



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

Ten years from now, if the politicians who represent us in Frankfort and the State Department of Transportation have their way, the quiet little village of Paint Lick will be hunkered at the bottom of a pile of rip-rap and the serenity we have known as a way of life for two centuries will be drowned by the roar and whir of 18 wheelers whizzing by at 80 miles an hour during the late evening when we used to strain to hear the screech owls and whippoorwills.

Old homes, the very foundations of our community and predating the Civil War will be buried and run over by bulldozers and then covered with concrete and asphalt. Upwards of 20 of our families along the right-of-way (wrong-of-way is more accurate) will have to pick up and move to parts unknown and get out of the way when the politicians condemn their homes and plow them underground.

Those left standing will have an new road—a connector to Interstate 75 from Danville and Lancaster and Stamford—running through what used to be sprawling front yards fenced with old rock walls formed by the road that has served us well for more than a century. The fresh and prevalent breeze loaded with the smells of locust and hard wood blooms in the spring of the year and with the crisp tang of autumn that

make it so pleasant to sit on our front porches will, within a decade, be replaced by the stink of diesel fumes and the roar of Jacob's Engine Brakes!

The end result is that Paint Lick, Kentucky, as we know it now, is destined for destruction. We are in the way of "progress." Our community, as we know it, is scheduled for destruction—traded off by traitors and tyrants for whom we've cast our votes. Our elected representatives to Frankfort sneak in and out of the community from time to time and spread a few well-rehearsed lies by the bush; we have no voice—and apparently no choice.

Several years ago, my friend, Rita Fox, like about everybody who lives around here, became acquainted with Dean Cornett who has run our nationally acclaimed "Friends of Paint Lick" Community Center over the last fifteen years. Dean, in her eighties now, foresees the coming of the road before most of us and she implored Rita that what we needed was

a "paper of some sort" that documented who and what and where we are. Dean had just recruited a family physician to set up a clinical practice in Paint Lick so Rita, a well known, free-lance writer/journalist was next in line on her list of folks who might make a difference.

The bottom line is that Rita Fox

has been encouraged and morally enlisted by our Dean to start up a publication called Paint Lick Reflections. Over the last several months, Rita has lined up local writers (yours truly has a feature, cover story, about Dean Cornett in the premier issue), sought out old photos more than a hundred years old and is, at this writing, getting ready to take the first issue to press before the end of the month.

It will contain more than 17 features including a history of the old Paint Lick Presbyterian Church which was started up before Kentucky became a state and is still a vital part of our community today, an essay written in 1921 by the late Lucie Eschwege, one of our community matrons, a short biography of native, Bradley Kincaid native ballader, one the founders of modern day country music, a poets corner, and a number of stories about the way we live now that may be historic long before we planned.

We writers are working for free. Carita Brenns, Sam Lawson, Linda Caldwell, Glenda McQuerry, Lucie Eschwege, Rita, me and a host of folks who are contributing bits and pieces to the first issue but we need help. Rita is contemplating taking out a second mortgage on her home to finance the first publication but we need you to sign on if Paint Lick is or has been important to your life for whatever reason.

We also need you to let us know

if you have old photographs of Paint Lick and the surrounding communities of Cartersville, Point Leavell, Happy Landings, Copper Creek, Dripping Springs, Fairview or anywhere else in the Southeastern part of Garrard County or those parts of Madison County that call Paint Lick home.

If you'd like to write for the magazine, we'd love to hear from you. If you can't write, but you don't mind talking, please let us know. We are particularly interested in facts, interviews and/or photographs about the Old Railroad for the next issue. Photos will be scanned into the computer and returned to you promptly in their original condition but please provide as much information as you can about the photo subject.

To subscribe to the magazine, which will be published quarterly or thereabouts (with extremely limited press runs, especially on first issues which means hurry if you want one) or to suggest a story, please send your name, address, other correspondence and a subscription check (if you want the publication mailed to you) for \$15.90 yr. Rita Fox, Editor/Publisher, Paint Lick Reflections, 11093 Richmond Road, Paint Lick, KY 40461. Subscriptions after March 31 will be \$21.20 so again you better hurry.

