



Points East

By: Ike Adams

I suspect that it had been six or seven years since I offered, in this column, to give something away and that was to put your name on a mailing list to get maybe 50 catalogues featuring garden seeds, tools and women's underwear discretely delivered to your mail box.

Specifically, I told you that I would put your name on a mailing list and send it out to everybody I could think of that offered free catalogues if you sent me a couple of postage stamps. The last time we did this we had about 350 takers (700 stamps) and postage was 29 cents. I dutifully stood over my teenage children with a cat o' nine tails, withholding television and video game privileges and microwave popcorn, and forced them to stuff and address upwards of 75 envelopes to the aforementioned catalogue sources.

It was a most profitable venture and left me with approximately 675 29-cent stamps which I finally used up at Christmas time last year by adding 4 cents to them on my card mailing and affixing them to envelopes with rubber cement because they had dried out so much that the lick-on mucilage adhered to my tongue and left me holding an image of Elvis or some other saint of the US Postal system that wouldn't stick to a razor burn.

The stamps are gone except for a few that I have saved as souvenirs mostly because they were part of a thing the Post Office had going that prevented stamps from being used without the original glue. I have in my hand, right now, three different likenesses of Elvis that won't glue onto anything. I suspect the CIA was involved in developing these stamps and that, given the right combination, they could be turned into explosives.

On the other hand, I realize that it isn't cool to make fun of the CIA right now. Apparently the President is aimed at making the CIA epi after

decades of letting them prove they are inept. I'm told by reliable sources that CIA Operatives around the world have been ordered by Dubya Bush to play "Wake up! little Suzy, Wake up!" in their shower stalls around the clock. Furthermore "Hunka Hunka Burnin' Luv" is also being mandated as required listening to CIA Operatives because it sounds Arabic and has an upbeat.

But that's just what I've been told and there may not be much truth in it.

The problem here in Paint Lick is that we have offered tomato seeds to anybody who would send us a self addressed envelope. Tomato seeds, specifically derived from the fruit (or is it a vegetable or berry?) that grew on a single vine beside my kitchen door.

We acknowledged that said tomato plant appeared to be a fluke because it had no neighbor to pollinate it but that it was heavy laden with large (choose one: fruits, vegetables, berries) and that none of the seeds of the tomato might ever sprout and if they did they probably wouldn't be fit to eat. We did not use that precise wording but that's what we meant.

Mail requests for our tomato seed peaked last Friday at 173 (in one day) self-addressed envelopes and 13 inter-netters who offered to have their credit cards billed in exchange for a few tomato seeds. The requests are still trickling in. At this writing I have more than 500 self-addressed envelopes and I'm sending form letters back to the email traffic.

I honestly expected a few—maybe a dozen—folks to reply and be willing to give the matter a chance.

I expected to send them three or four seeds each along with a request that they tell me how the plants performed next year. I fully expected to hear back from one or two of them that they had tomato-toes and they

weren't fit to eat and I thought I'd get a kick out of that next September.

Instead, I've had seed requests from 37 states, 3 Canadian Provinces and Tanzania. Actually the request from Tanzania came from Little Tommy Miller who is leaving that country soon but figures that the matters there are so low in quality that anything would be an improvement.

In the meantime, every time a meter comes into the kitchen off the doorway vine, I make folks poke out the seed jells into a quart jar where

I'm shaking off the residue and saving them. With a bit of luck I'll be able to save nearly a thousand seeds which means that those of you wrote in may get two each.

It may also be Christmas before you hear from me and the next time I make a fool of myself like this, I'm going to charge enough to hire a secretary to take care of the basic mailing.

In the meantime, again, I have hundreds of personal notes and questions about whatever that just came

in with the meter seed requests and I ask that you understand that I am only human. I work a full time job besides writing this column and I sit on the Boards of Directors of three other organizations. I have family that like to see me from time to time and the walleye are commencing to bite in Laurel Lake and Lake Cumberland. The walleye need special attention right now.

If you don't get your seed right away, I promise they are coming.

If you've been putting off writing and asking for some, I'm begging you right now to put it off even longer. I'm a bit overwhelmed at the moment. On the other hand I am humbled and more grateful than you will ever know that you take the time to read this far—and write.

If you like the drive I put in your paper every week, drop a note to the editor. You can kill two birds, as the old saying goes, because the paper will let me know your comments and (Cont. to A-4)

We might look like outlaws, but we won't rob you!

