

ramblings...

by: *perlina m. anderkin*
 Attended Blast in the Valley Sunday night and it was time well spent. This is one of the biggest events in the area and has been compared to Red, White and Boom in Lexington. I've never seen the Lexington event but have been told by those who have that our local production is just as good.

Usually, we are on the fringe because we don't want to get too far into the crowd, estimated at around 15,000 this year, but this year we ventured to behind Heritage Inn and the difference was magnificent. The fireworks were actually bursting right overhead and, for once, we could see the ones set off on the ground.

The Tourist Commission, City of Mt. Vernon and Rockcastle Fiscal Court are to be commended. This has turned out to be the biggest event in the county and it's free. One magistrate noted that it was a way to give back to county residents for the occupational tax.

Of course, with the occupational tax, the county has been able to do so much more in the way of economic growth which leads to job growth and a more stable economy for everyone.

Got a notice today of another class reunion for alumni of Versailles High School. It's scheduled for August but I haven't decided whether to go or not. My defense to the children when I talk about not going is that I don't normally like to hang out with old people. Of course, by the time they have pointed out the obvious, I'm mad and not speaking to them so I don't think I will even apprise them of

the upcoming event. I went to the last one and left early. Jim was always good enough to go with me and I missed him terribly and really didn't feel like socializing so I slipped away early.

I have been gone from Versailles since 1966 and have lost touch with classmates. But, I am amazed the few times I have returned because they have all aged so much. I'm sure the same observation is made about me but, honestly, some of them are really old. If you notice, I have deliberately not mentioned which reunion it will be, that's no accident.

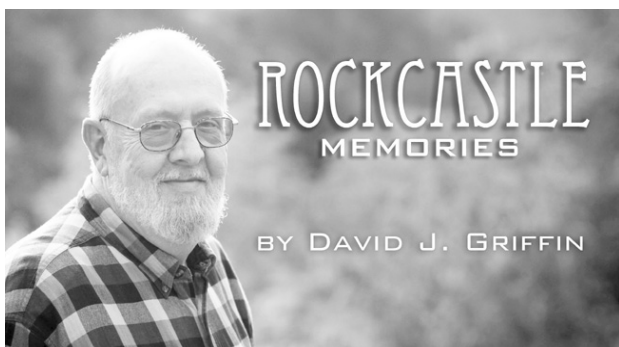
All of this not to mention that at the last one, I sat across from the most liberal classmate I had, at dinner, and had to physically restrain myself at times from reaching across the table and smacking her while she was extolling the virtues of the present administration. Now I know why I didn't like her in school.

Strange... But True?

by: *Tonya J. Cook*

It's Not a Bird, It's Not a Plane, It's Not Even Superman...It's the Spook Light!, Part III

In the past two columns of "Strange...But True?" a phenomenon known as "spook lights" was addressed. They appear as round or lantern shaped lights that appear at night. They may be a variety of colors such as orange, green, yellow, blue, etc. The light hovers about two or three



Just A Swangin'

My wife recently inquired as to whether we might consider an "old time" wooden porch swing for our back deck, to which I enthusiastically replied with a resounding, "Yes!" The very idea took me back to the days when my mother (Bee) and I lived with her parents (Pop and Mommie Katie) when I was a very young boy. During that time, the front porch swing was a central gathering spot in the warm months of the year.

Pop's swing was positioned on the corner of the front porch, which wrapped around two sides of his house. He specifically placed the swing in that position in order for the cool breezes to come from either direction so that the family

could be as comfortable as possible.

Pop had trouble sleeping on those nights when the temperature was hot because we had no air conditioning. (No one we knew had AC at that time.) When he got too warm to sleep, he slipped outside while still in his underwear and slept on the swing. (Mommie Katie hated for him to do that because she was afraid that someone would see him dressed that way outdoors – which would have been an absolute horror.)

I can remember countless nights when the family congregated around the swing as soon as the sun dropped below the horizon. It was the perfect place to seek as the cooler night air began settling in. Accounts of the day's activities were discussed, and Mommie Katie usually had some icy treat for us to enjoy. I will never forget her southern sweet tea that was usually served on the porch. Somehow, to this day, I have never tasted any

(Cont. to A4)

Points East

By *Ike Adams*



My younger brothers, Keeter and Andy, came down from the mountains over the week end for a short visit and to help me get some motors running on stuff that's been nonfunctional for quite a while.

Both of my tillers were dead when I called them last week, begging for help but my fantastic neighbor and sourdough bread baker, Charlie Gruen, actually had my toy tiller running like an Elgin watch before they got here. In the meantime I had broken a tie rod end off the steering on my lawn mower. I told the boys that I'd done it on purpose in case they got bored with only having to fix one tiller.

I have two, very old, Troybilt tillers that have served me well over the last 20 years and both were old when I acquired them. One of them is the smallest, self propelled, rear-tine tiller the company ever made. I believe they called it a pony but the name has been rubbed off over the years. I call it my toy tiller. It's good for cultivating between rows

but nobody is ever going to be breaking any new ground with it.

The second one is called a horse and it will do some serious digging when it's running. But it should have been called a mule because it can get very stubborn. In fact, until Keeter and Andy came down last Saturday, it hadn't even been out of the barn in nearly two years.

Two different small engine mechanics had previously told me that the problem was a bad ignition coil in the first breath. Then, in the second breath, they'd told me "good luck finding one that will fit that motor."

The motor is so old that the plate where the model number was stamped is long gone. I talked Charlie into pulling the ignition module off and I began shopping around to parts places and repair shops all over central Kentucky. Nobody had it in stock and the couple who said they could order it wanted more than the cost of a down payment on a

(Cont. to A4)

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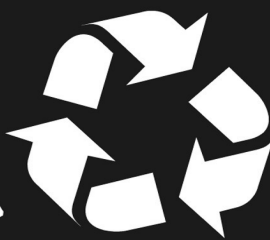
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