

"Sweet n' Sour"

(Cont. from A2)

porch and she slept in the rocking chair close to the door and my bedroom window. This was handy and I could easily hear her every move for that rocking chair squeaked and bumped as it rocked over the uneven boards. So, the smell of food and safety of a porch with only an old woman and cat guarding it was too much temptation to the buns I was hunting for a free meal and they quietly slipped up on the porch and helped themselves to what the cat had left in her dish. The first night, I heard a noise so, with gun in hand, went to the door to see what was going on and there stood a big old groundhog, rattling Mama Cat's empty dish. I scared him off with a broom and thought that would take care of him. Well, it didn't. The next night, I like even worse and mama cat wasn't like when I was better than I. When I would grab a broom or stick and try to chase them off, all she would do was sit and fuss like an old woman and rock that chair. So, I figured I couldn't do a thing about it unless I shot them and that was dangerous for I might hit the car or the window and it wasn't worth the chance so I decided they needed to eat too so I let them have it. But Mama Cat didn't understand or had other ideas for she continued her rocking and quarreling when they entered her territory and stole her food. One night, I counted five big fat groundhogs on my front porch and, when I tried to chase them off, they turned on me with bared teeth. I went back inside and Mama Cat kept rocking and grumbling. What happened to the? Frankly, I don't know.

One more cat tale before I knock off for this time. My Uncle Ernest and Aunt Florence raised Siamese Cats and I was the lucky recipient of a darling little yellow kitten from a new litter on one of my frequent visits to check on them when they lived in Flemingsburg. He was my very favorite Uncle and she was a wonderful person so this kitten was a real treasure, even though I had never been a lover of cats. She was a delicate creamy yellow with blue eyes and loved to lie around on top of the T.V. or the apron in the window. I named her Ginger for her color was that of freshly ground ginger. Ginger was a house pet and, unless she was with someone to show off to, she didn't go outside much. She, like all Siamese cats, was known for her ability to jump straight up suddenly and

without warning. If a bird happened to fly from a tree top, she could have it in her mouth before it reached the next tree. She loved to put on a show of plain jumping straight up to catch an article tossed in the air. We all loved her and proudly showed her off every chance we got. Well, time does go on and cats go a-courting and the results are mormouths to feed and fun raising another generation of beautiful baby kittens.

At this time, my job took me away from home quite often and Mat had to watch out for things such as feeding the animals and watching out for Ginger. Her first babies were due and I was concerned. So, when I returned from one of these trips to Washington, the first thing I asked Mat was,

"Where is Ginger?" Then gave him a peck on the cheek and looked to where he was pointing. There she was, cuddling above the fall of the sweetest little babies one could imagine. I think there were five. They were a couple of days old and Mat said Ginger had not been out of her box since their arrival. She was being the perfect mama, feeding them, bathing them, disposing of their stools and waiting for (Grandma) to come home. Up till now, Ginger had always slept across my feet and, as I went to bed that night, I missed the warmth of her body there. But, almost immediately I felt her spring onto the bed and quietly slip up to my face and tuck her head under my arm. Then she just as quietly hopped down. The next thing I knew was when she silently slipped back up the length of my body and tucked a tiny baby kitten under my arm. This continued till she had them all safely in "Grandma's" care then she stretched out across my feet and took a much needed rest. I am not a lover of all cats or animals but, once in a while, the unusual comes along and I am an old softy and truly love them.

"Iké"

(Cont. from A2)

Sam's choice stuff that they eat only to avoid starvation. I opened the garage door to refill the dogs' bowl and one of the jays promptly flew over and perched on top of it as it swung open. I was reminded of Poe's raven and if this bird had spoken I would not have been at all surprised. He teeter-tottered on the door while I filled the bowl and as soon as I backed off, he flew down to the bowl, grabbed a mouth full of food and headed toward the tree line.

I heard a kibble (or a bit) of the dog food pop on the boat cover as he went across it.

I'm not sure what they are doing with it, but two jays could not possibly be eating that much dog food. I'm no longer eager to write a letter to the makers of Kibbles and Bits on behalf of Blue and Lovely but if they are looking for a secondary market, my blue jays sure love the stuff and it's considerably cheaper than black oil sunflower seed. And what I have mistaken for genuine affection from the jays is apparently nothing more than impatience for me to put the food out.

"Letters"

(Cont. from A2)

hood, there have been many expansions and improvements both inside and around the cemetery grounds. And it occurs to me that long-overdue thanks should be extended to those who continually give of their time, energy and money, not to mention the valuable land that has been donated by those who could scarcely afford it. Such acts of kindness and sacrifice are often taken for granted, and it's a shame.

With the death of her parents, Mary Ann McKinney and husband, William L. inherited the land and changed the name from "The Colver Graveyard" to "McKinney Cemetery." The succeeding heirs continued the tradition of donating burial space to any neighbor who requested it. Which was still quite common in those days of cheap land and little money. But the time came when land became an extinct as the dinosaur, though Swan Bullock, who eventually bought the McKinney property, graciously donated a strip across his field for a road to the cemetery, which the county paved and continues to maintain. Very considerate on both parts!

