



I'm really good at putting out of memory things that I wish had never happened and that I really don't want to remember too clearly in the first place, so, without getting up and looking at the calendar I don't promise you whether the Lowell and Boudreau Branch Flood happened in the week hours of Wednesday or Thursday last week.

All I can tell you for sure is that I have been shopping for a gasoline pump ever since because, if the electric power had failed, I'd have had a better idea about what Noah went through. My house would have been an ark and there's no telling it would be sitting right now.

All I know is that I had been asleep for several hours and Loretta had not grunted me out time for sleeping too loud when all of a sudden I woke up and it looked like fire works were going off outside. Not a fire was starting in the trees and it was almost double silence at first until you listened closely and you could hear the rumble of thunder seemingly far away.

I got up out of bed, tumbled over my knees, crawled over the windows and peered outside and thought I was dreaming. It looked like the stroke light I used to have in my dormitory room in the sixties—back when I was a happy wannabe, if not in fact. Except the strobe was lighting up the ridges for miles around and the one I used to play with barely caused confusion in an 8x12 room. I reached around and pinched myself on the soft part of the cheek of the right side of my rear end and it hurt so I knew right then that I was not hallucinating. Still, I pinched again just to be sure.

I also know that the only thing I'd had to eat the night before was a double helping of protein beans along with your krait, Vidalia onions and corn bread, a big glass of buttermilk and two of those big GAS-X tablets. Loretta had fixed the beans on a whim because we didn't have any green beans in the garden yet and also to let me know that she was less than proud of my gardening prowess. Soup beans are better than no beans at all even in the heat of summer. I made a mental note to make this meal a more staple fare of my July diet.

In the meantime you booger light went out. Some of you call them street lights, but I'm talking about the big light mounted on the power pole that keeps your place lit up while boogers won't come around and they serve the same purpose in Manhattan as they

do in the head of a Kentucky Hollar except they work far better in Mt. Kentucky. (I've never once seen a booger on Blair Branch anywhere near a power pole with a light on it and the same kind of lights also do a good job here in the suburbs of Paint Lick.)

Any-way the lightning was flashing way off in the distance and the thunder just beginning to roll about 2 in the morning and I decided that, with the booger light off it would be a good time to go back back in the front porch swing in my dittyvies and watch the storm move in. And that's just what I did not want a not worthy in the world that women in the neighborhood might catch me outside in my drawers and get overly excited.

After about thirty minutes lightning was striking so close in all directions that the flash and boom were almost simultaneous. Absolutely awesome. I've never seen anything like it. The house was shaking. But instead of coming outside to enjoy the show, Loretta was leaving through our insurance policies to see what I might be worth dead if lightning struck me. Finally the rain blew in and almost took me and the swing away with limbs that were blowing off the giant water weed in our front yard and I retreated indoors.

Time to go back to bed and listen to rain on the roof. I thought to myself but that's not what happened. Over the next hour we got around 5 inches of rain. The basement flooded even though we had two pumps going. Loretta and I were soaked trying to keep pumps and drains open to get water out of the basement and just when we were ready to give up, the rain subsided. Someone just before a daybreak with water up to our knees and rising, we surrendered and, by a miracle, the water did not flood our HVAC and water heater after all.

Most of us who live down near the creek have lost our gardens and at least one neighbor lost his beehives. We have culverts the foot bridge and like that washed out and we've not seen the water high in our lifetimes but it could have been much worse. Just ask Noah.

So they've got a gasoline pump at Tractor Supply that the man tells me does something like 160 gallons a minute and I think that might keep up with what we had the other night, or at least keep it out of the appliances and as soon as I get a couple of checks from some papers who carry this column, I'm gonna buy me one.

Dear Editor,

May I suggest that President Bush did not fit in his State of the Union address and that he should have simply said, "No comment" when questioned about it. His spokesman should have done the same instead of appearing on national TV to quell the rising storm, which only made it worse. There was nothing to explain.

The President merely quoted a British intelligence report that Hussein had tried to buy uranium from Africa to complete his nuclear bomb. And Britain's Prime Minister Tony Blair insists his intelligence is accurate and that he should say it; also that this was only one of many reasons he had for supporting the war in Iraq.

But why should it matter where this madman had tried to acquire materials with which to blow us up, or whatever else he had in mind? The point is, he was trying to obtain needed items unless a lot of smart people over the past decade have been fooled, not the least of which was the UN which voted seventeen resolutions in favor of taking away his illegal weapons, by force if necessary. The Clinton Administration believed in such a mission. It sent a few missiles to Baghdad, an action supported by Democrats and Republicans alike. Nobody was interested in asking at the time, but exactly where did President Clinton get his information? Did he do it with the incoming Bush Administration? Was any of it "forged"?

