ramblings.

by: perlina m. anderkin

I was taken severely to task about a news story I printed last week about the Pine Hill Holiness Church canceling their Saturday night service.

Another parishioner, evidently on the winning side of the issue, asserted that the article was one sided and belonged on the editorial page and not as a news

Guilty as charged. The story did present only one side of the issue but, contrary to what may be widely believed, we are not required to present both sides of a news story. Every comment in the story was attributed to a parishioner in the church, who disagreed with the decision and she gave her reasons why. We have a letter to the editor column for dissenting opinions and encourage its use by anyone with another opinion on any matter.

I don't know how the word Sequestration applies to the controversy raging in Washington -- I could look it up but that's a lot of trouble. I do know that I am getting tired of hearing the term. It seem we have a government that doesn't like to deal with any problem so their answer is to wait until they have 30 minutes left before the end of the world and then spend that time demagoguering the other side. These "cuts" are not actual cuts but only less of an increase in future spending, reportedly amounting to \$85 billion in a \$3.6 trillion budget (or 2 1/2 cents from each dollar).

They were signed into law some time ago by Pres. Obama who threatened a veto if anyone, meaning the Republicans, tried to stop them. Now, he evidently thinks it is to his political advantage to paint the Republicans as scrooges who are trying to kill babies, old people and the poor.

One of my questions is how have they arrived at a \$3.6 trillion budget figure since they haven't passed a budget for what, four years? I have said it before and I'll say it again, if families operated like the government and kept spending borrowed funds instead of living within their budget, they would have been out of business long ago.

I fully expect the Repubs to cave on this issue even though they shouldn't. Sometimes, you just have to pay the piper.



The Old Hag Strikes Again: Evidence of the Old Hag

Syndrome

Strange...

But True?

by: Tonya J. Cook

It is a hot summer night, the moon is full, a quiet breeze makes its way across the hills and valleys, making sheer curtains flutter through an open bedroom window. This may picture a most peaceful setting, but to one about to experience the frightful grips of the "Old Hag", it is sheer terror.

I was in my mid-teen years and the night was too hot to sleep, leaving me to lie in bed staring at obscure shadows in my room produced by the full moon outside. As most families of the era, we didn't have air conditioning, but I did gain a little relief from a gentle breeze rippling a pair of white sheer curtains in my room, sweeping across the room only to exit on the other side.

It was at least 2 or 3 AM by now and I heard footsteps pacing in the living room and coming up the hall toward my room. Mom and I were the only ones in the house, so I assumed it was her not being able to sleep, either. Plop, plop, plop...up the hall and back to the living room and then again and again for what seemed like an eternity, but wasn't but fifteen minutes or so in re-

Finally, the steps entered my room and I expected to see the silhouette of Mom soon to appear in front of the windows. What a surprise. It wasn't Mom, but a bluewhite formless mist, something similar to a cloud, that began to drift toward my bed. In a few seconds it had condensed into about a fourby four-feet mass, and had settled over my torso. I wasn't so afraid as I was in

The the fear began. This mass was trying to kill me. Lying in my bed, I tried to get up...then to just turn over, but I couldn't. The harder I tried, the heavier the mass got. I was pinned to the bed. The the pressure and choking began. I couldn't breathe, not even a small breath; I couldn't get out a whisper much less a call for help.

wonder.

I relented that I was definitely going to die. It may seem strange, but people must do a lot of thinking when death is certain. I supposed in my mind how horrible for Mom to find me lying here dead in the morning, the anguish she would suffer, and the guilt of not "King of the Hill"

While recently driving home from a trip to Winchester, I noticed a large sawdust pile by the side of the road. The huge mound reminded me of a similar site near my grandparents' home in the Pine Grove section of Rockcastle County. Pop and Mommie Katie lived on a gravel road, and the sawdust pile was located about half-way between their house and the "Jim Davis property" on up the

Several years before I was old enough to venture into the woods by myself, a logging company successfully established a saw mill between the two properties. When I was older, several of the boys in my neighborhood loved to gather at the dust pile to play. One of our favorite games was "King of the Hill," and we fought vigorously to gain the top spot on that mountain of sawdust.

I was always amazed at the temperature of that mound that was stored in the woods near the gravel road. If you carefully walked on the surface, the temperature of the wood was normal. If you dug deep into the particles, you could feel that the temperature rose higher and higher. If you put your entire arm into the wood, it was so hot that you almost could not tolerate the heat.

My brother Al had told me a story of a sawdust pile

that actually caught on fire by way of spontaneous combustion. Every time I played on that pile of wood, I remembered the story and kept my eyes wide open for any sparks or smoke that might occur. I was diligent in my observation of the pile, which I suppose was actually making our play I remember one Saturday

afternoon when the game became rather difficult. On that particular occasion, a couple of the older neighborhood boys took part in our game. Paul Hansel and Glenn Cromer joined the younger boys - Kenneth Hansel, Earl Benton Cromer, Billy Ramsey, and me to determine who could gain the pinnacle of the wood pile and maintain the King's position. Paul was the first to reach the king's spot, and as hard as we could try; we could not un-seat him from his throne. Just when we were almost ready to concede his victory, Glenn sneaked up behind Paul and tossed him down the steep bank of the chips. You could have heard the applause of us youngsters all the way down that wooded

Since the younger boys were unable to defeat the older guys, Paul and Glenn decided that they would permit two of us to take our place at the top to see if we could defend our territory.

(Cont. to A4)

Points East





It's a sad time on Blair Branch, this week. It's also a sad time, at least for me, here in Paint Lick.

I've just received word that my childhood school buddy and playmate, Truman Caudill, passed over to the other side last Friday. Those of you who have

kept up with this column over the last three decades may recall that I have mentioned Truman on several occasions, mostly having to do with getting into trouble with my elders by being hood-winked into breaking one rule or another or by doing something so patently ridiculous that it should have be against the rules. Truman, in his youth,

was Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn rolled into a single piece of pie.

He was three years older than me. I was in second grade and Truman was in fourth when his parents. George and Lydia ("Lidy") Caudill, bought the old Joe Adams homestead and moved from Richmond, Indiana back to the very head of Blair Branch and the roots of their raising.

My mom and Lidy had been childhood friends and they behaved like sisters. Dad and George became fast friends almost overnight. Truman, however, was an only child and it showed He had the only bicycle on the holler. He had an ultrasleek, 6 feet-long, Western Flyer bobsled with steel runners and a steering apparatus. The rest of us had wooden sleds made from scrap lumber we'd scavenged here and there.

He had a vast collection of comic books which included the entire set of Classics Illustrated and the very latest issues of GI Joe, The

(Cont. to A4)

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(Cont. to A4)













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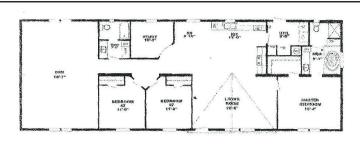


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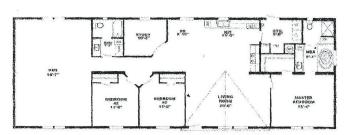
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