have their work published and share their considered opinions on whatever that the work filled two volumes each year and Fred was buying paper by the rail road car-loads. Post Offices hired extra help at mailing time.

On the other hand, I knew what was happening from day one. I knew it was just a matter of time before

Fred would summons every contributor to Wind Gap. We are talking about one heck of a lot of work to come up with an excuse for a three day party but it worked.

The first of these gatherings happened four years ago and people showed up from all over the country. I chose to stay with Little Tommy Miller in a Holiday Inn but camping is my only alternative this year. You see, I fell in the swamp and the stink caused me to be condemned. I've since been black listed by every lodging provider in a 50 mile radius of Wind Gap.

Lord, I hope they'll let me put my tent on that airplane.

Let'll you know next week.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Trash and Pet Peeves

Who benefits most when we obey the law and dispose of all the accumulation of papers we receive in the mail? And what about the containers, especially plastic bags and heavy cardboard boxes? Who should be responsible for their disposal? We, the users of the contents or those who cause the build up of things we once threw away or burned? The post office is responsible for junk mail I must pay to have hauled off. Gallon size milk, bleach and vinegar jugs fill the 30 gallon trash bag that costs \$1.50 to be picked up. This is double jeopardy for those caught in the trash-trap.

It surely is a problem that needs to be looked into. There was a time when hogs were fattened on the leftovers from the dinner table as well as the dogs and cats. Now there are garbage disposals. Is that do the same thing so sewage is taken care of, and supposedly purified, before it goes back into a lake or stream. It is against the law to burn trash that contains plastic. Papers can only be burned at certain hours of the day and in a container made for that purpose. Now where does that leave the average household of ordinary citizens? How many of us own the space and equipment to take care of the necessities of getting rid of the excesses of normal living? If we live in a community that has pick up service there is a charge that many low income people can't afford. If we don't have this service where can we unload the accumulation of paper and garbage? If we live in the country, which many of our citizens do, and have been used to burning anything that will burn, feeding leftovers to the dogs and cats, throwing scraps to the birds, crush tin cans and bury them in an isolated

spot and go on with our business. Not so now since the law and the explosion of the population has changed the legal and safe way of disposing of our garbage. We buy food for the dogs, cats and birds, stack the papers in plastic bags, empty the contents into a bigger plastic bag then store them in the garbage can until the collector comes by to pick them up before he or she takes them to some mysterious place or disposal of his collection. Are they buried or burned or left on a vacant hillside so nature can take over? If buried what happened to the contents of medicine bottles, some perhaps dangerous, and the plastic containers which do not rot?

If burned, was the smoke contaminated by the many plastic containers which has become a daily necessity since everything from milk to hair spray including laundry soap, toothpaste, hand lotions and medicine is packaged in them. Now, just who is benefited by this conglomeration of throw aways every household is burdened with? Garbage collector? I don't think so. The clerk that puts the groceries in the bag? Hub-uh. The shopper searching for bargains? Hardly so. Drug-gists who use the bounty of tubes to fill your prescription? Hmmmmmm! I wonder if he/she has ever complained to the supplier about the big fat tube holding expensive medication is only partly full and unless the customer is aware of it, most of the medication will be left in the tube. This isn't the fault of the pharmacist but one the makers and distributors of the product are guilty of. This may mean big money to the pharmaceutical company but a loss to the one buying a tube with a scant supply of medication. So, the producer is the one who benefits. Newspapers are filled with advertisements that benefit the commercial interest more than the customer. Most of us would prefer less advertisements and better quality merchandise to be its own advertisements. The neat little plastic bag you carry the groceries home in is good for nothing else but lining the waste basket you just emptied of papers from the mail box. Half empty plastic tubes of toothpaste and rub on medication, glass or plastic bottles of lotions, detergents and caustic cleansers fill the bathroom waste can. Various sizes of metal coffee cans, and

containers made of metal, paper, plastic, glass, cardboard, stale food and anything else a housekeeper doesn't know what to do with fills the oversize container in the kitchen. Papers, papers and more papers of all sorts fill the one in the living room.

Do I benefit from any of them? Not unless it was from the food before it became leftovers that filled some of the empty cans before they filled the kitchen waste basket before

it filled the garbage can waiting for the truck to take it some place to fill a dump site.

Maybe if our legislators can figure out how to solve the roadside litter it can take on the job of solving the problem of what to do with the trash before it reaches the roadside. I am not a litterer, but I do wish we could find a place that recycles these things that are littering the roadsides. What ever happened to them anyway?

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor:

I am sending this letter from my Dad, James Bowman. He has a gambling problem that is a disease called Pathological (compulsive) Gambling and is now serving 51 months in a federal prison for bank robbery. I think it is important to those who do not know my Dad to understand that if this could happen to him it could happen to anyone. As everyone has, Dad has had his problems, but always taught his daughter to be honest and obey the laws. What happened to him was a complete shock to his family and it took us a long time to understand the illness. What if I hope everyone can see that this disease can be hidden and can ruin lives if it isn't caught in time. Thank God my family has recovered from this terrible ordeal and we are patiently waiting for Dad to return home.

