Points East

By: Ike Adams

I'm not sure who he belongs to or why he his so often out beside the road-on the wide-spot just on the other side of the new bridge on 21, when you're going from Paint Lick to Berea.

There's not a house in sight so its not like he just wandered out of the yard and decided to sit there way too close to passing traffic for his personal well-being.

He's a big old dog and mostly Irish Setter except the outer layer of his main coat is black. Red hair pokes through behind his ears and under his neck and tail and on his chest. He's a hard old dog with tight muscles, lean but well-fed and healthy and except for hair color, he could be a champion example of the Irish Setter breed.

He wears a nice thick expensive leather collar all fitted in polished brass but the ring that held his registration and shot tags is long gone.

Tonight on my way home from work, he was sitting there in the wide spot on the road, just before I crossed the bridge, with his tongue hanging out watching the cars go by. He was wet because it had been raining off and on all afternoon.

I passed him up going 55 mph and then braked sharply and pulled into a driveway and headed back in his direction.

He was still sitting right there and when I pulled off the road beside him on the return trip, he literally bounded up to the truck door.

I opened the door and before I could move, he was greeting me, standing on hind legs, his paws in my lap. He stuck out his big rough paw and I took it in my hand to shake hands. He licked my arm and relished my scratching behind his ears. He wiggled all over, the way that dogs do when they are really happy to have human attention and companionship and affection.

"Huaha-huffa-huffa-huffa-huffa, Baariffff, woooooooopfe, ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," he said to me and meant every word of it.

"Get in the truck Pal. Come on!! Jump on in here and I'll take you home with me and we can figure out the other stuff later," but he was having no part of it." I tried to catch and lift him in my arms and throw him up into the cab but he let me know that he had other ideas and that if we wanted to remain friends, I needed to think the way a smart dog does. He was not getting in the truck cab or bed under any circumstances nor was he going to follow me away even if I drove two miles per hour.

The encounter was over.

He ran across the road and through the field and it suddenly dawned on me that I smelled of dog shampoo and it actually smelled pretty nice.

I sure would like to meet this dog's owner.

But more importantly, I like to help them keep him from getting killed on the road. He is simply too wonderful to meet that fate.

Chief Justice Joseph E. Lambert received the President's Special Service Award in recognition of his dedicated leadership and support for creating the Family Court system in Kentucky. This award was presented during the Kentucky Bar Association's annual convention held in Louisville. He pushed for the adoption of the amendment of Section 112 of the Kentucky Constitution, which allowed the creation of Family Courts. The Kentucky Bar Association, an agency of the Supreme Court of Kentucky, is the unified professional and regulatory association governing the practice of law in Kentucky. Currently, there are more than 14,000 members, both in Kentucky and other states. Above: KBA president Stephen Catron presents the award to Chief Justice Lambert.

T.J.'s Journal

by: Tonya J. Cook

Isn't it amazing how sometimes in life a family comes full circle? In the 1880s, my great grandparents, Joe and Melvina Bustle Norton, settled in a section of Rockcastle County known as Wabd. Prior to that, they lived for a short while in an area of Laurel County known as Hazel Patch.

The Nortons had a large farm, complete with a white two-story farm house and huge barn. Both are still standing. They raised a large family of twelve children there, the eldest being my grandfather, Roscoe.

My grandfather Roscoe graduated from the University of Kentucky in the early 1900s. After graduation, he came home to Rockcastle County and taught school at two or three one-room schools in the county. Some of the older citizens of the county owe their education to him. Recently, I had the opportunity to go through some of his old papers. Much to my surprise, I came across some of his old school rosters. How about that for a piece of Rockcastle history?

After teaching a few years, he went to Clairfield, Tennessee to work for an English company that was clearing land and developing rural Tennessee. While there, he met and fell in love with Evelyn Price, my grandmother. During this time, World War I erupted. He answered the call of duty and served his country, for the most in the battlefields of France and Belgium.

After the war, my grandfather returned to the United States, back to Clairfield, and married Evelyn Price on May 2, 1919. The newlyweds settled in Clairfield. My grandfather worked as a rural mail carrier on horseback for twenty-seven years. Roscoe and Evelyn had three children. The eldest died at birth. The surviving children were Inez, my mother, and her brother, Leslie Roscoe or "Junior."

Soon the Great Depression hit. It didn't really effect my grandfather's family because he was a government employee. He was one of only a handful of people in Claiborne County to have a job and he actually bought several businesses that were in financial stress. My grandmother Evelyn did her part to aid the suffering of the starving masses of people who aimlessly wandered the highways of America looking for a better life somewhere...anywhere. She always fixed extra food as she knew each day brought about another day of beggars coming to her door asking for food and she didn't turn anyone away. She fed all who came at a table she kept on the front porch for that specific purpose. After the Great Depression, the table stayed in the family and was known as "the beggars table." All of that table since has been destroyed except one leaf and I have it in my kitchen, serving as a shelf. It also serves as a reminder that no matter how bad life is treating you, there are others in worse condition.

Eventually, business in Kentucky took the Norton family away from Clairfield. They finally settled in London, after a short stay in Rockcastle and Pulaski counties.

In part, this business was with an old-time resident of Rockcastle County, Madison "Mat" Graves. Their business flourished and the two families, who for a while lived about a mile from each other in an area known as Bloss in Rockcastle County, became very close friends. Mat had a wife, Zi, and three children, Judy, Rodney and Polly.

Yes, it is the same Zi Graves who wrote the column, *Sweet and Sour* for the Mt. Vernon Signal. Obviously I have known Zi all my life and we had talked about collaborating on a book about Appalachian culture. Unfortunately, due to her death last year, we will not be able to do so. Perhaps in the future, I might undertake the project. Anyway, it gives me something to think about.

