



The Way I See it

By
Doug Ponder

This famous biblical story coined the phrase that many use today when they say people should be careful not to "cast the first stone." The phrase is so widely used that I have even heard atheist use the term in their conversations.

We have all committed acts that would require forgiveness from others. Maybe you have committed adultery and you are currently seeking forgiveness from your spouse or maybe you have neglected one of your children and you are seeking forgiveness from them as you are wanting to be a part of their life now. The list of examples can go on and on...

Truth is, no one has ever had the right to cast the first stone and I believe Napier understands this phrase in its entirety. She realized that Smallridge made the mistake of driving drunk and that if he could relive the scenario, he would have called a cab or found another way home.

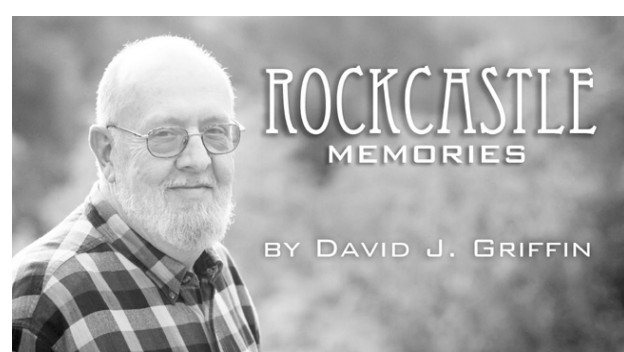
Napier also realized that Smallridge needed forgiveness for his mistake just as much as she needed forgiveness for mistakes she had made in her life.

If Napier didn't forgive Smallridge then the odds are he would have continued down a more evil path. However, by forgiving Smallridge he, in turn, has blazed a trail across the country by speaking to students about the dangers of drunk driving and urging them not to make the same mistake that he made.

Odds are Smallridge's story has prevented others from making the same mistakes that he did and it has in turn prevented more DUI accidents from occurring. Without Napier's forgiveness, none of this probably

would have been possible.

I tip my hat to Napier and the lesson of forgiveness that she reminded us all about. It's important for us to remember that the power of forgiveness can not only save the condemned but it can save the condemners as well.



"Coal Hauling Teenagers"

Last week I was talking to my good friend Lloyd Fain, and we began to reminisce about our teenage years in Rockcastle County. In the early 60's, he and I spent a great deal of time "cruising" in my 1958 Chevrolet. We kept the roads between Mt. Vernon and Berea hot from our travels. I was and still am overly conscious about who drives my cars. Lloyd and Buddy Cox are the only teenagers in high school that I trusted behind the wheel of my automobiles. One of the reasons that I felt secure with Lloyd driving it was because he was trained as a driver of a coal truck, and I thought if he can be trusted with a coal truck, surely he can operate my Chevy.

Occasionally, Lloyd and I spent the night together after a late night out in my car. When I stayed with him in the Pine Hill section of the county, we usually would stay overnight with his grandmother, "Mammy Fain." She was most always sleeping when we got in late at night, so we silently

ramblings...

by; perlina m. anderkin

Thought the cat and dog lovers among our readers would appreciate this commentary on the difference in cats and dogs. It came from youngest daughter, Allison, whom we have not yet convinced that her black cockapoo (or whatever), Yancy, does not take the place of a baby.

Dog Dairy

8 a.m. - Dog food! My favorite thing!

9:30 a.m. - A car ride! My

favorite thing!

9:40 a.m. - A walk in the park! My favorite thing!

10:30 a.m. - Got rubbed and petted! My favorite thing!

12:00 p.m. - Lunch! My favorite thing!

1 p.m. - Played in the yard! My favorite thing!

5 p.m. - Milk bones! My favorite thing!

7 p.m. - Got to play ball! My favorite thing!

8 p.m. - Wow! Watched TV with the people! My favorite thing!

11 p.m. - Sleeping on the bed! My favorite thing!

Cat Dairy

Day 983 of my captivity.

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects.

They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while the other inmates and I are fed hash or some sort of dry nuggets. Although I make my contempt for the rations perfectly clear, I nevertheless must eat something in order to keep up my strength. The only thing that keeps me going is my dream of escape.

In an attempt to disgust them, I will once again vomit on the carpet.

Today I decapitated a mouse and dropped the headless body at their feet. I had hoped this would strike fear into their hearts, since it clearly demonstrates what I am capable of. However, they merely made condescending comments about what a "good little hunter" I am.

There was some sort of assembly of their accomplices tonight. I was placed in solitary confinement for the duration of the event. However, I could hear the noises and smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to the power of "allergies." I must learn what this means, and how to use it to my advantage.

Today, I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my tormentors by weaving around his feet as he was walking. I must try this again tomorrow -- but at the top of the stairs.

I am convinced that the other prisoners here are flunkies and snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released - and seems to be more than willing to return. He is obviously retarded. The bird has got to be an informant. I observe him communicating with the guards regularly. I am certain that he reports my every move. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe.

For now...

Author unknown

Points East

By Ike Adams



I've just finished reading the best full-length novel by a Kentucky Author that I've seen in a decade or longer. So good, in fact, that it's hard for me to believe I'm just now hearing about it and that it has not had any mention in our big city and regional press.

Had it not been for an alert bookseller in Pound, Virginia, I probably would not have discovered *The Dark And Bloody Ground*, (DBG) written by Roberta Hayes Webb, copyright 2006, 381 action packed pages and published by TurnKey Press of Austin, Texas.

