



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

I never gave him a name nor knew the one he might have had, but for over four years, he has hung around a local convenience store/gas station that I frequent. And on numerous occasions when I've been traveling in the other direction or after a long weekend and haven't seen him in a few days, I have pulled into the parking lot with no other purpose than to check on his welfare.

I simply rolled down the window or opened the truck door and meowed loudly in my best cat imitation and in a few seconds he would appear, stretching lazily and somewhat aggressively, but never in a hurry, from underneath a garbage dumpster beside the store or from parts unknown behind the building. Always glad to visit, he liked to bow his spine and rub up against my leg and purr like an idling diesel engine when I scratched behind his ears.

He was all cat. Conspicuously male, if you know what I mean, and relatively huge, in the 15 pound range. Mostly orange and white striped with some gray stripes on his feet and about his neck and tail which I'm convinced he wore mostly to distinguish himself from Morris or Garfield.

He was glad to be picked-up and cradled in the crook of my arm if the truck door was closed and he loved to have his belly scratched and his tail pulled gently but try to open the vehicle door while you held him, and he turned into a tiger and a vicious one at that. He wanted no part of anything enclosed and as far I could tell he was perfectly content with his lifestyle and living arrangements.

I once asked the store manager if I could have him. The idea was to take him home and settle him into my garage. My old outside tabby had died of old age and a man appreciates a cat for company in his garage, particularly if said garage is recurrently overrun with mice and blackbirds in the rafters and especially if a man just feels more at home when he is sanding on a pipe bowl or cleaning up a fishing reel or just needs sit in his rocker and get away from people for awhile.

So the fellow told me that it would be a load of his conscience if this particular cat did have a real "home" but he was willing to bet me \$20 that

I couldn't get him in the cab of my truck and certainly not into one of those pet carrying cages. I told him I didn't have \$20 to spare and besides that, he did not look nor act like a man who was willing to risk 20 bucks unless he held a royal flush or it was a one horse race.

I tried a variety of tricks. I probably spent \$50 over the years, when I thought he looked especially hungry or susceptible to a bribe, buying cans of sardines, pickled bologna, Vienna sausage and other delicacies that I know cats to love and placing the open containers in the floor board of my truck. I'd leave the door open and pretend that I wasn't watching but the most attention any of my enticements ever received, once they were placed in the truck, was guarded nonchalance. I could take the open can out of the truck, especially mustard

sardines which you don't want in your vehicle very long anyway and not at all with the doors closed, walk away a few steps and he would tear off my pants' legs trying to get at them. I tried calling him, by name but none ever got his attention. I'd pull

into the station and yell, "hey Arbuckle or Conrad or Hercules or whatever after a hundred more common names had failed to register. Nor did, "here kitty, kitty, kitty." But I could imitate a mouse like the one that I imagine a cat to sound like and he would come sidling around as if I were a brother or his long-lost mother.

This morning I pulled into the station after being away for several days and yodeled my loudest "meowwwwwwwwwwwww". I called again and then got down on my knees in the snow to look up under the dumpster.

No cat. I went inside to pay for my gas and get a cup of coffee and I asked, the lady behind the counter if she'd seen him.

Her eyes welled up a bit. "Old Tom died over the weekend." We thought about you but we went ahead and buried him in a nice little cedar box over on the hill."

I guess I welled up myself. I know for sure that I've been grieving all day.

I also know for sure that it will be extremely difficult for me to go back to that station and open my truck door without immediately yelling, "Meowwwwwwwwwwwww." I know for a fact that his name was not Old Tom but I am heartened and comforted by the news that somebody besides me was kind and loving enough to give him a proper burial.

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Breakfast--The Most Important Meal

Presented by: Dr. Tony Arvin

Breakfast is the easiest meal to miss. Everyone is in a hurry in the morning to get to school or work. Or perhaps a person is dieting and he or she is not hungry at breakfast, so it seems like a good time to "cut down on calories."

Yet, for a variety of reasons, breakfast is the most important meal to eat.

According to a University of Iowa study, children do much better in school and behave better when they eat a good breakfast. Also, children who normally skipped breakfast showed an improvement in their schoolwork when they began eating breakfast. A good breakfast was also associated with less susceptibility to infections and fatigue.

