September 11, 2001; a day to remember

Richard Anderkin
Editor
Mount Vernon Signal

Today, (Wednesday), September 11, 2002, marked the one year anniversary of possibly the worst day in the history of the United States.

When you think about all of the innocent people who lost their lives, it is really sad.

And when you think about the courage that so many people have shown after losing loved ones, it makes you have a better appreciation for the American way of life and what this country stands for.

Freedom is something that so many of us take for granted, but something that I think most Americans know doesn't come without sacrifice, especially after the terrorist attacks gave us a reality check.

There are some advantages to living in a small rural community. Although I think all normal red-blooded American's have mourned for those lost in their own way, because of our place of residence, we were not nearly as affected by the events as were so many other Americans.

What happened on September 11th could happen again because we are a free nation. I really don't believe Americans are willing to give up any of our freedoms simply because there are idiots out there who are willing to die for their twisted beliefs.

I don't watch many of the shows commemorating 9-11 because quite frankly they depress me, but the people who died that day deserve any and all admiration we as a nation can bestow on their memory.

We live in a somewhat scary time and I think that we all should be thankful that we still live in a country where men and woman are willing to serve and die for their country.

I also believe that our President and his administration know something about Iraq that the rest of us don't. We should support him, because I don't think he would be making such a big deal out of the situation if he didn't think Suddam Hussein is a real threat to the World.

My son Aaron was injured in Friday night's football game against Dunbar.

I simply want to say thank you to everyone, including family, who came to the hospital, called, sent cards and helped at the field. We also want to thank all of those who have asked about him since his injury.

I want to especially thank the Rockcastle County Ambulance Service, the staff at the Rockcastle Hospital and a great big thank you to Dr. Karen Saylor for her concern and quick reaction.

Aaron was knocked out momentarily and suffered another concussion. It was a very scary time for all of us, but everyone's concern helped immensely.

Aaron may or may not play this week, but again, for all those who asked, he is feeling much better.

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Points East

By: Ike Adams

I was at my brother Keeter's (Keith Adams') house at Redstar on the Sunday evening before Labor Day when sister-in-law, Nancy announced that it was too hot to cook anything else so she was just going to fix soup beans and corn bread for supper if that was all right with everybody and everybody but me said that sounded just fine and Keeter even yelled back from the front yard for her to hurry up cause he was getting hungry.

And I was thinking to myself, "Lucks".

Lucks pinto beans out of a can have probably, on several occasions, stopped or at least postponed starvation in some third world countries during the course of mankind's reign on earth but none, to my knowledge, are documented. I've even had them placed in front of me in a bowl at the table, taken a whiff, and immediately decided that it was time to get back on my diet and I've only been close enough to starvation a time or two to actually ingest them without benefit of much chili powder, onions etc etc.

So Nanco (real name Nancy but she lets Keeter call her by that name so I do too because she is my favorite sister) yelled back and said it would take about an hour for supper to be ready because she was just now putting the beans on and I was thinking again that it only takes about five minutes to heat up a can of Lucks so I decided to go into the kitchen and offer some advice. (One of the first and most frequent things we do when we come home for the holidays is offer advice on how to live their lives to our kin folks in the mountains but they never listen to a word---)

The first advice I intended to give was that I knew for a fact that Keeter had picked a big mess of half runners out of his garden the night before, and that if my preference was worth anything, I'd just as soon help string and break them up right then so we could have a decent supper.

But Nancy was emptying a pound bag of dried pintos into a colander and rinsing them off and she already had a big piece of fat back steaming in the kettle and, at that point, I thought my sister-in-law had gone off the deep end of the dock and spent too much time on the bottom.

In my experience it takes at least eight hours to cook pinto beans into what we hilbillies call soup beans. To really do it right, you soak them overnight in warm salty water, drain them a few times, and then put them in the kettle with aforementioned fatback where they are allowed to simmer from the time you go to work until you get home. And the longer you work, the better your beans are apt to taste when you finally get home.

Not only that, but a pinto bean cooked from the dry stage for just an hour and then rammed down the barrel of a .50 caliber black powder musket charged with a hundred or so grains of black powder is more lethal and accurate at a hundred yards than any lead bullet ever minted. If you don't believe me, ask anybody who was ever in the Civil War.

