Pickin's Eat

By: Ike Adams

About a week or ten days ago Loretta came home about the edge of dark lugging a big plastic grocery sack full of apples which she plopped down in the middle of the kitchen floor.

I've forgotten what I was up to at the time, but suffice to say that I was preoccupied at the computer until my attention was demanded.

"Look what Carol just gave me," she chortled as though she had just won the lottery.

"What," I asked, not really wanting to know?

"Apples. And there's two more sacks full in the van. Would you mind packing them in?"

And so I did unwind myself from things far more important and pack the sacks inside and plop them down beside the others. My back already ached and these apples were as heavy as the small cannon shot fired during the civil war and just as hard, I thought, as they banged against my legs. I set them down gently on the kitchen floor, not so much concerned about the apples as I was about the damage they might do our new linoleum if I dropped them.

I swear to you, they rattled as they settled into place. Potatoes, by comparison, when you set them down and they settle into each other have a pleasant clumpety-clump sound. Carol's apples resonated of a sound more akin to what you might expect of a sack full of bowling pins.

Still, I pulled one out of a sack and bit down. (An apple a day keeps the doctor away, etc., and I'm all for that.) My teeth gripped in on one side and my hand on the other and I wrenched out a huge bite of apple into my mouth and juice squirted back on both sides of my face and into both my ears. I chomped down once on the mouthful and then my jaws locked up and I thought I was going blind. It was the sourest thing I've had in my mouth since eating possum grapes before they were frost-bitten as a child.

Loretta, however began peeling the apples and slicing them up like they were God's own gift and now I'm beginning to think they were.

A night later she made homemade apple pie, easily the best I have ever tasted. And then she made two and she labored long into the night at preserving every single apple. Thinking that I might have been mistaken I tried another one raw and it treated my mouth again about the way that you might expect of a green persimmon mixed with lemon juice.

And then more pies. And rave reviews from everyone who ate them. Our good friend and almost family member, Jeanette Todd, who is among the five best gardeners and country cooks I've ever known took a mess of apples home with her last Sunday and now wants to buy a bushel and Loretta is on the phone with Carol even as I write to see if she has any left.

You see the apple tree is at the end of our daughter, Carol's driveway in Stanford and it's just now maturing. Our son-in-law wants to chop it down and up until last week I was ready to loan him my chain saw. The apple it bears is shaped like a Stark's Red Delicious but it is obvibusly crossed with the lemon from you know where. It's so sour that we've peeled two bushels here at my house and never seen a worm. (A worm would shrivel if it touched this fruit)

(Cont. to A4)

From WWII Soldier

60-year-old letter found in old dresser drawer

After using an oak dresser, bought used in 1971 from a furniture store in Richmond, Yvonne Carmack of Mt. Vernon got a surprise last December. As she opened a drawer, "just looking for a pair of socks," she said, she found a letter that had obviously been caught in the top of the drawer for over forty years.

The letter, crumbling with age, was from a soldier with Co D, 175th Infantry with an APO New York return address to a Mildred Reynolds at Rt. 1, Crab Orchard.

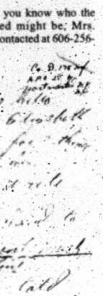
The soldier's name is not legible at the bottom but Yvonne, and her mother, Helen Renner, are curious if any of our readers.

"It's not a love letter," Mrs. Renner pointed out. "We just thought the Reynolds family might like to have it."

The envelope clearly shows the examiner's stamp used to clear correspondence from the war zone and, Yvonne and her mother speculate, the soldier was stationed in Germany.

A copy of the letter is reprinted below.

If you think you know who the parties involved might be, Mrs. Renner can be contacted at 606-256-4116.



T.J.'s Journal

by: Tonya J. Cook

The night of August 16, 1977 was like no other I can recall or has occurred since. The only other event ever to come close to affecting America in this manner was the death of President John F. Kennedy. But this wasn't the death of a president, it was the death of a King. Elvis was dead.

I'll never forget where I was and what I was doing when I heard the news. It was a hot, sweltering, Tuesday afternoon during my senior year at Laurel County High School. I had gotten home from school about 3:45, got a snack and beverage to drink, and sat down at the table to do some homework. As I was sitting down, I turned on the radio. I had a textbook open, and was about to write in a blue notebook. Only moments later, the news broke and the lead story was that Elvis had been found dead in his home in Memphis. The news was so shocking, I was certain that I had misunderstood the announcer and went back to writing. The story was repeated in about five minutes, but it just couldn't be true. I hurriedly went to tell my Mom, who had first introduced me to Elvis' music and movies very early in life. She was busy with household chores, but we dropped everything and turned on the TV. The Elvis tragedy was on every network. We went through a wide range of emotion, finally culminating in sadness. We both cried as did many thousands the world over.

As the night wore on, the Elvis story took precedence over everything on TV and radio. I remember "Uncle" Walter Cronkite telling the news about Elvis. If he said it, it must really be true. The phone lines were busy with people calling to tell their friends and family about Elvis, as if everybody in the civilized world hadn't already heard the news.

