

Points East

By Ike Adams



I need to find me one of those tee-shirts, or maybe a sweat shirt, or maybe both, that has emblazoned in big bold letters, front and back, the following message:

I DARE YOU TO ASK ME ABOUT MY GRANDKIDS.

Because I figure that if you ask first I won't feel guilty about bringing up the subject of one or the other of them in the middle of any conversation about any other subject.

For example, you might ask me what I think about Obama Care and I'd probably respond by saying, "let me tell you about the trick Tyler pulled in his tee-ball game last Thursday."

Or you might ask what I think we ought to do to the tyrants in Syria and I'll say, "Well, I asked my two-year old granddaughter if she could count to ten and she said yep, uno, dos, tress, cuarto, sinco, sies, siete, ocho, nueve, diez." I swear to you that happened a couple of weeks ago when my daughter, Geneva Marie (Genny) her husband, Scott Tesh and their three kids, Mazzen, Ramzy and Isabel (Izzy) were here for a visit from Houston.

The woman who runs Izzy's day-care place speaks Spanish so the kid is going to be bi-lingual before she's in kindergarten. In the meantime, back to Tyler.

Daughter Jennifer and her husband, Kevin Ochs, live in Richmond and they have two boys. If you read this column regularly, you already know all about preschooler, Tyler Kane, better known in this space as TKO and our exploits on behalf of the American Diabetes Association. Big brother, second grader, Braden, gets short shrift in the press but even he would not want the

attention if it meant being afflicted with juvenile diabetes and the blood tests and insulin injections his little brother has to deal with 24-7.

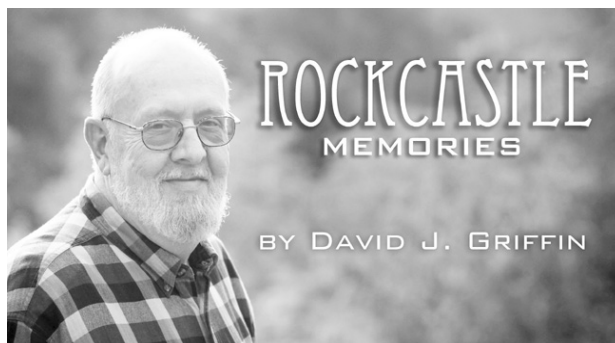
Both of the Ochs boys are on fall baseball teams. Dad, Kevin is a coach on both teams. Mom leads the cheerleading squad consisting of Grandmas Peggy and Loretta and Grandpa Ike. So I don't suppose I need to tell you that all of us will be at the Lake Reba athletic fields, there in Richmond, every Tuesday and Thursday night until the end of September. I'd rather be there than in the dugout at a Red's game because it's far more entertaining.

In Braden's league, the players have to hit pitched balls--pitched by Coach Dad—whose earnest desire is that every kid on the team gets a hittable pitch every time the ball crosses the plate. But there's still a lot of strike outs. On the other hand, there's a lot of fielding errors so making contact with the ball usually put the batter on base. This is not just Grandpa bragging here. Braden knocks the fire out of that ole ball and he can haul his little behind around the base path.

Tyler's league, of course, hits the ball off a stationary "tee", usually into the infield where up to a dozen fielders try to pounce on it at the same time. But no matter where the ball is hit, the batter only gets to take one base unless he or she is the last batter at the bottom of the inning, in which case it's an automatic home run unless, by some rare occurrence, the ball is actually fielded and he gets tagged out.

That's the situation TKO found himself in last Thurs-

(Cont. to A4)



Tabletop Jukeboxes

Remember the table-top jukeboxes that we fed our allowances to when we were beginning our teenage years? I recently read an article on the internet about how popular these nickel-eating machines were in the late 50's and early 60's. The story explained: "We put our nickels in the machine, and our songs played on the main jukebox in the back of the room."

First of all, the story reminded me of the financial times of those two decades when you could cough up a quarter and hear six songs of your choice. Today in some restaurants and bars, the jukeboxes are the new-fangled types with a touchscreen which allows for browsing through a vast library of artists and songs. The cost for two songs in these present establishments is a whopping \$1.00. Some of the more popular songs actually cost a dollar just to play alone. Most of those same songs can be downloaded from the internet for 99 cents, enabling you to have them available for life. One guy in the article noted, "I love rock and roll but not enough to pay a dollar per song." I emphatically agree.