The Iraqi leader has been a thorn in the side of neighboring countries, the U.S. and even his own people, since before the first Gulf War and has remained so since signing the peace treaty that saved his worthless head. Until recently, it has been largely a bipartisan agreement that "Hussein has got a go!" And a majority of Congress voted with President Bush to take him out, many of whom are now whining that they were misled.

American troops are doing a spectacular job in Iraq, facing grave dangers with the spirit that made our nation great and free. When interviewed on camera, each of them speaks of immense pride in serving their country in a cause that is just and right. While back home, many in the U.S. Congress are belittling their efforts and great personal sacrifice for the sole purpose of undermining a popular president who has

the trust and respect of the troops and who respects them as well.

Most of the dissenting arguments come from men and women who've never worn the uniform or lost a son or daughter in defense of the nation they represent. And, it was such a short time ago that these same voices were clamoring for "leadership" in stopping the flow of anthrax into our nation's capital and surrounding areas. It seemed nobody doubted the security of this deadly stuff, that there were other agents just as deadly being manufactured there and that well-trained terrorists were eager to disperse them among us. How soon they forget — once the threat has lessened the watching and listening to today's news, I'm struck by the notion that if America had had satellite TV in the 1970s, with all the "fair and balanced" reporting we're blessed with, our country would never have won its independence. Let alone the wars that have been fought to keep and preserve it!

Democracy might very well ride this sick horse to victory in '04, but at what cost to our national defense, to the morale of the military whose

services could at any time be required elsewhere, perhaps in North Korea or Iran? Could we expect the same supercilious Bush men to demonstrate in bringing down the Hussein regime? Will young men and women continue to join the Armed Forces and serve a country that might be led by one of the ingrates now lining up to be their commander-in-chief?

Partisan politicians should realize they are playing a dangerous game here. In their zeal to "get" George W. Bush, they are willing to ignore some fifteen years of atrocities in Iraq, such as the thousands of men, women and little children buried in mass graves which our soldiers are now finding. Some have bullet holes in the head while others appear to have been buried alive! The fear of this same fate, along with nuclear and germ warfare, has gripped our nation for years, according to old newspaper files I've been saving. This horrendous threat, long outlined by both liberal and conservative columnists, none of whom have doubted that Hussein was trying to build nuclear weapons to bolster his arsenal of chemical and biological weapons. We're told that, at one time, he actually had in his possession more than 700 tons of uranium. Was it ever destroyed? Where is the proof? Why are the power-crazed politicians now putting us at risk by insinuating that Hussein plotted no actual threat? Is this not sending the wrong message to other tyrants who might be contemplating the use of equal or greater proportion to 9/11?

History tells us that it was once a serious crime to give aid and comfort to the enemy in time of war. The wide-ranging charge was called "Treason." Well, I suggest it's time to dust off this old law book and reinstate the penalty!

F. Christine McKinney
West Chester, Ohio

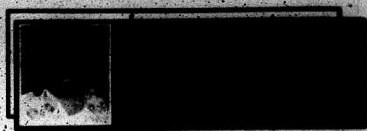
Dear Rockcastle Countians,

My personal experience with cancer occurred at age twenty-four as I was happily preparing for the birth of our first child. My father's vague GI symptoms, coupled with back pain, turned into a deadly diagnosis of pancreatic cancer. There was no hope for recovery. Although the following four months passed swiftly, they also seemed like a lifetime. My family coped as most families do, using our inner resources the best we knew how while providing comfort and care to our loved one. I saw my Dad brave the battle with courage and dignity. Dealing with cancer brings physical and emotional pain, not only to the affected person, but also to those who love him.

Dad was hospitalized the last month of his life. His one request was that he not be left alone. Because our family is small, we had only one person on duty at all times. As fate would allow, my Dad and I were alone in his hospital room when he peacefully passed to the other side. As sad as it was, it was a blessed relief for him to be released from the ravages of this deadly disease. Daddy and I traveled our last earthly journey together with Dad Cox as our driver. The sun was just rising on a beautiful autumn day when we arrived in Mt. Vernon. We buried him a few days later. He was fifty-two. A month later, our first son was born and my life has been blessed beyond measure.

I learned many lessons from my father's illness and death. One important lesson is that while cancer may

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Sometimes I wonder what makes people act or interact in the manner that they do. What is it about an individual's personality that makes them say a certain thing or act a certain way? Is it his genes or is it learned behavior? I know all of the authorities have varying views. I personally believe that it's about fifty-fifty, half is in our genes and half is learned behavior.