This is where the circle begins to close. I went to Zi's visitation last year, although very hesitantly. My mother, Inez, was very sick in the intensive care unit at Marymount Hospital in London and I hardly left her bedside. This is where fate steps in.

At the visitation, I found an old friend that I had known for 20 years but hadn't seen for at least twelve or fourteen years. As fate would have it, it was my future husband, Stanley Cook. Stanley and I briefly talked over old times and exchanged phone numbers and said we would get in touch, as people always do but never seem to have the time. In two or three weeks, I had an appointment in Mt. Vernon that was cancelled so I spent a little time exploring the town and countryside I remembered I had Stanley's phone number and gave him a call.

That night, we got together for supper at his house. We talked for hours. We started seeing each other socially after that night. We both had gone through some traumatic relationships in the past but this was a non-stressful relaltionship as we had been friends so long it was like going out with close family. We just felt so comfortable around each other, the next step, of course, was love. Within two months we were engaged and were wed this past March.

This actually completes two circles. I married a good friend, a "kindred spirit," that at the time we worked together would never have dreamed we would ever become husband and wife. Secondly, I'm now living in Rockcastle County just a few miles from my grandfather's childhood home. Small world, wouldn't you say?

Signal office will be closed July 4th in observance of Independence Day

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Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

I consider this column an insight to what people need to know. In your paper on June 20th, there was an article stating that Johnetta Cemetery would be mowed and everyone needed to take his or her flowers off by Wed., June 25th.

On Monday, June 23rd, we went to the cemetery to gather our flowers as was requested. All the flowers had been removed and the cemetery already mowed.

We usually mow the graves of our loved one ourselves, but not to take a chance on $150 dollars in flowers and a flag pole with flag that has sentimental value, would get discarded we decided to follow the advice.

You can imagine our surprise when we realized everything was gone and already mowed two days earlier than we were told to remove the flowers. It was not only our loved ones but the entire cemetery graves were cleared. Upon returning home, upset and determined to retrieve at least the flagpole with flag that has sentimental value, I proceeded to make phone calls to find out who was responsible for this disaster.

I contacted Harold Ballinger's residence where his wife informed me that Dewey McGuire was in charge of the mowing contract. He has no phone but I called a local business where he visits regularly and left my name and number. I contacted James Ballinger and left my name and number. These three people, to my knowledge, are the board members for the cemetery. No one called me back so I was at a loss. I spoke to the parties (Geneva Vanwinkle and May Vanwinkle(that actually mow the cemetery and they both stated they didn't remove the flowers, they just mowed and weed eated. I asked where the flowers would have been taken to be discarded and no one seems to know.

How can such a large supply of flowers and things just disappear and nobody seems to want to take blame for removing them two days early. I only hope that we do not have grave robbers that take flowers off for their own purpose. And, if so, I surely pray for them.

I understand others have called to complain and voice their opinion, but did not receive any satisfaction as to what to do. I feel this is very unfair to the families that make the donations and contributions to the cemetery to insure it is properly cared for.

We will continue to mow and care for the graves of our loved ones and request all other leave the graves alone.

If anyone can help me with this problem, please feel free to call me at 256-0267.

Thank, Thank you,
Darlene Mays

Dear Editor,

Last Saturday, I went to get some free clothes at Crab Orchard. The woman who gave them away was from the Rock of Ages Mission in Brodhead. She sat there from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. in this sun just to give clothes to the people. I am sure that she could have been somewhere else but she wasn't. This is true dedication. How many people would give their time for strangers. I gave a small donation, but I am not too proud to say Thank you and God Bless you.

Thank you,
Mrs. Beulah Slone
Rt. 3, Berea

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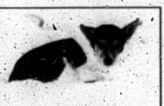

$100 Reward

for return of dog missing since 6-17-03. Male Rat Terrier, named "Riley", missing from Brodhead, Ottawa School Rd., Quail area. Brown/black/white coat; 15 lbs. Favors one hind leg, has crooked toenail; last seen wearing red collar. Beloved pet once belonged to my deceased grandmother and is much missed. Any info. appreciated, no questions asked.

Please call Kathy Williams at 606-758-8569.

What is a Pap Smear?

Presented by Dr. George W. Griffith

Pap smears are the primary method of detecting early cancer of the cervix (the tip of the uterus). In fact, the test is so useful and sensitive, it can detect changes as they are occurring, years before they ever become cancerous.

Pap smears are graded on a scale, depending on how severe the changes are. The range is from perfectly normal to cancerous. When a woman is found to have an abnormal Pap smear, it is often just a very low-grade abnormality. These minor changes can be rechecked in a few months. Often these changes are due to inflammation, such as from an infection with yeast or trichomonas. These possibilities should be checked out and treated before the Pap smear is repeated.

More severe changes call for a prompt evaluation. These changes are usually evaluated with a microscope called a colposcope which magnifies the cervix 16-fold or more. This allows the doctor to see the changes in the blood vessels and tissues better and to biopsy the most abnormal areas.

Researchers have found that most abnormal pap smears are due to the woman having been exposed to a virus called the human papilloma virus, usually at an early age. The cells of the cervix are most susceptible to the harmful effects of this virus during the teenage years. It is not uncommon for women in their early 20's to develop severe changes or even cancer. This is especially true for smokers, because smoking decreases a person's folic acid and reduces the cells' resistance to these changes.

A woman should have a Pap smear each year along with a general exam and evaluation of the uterus and ovaries.

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