



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

Last Wednesday morning on an Interstate Highway near Asheville, North Carolina, going 70 miles an hour, the Colonel's heart gave out on him. He gasped, "Oh God," and Betty thought he was talking about the traffic until she noticed him slumping over the steering wheel.

Somehow she managed to get the van into the emergency lane and brought it to a stop and she still wonders why her own heart didn't stop shortly after her husband's.

"An act of God," she says matter of fact. "He was ready for Paul at that very moment and I'm positive that he got us off the road safely because there is no way I could have done it by myself and I'm not even sure how it happened."

On his way to a bluegrass festival, smack dab in the middle of a part of the country he loved so well, Colonel Matt Paul was wrenched up to Heaven in the twinkling of an eye. And I'd bet my last nickel that the angels weren't playing harps. I dare you speculate on the song but I have no doubt that the instruments included flat top guitars and mandolins and five string banjos and fiddles and dobros and at least one upright bass.

Because that's the kind of music Matt Paul expected in Heaven. Perfect high tenor harmony and a perfect sound system. And I'd be willing to bet the same nickel that the first thing he asked after the shivers of not running up and down his arms was, "Where are you guys playing next weekend?"

When I moved to Berea in 1975 and mooned around to my friends that there was no Bluegrass Music to be found in the Bluegrass, someone finally suggested that I tune into a radio station on Wednesday and Saturday nights because this eccentric guy named Matt Paul had a radio show that I might find interesting.

And so I did. And my life found joy in music that I'd never experienced before.

It was solid entertainment. None of the commercials were taped and the DJ/MC sort of made it up as he went along. Some poor advertising agent might go out and get 5 minutes of sponsorship from, say a hardware store to be scattered in slots maybe every hour on the hour between 6 and midnight. Matt would play a record and talk for five minutes about a hammer he'd just bought at the store and how he'd busted his thumb with it. An hour later it was a hand saw, and a good one mind you, until he nearly sawed off the thumb he'd earlier hit with the hammer.

He'd talk about all the stuff a grocery store had on sale and then it would occur to him that if you put several of them together you could make one heck of a meat loaf and then he'd get into the details of how to fix it. "You need a couple of eggs that aren't on sale but get a dozen and go up to the counter and tell 'em I sent you." I swear he could wink on the radio.

I also swear that I've gone to stores and bought stuff I didn't even need just so I could tell the proprietor that I was a faithful fan of Matt Paul's Bluegrass Express show. I have at least a dozen sets of mandolin strings from a music store in Nicholasville to prove it. Heck, I had six sets of strings before I even had a mandolin and I can't play a note on it. I figured that with so many strings I might as well have a mandolin.

If you read this column very much, you know that Matt Paul not only ran the best Bluegrass Radio

show on the air every Sunday evening but he eventually became an icon for the Bluegrass Music Industry. I've been to festivals, where his only job was to walk out on stage and introduce the next band, and the crowd would give an ovation to the MC. Every member of every band knew him on a first name basis.

And he knew them. That's why we've had top quality live Bluegrass right here in our backyards every weekend. The bands showed up because it was a smart thing to do if you wanted your record

to get some air time. But mostly they showed up because they loved him the way he loved the music.

At first I thought the music would die when I learned that he had gone to greener pastures, but Betty assures me that the show will go on. Dale Evans is the headliner this Friday night along with River Bend and Cumberland Grass. On Saturday night it's Dale Ann Bradley (be still, my heart) & Coon Creek along with Unlimited Grass. On Sunday night tune in WCYO and listen to Bluegrass Express.

You can still stay up to date on Bluegrass happenings in the region by going to www.mtvpaul.com. Old Matt's ashes may be in the wind but we're not about to let all he's done for our music go to waste. If you can't come over to Route 1016 just outside Berea on the north end on weekends, tune in on Sunday nights. We're gonna have a prize for the person who can pick up the signal the farthest away this weekend. I doubt that you can get it in Allentown, Fred but Pittsburgh is not out of the question. It's 100.7 on your FM dial----

Folks, we couldn't be happier! Business is great, come on in and see why!

-- Luke Gooch



2001 Buick Regal
LS, Leather, All Power
\$14,995/\$285 Mo.



2001 Buick Century
Loaded
\$13,500/\$256 Mo.



2000 Pontiac Sunfire
2 Dr., Spoiler, Auto.
\$8,995/\$171 Mo.



2000 Ford Mustang
15K, "Really Nice"
\$11,995/\$228 Mo.



2000 Mitsubishi Mirage
4 Dr., Auto, Spoiler, CD
\$8,500/\$162 Mo.



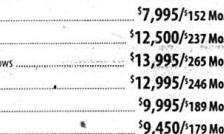
2001 Pontiac Grand Am
4 Dr., Loaded, 5K
\$12,995/\$246 Mo.