Some many years ago, I would be waiting in an office for an appointment, waiting to meet someone at a restaurant, or maybe waiting to meet someone on a bench at a crowded mall. I found myself observing people, the manner in which they act or dress, and their body language.

Gradually, I became a "people-watcher." Much to my surprise, I've found a few more such individuals out there. The next time you're sitting around bored in a public place with time on your hands, try it. It helps the time to pass.

I've found that individuals are influenced by a great number of outside sources such as psychiatry, their daily horoscopes, or plain old superstition. Over the decades or even centuries, superstition has woven itself into almost every culture known by man. Each country has superstitions uniquely their own. Here in America, there are some superstitions so deeply rooted in our culture, they aren't even considered superstitions any more.

For example, when someone sneezes, a "God bless you" is usually said by others in the proximity. This is because it was thought at one time that the spirit left the body when sneezing, and evil spirits would come to inhabit the vacant body.

There are people who avoid the number thirteen. Thirteen is believed to be unlucky because there were thirteen people at the Last Supper of Christ.

What about walking under a ladder? Superstition says that Satan was lurking under a ladder that was resting against the stake on which Christ was crucified hoping to steal His spirit at death.

Spilled-salt salt, you say? Salt was believed to have magical powers and the spilling of it was "bad luck" because evil spirits would

come to get the salt when it was spilled. Therefore the spilling of the salt must throw a pinch of the salt over the left shoulder to appease the evil spirits. The left side was always associated with evil.

These beliefs from the Dark Ages have worked their way into the fabric of today's society without a hint of reasoning or knowledge of their origins. Personally, I find superstition fascinating, but I am not superstitious.

However, there is one little-known legend that my mother told me about when I was just a very young child that I tend to believe after many years of observation and have rarely seen it fail. It is a "safe-fire" weather predictor for the whole month of July. I've found it to be at least eighty to ninety percent accurate.

It is called "The Day Polly Crosses the Mountain." It falls on the second day of July. I don't remember the origin of this legend or all of the details, but it goes something like this:

It seems there was a little girl named Polly who wished very much to visit her grandmother. The grandmother lived on the other side of a huge mountain. Polly's mother allowed Polly to go to visit her grandmother if she thought she could cross the mountain safely one day. Polly assured her mother that she could. The next morning at dawn, Polly started on her quest with picnic basket in hand. Her mother told her that if she didn't tarry, she should get to her grandmother's house at her way. She was enjoying her journey, and seeing the beautiful flowers and forest creatures. Things were going on schedule and it looked as if she would reach Grandma's house about dark. However, in the mid-afternoon, there was a sudden and violent storm that came out of nowhere. Polly sought shelter in a cave and waited for the storm to pass. It took several hours for the storm to pass and each hour that passed lessened the chance of Polly reaching Grandma's house by dark. Finally, Polly reasoned that due to the length of the storm she

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Ipecac is for accidental poisonings

Presented by Dr. David Brabon

Accidental poisonings are one of the most common causes of serious illnesses in early childhood. Children who are one to four years old are very inquisitive and love to explore any drawers and doors they can get open.

Many bottles and boxes of cleaners, medicines and other substances are kept under sinks, in drawers and on shelves. Even when it seems like everything is safely put away, toddlers will find something.

At this age, children learn about their environment by putting things in their mouths. Although they usually get more of a substance on their clothes and floor than in their mouths, a parent cannot know for sure.

For much ingestion, the best treatment is to induce vomiting if it can be done very soon after the ingestion.

To be most effective, ipecac needs to be given within an hour of the ingestion, so many doctors advise parents to have a bottle at home in case of such an emergency. Be sure to check with your doctor or the poison control center before giving the ipecac because an increasing number of accidental poisonings are treated with activated charcoal and laxatives, or just close observation.

The dose for five children age one to five is 15 cc. (three teaspoons). For children over five it is 30 cc. or one ounce. After the ipecac, give a glass of water or fruit juice. Then bring your child to your doctor or the hospital as soon as possible.

Ipecac should not be used if the poisoning is from a caustic (low or acids), if the child is comatose or drooping, if a hydrocarbon (such as gasoline) has been ingested or if the child is having seizures.



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New Student Enrollment

Brodhead Elementary

Tuesday, July 29 and Thursday, July 31
9:00 - 2:00

This enrollment is for preschool, kindergarten and new students not currently enrolled. The following items are required for enrollment to be complete:

- Immunization certificate
- Official Birth Certificate (not hospital copy)
- Physical on Kentucky form
- Social Security card
- Vision Exam (for students 6 years of age and younger entering public school for the first time)
- Copy of Custodial Papers (if applicable)
- Name and address of previous school (if applicable)

All necessary forms are available at the school.

If you have any questions, please call the school at 758-8512