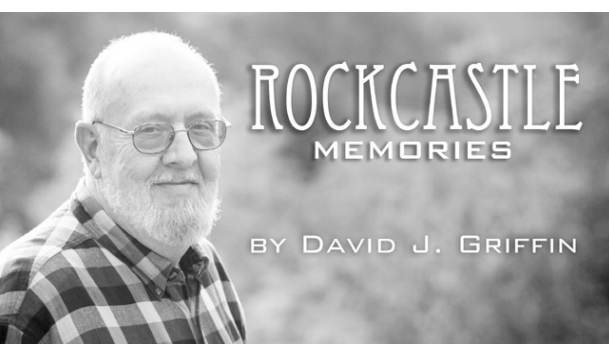




Cox Hardware – The End of a Legend

For my entire lifetime, I have been a customer and devotee of the legendary Cox Hardware store on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Kentucky. I was recently saddened to learn that the fabled business will be auctioned on April 26 and 27, ending a 106-year-old history of service to countless individuals who have passed through its doors. The Cox family has provided sales, service, and southern hospitality for immeasurable customers, and they will be sorely missed. This marks the end of an era for downtown Mt. Vernon.

My first memory of Cox Hardware is from a time when I was approximately six years old when I accompanied my grandfather (Pop) to purchase a stove-pipe for our home Warm Morning stove. Each time he ventured into the legendary store, he joined several other customers and a few loafers sitting around the big, old potbellied stove inside the store. This time was no different; we settled into the circle of chairs provided by then-owner, John Cox. I loved listening to the stories that were told around that ring of older gentlemen.

Most of the time when I visited the store with Pop, it was to buy some item that we needed on our small farm, which was located in the Pine Grove section of Rockcastle County. Occasionally, Pop simply visited the store in order to chat with his friends who also made their way to the business. Pop always referred to the store as “the hardware store” – as if it were the only one in existence – because to him, it was the only place to go to acquire whatever items he needed. Pop was very loyal to Cox Hardware, and I carried that devotion as if it were something that was handed down to me.

My first pocket knife was purchased in that legendary store. I remember the story very well. Pop and I were sitting under a shade tree in this yard one Saturday afternoon, and I was watching him whittle on a small piece of cedar that he had cut for that very purpose. I asked if I could use his knife to see if I could also learn the art of whittling, and he began to demonstrate to me the safety measures of the manly art.

After watching me for a few minutes, he said, “David Joe, I think it is time you had your own knife. Why don’t we drive down

to Cox Hardware and see if we can find one that you like.” I was overwhelmed with joy at the prospect of having my own knife.

I specifically remember getting into Pop’s 1951 Chevy and driving down to Mt. Vernon to get my first pocket knife. As soon as we walked into the store, John Cox met us at the door. Pop said, “John, I need to buy my grandson a pocket knife. What do you recommend?” Mr. Cox calmly walked behind the counter and then handed to Pop a four-blade, stag-handled, Boker Tree brand knife. Pop examined each blade and carefully inspected the handles. He then handed the knife over to me and asked, “What do you think, David Joe?” You cannot imagine the amount of excitement residing in that eight-year-old boy.

I said, “Can we get it, Pop?” And, of course, we did. When we left the store, my first knife was tucked safely in my jeans pocket. I don’t believe that I have ever been without a pocket knife since that eventful Saturday.

Claude Cox first opened the hardware store in 1907. His son John started working with his father on a full-time basis after he returned from World War II. John spent his entire life in loyal service to his customers. The day that he met his Maker, he was working behind the counter. It was February 6, 2001, and John was 82 years of age.

Following a career in education, John’s son Jimmy began working at the store in 1997 after he retired. His wife, Martha, worked with John beginning in 1976. Jimmy once noted, “Marty actually saved the store.”

Martha loved being involved in the family business. She reflected, “I loved the smell of the hardwood floors and the big old stove, where countless customers and friends have gathered for many, many years. I would not trade the thirty-seven years that I spent at Cox Hardware for anything. I learned that people from all walks of life are very important, and they all have such interesting and valuable stories to tell. I will miss these people and their stories most of all.”

