



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

Twice, in the last 10 days, I've been stranded by high water, mooring the creeks were up in the road so deep that it was inadvisable to drive anything through the overflow, smaller than a Hum-Vee which, as most of you already know, is a military acronym big old four wheeled thing that can go anywhere.

Two guys, who live in Richmond, came along in army surplus Hum-Vees, which they recently purchased because they got outbid on all of several former UK coach's homes, and demonstrated to the stranded that three feet of water was scarcely more than a nuisance if you could afford financing.

"How much does one of them things cost," somebody yelled.

"Less than \$200 thousand if you have a trade in," one of the droopy yelled back. "But give me ten grand and take over the payments and I'll sell you this one."

So they drove back and forth through the flooded dip in the road until we all were assured that they were made at back and truly deserv-

ing to live in a former (of which I have many) coach's home before they headed back to Richmond in the stretch and clouds of black smoke from the diesel fuel they were burning at the rate of 1.8 gallons per mile. But eventually the rain let up and within a matter of hours, the flood waters subsided and we straggled managed to get from points A to points B. At least I assume we did because I saw no late news reports that any of us were missing. Actually a couple of single guys managed to hook up with a couple of single women and they all decided to return to somewhere in the vicinity of Point A where the bars were open. Stranger things, I suppose, have fostered new romances.

In the meantime, here on Paint Lick, the heavy rains and lodges have mostly been under several feet of water and their construction material has frequently been washed in the road along Highway 21. And while I, personally, have seen bars at the edge of dark or early in the morning engaged in dragging

huge limbs back toward the creeks, the residue mounds of debris cleaned up in the hours out of human sight.

One morning the ground-off tree limbs are there beside the road and the next morning they're gone. One day a dam is gone and the next day it's holding water. The next day it's floods again and the process is repeated.

There are at least five distinct beaver dams alongside 21 between Paint Lick and Berea that are literally beside the road. I'd bet good money that another ten to 15 are just barely hidden from sight behind curves in the road. Of the three I've seen, two were about the size of healthy ground hogs. The third, and I swear this is the truth, looked more like a bear.

According to National Geographic and Animal Planet on television, they never stop growing and this big guy was practically in downtown Paint Lick. I figure he/she was one

of the original founders of the first dam back in the late eighties that was constructed just above our bridge on US 52 and when we had a local controversy going as to whether it was beavers or high school boys building the dam very late at night to create a practical joke.

We finally settled that controversy by examining the building material and noticing all the teeth marks and subsequently determining that we had no local boys so talented or ambitious or with teeth that good.

What I don't understand is where the big beaver is staying during daylight hours because I've butchered smaller hogs. All I know for sure is that we've had a terrible lot of rain over the last few weeks and the beavers are undisturbed. I also know that they can rebuild in a hurry.

If I see one in a Hum-Vee next time it floods I will not be at all surprised. That's a good explanation as we've come up with yet.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Friends' Friendship is often thought of as someone you know, or have known, familiar enough to be called by their first name, or living close enough to trade bits of gossip with or borrow a spoonful of baking powder when you find your own in the middle of baking a cake. Nice, this kind of neighbor is wonderful and may in time be called friend, but only time, and sharing the beauty of mountain tops in good times and dark shadows in the valley of times of trouble are the circumstances that form real friendship.

A favorite bit of poetry I love, and often quote to the special people I call friend, goes like this: True friends are like diamonds, scarce and rare, searching may find one, but not everywhere.

But, sometime when you're dreaming, and awake with a start, you'll find this friend dwelling with the love in your heart.

Friends start, they made through deeds alone, they are the dividends of loving care from those whom you least expect to give it. It comes from a widow who has nothing to give except her love and concern for a neighbor when a family member took sick until death and her neighbor needed a loving arm to lean on. Bessie, responded with not only temporary presence, but spending the night to help soothe Mat's pain by massaging his back while I rested my own arms. I did not have to call her to say I needed help, her love and understanding did that for me. It was Bessie and her sons that cleaned up the old flower beds and planted new flowers to be blooming when I returned from one of bedside vigils needed when Mat was in the hospital. Her explanation was, "She knew I had always had a bed of flowers there and wouldn't have time or energy to do it this year, so I'll have flowers blooming when I got

home it was up to her to see it was done. She, Bessie Cromer, is a friend (a friend in need is a friend indeed).

Melba Mize, a one time neighbor and partner in playing scrabble, is another "friend." We have consorted each other, cried together when the world seemed to be all clouds and the sun had hid behind them. We have spent many evenings playing Scrabble with those who called themselves friends, but really were only neighbors with the same interest in the game. It was Melba who was called when I received a message that my mother had broken her hip and would have surgery on it the following morning in Christ Hospital in Cincinnati and did not feel up to driving. Her reply was, "Get ready, I will take my car and we will be on our way." I was on jury duty when I received the message and it was late evening before we could get started. Meanwhile, a thunderstorm had developed so the dark of coming night and a rainstorm was just the makings of a pleasant drive to Cincinnati. But Melba also knew and loved my mom and understood the importance of getting there before she went to surgery. We did, and Mom was able to thank Melba for her part in getting me there. Throughout the years of child-raising, marital problems, sickness and death in both our families we shared lives that were interlaced with happiness as well as sorrow. Our relationship was such as: "I was Aunt Zi to her children; Johnny and Ronney" and accepted into the family as one of the. When Dovie, Melba's mother died I went immediately to offer support or anything else I could do to ease the stress of loss at such a time. A month later my own mother died and Melba along with her sisters who lived in another state were there offering their support. For the past several years our close relationship has been fractured by time and living conditions but Melba and

Bessie will always be what I call "friend." I am sure if I needed help they could perform, without asking questions of why someone else would do it, they would be here proving what real friendship is.

