



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

The robins are back in town. When they finally departed southward last November they were so fat I never expected them to make it to the Tennessee line carrying all that body weight but they departed, pretty much all at once, and headed, I presume, for Florida.

That's where I would go if I lived on hands from old people, lived in a tree, and wanted to stay warm and well-fed while my kin folks were freezing their buns off in the mid-west. If I were a robin, I'd be trying to sell burial insurance to some of those cranky old Florida retirees from Michigan and the east coast who I was bumming a meal.

There's nothing wrong with making a little profit when the opportunity presents itself and if I couldn't sell life insurance, I'd be brokering burial plots.

But Robins are not as entrepreneurial as I might be if I had wings. Basically all they do is prance around in a tree, and whatever they find put out for them, poop on the windshield of the old guy's car and fly back to Kentucky and points northward and look for opportu-

nities to poop again. (I know a bunch of people that fit the latter less-than-entrepreneurial description and they are all members of the Kentucky State Legislature.)

So this Saturday morning I was out with my grunting thrush transmitting the spirochete from locusts and orange roasts that keep coming back

from long dead trees along my rock wall, when all of a sudden I noticed I had company.

Following along at my feet was the skinniest robin I've ever seen. Literally wobbling from starvation. Every time I kicked over the smallest rock he she was right there scratching to see if a bug or worm might be up near the surface.

I figured out right away that he/she was hungry so I turned over a couple of larger stones that I would not have ordinarily kicked just to see what might be there under them and a poor little black beetle of some sort popped up. It was not something I would have eaten in the direct of circumstances but the robin gulped it down and then landed onto an earthworm that I hadn't even noticed.

I knew he had come bread in the kitchen that was drying out and I had intended to feed it to old Blue, my main dog, so I trotted back into

the house and fetched a great big piece back out to my grubbing chomah and sure enough the robin came right back looking for a handout.

I sprinkled down a few crumbs from the corn bread and he she gulped down a couple of swallows and then flew up on the rock wall and chortled out a song or a blessing or whatever you call that sound that robins make when they are happy.

In a matter of minutes, I was surrounded by more than a dozen hungry robins. They wouldn't fight on

my hand when I held out the bread but they would fuss all about on the ground and even on my shoes, scrambling for the crumbs, and in short order I was out of food.

Back in the house I found a bowl of oatmeal that my son had barely touched which they devoured when I divided it up atop the rock wall.

Later in the day I bought a couple of blocks of suet at the pet aisle in Walmart and to make a long story short, I already have robins with fat breasts roosting in the maple in front of my house and I don't believe they are getting any further north.

Which is to say that Spring is just around the corner here in Paint Lick and that the Robins and I can wait it out as long as we all have bread and Quakers oats to feed us through the big snow yet to come.

I'm not sure this means, but

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

a Robin will not eat a wooly worm even if you mix them with Quaker Oats. (I've tried)

Finally, here's a garden dead catalog you need to order if you like to start tomatoes and peppers from seed. It's called TOTALLY TOMATOES P.O. Box 1626 Augusta, Georgia, 30903-1626 or you can go their website: www.totallytomato.com or call 1-800-663-0061 if you are really in a hurry but the bottom line is that you get a catalogue of seed and a virtual encyclopedia of tomatoes simply by getting in touch with them. When you call, tell them they should advertise in your newspaper and they'd get a bunch more business because most people don't even like the column where you get the address.

In the meantime, would someone let me know where the fish are biting?????



Cloning
Why in the world do we need cloning of anything, especially animals? Today's Herald-Leader has a picture of a beautiful kitten looking into the camera as if begging to be picked up and cuddled, with headlines saying, "Our Copycat culture was bound to come up with pet clones." Isn't it about time for people who believe in creation from a Power that does not duplicate any being but gives individuality to every creature on earth, to stand up to the culture who on one side asks for assistance for the countless millions of hungry people without food; clothing and homes to live in, and at the same time ask for money to support cloning of humans and animals to further enrich the universe. Why do we want more kittens and dogs from the cubicles of science when real ones born from parents, many of whom were outcasts dropped by the wayside to be mistreated and killed by passer-byes, to add to this list. Haven't we seen enough homeless shelters with stray animals looking with pleading eyes and begging for a home in someone's heart, to resent the taxpayers money being spent on cloning more creatures, including human beings to take their place.