Please do not confuse this book with a 1993 work by Darcy O'Brien that has the same title. Any similarity between the two begins and ends with the titles. When I told Brenda Salyers, astute proprietor of Heritage Nook Books, there in Pound, that I'd read it, she had to point out the differences in authorship before I realized I hadn't seen Webb's book. And boy am I glad that Brenda is so persistent because this one has been a can't-lay-down, up-all-night, page-turner.

Webb's book is a fictional account of the early discovery and settlement of the uppermost reaches of the Big Sandy River Valley near what is now Jenkins, in Letcher County, Kentucky. The book traces the lives and adventures of 4 generations of the fictional first family, from 1800 through about 1950, to settle in the head of Elkhorn Creek, Kentucky headwaters of the Big Sandy.

The geographic settings and historical events are remarkably accurate. Despite a few name changes here and there and the liberal use of her poet's license, readers of Webb's DBG will consistently have a realistic

sense of when and where they are. Several of the Civil War episodes are literally hair raisers.

The reading experience is an emotional roller coaster ride that comes as close to capturing the Appalachian experience as anything I've ever read. Readers familiar with and appreciative of our culture will find themselves at home--but do keep a handkerchief or a box of tissue handy on the one hand and be equally prepared to run to wherever you go when you're terribly frightened. And keep in mind, however difficult it may be at times, that you are reading fiction. DBG is sometimes love story, sometimes thriller, sometimes action/adventure and always intriguing.

The author, Roberta Hayes Webb was born and raised in Burdine, Kentucky where she walked to grade school before riding the bus to Jenkins High School from which she graduated in May of 1945. Much of DBG is devoted to living in a coal camp and a company town. Suffice to say that the author knows of which she speaks.

After high school Roberta spent a brief stint in Oak Ridge, TN as a lab technician on the team that developed the atomic bomb. In 1949, she completed a degree in psychiatric nursing at Knoxville General Hospital by which time she was married to Dr. Jim Webb who was completing his residency in psychiatry at the University of Georgia.

Both Jim and Roberta Webb enjoyed long, successful and storied medical careers throughout a marriage that lasted 59 years before Jim's passing to the other side six years ago. Along the way, they had 4 children and lived in Georgia.

(Cont. to A4)

April is

PRIDE Spring Clean-Up Month

Together, we can beautify our entire region and surpass last year's outstanding turnout of Spring Clean-up Volunteers!



Free t-shirts (while supplies last), trash bags and gloves for PRIDE volunteers

Rockcastle County PRIDE Coordinator, James Renner, will provide trash pick-up and disposal, safety vests and signs for safety.

If you can help with Roadside Clean-up at any time in April, please call

James Renner at 606-256-1902; in the City of Livingston call Sandi Singleton at 606-453-3659; in the City of Mt. Vernon call Jill Medley at 606-256-3437; in the City of Brodhead call Mark Burress at 758-8635.

(A schedule must be turned in to the PRIDE office by March 27th)

If you plan to help, please call ASAP!

Exact dates and times for clean-up can be set at a later date if necessary.

slipped into the bed and crashed.

I will never forget one late February afternoon when Lloyd called me and asked if I wanted to ride with him to Manchester to pick up a load of coal. Lloyd's dad, Jim Fain, had a 1955 Chevrolet dump truck that could haul approximately seven tons of coal, and Lloyd needed to get a full load.

Since it was about a two-hour drive in those days, we needed to get on the road in order to arrive before the coal company shut down for the night. I told my mother, Bee where we were going, and she slipped a \$20 bill in my pocket "in case of an emergency." I drove down to Pine Hill to meet Lloyd.

In those days most families that I knew used coal to heat their homes, and many of them, including my grandparents and my mother, even cooked with a coal-burning stove. Lloyd's dad kept my family stocked with coal year around. We had coal piles in back of our houses in the Pine Grove section of Rockcastle County. Lloyd reminded me last week that most folks purchased their coal supply in the summer months because it could be bought for about \$3.50 a ton. (If you waited until winter, the price could go up to \$9.00 a ton.) My family always bought block coal, using a hatchet to break it into pieces that would fit the different stoves that we used at the time. As a teenager, it was my duty to keep the coal buckets at our house and my grandparents' home filled with coal that had been broken into the correct sizes. Sometimes when a large piece of coal was shattered, inside you might find an assortment of fossils. It was common to find imprints of leaves or small fish in the broken pieces.

So on that February afternoon, Lloyd and I began our journey to the mountains of Eastern Kentucky to fetch a load of "black gold" and

(Cont. to A4)

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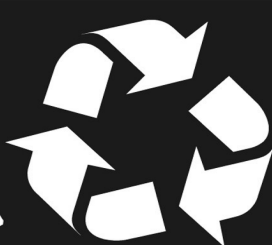
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Holding On To A Drug Free Life

UNITE Leadership Rally
and Community Celebration

April 11, 2013
5:30 PM

Rockcastle County Middle School



Hear an amazing story of forgiveness from keynote speaker Renee Napier.
Dinner will be served.

Entertainment will be provided by Chad's Hope and a community choir made up of Rockcastle County UNITE Club students and Page School Center (Bell County) students.



The only chain that a man can stand
is the chain of a hand in hand.

RSVP by Monday, April 8th to nihale1956@gmail.com or by calling 606-425-6779