Anyway, Nanco finally told me to stand back and watch or get out of the way and it was pretty clear that she meant business. She boiled the beans for a few minutes, until the strips started fading, advising me to watch and learn, and then popped a pressure lid on top the kettle. I hadn't even recognized it as such but it was a pressure cooker.

When the pressure cap, set at 10 pounds, started rattling she turned on the tjmer, put a big pone of cornbread in the oven and commenced slicing tomatoes and onions. She stopped the beans and turned off the timer at 20 minutes, let them cool for 10 and then simmer with lid off for another 10. In the meantime the cornbread finished baking.

My Mom used to say that it was a waste of heat and sweat to cook soup beans in September. But my Mom never had Nancy's pressure cooker nor a clue about how good they taste when prepared by an expert. If you don't want to founder, don't go to my sister-in-law Nancy's house to eat. And if you live outside the mountains, please don't be giving her any cooking advice. It scares me to death that Nancy might take it.

Ike Adams-September 5th

For nearly a month I had looked forward to a couple of days in Letcher County to visit kin folks and take advantage of Jess & Cathy Campbells' invitation to come to their molasses stir-off over Labor Day Weekend. The plan was to leave Paint Lick right after work on Friday and come home on Monday morning.

But things don't always go as planned.

LaVerne Ledford, wife of my neighbor and great friend, Dan who was the second real resident of Paint Lick I met upon moving here 20 years ago and who plowed my garden with his tractor but wouldn't take any money for the effort because "the dirt was so poor it wouldn't sprout crab grass" passed away late last week and her funeral was last Saturday.

I'm not big on funerals and don't plan on having one myself but Mrs. Ledford was a super-special, kind and gentle woman and not much, if any, of the Eighty-one years she spent on this earth were wasted. And besides that she'd spent over sixty of those years married to Dan, which I considered more than reason enough to make paying last respects a high priority.

I also figured that LaVerne's funeral would be more of a celebration of her life than a grieving affair even though almost everybody in the Old Manse Presbyterian Church (Oldest Protestant Church in Kentucky and built even before Kentucky became a state in 1792 or Dan was born) wept through all the verses of "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder", "How Great Thou Art" and "Where the Roses never Fade" without so much as glancing at a hymnal. Most of those of us weeping knew that the hymns were right on target and at least one of us knew that every word to every song accurately described Mrs. Ledford and her undying Faith. Let me simply say that if Laverne is not there when the roll is called, the rest of us won't show up either.

So I didn't get started to Letcher County till nearly dark on Saturday and when I made it to Ulvah, Kentucky where Line Fork Creek runs into the Kentucky River to sweeten the water they drink in Lexington and where Jess and Cathy live, they'd stopped ginning the cane hours earlier. To make a long story short, I got there in time to take a few pictures beside the half acre sorghum cane field had been on Sunday morning and another family emergency popped up.

I was able to take photos of the molasses boiling down but I never got a taste. I photographed Jess's mill which is powered by an old Honda automobile motor and drive train while two lazy mules belonging to my high school classmate, Randy Campbell, stood ten feet away munching on cane stalks and gouged each other with their hind legs and guffawed to each other that their great grand parents had to walk in circles to drag around a pole that powered the mill.

My Daddy owned one of those old mules (Mert was her name) and we'd tie an ear of corn onto the end of a broom handle, fasten it to her shoulder harness, run it up through the top of her briddle so the corn was dangling about two feet in front of her nose and she'd chase it all day at a fast walk which was all the power you needed if she was hooked up to a gin pole and you wanted to make molasses.

Randy's mules didn't look or act a bit smarter but it would have taken them all week to gin out the cane that little Honda contraption did in just a few hours.

I came home telling the story and a certain daughter who does not like to have her name mentioned in my column wanted to know the names of Randy's mules. I told her that I didn't get that well acquainted with them. Then she wanted to know if they were male or female.

I told her that it looked to me like the men were doing all the work at the stir-off so I figured the mules were of the female persuasion because they were just standing around and unless they'd made the soup beans that were simmering in a huge cast-iron kettle and tasting like what I expect of food in Heaven, and the pans of corn bread that were stacked on tables all around, they'd probably made about as much of a contribution to the process as she would have.

She didn't even ask if I'd brought home any molasses.