Science and scientists have an important role to play in the world. I wish there were more of them discovering and developing the cures for

incurable disease, and way to prevent them. And somewhere in the scientific world there must be research going on that can undo, as well as create new ways to use the product of ingenuity. Nothing, including the nuclear or atomic bomb, should be built or used anyway I have been found to disassemble, it safely. I know, somewhere the fertile minds of scientist are searching for alternate ways to dispose of the nuclear waste that is threatening the world. This question has always been, "What is it together before someone didn't know how to take it apart safely?"

Don't try to find a burying ground from past mistakes, correct them before they need a funeral. Now the world is paying for the brilliant once of past scientists creating a weapon that won a war but endangered the future of the world when other nations became a "copycat" by manufacturing and threatening the use of the weapon when they so desired.

Is cloning of life doing the same thing? Will a monster from the fertile brain and the imagination of brilliant scientists take the place of natural beings and finally rule the world? Will we be fighting miniature organisms with no feeling for pain, life or death? Or loving animals with no sense of loyalty or love to you, their owner? I'll put my trust and faith in a Higher Being that makes no mistakes in His creation.

You're not a cop until you taste them

The department was all astir there was a lot of laughing and joking due to all the new officers; myself included, hitting the streets today for the first time. After months of seemingly endless amounts of classes, paperwork, and lectures we were finally done with the Police Academy and ready to join the ranks of our department.

All you could see were rows of cadets with huge smiles and polished

badges. As we sat in the briefing room, we could barely sit still anxiously awaiting our turn to be introduced and given our belt assignment or, for the lay person, our own portion of the city to "serve and protect." It was then that he walked in. A statue of a man - 6 foot 3 and 230 pounds of solid muscle, he had black hair with highlights of gray and steady eyes that make you feel nervous even when he wasn't looking at you. He had a reputation for being the biggest and the smartest officer to ever work our fair city.

He had been in the department for longer than anyone could remember and those years of service had made him into somewhat of a legend.

The new guys, or "rookies" as he called us, both respected and feared him. When he spoke even the most seasoned officers paid attention. It was almost a privilege when one of the rookies got to be around when he would tell one of his police stories about the old days. But we knew our place and never interrupted for fear of being shooed away. He was respected and revered by all who knew him.

After my first year on the department I still had never heard or saw him speak to any of the rookies for any length of time. When he did, you went to them all he would say was, "So, you speak to a policeman do you here?"

I'll tell you what, when you can tell what they taste like, then you can call yourself a real policeman."

This particular phrase I heard dozens of times. Me and my buddies all had bets about "what they taste like" actually referred to. Some believed it referred to the taste of your own blood after a hard fight. Others thought it referred to the taste of sweat after a long day's work. Being on the department for years, I thought I knew just about everyone and everything. So one afternoon, I mustered up the courage and walked up to him.

When he looked down at me, I said "You know, I think I've paid my dues. I've been in plenty of fights, I've taken a lot of arrests, and I've saved my butt off just like everyone else. So what does that little saying of yours mean anyway?" With that, he merely stated, "Well, seeing as how you've said and done it all, you tell me what it means, here." When I had no answer, he shook his head and snickered, "rookies," and walked away.

The next evening was to be the worst one to date. The night started out slow, but as the evening wore on, the calls became more frequent and dangerous. I made several small arrests and then had a real knock down fight out right.

However, I was able to make the arrest without hurting the suspect or myself. After that, I was looking forward to just letting the shift wind down and getting home to my wife and daughter.