She mused about the closing of the store. “It breaks my heart to have to sell the business. The store has outlived our customers. This was the best place in the world to work. I will

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Points East By Ike Adams



If you were searching for a Diabetes Poster Family, mine and Loretta’s might, at least, make your list of finalists.

I have type II diabetes, an affliction that ultimately killed my grandfather, as well as one aunt and one uncle. Our son, Christopher has had type I since he was around 10 years old. Now, at the tender age of 35, Chris has had so many, harrowing, comatose, close calls with death that we’ve literally lost count.

Our 4-year-old grandson, Tyler Kane Ochs, was diagnosed with Type I before he reached his third birthday. During the first year of the onset of Tyler’s disease, he had to have at least 6 blood tests a day and as many insulin injections. Try explaining that to a kid who is just learning to talk coherently.

If there is such a thing though, Tyler is one of the lucky diabetic kids. His mom, our daughter, Jennifer is a well-experienced, first-grade teacher, has a master’s degree in early childhood education, and her husband, Kevin Ochs, runs a highly respected physical therapy clinic in Richmond, KY. Suffice to say that Tyler’s parent’s have keen understandings of the ways that diabetes affects both his behavior and his physical development.

When Chris was diagnosed, Loretta and I were in states of manageable panic for several years. We read tons of literature published by the American Diabetes Association (ADA), talked to the few other parents we could find and drove several doctor’s crazy with “here’s the situation/what do we do now?” types of calls.

Compared to what the boys have gone through, managing my disease has been nothing more than a minor irritation. Sort of like comparing a gnat bite to a rattlesnake’s. I simply have to watch what I eat and remember to take a pill twice a day. Nothing, at the store, goes into our grocery cart before we’ve read the sugar and carbohydrate content analysis on the container. In the final analysis, except for the daily metformin, I don’t do anything that anyone concerned with healthy living ought to be doing.

Thanks to research and development, mostly spearheaded by ADA, both Chris and Tyler now have access to medicine and medical devices that make managing their diseases far more affordable, convenient, accurate and much less painful than they were just a few short years ago.

Both of them still have to do blood tests several times a day, but even Tyler can do his own. Tyler even has a computerized insulin pump that only has to be changed every couple of days instead of having to have needle injections of insulin 6 times a day. He can also do pretty much anything any other kid his age can manage and he could probably tear up an anvil if he put his mind to it.

Still, diabetes requires that Tyler as well as his parents, his brother, his grandparents, other extended family, teachers and friends be aware and even alert to the fact that he has the disease. Diabetes is a humungous burden for a child to bear and, at least until he reaches adulthood, it’s going to a huge emotional burden for Tyler’s parents and the rest of us who know and love him.

So, we do what we can to support and encourage research that may ultimately lead to a cure for this monster. We also believe that there is not a disease related charity in the world that is doing more to address the purpose for which it was

founded than the American Diabetes Foundation.

As we did last year on the first Saturday in June, Tyler Kane Ochs, his family and several of his and our close friends will assemble at Keeneland as “Team TKO” and join several thousand other ADA supporters in the annual Step Out Walk to Stop Diabetes.

I may well be in a wheel chair, but I intend to manage a least a mile around the trail and Tyler may have to be in my lap if he gets tired.

I’m simply asking readers of my column to make a cash donation and help sponsor Team TKO again this year. Last year you helped Team TKO contribute over \$2,500 to Step Out. We don’t really have a goal in mind this year but we’d like to top last year. The Keeneland walk, last year, raised over a quarter million dollars and was one of the most successful in the nation.

The easiest and most convenient way to donate is online. Simply go to www.stepout.diabetes.org and click DONATE at the top of the page. You will then be asked to support a participant or a team. Click on one or the other. Then type in either my name or Team TKO and follow your nose.

Online donations will show up on the website automatically. If, like me, you wish to make a paper donation (cash or personal check) it will not be counted until after we turn it on Saturday, June 1, the day of the event.

Make checks payable to American Diabetes Association and enter Team TKO on the memo line. Mail your donation directly to me. Tyler and I will do the paper work, turn the money into ADA and make sure you get a receipt with a photo of the champ. Any

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Strange... But True?

by: Tonya J. Cook



*The Miraculous Power of
the Spear of Destiny,
Part II*

In the last column of “Strange But True?” we looked at the Spear of Destiny, the spear that is said to have pierced the side of Christ.

