

4-H Speech Contest

The Rockcastle County 4-H Council will hold their annual speech contest at 6:00 p.m. on Tuesday, December 4, 2001 at the Mt. Vernon Elementary School (in the gymnasium area). Just as last year, the contest will be held as a joint project with the schools. Through 4-H, winning speakers will have the opportunity to advance to area and state competition.

TALK MEET RULES
1. Any boy or girl, age 9-19, may participate in the 4-H Talk Meet Program. (The participant does not presently have to be enrolled in 4-H.)

2. The top speeches from each grade will compete against other youth of their own age category and not necessarily against their grade. The age category is determined by their age as of January 1, 2002.

3. 4-H'ers cannot give the same speech this year in the county speech

contest if he or she won with that speech at the county, area, or state level last year.

4. Junior age categories are 9, 10, 11, 12 & 13. Senior age categories are 14, 15, & 16-19.

5. Junior age category talks are to be 3 to 5 minutes long. Senior age category talks are to be 5 to 7 minutes long.

6. A participant may secure assistance from anyone he chooses in writing or preparing his talk. There is no specific topic; any suitable topic can be used.

7. The participant and those who may work with him should be familiar with:

a. Objectives of the 4-H Talk Meet Program
b. Judge's Score Sheet
c. Selecting and preparing the speech

d. Points for giving a speech
8. Each contestant will be introduced, along with the title of their talk, by the room chairman.

9. After being introduced, the speaker will present the talk. Talks should not exceed the time limit.

10. Each representative for the County Talk Meet must register by the County Extension Office at 258-2403 by Friday, November 30, 2001. You will need to give the participant's name, date of birth, full address, grade, teacher, school, and title of speech.

11. Each representative for the County Talk Meet should be aware that if they win first or second place in their age category they will have the opportunity to go to the area contest which will be in April of 2002 in conjunction with the Area Demonstration Contest and Variety Show.

**Deadline for
next week's
paper is
5 p.m.
Monday**

"Barnett"

(Cont. from front)

may be wrong, I can't remember). She was a troop transport ship that held 4,000 soldiers and all their gear not to mention the 1,000 sailors already on board. We found out we were headed for the European Theater for battle. We sailed the Atlantic for 15 days. We were escorted by a huge battle group. German submarines were following us. Our defending battle group sent one of the subs. When you looked out over the water around our ship there were troop carriers just like the one I was on for as far as you could see, all loaded with soldiers and equipment. Our destination was Scotland.

As we arrived in Scotland, we knew we were there to fight the Germans, however, we knew no other details at that point. We were loaded onto small trains called English Choo-Choos. We traveled south through the length of England to a place about 70 miles from Bristol, England and about 25 miles from Winchester, England. I only knew this from signs we passed. We proceeded on to a place called Hadden Hill (again my spelling may be wrong). Anyway, thousands of troops were waiting there for orders. There were no advanced training. The Army showed us film footage of actual combat against the Germans that had taken place. Really, I didn't know much about Hitler or the Germans since I came from such an isolated background. However, those films were proof enough for me that this was serious business and the Germans intended to take over the world.

After our wait at Hadden Hill we were loaded onto LCI's that held about 500 troops. We were on our way to the beaches of Normandy. The invasion had started on June 6, 1944 that came to be known as D1. I was sitting on a boat waiting my turn to

direction, toward Berlin.

Our objective was to silence the big coastal guns at Cherbourg that were cutting off supply lines and playing havoc with shipping in and out of the English Channel. We parted company with the 30,000 or so men of the 29th and the 90th. There were others there too. The English, Canadians, and many others. As we headed toward Cherbourg we could hear the firing of machine guns, burp pistols and plenty of artillery fire.

As we moved along, I found out that we were the fourth replacements for my squad of twelve men. I was one of five that had been replaced this time due to casualties. Some were dead, some wounded. We were accompanied by tanks. We followed along behind them whenever possible for safety. Every night we had to dig a foxhole to sleep in. Sometimes we slept in foxholes the Germans had dug. One night I have to admit that I was so tired I just took a big chance and laid down in a partially dug foxhole and went to sleep. We ate cold sea rations. We ate either meat and vegetables or meat and beans. We drank water from our canteens. We moved on under fire all along the way. I was scared, you would have been a fool to not be. I am sure the others felt the same. There was no time to think and talk about it we had to move on. I didn't know any one who was with me on this journey. I really can't say for sure if I was wounded or killed anyone. When several men are firing at the same target, who knows which person actually hit it.