I had just glanced at my watch and it was 11:55, five more minutes and it would be on my way to the house. I don't know if it was fatigue or just my imagination, but as I walked out one of the streets on my beat, I thought I saw my daughter standing on someone else's porch. I looked again but it was not my daughter as I had first thought but merely a small child about her age. She was probably only six or seven years old and dressed in an oversized shirt that hung to her feet. She was clutching an old rag doll in her arms that looked older than me.

I immediately stopped my patrol car to see what she was doing outside her house at such an hour by herself. When I approached, there seemed to be a sign of relief on her face.

I had to laugh to myself, thinking she sees the hero policeman come to save the day. I knelt at her side and asked what she was doing outside.

She said "My mommy and daddy just had a really big fight and now mommy won't wake up." My mind was racing. Now what do I do? I instantly called for backup and ran to the nearest window. As I looked inside I saw a man standing over a lady with his hands covered in blood, her

blood. I kicked on the door, pushed the man aside and checked for a pulse, but unable to find one. I immediately called the man and began doing CPR on the lady.

It was then I heard a small voice from behind me, "Mr. Policeman, please make my mommy wake up." I continued to perform CPR until my backup and medics arrived but they said it was too late. She was dead.

I then looked at the man. He said, "I don't know what happened. She was yelling it me to stop drinking and go get a job and I had just had enough. I just shoved her so she would leave me alone and she fell and her head."

As I walked the man out to the car in handcuffs, I again saw that little girl. In the five minutes that has passed, I went from hero to monster. Not only was I unable to wake up her mommy, but now I was taking daddy away too.

Before I left the scene, I thought I would talk to the little girl. To say what I thought. Maybe just to tell her I was sorry about her mommy and daddy. But as I approached, she turned away and I knew it was useless and I would probably make it worse.

As I sat in the locker room at the station, I kept replaying the whole thing in my mind. Maybe if I would have been faster or done something different, just maybe that little girl would still have her mother. And even though it may sound selfish, I would still be the hero.

It was then that I felt a large hand on my shoulder. I heard all too familiar question again, "Well, hero, what do they taste like?"

But before I could get mad or shout some sarcastic remark, I realized that all the pent up emotions had flooded the surface and there was a steady stream of tears cascading down my face. It was at that moment that I realized what the answer to his question was. Tears.

With that, he began to walk away, but he stopped. "You know, there was nothing you could have done differently," he said. "Sometimes you can do everything right and still the outcome is the same. You may not be the hero you once thought you were, but now you ARE a police officer."

Bill Butler

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TIME FOR A CHANGE

"Stop All The Rumors"

True or False - Who Knows?

I have never heard so many rumors. Through prayer and careful consideration I entered the race for Rockcastle Co. Sheriff.

I've heard all kinds of demeaning and degrading things on most all the candidates running for office. Who knows what's true or false?

It's odd to think that people running for office will say or do most anything to win.

Most of us when we were young and foolish did some things we are not proud of. And it cost us. Some more than others but as for myself I want to set the record straight again.

As I have already stated, my record is crystal clear and has been for more than 20 years. Check with the law enforcement and see for yourself.

Gary V. Linville
for Sheriff



Gary, Gail, Shane, Jr. & Katelyn Brooke

Let's get focused, we are at war!

And the prize to the victor has been and will continue to be our families, children and grandchildren.

Drugs have for some time now plagued our whole county, "even nation." A 60 billion dollar a year industry nationwide. People are afraid to leave their homes, our youth are being destroyed. And crime is raging all around us.

It's now time for the good citizens, young and old of Rockcastle Co., to wake up, stand up and speak up and let your voice be heard and say enough is enough, we are ready for a change May 28th. Don't hesitate pull lever 8 and vote for Gary V. Linville, to protect and serve. Watch for future ads in the Signal as we will be informing you of some of our objectives when voted into office.

A very special thanks to the many people all over the county that have come out to support us in our race to make Rockcastle Co. a better and more safer place to live and bring up our children and grandchildren.

Paid For by Gary Linville