2000 Toyota Camry
4 Dr., Auto, Loaded
\$12,995/\$246 Mo.



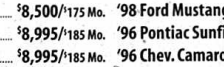
'99 Dodge Intrepid, Loaded, Nice
\$7,995/\$152 Mo.



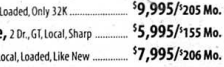
'01 Chevy Malibu, V6, Loaded
\$12,500/\$237 Mo.



'98 Olds Cutlass, V6, Loaded
\$8,500/\$175 Mo.



'98 Ford Taurus, Loaded, Super Nice
\$8,995/\$185 Mo.



'96 Ford Mustang, Loaded, Only 32K
\$9,995/\$205 Mo.



'98 Saturn Sport Coupe, Sharp, Loaded
\$8,995/\$185 Mo.



2001 Jeep Cherokee
All Power, 4x4, 4 Dr., 11K
\$16,500/\$291 Mo.



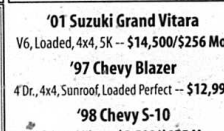
1999 Jeep Wrangler
Air, Power Steering, Back Seat
\$11,995/\$228 Mo.



1998 Ford F150 4x4
Lariat, Leather, 5.4 V8, Loaded, 42K
\$18,995/\$359 Mo.



1998 Ford Windstar
All Power
\$7,995/\$165 Mo.



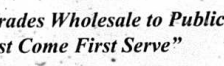
1999 Ford Ranger
4x4, X-Cab, 4 Dr., 4.0 V6, Auto, 39K
\$14,995/\$285 Mo.



'01 Suzuki Grand Vitara
V6, Loaded, 4x4, 5K -- **\$14,500/\$256 Mo.**



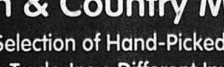
'97 Chevy Blazer
4 Dr., 4x4, Sunroof, Loaded Perfect -- **\$12,995**



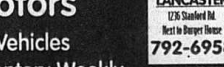
'98 Chevy S-10
LS, Low Miles -- **\$8,500/\$175 Mo.**



'96 Mercury Villager
One Local Owner, 43K, Rear Air, Perfect
\$8,995



'96 Chevy Camaro, Local, Loaded, Like New
\$7,995/\$165 Mo.



'96 Chevy Camaro, Local, Loaded, Like New
\$7,995/\$165 Mo.

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

It seems like over the past few weeks that the Mt. Vernon Police have really been getting kicked around some. I sorta figured that the people writing the articles may have been exaggerating or maybe just didn't like authorities in particular. Folks often get mad at an officer when he tries to do his job. Especially if the last thing he asked after the shivers of not running up and down his arms was, "Where are you guys playing next weekend?"

Let me explain. My daughter at the age of three had seven stitches across her eye lid. 10 to stitch back the top of her left ear and 40 some across her forehead not to mention the holes and puncture wounds in the back of her head all from a supposedly friendly dog.

On Friday, November 23, 2001, I watched the neighbor's big tall dog

chase my niece through the yard, across the fence and into the house. I tried to call the owner but reached an answering machine. Meanwhile the dog continues to come to mothers keeping the kids basically on guard and on the porch. Worried about this dog and thinking of what had happened to my daughter, my mother asked me to call the Sheriff's Department to see if maybe they might could advise or assist in some way.

I called and asked who I was speaking to. They refused to tell me their name and rudely shouted, "Well who's this?" I began to tell them about the dog and how it had chased my niece. I told them where my mother lived and the dog owner's name. They strangely acted rude in their tone of voice. Then they asked for my phone number. I tried to explain that it was mother's number and she paid to have it unlisted, and that he didn't have to talk so smart to me. Then in a completely different tone of voice, he went from being tailing to sarcastic and said, "Well thank you and have a nice day," without any mention of the situation at hand.

(Cont. to A-4)



Taking part in honoring Veterans in front of the courthouse were, from left: Beth Thacker, Jailer James Miller, Benton Stokes, Floyd Baker, Alonzo McCollum, John D. Bullen, John Guilfoil, Joe Bassell, Tom Miller and Mark Turner.

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