My first memory of a tabletop jukebox was at Kelsey's Restaurant on Main Street in Mt. Vernon when I was just twelve years of age. Kelsey's was our favorite hangout when we were merely beginning to listen to rock and roll music. Those were the days of Elvis, Roy Orbison, Jerry Lee Lewis, The Platters, Johnny Mathis, Buddy Holly, and even Pat Boone.

Rock music was just getting a strong-hold on teenagers, and our desire to hear and be a part of the music was overpowering. We pooled our allowances and took turns selecting our favorite artists, collectively listening while hanging out in one of our favorite spots. During that time, we ate potato chips (dipped in catsup) and washed them down with those classic bottles of Coke. On rare occasions, we moved en masse to the back of the eating establishment and danced to our music.

Jukeboxes were most popular from the 1940s through the mid-60s, particularly during the 1950s. The popularity of jukeboxes is often associated with early rock and roll music. The displays of bright lights with the color animation made them a hit with our age group. It was from jukeboxes that we often heard the newest songs first. The machines were programmed to record the number of times a song was selected. It was one of the first means of recognizing the true popularity of rock and roll

music. It was the Seeburg Corporation that introduced an all 45-rpm vinyl jukebox in 1950, which led to the 45-rpm record becoming the dominant jukebox media for the last half of the 20th century.

Some of my friends and I took note of the days when the jukebox man was scheduled to come by to change out the records. He often gave us the scratched records which he needed to replace because of their condition. To us, that was a real treat. We took them home and played them on our own hi-fis. Free records were not easy to find, and we took advantage of his generosity. Some of those records had so many scratches that we could hardly recognize the songs. But we didn't care—we listened anyway. It was rock and roll!

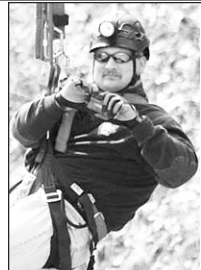
For some of us who were there, Buddy Holly and The Platters will never sound as good as they did when they were blasting from the huge speakers of a jukebox. By 1956, there were approximately 750,000 jukeboxes swallowing nickels in the United States. It was the place to find the hits we wanted to hear. In Rockcastle County those unique places included: Kelsey's, The Dinner Bell, and (of course) Hamm's Drive-In. We kept the roads hot between these teenage hangouts.

By the late 50s, most of us had purchased our own stereo systems and our own 45 rpm records. It was then that we began to congregate at our parents' various homes in order to listen to our music and to dance. But we all got our start listening to our favorite jukeboxes. Some of us can still picture the fabulous Wurlitzers,

(Cont. to A4)

On Call

By:
Rick Branham



Last week the question was about station uniforms and how much heat they were to withstand for a 5 minute period. I gave you 4 choices as answers for the question. Did you guess correctly? The answer is 500 degrees. According to the National Fire Protection Association or NFPA 1975, the Standard on Station/Work/Uniforms for Fire and Emergency Services, requires that no garment will ignite, melt, drip or separate when exposed to heat at 500 degrees for 5 minutes.

Before I move on to the pants of the turnout gear, I need to mention the protective hood we wear. The protective hood or what is usually referred to as a Nomex hood, protects the firefighters ears neck and face. It is generally referred to as a Nomex hood because that is the material it is commonly made from. However it can be made from Kevlar, PBI or other fire resistant material. Protective hoods are used in conjunction with a self-contained breathing apparatus or SCBA face piece. Once the face piece is on the hood goes over your head for protection. Hoods come in a variety of colors and firefighters often purchase one that go with their own style.

Turnout pants or bunker pants are made the same as turnout coats. They have the 3 barriers just as the turnout coat does. Bunker pants come with suspenders that help hold up the pants. New bunker pants are now coming with a belt around the waist and some firefighters are opting not to wear suspenders and rely on the belt. Bunker pants can come with options as well. You can have lumbar support added to help support your back. Typically bunker pants come with a pocket on each leg to store gear in but you can opt to get a pocket at your ankle to store a tool or two. While I was at the academy in Lexington, I was told by a Battalion Chief to fill your pockets because you never know what you are going to need. The Battalion Chief has since retired but I still have my pockets full.

A couple of other pieces complete the turnout gear ensemble. First is the hand protection or gloves. The most important part of a structural firefighting glove is that they provide protection against heat, steam or cold and they are resistant to cuts, punctures and liquid absorption. Another glove that I use is a rescue glove. I

(Cont. to A4)

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