The other day I visited another "friend" of long standing that picked my conscience of being negligent to one of them in their time of need. Inez Norton Hill is sick and feels her time is very short. I was astonished when I saw her condition and realized I had not been the good friend they had been to me throughout the years of our relationship. Inez is the daughter of Roscoe and Evelyn Norton I have often written about. The partners of mat when we moved back to Rockcastle County. They were my very first acquaintance in the wilds of Rockcastle County and offered the hand of friendship to one who desperately needed it. At that time Inez was a teenager with a younger brother, Leslie, Jr. at home. Roscoe was the wage earner and storyteller who could keep a room full of people spellbound with his tales of how their family arrived and settled in Kentucky and made their living farming, horse trading and raising big families to carry on the name and tradition of the Norton family. Evelyn was the mother and business woman who understood the fine print in contracts and saw to it that all were satisfactory for good business. She was a meticulous housekeeper and wonderful hostess when a guest, whether a passerby or invited one entered her door. We always Christmas with them where gifts were exchanged and a wonderful dinner served with dessert being her own recipe of boiled pudding. As years went by we became real friends, each telling about the problems and failures and successes and joys they would experience with their families. Evelyn's background was a bit different, she

(Cont. to A10)

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Twilight Absolute
Auction
of Red Top Food Stop LLC's
Store, Restaurant & Gas Station
Saturday, April 13th • 2:00 p.m.
Hwy. 461, Shopville, Kentucky

Location: Located on Hwy. 461 approximately 12 miles south of Mt. Vernon and 15 miles north of Somerset. Hwy. 461 is the main highway from I-75 to Lake Cumberland.

Due to health reasons, the owners of Red Top Food Stop have decided to offer this excellent business opportunity for the absolute high dollar.

This property is located on a heavily traveled highway and offers a great business potential! The main building measures 50'x96' and is of brick and metal construction. For approximately 15 years it has been both a grocery and gas business. It has five EPA certified underground tanks and a fully automated gas service with canopy. Two of the tanks are 6000 gallons, and one is 1,000 gallons and there is one 1,000 gallon tank. The owners are currently not under contractual agreement with a gas company, giving you, the new purchaser, an opportunity to negotiate the best deal.

In addition to the grocery and gas business there is a new modern full service deli with indoor dining accommodations. The deli features a modern hot buffet, meat slices and salads, pizza, waffles, meat, icemaker, freezer, walk-in cooler, plus many other equipment items needed for operating a restaurant/deli.

The building has two restrooms, both 200 amp and 3 phase wiring, two separate central heat and air units, blacktopped parking area, and most of the windows have 1/2" Lexan.

The equipment for the grocery and deli will be offered as bulk units and not as individual lots. There is a billboard space that is leased by the year for additional income to your business.

This property consists of 1.89 acres with approximately 100 feet of frontage along Hwy. 461.

AUCTIONEER'S NOTE: Make your future profitable with this strategically located business! We will be offering the real estate and the equipment separately and then together selling in whatever manner reflects the best returns for the owners. Don't miss this opportunity to own your own business! Mark your calendar now to attend this absolute auction on Saturday, April 13, 2002 at 2:00 p.m.

TERMS: 20% down at the conclusion of the auction with the balance due on or before 30 days, with delivery of the deed.

AUCTIONEER/BROKER/SELLER DISCLAIMER: The information contained herein is believed to be correct to the best of the auctioneer's knowledge. The information is being furnished for the bidder's convenience and it is the responsibility of the bidder to determine the information contained herein is accurate and complete. The property is being sold in its "as is" condition.

For additional information or appointment to see the property contact
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TIME FOR A CHANGE.
VOTE
Gary V. Linville
Rockcastle Co. Sheriff
May 28, 2002 (Lever 8)

And with God's help and the people's support, together we can make a different in our county.

STOP THE RUMORS and stick to the issues that concern our citizens. Let me address one of the latest rumors on myself, as to whether or not I can carry a gun. When elected your Sheriff, **YES, I CAN and YES I WILL.** I have owned several guns all my life. As a matter of fact, just a few years ago I owned my own gun store where I bought and sold hundreds of guns as a licensed gun dealer in the state of Kentucky in Madison County. And yes, all the guns were registered in my name. My Ky. gun dealer license number was 4-61078014C68864. **SO GET OFF THAT!** Other candidates who are running for this office need to stop spreading lies and rumors. As if anyone out there has lived a 100% perfect life. If you can't run a good clean race and win, then you don't need the job.

As I have stated in several of my ads, my record is crystal clear and has been more than 20 years. I am not going to waste my time and all my supporter's money addressing rumors and lies that attack my honor, integrity and character. I have nothing to hide (ZERO!). As a matter of fact, I can give hundreds of character references and many of them are in law enforcement, pastors and businessmen alike in Rockcastle and Madison Counties.

That's why we have hundreds of good people all over the city and county that agree with us: **IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE** and May 28th with your vote and support there will be no change.

Gary Linville will be your NEW SHERIFF by the people, for the people, to protect and serve; hopefully we can get back to our **OBJECTIVES** in our next ad.

To all of our supporters, city and county, God bless you and keep up the good work. In the end we will win!

Paid for by Gary Linville