This week we will conclude the study into the spear’s historic past and its mysterious power, and those who have sought to possess it.

In the 10th century, the Holy Roman Emperors came into possession of it from the time of Otto (912-973). In 1084, Henry IV had a silver band with the inscription, “Nail of Our Lord” added to it. Constantine is believed to have added a nail used in the Crucifixion to it. Around 1350, Charles IV had a golden sleeve put over the silver band which read, “Lance and Nail of the Lord”. In 1424 the lance and other relics were moved to Nuremberg. During the French Revolution the relics were moved to Vienna for safekeeping. In 1806 the Holy Roman Empire was disbanded and possession fell to the Habsburgs. During World War II, General George S. Patton returned the lance to Austria.

In 2005 Dr. Robert Feather, an English metallurgist and technical engineering writer, was given

special permission to test the lance for a documentary. He removed the delicate bands of gold and silver to discover that the spearhead is probably from the 7th century. Discovered in the same study was the nail that was supposedly used in the Crucifixion. The nail, indeed, did prove to be consistent in length and shape of a 1st century Roman nail.

The third lance (the first was discovered in the previous column was in Rome) is in Armenia. It is thought to have been brought there by the Apostle Thaddeus. In 1655, the French traveler, Jean Baptiste Tavernier was the first westerner to see the relic. In 1805, it was moved to Georgia and then later back to Armenia. The Holy Lance has a diamond shaped iron open work, a Greek cross. Therefore, this lance could not be the lance used at the time of the Crucifixion.

Antioch claims to have a Holy Lance, as does Krakow, Poland. Many accounts attribute mystical powers to the lance. Adolph Hitler was obsessed by the spear, and started World War II in order to capture it. According to legend, losing the spear would result in death. That was fulfilled when General George S. Patton gained the spear and Hitler

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Friday and Saturday, May 10 and 11

Come, join all the fun at our first annual

Founders Day Trail Festival

to celebrate Livingston’s 131st Birthday!

Opening Ceremony: Helicopter Show - Friday, May 10th

to honor our local emergency response personnel

Live country, bluegrass and gospel music will immediately

follow at each of Livingston’s three outdoor stages

Saturday, May 11th

Pancake Breakfast • Wildcat Mountain Triathlon • Lions Club

Poker Run • Lumberjack Contest and Chain Saw Art

At noon, the entertainment keeps going with The Bittersweet Cloggers, The Livingston Parade and then on down to the river for the “Wacky Raft Race” (build your own raft), duck race (buy a duck for \$5 to win the cash prize), Bluegrass Concert at the David’s Tire Bluegrass Stage, the Livingston Beauty Pageant and The Medley Boys at the Climax Sound Stage.

**The Festival closes at the bridge
with fireworks at 10 p.m.!!!**

All during the festival, visit with our Civil War “Living History” Reenactors, over 40 vendors (food, clothing, arts and crafts etc), inflatables, game and hayrides for the kids. We are very proud to have American Idol, America’s Got Talent and other Nashville recording artists performing on “The Stage of Stars” (located at the Trail Head). We look forward to seeing you!

**For more information,
call 606-453-2061**



Recycling Center Is Now Open!!!

The Rockcastle County Recycling Center is located at 2528 South Wilderness Rd (US 25 South) next to the Rockcastle County Road Department Garage and is open Monday thru Friday from 7 a.m. until 3 p.m. (closed on major holidays).

The following items may be recycled:

Newspapers w/inserts, magazines, catalogs, office paper, junk mail, shredded paper, books, phone books, cardboard (corrugated and slick), plastics #1-7, plastic grocery store bags, metal cans, aerosol cans, aluminum cans, aluminum foil, aluminum pie plates, glass bottles and glass jars, old cell phones, car batteries, empty printer and toner cartridges, old computers and all related accessories, telephones, radios, digital clocks, televisions, rechargeable batteries (if the battery says rechargeable on it, then it is recyclable), and large bulky metal items. Clean used motor oil may also be dropped off at the Rockcastle County Road Department.

*If you have any
questions, you may
call the
Rockcastle County
Solid Waste Office
at
606-256-1902*