As we moved through small villages most, about the size of Point Look we had. I now live, the people were glad to see us. They cheered our efforts and offered us something to drink. I will tell you one of the scariest jobs was that of searching through buildings in the villages we passed through. You never really knew what you might find or run into.

As we pressed on toward our objective I remember two instances during combat vividly. The first one came when we were moving along and there was a lull in the firing. Suddenly someone yelled fall back. I jumped over a hedgerow for cover. However, I jumped right on top of two LCI's already over the hedgerow. They stuck their bayonets right in my ribs. It seems we had caught up with the back line of another squad. Another time the enemy was firing on us with artillery. I had taken cover behind a big tree stump. I looked up and I could see the German forward observer who was directing the artillery fire looking directly at me. I could see them zeroing in on my position so I made a dive for a foxhole already occupied by two other guys. Just as I cleared the top of the hole the soldier right next to me hit by the artillery fire piled in right on top of us.

All this took place from June 8, 1944 until June 23. On that day I would receive my first injury as we moved toward Cherbourg. My squad was traveling along with a group of three tanks when the enemy zeroed in on the tanks. They began firing on our tanks. They didn't hit any of our tanks, but there was a tree hit 88 artillery fire right beside us. The tree was a tree stump. I was injured in the left

shoulder. Luckily the shell hit my pack strap, this prevented it from going all the way through my shoulder. Later on when I was in a hospital in England the shell fragment came out. In this same incident I was also hit in the upper right arm. We did not have time to stop and treat these wounds. I bled on my clothes. We pressed on toward our objective, Cherbourg, France.

The next day, June 24th, as we

moved along we came around right toward the battlefield. Suddenly, a machine gun pinned us down. While we were under fire this time the man directly behind me was killed by the machine gun fire. We had taken cover in a ditch. My Lieutenant called back to me with orders to tell the last man to go back to get a tank. I did as he commanded. There was no answer. Three times I passed this message along, still no answer. We were in a ditch along one side of a hedgerow. Evidently, the enemy had been on the other side listening to us. I heard someone pull the detonator on the grenade. He held the grenade a few seconds before he threw it. It jumped back in the ditch for cover. I was able to get everything back into the ditch buy my legs. The grenade landed right beside me. The grenade he had thrown was a concussion grenade nicknamed the "potato masher".

After the explosion I felt the heat in my legs, something like you feel when you are scalded with hot water. I had a roaring in my ears. I was stunned, but I tried to stand and could not. I then looked at my legs. My legging on my right leg was gone and the top of my shoe was gone except for the tongue. My legs were bloody and my ears were roaring. My squad began to retreat around the hedgerow with a promise to send someone back for me. This happened at about 3 p.m. on June 24th. I lay in the ditch next to the man who had been killed by machine gun fire. I drifted in and out of consciousness all night. Once I came to enough to hear Germans nearby talking and they were making a clicking sound like Morse Code.

The next morning I awoke so thirsty. My canteen had been empty for two days before I had been wounded, so that made three days that I had been without water. I took the dear man's canteen and drank half his water but put it back. I don't know why I did that.

As I lay there I saw a big black horse running back and forth in the

field in front of me. The Germans and our troops were swapping artillery fire back and forth where the horse was. I laid there in the ditch watching. Finally, the horse was hit and killed. About mid morning that next day a tank came by and I asked them to take me with them. They said they couldn't because they were headed toward the battle and it would be too dangerous. They did say they would send the medics back for me. I hoped they would because I had been there

with my dead buddy for many hours since the day before.

Later in the day, I saw some medics that had returned back for some reason so I crawled toward them a little at a time. I had to rest because I was weak. They finally heard me calling them. At this point I had been there for nearly 24 hours. When the medics finally came I remember them saying they had no hide on their shoulders from carrying so many wounded men.