On a night like this, who could possibly sleep? Mom and I just stretched across the bed in her room, listened to the radio, and recalled our memories of Elvis. We slept very little if any that night. I think I heard every song Elvis ever sang played a hundred times that night, but each time was like it had never been played before. What a talent, what a voice, and what a national treasure to be silenced for eternity. He was a living, breathing part of Americana. I often wonder why those closest to him didn't try to prevent this tragedy. Which was the greater tragedy: the death of Elvis by an overindulgence in drugs, or friends who were with him every day, and who sat by idly and allowed it to happen? We all must remember not to be guilty in allowing the demise of our friends and family by not doing what we can to aid them with their faults.

Half of America must have been up the night of August 16. Hundreds if not thousands of people were calling radio talk shows to comment about Elvis, or standing in line somewhere to buy a record or souvenir. There was only one point of destination: Memphis. Thousands had arrived in Memphis by dawn on the seventeenth and were standing shoulder to shoulder in a pouring rain for miles up and down Elvis Presley Boulevard that ran in front of Graceland. Nobody seemed to notice the rain. I wished I could have been one of those thousands of people

(Cont. to A4)

Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366-000
Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
606-256-2244

Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky 40456.

James Anderkin, Jr., Publisher Emeritus · Richard F. Anderkin, Editor
Perlina M. Anderkin, Managing Editor
Paige Benge, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In County - $16.75 Yr. Out-of-County In State - $21.75 Yr.
Out-of-State $30.00 Yr.

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Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

I would like to ask any of your readers who could, to please help me do something nice for my brother. My only brother, Dale Howard, will turn 37 on September 5.

We were both born and raised in Mt. Vernon. I still live here but he has lived in Jacksonville, Florida on the outskirts of the city, for the past eleven or twelve years. He often talks about missing his home state.

I know he would be happy and surprised if some of his classmates from the RCHS Class of 1984 and others from Rockcastle County who knew him would take the time to drop him a note or send him a birthday card.

For anyone interested, write to Dale Howard, 2465 Indigo Avenue, Middleburg, Fla. 32068.

Thank you,
Don Howard
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

(Cont. to A4)

Many Ways to Protect Your Hearing

Presented By: Dr. Tony Arvin

Hearing damage from noise is insidious, taking place so gradually that a great deal of damage can be done before it is noticed. Even what is considered a mild hearing loss of 20 decibels makes it much more difficult to understand conversations, especially in a crowd. Protecting your hearing is a life-long process and damage done in early life stays with you forever!

Protecting your hearing merely takes a little care, common sense and avoiding loud noise exposure whenever possible. Prolonged loud noise, as with machinery, and intermittent noise, as with hammers and gunshots, are both hazardous to hearing.

Several different kinds of ear protectors are available. The simplest ones are small sponge-like plugs that are compressed, inserted into the ear canal, and then re-expand to fill the canal. There are several types of these simple plugs. They are inexpensive, easy to use and disposable.

Custom ear molds are specially fitted for a person by an audiologist and work well to decrease the intensity of sound. They are most useful for low frequency noise. Inexpensive, moldable wax can be used in younger children and infants.

Earmuffs cover the whole ear and are very protective, especially for high frequency noise. They are used around airplane traffic, chainsaws, and other machinery. Ear plugs and earmuffs used together give maximum protection.

Avoid excessive noise whenever possible, but when you can't, be sure to use some form of ear protection and don't forget to protect all children at any age.

Auction

of Mrs. Charlotte Hayes'

Doublewide Mobile Home & Lot

Fri., Aug. 22, 2003 at 6:30 p.m.

Benton Bullock Subdivision, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Location: From the intersection of U.S. highways 150 and 461 in Mt. Vernon, take U.S. Hwy. 150 West approx. 1/4 mile and turn onto Freedom School Road. Follow Freedom School Road approx. 1/10 of a mile. Auction signs are posted.

Since Mrs. Hayes is no longer living in this home, she has authorized our firm to offer this property at public auction.

This spacious 1995 model Dutch doublewide mobile home has a great floor plan and contains 1790 square feet. It features 3 bedrooms, 2 1/2 baths (one master bath with garden tub), living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast room, den and utility room. This home has all the comfort of central heat and air, fireplace, triple pane windows and wall to wall carpet, just to name a few amenities.

There is also a concrete porch and sidewalk improving this home, situated on a nice partially fenced lot containing 8/10 acre m/l with city water.

Auctioneer's Note: If you're looking for a comfortable home in a quiet setting yet not far from Mt. Vernon or Brodhead, be sure to mark your calendar to attend this auction on Friday, August 22nd at 6:30 p.m.

Terms: 20% down day of sale, balance in 30 days.

ANNOUNCEMENTS DAY OF SALE TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER PRINTED MATTER.

For additional information, contact the auctioneers:

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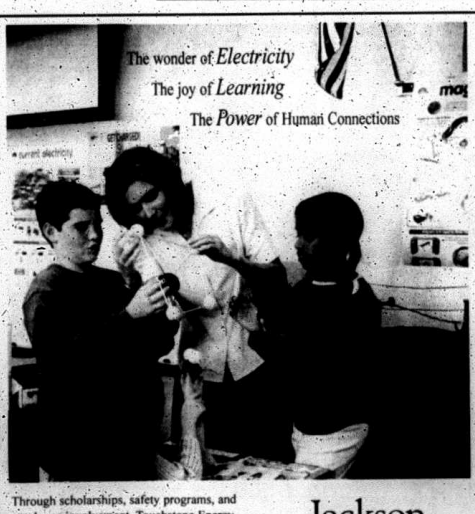

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