Eating breakfast will often prevent the hunger which causes between meal snacking. By avoiding snacks, a child eats a better dinner with foods that are less fattening than most snacks. These better eating habits help prevent childhood obesity.

This holds true for adults too. Eating breakfast sets a person up for eating regular meals, while skipping breakfast will likely promote snack foods or over-eating at dinner at the end of the day when less calories are needed and the regular meals are stored as fat.

Eating a good breakfast should become a habit. Any nutritious food can be eaten for breakfast, especially if it contains protein and complex carbohydrates. Low-fat milk, fruit juices and hot cereals are good, but pre-sweetened cereals and sweet rolls should be avoided because of the high sugar content.

News from the Ky. Music Hall of Fame and Museum

Hello to every one from the Kentucky Music Hall of Fame and Museum. Hope this news letter finds every one in good health or at least regaining good health as there has been so much sickness going around lately.

The Hall of Fame is still undergoing some modifications to make everything come together this new year of 2003.

We soon will be in the full swing of things in the Valley and we are looking forward to the tourist season as it will bring many familiar faces around to see us again.

We will have some new exhibits on gospel music artists this year. Kenny Bishop has been graciously helping us with these efforts and I'm sure it will be an added addition to our displays. Regional artists such as L.B. Syler will also be seen in the gallery of exhibits and our good friend Jerry Chesnut made another visit to bring additional paintings and gold records.

We want to say a BIG THANK YOU to Judge Buzz Carlotta and the Rockcastle County road crew for doing a fast and very professional job in constructing our new theater room. They built a wall and mounted the big screen and just came by today to volunteer their labor to help spruce up the outside. The men have been a great help to us and we thank them for their hard work.

Pam Perry and I represented the Hall of Fame in a ten day travel show in Cincinnati, Ohio. We spoke with several thousand people and found many looking forward to paying a visit to the Mt. Vernon attractions this coming year.

Every one take care and we'll see you soon.



Legislators return to work in Frankfort

Senate Democratic Floor Leader Ed Worley, D-Richmond (sitting), talks with Sen. Tim Shaughnessy, D-Louisville, during the day's legislative session. Worley represents the 34th Senate District, which includes Lincoln, Madison and Rockcastle counties.

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Rheumatology Services Now Available in Richmond

Dr. David Axelrod

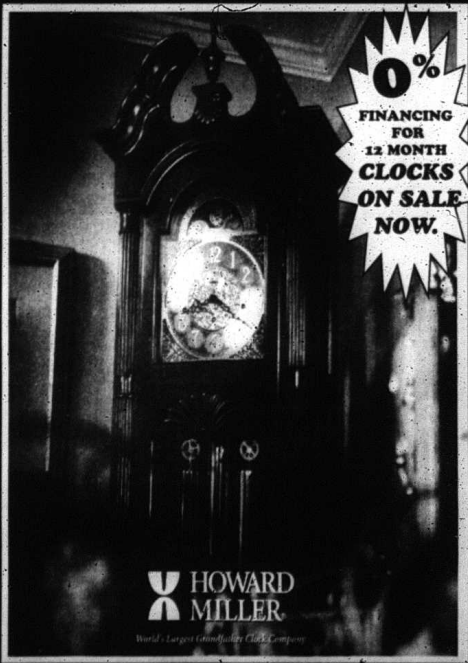
Dr. Axelrod received his medical degree from the University of Michigan Medical School. He completed an Internal Medicine residency at the University of Toronto and at William Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak, Michigan and a Clinical Immunology fellowship at McGill University in Montreal. Dr. Axelrod is certified in Rheumatology, Internal Medicine, and Medical Laboratory Immunology. His professional interests include treating rheumatoid arthritis, Sjögren's Syndrome, and asthma. Dr. Axelrod will be hosting a satellite clinic for local Rheumatology consultation at the Lexington Clinic Richmond Office located at 858 Eastern Bypass.

Appointments are available now. To make an appointment, call the Rheumatology Department at 1-800-565-6841, ext. 4450 or (859) 258-4450.

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