...Luke Gooch



2000 Buick Regal GS
Sunroof, Leather, CD, All Power
Save

2001 Mercury Grand Marquis GS
Fully Equipped
Save



2000 Mercury Cougar
Loaded, Auto, Alloys, 12K
\$12,995/\$253 Mo.



1999 Pontiac Grand AM
GT, 4 Dr., V6, Sunroof, Spoiler, 23K
Save



1998 Ford Taurus SE
All Power, Perfect Car
\$8,995/\$189 Mo.



1998 Ford Escort ZX2
Local, Low miles
\$6,500/\$139 Mo.

01 Ford Mustang, Auto, Loaded, 12K.....	\$14,500/\$279 Mo.	98 Saturn, 2 Dr., Black, Sharp.....	\$8,500/\$179 Mo.
00 Dodge Intrepid, All Power, Spoiler, Tinted Windows.....	\$12,500/\$244 Mo.	98 Chevy Lumina, Well Equipped, Nice Car.....	\$7,800/\$165 Mo.
00 Buick Regal LS, All Power, Nice.....	\$12,995/\$253 Mo.	97 Saturn, 4 Dr., Local Trade, Good Miles.....	\$6,995/\$162 Mo.
00 Chevy Lumina, Power Pig, Low Miles.....	\$11,500/\$225 Mo.	98 Nissan Altima GXE, Auto, Loaded, Off Lease.....	\$10,995/\$232 Mo.
00 Ford Contour SE, Well Equipped.....	\$9,750/\$189 Mo.	00 Ford Focus Wagon, Auto, Only 14,000 Miles.....	\$11,995/\$234 Mo.
01 Pontiac Grand AM SE, 4 Dr., Auto, All Buttons, SK.....	\$14,500/\$279 Mo.	98 Chevy Cavalier, 4 Dr., Auto, Air.....	\$6,995/\$149 Mo.
00 Chevy Impala, Loaded, Spoiler, Tinted Windows, Sharp.....	Save	97 Plym. Neon, 4 Dr., Auto, Air, Local, Low Ks.....	\$5,995/\$149 Mo.
99 Pontiac Grand Prix SE, 4 Dr., Loaded, Spoiler.....	\$10,995/\$215 Mo.	96 Pont. Sunfire, 2 Dr., GT, Auto, Local Trade.....	\$5,000/Low Mo. Pymt.
99 Saturn SL2, 4 Dr., Auto, Alloys, Loaded.....	\$9,450/\$185 Mo.	96 Chevy Camaro, Red, Auto, Local Trade.....	\$6,995/Low Mo. Pymt.

Trucks, Vans, SUVs



1997 GMC Jimmy
4 Dr., 4x4, SE, Sunroof, Loaded, LowKs
\$13,995



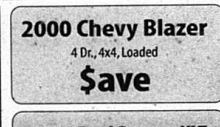
1999 Jeep Wrangler
Power Steering, Alloys, Air, Sharp
\$12,500



2000 GMC Sierra
Auto, 10,000 Miles
\$14,995/\$273 Mo.



1998 Mercury Villager Van
GS, All Power
\$10,995/\$242 Mo.



2000 Chevy Blazer
4 Dr., 4x4, Loaded
Save



1998 Ford F-150 Lariat
X-Cab, Sportside, 4x4, Leather, Low Ks
Perfect

01 Ford Windstar LX, Rear Air, Dual Doors, Loaded.....	Save	99 Dodge Caravan, 4 Dr., Pwr. Group.....	\$9,995/\$205 Mo.
98 Chevy S-10 LS, Alloys, Low Miles.....	\$8,500/\$179 Mo.	99 Dodge Dakota SLE, 4x4, Auto, V6, Loaded.....	\$13,995/\$285 Mo.
96 Chevy S-10 LS, 46K, Local.....	\$4,995/\$129 Mo.	98 Ford F-150, V6, 5 Speed, Excellent.....	\$7,500/\$165 Mo.

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Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Water Problems

The popular topic and headline news of today is "The Terrorist Attack". How we can protect ourselves from their many ways of attacking by using guns, poison, bombs and how we can rid the world of these demons of destruction, hopefully, without the loss of blood and more anguish by our fellow man.

My topic today, "Water and Environmental Problems", is a bit different and much closer to home but one of importance to all of us. Especially those who love the mountains and small streams of water in the hollow below, of the Kentucky we once knew. That was when mountain tops nearly reached the sky and pure water gurgled over rocks at the foot of them. There was an old expression, "I had to be down at noon to see the sun if I was to see it before it set."

Once when a friend and I were driving between two such mountains between W. Va. and Ky. and had just passed through a little town where the streets were being repaired and machinery was removing the surface on Main St. (with tongue in cheek) Trisha remarked, "Oh, I see now what they are doing, they are rolling up the streets for the night. I wonder if the mountains are still standing tall, or have they been removed by strip-mining?"

For native Kentuckians, raised in

the shadows of these mountains and drank cool water from the springs seeping from the crevices before flowing into a small stream at the bottom, there is no place on earth like it.

This may sound odd coming from a city girl who at one time missed the sound of streams passing the house every 15 minutes, noisy automobile motors, back then they didn't purr softly when the motor was started, they, the old Model T. Ford, especially, coughed, growled, sput, while it was being cranked by hand to get it started, then suddenly with a lurch it would take off.

Our house had a small yard and sidewalk between it and this busy street. Across the alley behind the house was an active steel mill where one could hear the activities of men working twenty four hours a day. Railroad tracks were in back of the mill and the Ohio River just over the bank from the railroad tracks. Frequently, the sound of a calliope could be heard drifting over and, or, mixing with sounds of a train whistle or boat blowing to announce it was ready to enter the dam to be lifted to

the higher level. These were pleasant sounds to me and I missed them. It took several years to get used to the quiet of the country where we lived

(Cont. to A-4)

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.

Jama Anderson, Jr., Publisher Emeritus • Richard F. Anderson - Editor

Perline M. Anderson - Managing Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In County - \$16.75 Yr. Out-of-County In State \$21.75 Yr.

Out-of-State \$30.00 Yr.

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