And I'm sure we all appreciate the next owners, Howard and Ruth Bullock, who allocated, at great personal sacrifice, additional land for burial and space for a much-needed shelter house. This facility was built by volunteers and donated funds. On special days during summer months, current owner Ricky Bullock sprays the cemetery for ticks and chiggers, providing his own equipment and supplies. He and wife, Tammy, also keep an eye out for vandals, another free service that deserves our gratitude.

A duly elected committee of workers, who serve without pay, have established two separate accounts at

the Community Trust Bank, one is a Mowing Fund, Acct. #003-340-5, the other an Irrevocable Trust #71-9216-9. Hopefully, the latter fund will soon reach a point where the accumulated interest will be sufficient for all upkeep and maintenance. Contributions to both funds are vitally important and can be made at any time of year. Please indicate the fund to which your donation should be applied. Mailing address: The McKinney Cemetery Fund, PO Box 1691, Mt. Vernon, KY 40456.

And now, last but by no means least, I must say how very impressed we were with the free engraved marker recently erected by Owens Monuments. This stone clearly identifies the narrow unmarked road leading to our little community cemetery. So many would-be visitors over the years have asked us for directions, then later wrote or called to say they never found the entrance road, and were very disappointed to have missed it. Now, thanks to the generosity of Marvin and Judy Owens, this will no longer happen. Those of you

who appreciate their thoughtful gestures should call or write a special "Thank You" message to the Owens. And this also goes to other communities that have received similar markers for their area cemetery. In driving around the county on Memorial Day weekend, our observation was that these monument people have been quite busy indeed. And we want them to know our family appreciates it!

Sincerely,
Ivan McKinney
West Chester, OH



R.C.E.A. presents \$2,000 to Scholarship Fund

The Rockcastle Education Association presented the Rockcastle Community Scholarship Fund with a \$2,000 check. Charlie Napier accepted the check on behalf of the Scholarship Fund. R.C.E.A. Officers present starting from the right were: Polly Abney, treasurer Ryan Kiddle, vice-president; Charlie Napier, accepting check and Judy Bradley, president of the association.

Celebrating 25 Years of Caring

Over the past 25 years, the people of the Lake Cumberland area have entrusted us with something very valuable - their health care. This is a trust we take seriously, and a responsibility we embrace. Perhaps, over the years, we have had the opportunity to care for you, or for some of your friends or family members. We consider it a privilege to care for each patient who comes through our doors. So, when we host our Community Celebration on June 30, we won't just celebrate the 25th anniversary of this hospital. We will celebrate friendships and relationships. We will celebrate new lives and renewed hopes. We will celebrate you! Please join us!

Community Celebration
Saturday, June 30, 2001
8:00AM - 12:00 Noon (EDT)

**LAKE CUMBERLAND
REGIONAL HOSPITAL**
Heartbeat of Our Community

305 Langdon Street, Somerset, Kentucky 42503
Phone: (606) 679-7431
Website: www.LakeCumberlandHospital.com

Campbellsville University

Campbellsville, Kentucky

Mattingly and Wilson honored

Campbellsville University President Michael V. Carter presented J. Kenneth Mattingly and Jason David Wilson plaques at the 15th Annual Excellence in Teaching Awards Ceremony recently at Campbellsville University's Student Activities Center. Mattingly and Wilson teach in the Rockcastle County School System, 118 teachers from 48 school districts were honored at the ceremony.

INVITATION TO BID

Notice is hereby given that BY INVITATION ONLY
ROCKCASTLE COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION
will accept bids for construction of
INTERIOR RENOVATIONS FOR ROCKCASTLE CO. MIDDLE SCHOOL
according to Drawings and Specifications prepared by **VANHOOK ARCHITECTURAL SERVICES**,
and described in general as:
Approximately 1500 square feet of interior renovations to Storage and Classroom space. Interior finishes include: hollow metal doors and frames, wood doors, LGSF with gyp board wall finishes, painting, vinyl flooring, acoustical ceiling. Modifications to existing electrical and mechanical systems, associated with existing and new electrical and mechanical components.
Sealed bids will be received at the office of the Rockcastle County Board of Education on Monday, June 22, 2001 at 2 p.m.
Bids will be opened and read aloud at this established time and place. Bids received after the time established by the Owner will not be accepted. Interested parties are invited to attend.
Proposed Contract Documents may be examined at:
Rockcastle County Board of Education, 245 Richmond Street, Mt. Vernon, Ky.
General contract bidder may secure copies of the proposed Contract Documents from the office of Lynn Blue Print and Supply, Inc., 328 East Vine Street, Lexington, Kentucky or The Rockcastle Co. Board Office, Richmond Street, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky on the following basis:
1. General contractors may receive two (2) sets of plans from Owner. Subcontractors or other interested parties may receive copies of the Specifications and Drawings at printing and shipping and handling costs.
2. No partial sets will be issued.
A. Pre-Bid Conference shall be held at the job site, June 19, 2001 at 3:30 p.m. Contractor owner (Doug Mullins, Director of Facilities) immediately upon receipt of plans and specs to verify time and applicability. Provided that a Pre-Bid conference is not attended. All bidding contractors shall arrange access to the premises for their own review and shall arrange this access through the office of Doug Mullins, Director of Facilities (606) 256-2125.
3. The project shall be complete on or before August 10, 2001.