We also would like to thank the people who supported my family through this difficult time of embarrassment and shame. Those of you who knew Dad stood by his side and it really meant a lot to all of us.

If this can save one family from experiencing what we went through then it is all worth it. Dad is well now and is learning to deal with his illness. If there is a family out there who needs advice on this please feel free to write to my Dad or myself.

Denise Thompson
1036 Apple Blossom Drive
Florence, KY 41042

Dear Editor:

My name is James Bowman and I presently reside at the Federal Medical Center in Lexington. I am serving 51 months for bank robbery. First I would like to apologize to all my family and friends for the embarrassment I have caused them. I would like to explain why a 59-year-old man would and could rob two banks when he has never done illegal acts like this before. I have two daughters and a wonderful wife who have stood by me through all of this and I would like to tell them and my friends I thank them for their support and understanding without them and God I don't think I could make it. I also wish to apologize to the bank employees.

My problems started when I began playing the lottery and won a few big tickets. I then started the losing phase and desperation phase. I bankrupted our family, lied, borrowed and finally stole to feed my addiction. I was arrested and went to jail. While there my daughter found the Custer

Center in Indianapolis, Indiana and I admitted myself to them for treatment. I stayed 27 days in a lock down facility and went through major counseling and therapy. The Custer Center saved my life. I then went back to court and pled guilty and here I am. I am writing this not for sympathy but in hopes to help someone who reads this before they too hit rock bottom. Pathological (compulsive) Gambling is a progressive disease that devastates not only the gambler but everyone with whom he or she has a significant relationship.

1) In 1980 the American Psychiatric Association accepted pathological gambling as a disorder of impulse control-it is an illness that is chronic and progressive but can be diagnosed and treated. Robert L. Custer, M.D. identified the progression of gambling addiction as three phases:

2) The winning phase.
3) The losing phase.
4) The desperation phase.

In the winning phase we experience a big win or series of wins that leaves us with unreasonable optimism that our winnings will continue, we are then too high on excitement when gambling and we begin to increase the amount of our bets.

In the losing phase we often begin bragging about wins we have had-start gambling alone-think more about gambling-borrow money (legally or illegally) we start lying to family and friends-become irritable, restless and withdrawn. Home life becomes unhappy and we are unable to pay off debts-we then begin to challenge our losses believing all the time we must return soon as possible and win back our losses.

During the desperation phase there is a marked increase in the time spent gambling. This is accompanied by remorse, blaming others and alienating family and friends-we eventually engage in illegal acts to finance our gambling. We may experience hopelessness, suicidal thoughts and attempt suicide, arrest, divorce, alcohol and or other drug abuse or an emotional breakdown. Current estimates suggest that three percent of the adult population will experience a serious problem with gambling and when we hit rock bottom the devastation can be far greater than for those of alcoholics or others. The reason has to do with money-an alcoholic can get sober and see hope almost

(Cont. to A4)

Always The Sun Shines Bright on My Old Kentucky Home

Historic Bardstown, Kentucky is a community rich in history, true Southern Hospitality, fine restaurants, accommodations and attractions. Tour My Old Kentucky Home State Park and spend an evening under the stars at Stephen Foster-The Musical. Ride or dine on a vintage train, experience museums dedicated to local history, religion, bourbon and the Civil War. Visit famous whiskey distilleries, historic inns, taverns, antique and specialty shops or tee-off from any of five area golf courses.

We're All That!

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY

800-638-4877

www.bardstowntourism.com

Chill Out!



Join us as we embark on a Polar

Expedition! You'll enjoy Cool

Crafts and exciting games,

experience thrilling Bible stories, sample

tasty snacks, and hear unforgettable

music. Plus, you'll meet lots of new friends!



Expedition location:

Wildie Christian Church

The adventure will last:

July 29 - August 2

the expedition begins at:

6:00 PM

the expedition ends at:

8:30 PM

For more information, call:

(606) 256-4494 or 256-3377

METAL ROOFING & SIDING
FACTORY DIRECT Complete Building Packages

We Make Trusses

We also stock...

- Trusses
- Sliding Door Tracks
- Windows
- Siding
- Walk-In Doors
- Ventilation
- Screws
- Capoles
- Fiberglass Sheets
- Nailguns

Free Estimates
Walk-In Welcome

1-800-474-4321
DAVCO STEEL
200 Davco Drive, Danville, KY 40423 AD 67-192

Order Custom
Call To The Last
Factory Referral
Second Available

Roundstone School Pre-Registration for New Students

Dates: Tuesday, July 31st - 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Thursday, August 2nd - 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

You will need to bring the following:

- Physical (must be on Kentucky form)
- Immunization certificate
- Eye examination (only for kindergarten and preschool students) - must be from an optometrist or ophthalmologist
- Copy of birth certificate (must be certified copy from the state - if you do not have a certified copy, you may pick up an application or request one at the school)
- Social Security card

**If you have any questions,
please call the school at 256-2235**