After the medics rescued me, I woke up as they sat me down in a big building of some sort. They had barely sat me down when there was another aerial burst. Shell fragments came through the roof and hit me on the head. After that everything seemed fuzzy. I drifted in and out of consciousness. Sometime during the unconsciousness they had placed a plaster cast on my head. It covered my head and came nearly down to my eyes. I awoke with the roaring in my ears that was still present after the grenade exploded the day before.

The next thing I remember is waking up in a large tent where they were rows and rows of beds filled with wounded men. The last thing I remember at the tent was someone saying it was bed #7 ready. The next time I woke up I was strapped on top of a jeep over top of the driver along with another wounded guy. The jeep pulled up into a large LCI landing craft. I must have lost consciousness again because I don't remember crossing the English Channel at all, but I woke up in a hospital in England.

I spent from June 1944 until late September or early October in English hospitals. I still had my cast on my head. It had rubbed four places on my head, but the big problem was my legs. My right leg continued to be in very serious condition. My leg lay in a green solution for several days because my leg developed gangrene. I overheard two doctors discussing amputation. One doctor

wanted to and the other wanted to wait and try to save my leg. I am glad the latter won out. All the wounded soldiers from Normandy were being given a relatively new treatment called penicillin. I am sure it saved my leg. I finally received a cast a few weeks later.

After spending three or four months in English hospitals I was shipped back to the United States aboard the hospital ship, the St. Oliff (my spelling may be wrong). When we arrived in the harbor at Charleston, South Carolina, I was carried down the ramp on a stretcher. I remember rising up on one elbow enough to see the people there to greet us. A band was playing music. I was taken to Stark General Hospital in Charleston. I stayed there for about two weeks awaiting a transfer by train to a nerve center hospital called Kennedy General in Memphis, Tennessee. They continued to treat me for several more weeks.

My family had received a telegram from the Army telling them that I had been seriously wounded in action. All this time my family thought that one of my legs had been removed. During all this time, I continued to write letters home and send home my allotment checks to pay off the family farm. I kept begging my folks to come and see me in Memphis and to write me. They didn't have very much education and felt Memphis was in a distant land. My sister Margie did write me often. Finally, the day came I was discharged and sent home on November 30, 1944. I rode a train to Mt. Vernon and Joe Swinney gave me a ride home to Wolfe Creek. I arrived home with my foot still unhealed, a brace on my right leg (which I would wear for eighteen more months) and the seat out of my pants since I owned no clothing. Everything I owned had been lost on the battlefield.

After hearing this story from Dad, I agree with him wholeheartedly that freedom is not free. He finished his story by saying that some paid people who can give their life, I honor you Daddy and all those who have served our country and are serving us now.

This story is written as a tribute to my Dad. He is not only a father to me, my two sisters, Paula and Bekki, but has been a father to my own son, Joe. He has been a father figure to so many throughout the years.



Isaac Barnett was one of many Rockcastle Countians who was called into service in WWII.



Jess Cummins who owned and operated a store in Mt. Vernon for many years, after World War II, was called into action the same day as Isaac Barnett.

Community Thanksgiving Dinner

Initiated by MVES Family Resource Council

In Memory of Council Member
"MS. KENNA COLE LANHAM"

For: Those in the MVES School District who will find themselves alone or in circumstances preventing them from celebrating America's holiday in the traditional way.

Date: Wednesday, November 21st
Time: 6:00 - 9:00 P.M.

Place: Mt. Vernon Elementary Cafeteria (Kenna's Kitchen)

Cost: Fully sponsored by donations from MVES Students/Parents, MVES FRC, Personnel, Rockcastle Co. Hospital, CAP-Ten Center, Cooperative Extension, Local Church Youth Groups and Food Workers-Owners and Staff.

For more information or to reserve a seat please call: MVES Family Resource Council (Secretary) or Regina M. Hull-Brown (Coordinator) at 258-5173. Between the hours of 8:00 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. Monday-Friday.

Prices Good Through November

24% Protein Tubs(200#)	\$29.50
50# Trace Mineral Salt	\$3.95
50# Rabbit Pellets	\$6.75
50# Poultry Scratch	\$5.75
50# Egg Ration Crumbles	\$6.50
50# Starter/Grower	\$6.50

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