Best way to reach Rita by phone is cell phone 859-200-0434. Or email: rfox@msn.net.

close by their masters' side while they both searched diligently through the horro-Not 5-11 to find and release victims. I saw the paws of one animal raw from constant digging through concrete and rubble searching for the body has delicate nostrils had recognized as being the scent of life. And the beautiful dog lying be-

side his master's feet completely exhausted from overwork because he wouldn't quit as long as there was need for his particular skill to seek and find one more victim. These heroes, men and dogs, should be given the highest medal of honor and a place to sit comfortably beside his master for the rest of his life. The firemen and police officers were real heroes, their dedication and hard work to rescue, not only the living, but the bodies of those buried in the rubble, are to be commended and never forgotten, neither should the heroes, or "friends" of mankind that so gallantly stood by.

So I'd like to talk a little more about some of the heroes in our personal life awhile and let others talk about the subject of today's ceremonies.

The memories I found may not be as interesting to some, but to the dog owners they probably will be. It is writing about my memories you have asked for. So the first thing I thought of was about the dog I owned after we moved to Rockcastle County. He was a fat, little pup we immediately named Major, after Ma's dog he owned when he was a child. The pup was a mixture of collie and husky with qualities and looks of each. Judy loved him and became his constant buddy and playmate. She learned to county by opening his mouth and counting his teeth. He was gently but frisky and loved to run like his ancestor, the husky. He could run for miles on end and still be fresh and perk at the end of his exercise. He grew fast into a beautiful, gentle alert

animal we all loved, especially Judy, and he returned the love by protecting her. The first walk to the store three miles away and he would always accompany me. We lived in a rough part of the county and the path I used was also used by unsavory characters, a better known as "moonshiners." Now, I wasn't really afraid of them, but they seemed to be afraid of me, for they always hid behind a tree or log with their load of moonshine, so I never knew they were present, but Major did. He would be trotting behind or closer at my side when casually he would slip off into the woods, quietly appear again and stay close as long as the strangers stayed hidden or I safely passed Judy and quiet watchdog whom we had never heard growl not even when another dog came by. I couldn't imagine him ever fighting another animal. Then I found out he could and would fight if this loved one was in danger. On one of these trips to the store, Major, as usual, stayed close behind as we approached a shanty on the hillside above, where a passed of bound dogs always lay in wait, to bark, harass and pound on anyone passing by. This day was no exception, as Major and I approached, here they came, over the hill in full force, barking, growling and lunging furiously toward these angry animals. Not only of my life but the life of my beloved Major was in danger. He did come, and stayed by my side till I was a short distance ahead then suddenly dropped back, and all heck broke loose as he gave them an answer to what they were asking for. Major was a fighter after all. He had whipped the whole bunch before catching up to me, and I was sure I saw a smile on his face as he lifted a paw to brush off filth from the trash he had soiled his paws with. That day HE was my HERO. I still

(Cont. to A-4)

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Heroes

Today people all over the nation are being swamped with scenes and stories of the tragedy that shocked the world and especially the citizens of the USA, on Sept. 11, 2001. The heroism of people risking and giving their lives for others dying and crying for help will be told over and over, bringing back memories that were just beginning to heat that may be torture to those grieving for the victims. That is a day many of us can add to other memories just as horrifying, but not as dramatic and captivating to those used to complacency and normal living habits, as seeing two buildings, made by man, and

occupied by loved ones intent on living a life of comfort and happiness blown to bits and crumbled to ruins by terrorists who place no value on human life.

But, let us now dwell on past memories of wars, body bags with mothers sons lying inside, buried in beautiful fields of Poppies in a foreign land with unknown soldiers instead of a familiar name or the white stones filling the cemetery. They now live where recently had been the battlefield where they had given their life for their country, The USA. Near the memory of fatherless children and widowed mothers having to start over again without the guidance and companionship of father or husband. In World War I and II there was no assistance from the government or organizations to take care of the needs of widows and orphans. So the women tightened their belts and took control of the job of raising their children the best she could. Her hero was gone. Her heart could break in silence but she had a job to do and she did it.

Now, let us talk about other heroes. Every family has a hero of some kind or other they can talk about laugh about or brag about without embarrassing the recipient or being corrected for telling it wrong. All this hero can do is wag his tail and smuggle up a little closer to his manager, who is usually his owner. You guessed it, I am talking about dogs, the playmate of childhood, companion of youth and comfort in old age. I often think about those wonderful brave dogs



Gerri Jones with beloved Hero - Chorro.

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