

Viewpoints

Response to Hurricane Andrew is heartening and much needed



COMMENTARY
By George Ferrell

With the wake of storm damage in South Florida and Louisiana, many local residents are turning their efforts toward helping the storm survivors cope with the unprecedented

damage to their homes and communities.

Many people may never fully recover from the damage — and even if they do, it will likely be a traumatic memory that will last for years.

I guess most of us are lucky, with the exception of an occasional tornado, we never have to see the awesome force of nature as it unfolds in a hurricane.

The bad news is that the initial effort was thwarted by bureaucracy. The good news, on the other hand, is that the volume of the relief effort and the way it is flowing in means that survivors can slowly recover from the damages.

The TV stations continue to show footage, and rightfully so, because this has stimulated the public effort to bring the light of humanity to the

degraded areas. The media quite often gets a knock, but in this case it is clear that the reportage has helped mobilize America to aid the plight of storm survivors.

It is difficult to imagine what people in South Florida and Louisiana are going through right now. Where they will get their next meal, or even their next drink of water may well be up in the air.

Agencies such as the Red Cross and the Salvation Army are showing their muscle as they bring help and hope to the tens of thousands of people in those areas.

Locally, in central Kentucky, it has been heartening to see the donations, the businesses that have chipped in and the trucking companies volunteering to transport necessities to those hard hit communities.

Hurricanes are perhaps nature's strongest malady, and can wreck havoc without consideration for life and limb.

Several people in Louisiana have made the comment that had they not seen the devastation via TV of South Florida they might not have evacuated.

Television coverage brought the tragedy home and perhaps saved thousands of lives in Louisiana.

As that coverage continues, we will learn of the struggle the survivors have in front of them as they try to emerge from this terrifying ordeal.

As a child I was in Florida in 1967 when a Hurricane came up the coast. It was frightening seeing windows boarded up, and everything tied down tightly.

The storm passed within 80 miles of Daytona Beach where we were staying on vacation but it was still the fiercest weather I have ever been around.

If there was a Richter scale for Hurricanes, Andrew would probably have rated a 9 or a 10 — it was that powerful.

I hope the early signs of volunteerism can carry South Florida and coastal Louisiana a long way. The survivors have a long way to go, but if everyone chips in maybe their journey can be a little easier.

The compassion of the public can be a very strong force. In this instance, without it the suffering would only be magnified. Well, that's all for this week.



Heresay

by
Jon Norman Meadows
Wadd, USA

I like to stay with one subject when I write this column, but sometimes, I get like a mummy—pressed for time—and have to serve up a *potpourri* (pronounced "po-poo-REE"), which means a mixture of elements that aren't alike. That expression is one of the few French words I learned in college, much to the dismay of Professor Maitre, who didn't laugh when I said "cut the grass" in French is *moé de laun*.

Another French word I recall is *oui* (WEE), which means "yes." But I haven't used that term since I took dinner at an elderly deacon's house when I was a student preacher. His dearly beloved entered the dining room from her kitchen, carrying a meal platter, and asked if I liked beef Wellington. Well, the only Wellington I knew whipped Napoleon at Waterloo. But I pretended I was up on cuisines and answered with a hardy "Oui, oui, Madame." That dear soul blushed and looked at the floor. Then the deacon sorta sternly said, "It's down the hall, son, on your right."

One of life's little joys is naming a new pet. I just had that pleasure with the arrival of a big-eared, grey-striped kitten. Our daughter, Malissa, who is working on her Master's in math at UT, brought the homeless, little critter to our Wabband abode from Knoxville. (I told her husband, Lee, a Big Orange fan if ever one breathed, that I'd make a "Wildcat" of that leonine in one day flat.)

I took the kitty to the vet and had her properly inoculated — apaying

and de-clawing aren't far away. At first I considered a name Carrison Keilor or concocted—Mew Tse Tung. But out of esteem for the women in my life, I christened my cat Kate, which derives from Katherine, the middle name of Malissa and her mother.

However, Kate is only my cat's middle name. I have yet to come up with a first name. Several come to mind — Appli, Suffo, Eradi, Dupli, Compfi, Fabri, Edu, Abdi, Ajudi, and Vindi—but none stands out, and I eliminated Forni right off. Kate claps his manifests a feeling of feline deficiency in the presence of my choo-choos, who have whole names. Any suggestions, dear reader? If so, call in your purrposals right away (256-2146 or 256-4613).

Well, call me a "has been," but I cannot adjust to the music of today's younger folk, especially rap. And being deaf in my left ear doesn't help. Occasionally, however, when the tempo slows a bit, I do comprehend. O my! What suggestive and lurid lyrics!

