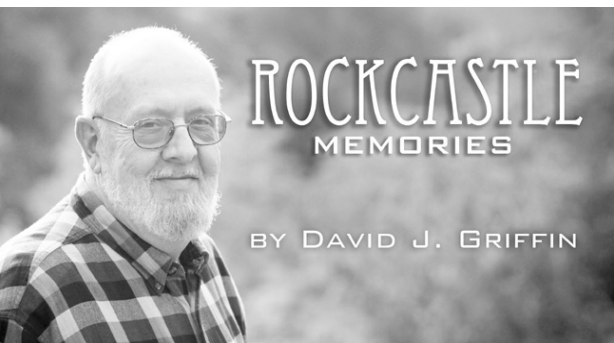




'54 Buick Roadmaster Convertible

When I was about to enter my teenage years, I was spending a lot of time at the Gulf station which was located where the Dinner Bell Restaurant (which became one of Mt. Vernon's favorite teenage hangouts) would eventually be. The station was owned and operated by Burgess Stokes, who was my grandfather's nephew. Burge had three children: John Coleman, Charles Shannon, and Gail. John and Shannon were both a few years older than I was, and Gail was a member of my class in elementary school.

I loved being around the Stokes family because they treated me like I was supposed to be there. I actually called Burge my uncle, because he allowed me to clean automobile windshields while he pumped the gasoline and checked the oil for his customers. Occasionally, Uncle Burge gave me a couple of dollars for my assistance. He also allowed me have free Cokes from his "pop" machine. I thought I was something because this was really my first "job" away from my chores on our small family farm.

Uncle Burge was the ultimate automobile lover; he always kept his cars immaculately clean and in good working order. One afternoon, I stopped by the station and noticed a brand new 1954 Buick Roadmaster Convertible that was in the parking lot. The top was down, and I stood for a long time drool-

ing over that spectacular blue car. I walked all around it, looking at each of the features to be found on such an awesome auto. Uncle Burge noticed me looking at his new car, and he came over in order to show me the engine.

As he raised the hood, I noticed it had a Roadmaster, 322-cubic-inch, overhead valve, V-8 engine. It was rated at 200 horsepower. It was also equipped with Buick's smooth Dynaflo automatic transmission—complete with power steering, breaks, and windows. One feature that I had never seen before was a small button on the floor that allowed the driver to change stations on the pushbutton AM radio.

The outside of the new car sported wire, chrome wheels, tinted glass, white-wall tires, an electric antenna, and its famous vertical grill bars. Straight from the factory, it looked as if it had been customized, like many of the hot cars cruising the streets of Mt. Vernon. Needless to say, I was completely overwhelmed with Uncle Burge's new ride.

One Saturday afternoon, I noticed that Shannon had a few of his friends hanging around the station, so I asked, "What's going on?" He told me that the guys were going to take the Buick to Greenfish Hill in order to see if the car would actually do 120 miles per hour, which is what the speedometer registered. He asked if I wanted to accompany

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Points East

By Ike Adams



Do you ever sit around and wish you could do stuff like the masters do or did them?

Write a novel Ernest Hemmingway? Pick a flat top guitar like Doc Watson? Drive a race car like Dale, Jr.? Hit a golf ball like Tiger Woods? Bake a loaf of sourdough bread like Charlie Gruen?

At my age, and given my physical limitations, Charlie's bread would top the list so, right now, you're probably scratching your head saying to yourself, "But who on earth is Charlie Gruen?"

Charlie Gruen is my neighbor who lives about a mile down the road in Metropolitan Paint Lick, as opposed to out here in the suburbs. He and his wife, Linda, are as fine as neighbors get.

Back in January Loretta had to have big time shoulder/rotor cuff surgery that left her suffering intense pain and unable to move her right arm for several weeks. I was simultaneously engaged in a very serious conflict with Mr. Parkinson so both of us were pretty darned helpless.

Loretta was all for keeping her surgery quiet and certainly out of the newspaper because we'd already had a public pity party when she'd undergone a complicated thyroid operation just a few months earlier.

But word got out and the day after Lo came home, neighbors began showing up at our front door on a daily basis with big dishes of food. We have no idea who coordinated the "Feed the Adamases Campaign" but it was too well organized to have just happened by itself.

I've lost track of who brought what and when and if I tried to list everybody who participated it would take all the space I have left in this column. Soups, pasta dishes, casseroles, chili, burritos, sandwich salads, barbecue, veggies, chicken. Suffice to say that Loretta and I both gained weight because this went on for weeks.

Among the gifts of food was a big loaf of home-baked sourdough bread

from Charlie Gruen. I didn't even know that Charlie could bake but this was easily the best bread I've ever tasted. Absolutely perfect texture and that wonderful, semi-sweet, sour dough flavor with just a hint of garlic. Most serious bakers that I know only dream about reaching the level of perfection Charlie has mastered.

Early in February I ran into Charlie at Friends of Paint Lick where I raved about and praised his bread in front of a dozen women. This was the first time Loretta had been able to get out of the house, post-surgery, and she was saying amen to every compliment I offered and throwing in a few of her own.

The very next day, Charlie showed back up at our house with another loaf of sourdough bread except this one was flavored with the absolute perfect hint of mixed herbs. A few days later along came a loaf with vanilla and nuts, then almond, then beer, then onion, more garlic, etc until I am now addicted. Since day one, not a single crumb has gone to waste in our house. I even eat the heels, which may, in fact, be the best part of any given loaf.