Maybe next year I can bring the whole family and those that want to can get personally acquainted with Randy's mules. I'm sure that will be a big help to Jess and Cathy.

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"NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND" a slogan being touted by our schools to which I am sure everyone subscribes. Hopefully as your next school board representative I can have some budgetary impact upon funding the pre-school program so as to include all who wish to participate instead of only those who meet a prescribed formula. It has been proven that the younger the child is exposed to the education process the likelihood of success as an adult is magnified many times.

Elect
J. Stephen (Steve)
OWENS
School Board Member - Division Three
Paid for by J. Stephen Owens

Absolute Estate
Auction
of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Artist's Personal Property
Friday, September 20, 2002 at 5:30 p.m.
Proffitt Street, Brodhead, Ky.

Location: Turn off Hwy. 150 onto Wallin Street. Follow Wallin Street into the Mountain View Subdivision. Watch for auction signs.

Mr. and Mrs. Artist have sold their property and moved out of state; therefore they have authorized our firm to sell this property for the absolute high dollar.

We will be selling the following items of personal property, including: Early American style sofa • oak spindle back rocker • end table/magazine rack • full size bed • wardrobe • bed • Whirlpool refrigerator • Hotpoint stove • microwave cabinet • 6 oak kitchen chairs • card table • Zenith floor model color TV • computer desk/work station • old oak dresser • old spool rope bed • telephone/gossip bench • cedar chest • three bar stools • desk • coffee maker • electric griddle • toaster • wall mirror • sewing machine • picnic basket • set of World Book encyclopedias • all kinds of puzzles and games • lots of books and magazines • bedspreads • quilts • assortment of dolls

Murray 14 in. riding lawn mower • Wheel Horse riding lawn mower • bicycle • Homelite weed eater • bicycle built for two • wheel barrow • Craftsman table saw • Craftsman drill press • Treadmill, like new • tool bench • bench vise • lots of small hand tools, wrenches, hammers, pliers, screwdrivers

O.F. Mossberg and Sons 12 gauge pump shotgun • Winchester model 69A 22 long rifle with clip • Arrone 157 bolt action rifle • lawn furniture • 8 gallon crock • well pump • cider press • floor jack • treated landscaping timber • lawn set - table w/4 chairs • post hole digger • grease gun • small air compressor • portable typewriter • drop cords • aluminum extension ladder • rakes • cast iron pot • 2 wooden step ladders • window fans • water hose • shop vac • tool boxes plus many miscellaneous items.

Auctioneer's Note: If you're looking for some nice, clean furniture and household goods, be sure to attend this absolute auction on Friday evening, September 20th at 5:30 p.m.

Terms: Cash or check in full day of sale.

Announcements day of sale take precedence over printed matter.
For additional information, contact the auctioneers:

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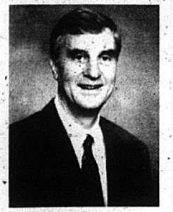
Hiatt's 5 & 10 **proudly invites you... to our Fenton Family Signing Event!**

Tom Fenton
Saturday, October 12
2:30 - 5:30 p.m.

FENTON
Handcrafted American Glass Artistry

Come meet Tom Fenton...

As Vice President of The Fenton Art Glass Company, Tom plays a key leadership role in the Fenton factory's quest for *Continuous Improvement of Quality.* "Our goal is to constantly improve the product we make for Fenton's followers throughout the world. Crucial to the achievement of high quality, at a reasonable cost, is the Fenton craftsman's skills for quickly executing new designs."



Tom Fenton

Tom's early education included Ohio Wesleyan University, Ohio University Graduate School and the US Army Reserve.

On Fenton craftsmanship Tom says, "We offer our customers unique, often complex designs and colors. After our best efforts to produce these items, we certainly enjoy the kind words and recognition offered by our collectors and dealers."

Tom and his wife, Sharon, enjoy traveling, aerobics and mountain hiking plus spending time with their three fun-loving adult children and two wild grandchildren.

FENTON
Handcrafted American Glass Artistry

For the best selection make your Fenton purchases prior to October 12th and Hiatt's will hold your pieces and have them signed on October 12th, for you to pick up the following week.

Hiatt's 5 & 10 is located on Main Street in Mt. Vernon