How this age needs a taste of the immortal tunes of the flautful fif-

ties! How I long for the scores of yesteryear, when songs had heartfelt melodies and image-evoking themes like "Tutti-frutti, Ah-Rudy!" and "Itsy-bitsy, itsy-weensy, yellow polka-dot bikini!" O how ecstasy draws nigh when I sing, in the show, that most enrapturing song of songs, that euphoric zenith of empathy and amour, that quintessential articulation of a laddie's love for his lassie, that "Bee-bop-a-lula, she's my baby! Bee-bop-a-lula, I don't mean maybe!"

Speaking of western Kentucky, I once lived in Carlisle County, where I met a man whose name was Willy Burgess. Willy fell in love with a woman named Willie. After they married, folks referred to them as "Willy-he" and "Willieshe." And that brings to mind a couple who lived across the street from us. She was Iwona Goodman before she married John Bone.

Time is now fleeing, the moments are passing, passing for you and for me—and I must get to Tennessee! So until later, precious readers, remember the words of Oppolionius II of Busseclona, that ubiquitous and courageous Latin educator, that authority on horses and matter pertaining thereto, and that part-time diviner of horoscopes who, while walking his dogs at midnight, looked heavenward and exclaimed, "Scintillate, scintillate, asteroid minifit!" Surely, you will agree that needed saying and is worth repeating.

Dalmations are missing, please help

My dogs have been missing since last Thursday night. We live right on the main road we know almost all the neighbors within a five mile radius of our house. Before last week-end, we didn't know more than 10 percent of them.

But we've been out asking about the Dalmations. Putting up posters for my niece and my best female friend all over the place and reaching dead ends. My best male friend is a big black and white spotted Dalmation dog with one white eye and one brown eye. His best girl friend is a little smaller than he is and a lot less smarter, but she is also a Dalmation.

When I last saw them, she was sporting a nearly new, bright orange collar and he was wearing an old ragged thing that used to be red and still had a ring for the leash he didn't need. When a dog stays on the place he doesn't need to be leashed.

We know almost all our neighbors now because we've been to their homes to see if they've seen the dogs and we've met a host of folks who live just off the main roads and lanes within a five mile radius of our place.

And we have found dozens and dozens of folks who are just glad to know who we are and where we live. I could spend the rest of the space that your paper gives me just listing their names. And as surely as I tried to do that, I'd leave someone out. Just as surely, I know that they wouldn't want me to do it anyway.

Old time readers of this column know that the thing most important to me is my family. Right behind Loreta and the kids, however, there has always been a dog that helped me do my gardening.

This spring and summer, I've had two. Two big Dalmations that tracked and marked almost every move I made outside. Who rode to and from the grocery stores with me. Who loved me, as I did them, like family.

I haven't written about the Dalmations because everytime I write about a dog in the paper, it seems to get killed on the road. The Bassel Hounds, Newton and Bogart, who used to be weekly features here, were both killed on the road. I decided that no more was doing them when my good even though I'm pretty sure that Newton wrote this column half a dozen times.

I write with a heavy heart right now, because my Dalmations are not dead on the road. I'd have found them if they were. And I'm glad for that. I write with almost certainty that they

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Rockcastle Community
Bulletin Board

Bookmobile
Mon. Sept. 7 - Labor Day No Schedule
Tues. Sept. 8 - Brodhead, Cooper Creek
Wed. Sept. 9 - Green Hill, Conway, Boone, Fairview, Lambert Rd.
Thurs. Sept. 10 - Rockcastle Villa, Mt. Vernon Manor, Brindle Ridge

Offices Closed
The Rockcastle County ASCS Office will be closed Monday, Sept. 7 in observance of Labor Day. The office will re-open Tuesday, Sept. 8.

The Circuit Clerk's Office will be closed Saturday, Sept. 5 and Monday, Sept. 7. The Road Test, CDL Test, and Permit Test will not be given on Monday, Sept. 7.

Livingston SBDM
Livingston SBDM will meet Sept. 9 from 4 - 6 p.m. at the Livingston School Library. All the public is invited.

Board of Education
The Rockcastle County Board of Education will meet in their regular monthly session Tuesday Sept. 8 at 7 p.m. at the Central Administration Building. The public is welcome to attend.

3rd Annual Bittersweet Festival
The Bittersweet Festival is coming in October. For both space information or more details call 256-3437.

Berea Community High School
The Berea Community High School Class of 1982 will have a reunion Sat., Sept. 19 at the Bluegrass Army Depot Officer's Club. If you have not been notified or can assist in locating other class members or need more information please call Stacy Edwards at 986-9477.

Bulletin Board Is Sponsored by
Car Funeral Home
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Mount Vernon Signal
Publication Number 366-000
Second Class Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
James Anderkin, Jr. Publisher
Perlina M. Anderkin, Editor
Richard F. Anderkin, Managing Editor
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