I've asked Charlie for his recipe but he is elusive at best. He claims he doesn't have one. "You just have to have good starter and you throw in some flour and stuff and bake it at about 350 until it's done and that's about all there is to it," he claims.

Over the last several weeks, much to Loretta's dismay, I've searched the internet and copied off several dozen sourdough bread and starter recipes. I've even read a book on the subject. But, while I have been able to make the kitchen smell oh so appetizing on numerous occasions, I have

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Strange... But True?

by: Tonya J. Cook



There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight: A Story of Spontaneous Human Combustion, Part II

In the last column of "Strange but True?" we took a look at a very rare human occurrence known as Spontaneous Human Combustion, or "SHC". It is the spontaneous combustion of primarily the human torso of the body. The body is completely incinerated from unknown sources. Several have commented who are familiar with cremation that the body's remaining ashes appear to have burned even hotter than the crematorium could produce. The victims are usually alone at the point of combustion. The head is often reduced to the size of a grapefruit or orange. There are a variety of possible causes for the event.

During the decades of the 1950s through the 1980s there have been only fifty-three known cases worldwide. The 1950s saw eleven cases and the 1980s saw twenty-two cases, so evidently the number of SHC episodes are increasing.

From further study in another source I've found that not all SHC victims simply burst into flames. Some victims have been known to have several burns on their body with no obvious source or they may have smoke coming from their body when there is no noted fire.

Not all of the SHC victims

have died but have actually survived the experience. All of this is according to the source, science.howstuffworks.com.

The latest case of SHC occurred in September 2011. It was the first noted case in Ireland. It was the case of an elderly man found lying near the furnace of his apartment. Coroners determined, however, that the furnace was not the source of the fire. The body produced no sign of foul play. There were no indications of burn marks near the body.

The first ever recorded case of SHC was that of Polonius Vorstias, an Italian knight who lived in the late 1400s. On one particular evening he consumed quite a bit of a very strong wine. He soon began to vomit flame, and then burst into flames entirely according to bystanders. The wine didn't disagree with the other people and the incident left them baffled as to how this happened.

Other noted and historic cases included Countess Cornelia DiBaude, who was a victim in the 1700s. She had two candles in her room at the time of her incident and the tallow melted, but left the wick.

The only case of SHC to be witnessed is that of a mentally disabled girl being cared for by her father. He noticed a flash of light from his daughter who had just

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ABSOLUTE ESTATE Auction

of the late
Mr. Nathan Clark and
Mrs. Katherine Clark's

60 Acres More or Less, Bedford Stone House & Barns

(Selling in its entirety)

Saturday, May 11th • 10:00 a.m.

Ballard Parsons Highway, Mt. Vernon, KY

(Roundstone/Wildie area of Rockcastle County)

Location: Turn off of Hwy 25 between Mt. Vernon and Berea, near Roundstone Elementary School, onto Hwy 1766 (Ballard Parsons Highway). Follow Ballard Parsons Hwy approximately 1 mile to the property.

In order to settle the estate of their late mother, Mrs. Katherine Clark, her daughters have commissioned our firm to sell this good, bottom land farm for the high dollar.

The farm is improved with a ranch style Bedford Stone house. The house features 3 bedrooms, Kitchen/Dining area, Utility room, and 1 1/2 baths. Amenities include: sunroom, electric heat, central air, plus laminate floors in the Living room and Kitchen/Dining room area and carpet in all of the bedrooms. Besides the house there's also a 60 x 80 combination hay and livestock barn, a 24 x 90 metal garage/shop building and a corn crib.

Note: The farm will sell in its entirety (not in tracts) and contains approx. 60 acres, most of which is productive bottom land.

Auctioneer's Note: Seldom do you have the opportunity to purchase a farm in the Wildie community. This farm is conveniently located between Mt. Vernon and Berea, in the Roundstone school district, making it a great location. This is productive farm land and will sell to the highest bidder. Remember, this is an Absolute Auction ... Last Bid will Buy!

Note: The purchaser of a single-family residence built before 1978 has a maximum of 10 days to inspect the property for the presence of lead-based paint. The period for inspection begins May 1st through May 10th. The successful bidder must sign a waiver of the 10-day post sale inspection period.

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Friday and Saturday, May 10 and 11

Come, join all the fun at our first annual

Founders Day Trail Festival

to celebrate Livingston's 131st Birthday!

Opening Ceremony: Helicopter Show - Friday, May 10th to honor our local emergency response personnel

Live country, bluegrass and gospel music will immediately follow at each of Livingston's three outdoor stages

Saturday, May 11th

Pancake Breakfast • Wildcat Mountain Triathlon • Lions Club

Poker Run • Lumberjack Contest and Chain Saw Art

At noon, the entertainment keeps going with The Bittersweet Cloggers, The Livingston Parade and then on down to the river for the "Wacky Raft Race" (build your own raft), duck race (buy a duck for \$5 to win the cash prize), Bluegrass Concert at the David's Tire Bluegrass Stage, the Livingston Beauty Pageant and The Medley Boys at the Climax Sound Stage.

The Festival closes at the bridge with fireworks at 10 p.m.!!!

All during the festival, visit with our Civil War "Living History" Reenactors, over 40 vendors (food, clothing, arts and crafts etc), inflatables, game and hayrides for the kids. We are very proud to have American Idol, America's Got Talent and other Nashville recording artists performing on "The Stage of Stars" (located at the Trail Head). We look forward to seeing you!

For more information, call 606-453-2061

