



## ROCKCASTLE MEMORIES

BY DAVID J. GRIFFIN

### "Blood - Sweat - Tears"

I have been a rock and roll fan since I was a small boy. Throughout high school and college, I attended as many concerts as I could possibly manage. After I began my teaching career, I continued to follow my favorite rock and roll stars by attending local concerts. One of the most memorable performances occurred when I was teaching in Mt. Sterling and found the opportunity to see one of the best musical groups I ever witnessed - David Clayton-Thomas and "Blood Sweat and Tears (BS&T)."

Not only was this group extremely popular, they were all highly skilled musicians. The brass section was particularly exceptional. Their first album was released in the late 60's and was entitled Child Is Father to the Man. It became an immediate hit with two of the songs climbing up the charts: "Without Her" and "I Love You More Than You'll Ever Know."

Their second album was the self-titled, Blood Sweat and Tears. It quickly hit the top of the charts. When it won "Album of the Year" honors at the Grammy Awards, it beat out the extraordinary Beatles' album Abbey Road. Three songs off that album climbed all the way to the number two spot on the charts, including "You've Made Me So Very Happy," "Spinning Wheel," and "When I Die."

I am not sure when David Clayton-Thomas finally scheduled a stop in Lexington, but when he did, he appeared at a lounge. Upon arriving, Kathy and I were surprised to find that the house band was being led by our friend Nicky Moore, a successful pianist who played with a number of bands. Nicky came over to greet us as soon as we arrived.

The band brought the house down playing all of the songs that had charted, with the two of us singing along to nearly every word.

During the breaks, Nicky performed several songs of his own, including one of his that had been released on 45, "Come Live with Me" (the song that he performed at our wedding.) He dedicated the song to us, which we thought was pretty cool. During the last break, Nicky came over and asked, "Do you all have tickets for the last set?" We quickly responded that we had not planned to stay for the final show. And that's when Nicky reached into his pocket, pulled out a couple of "upfront" tickets, and handed them over. Our evening had just stepped up - from great to incredible!

Without question, it was one of our most enthralling concerts, and when it had ended, we strolled out into the parking lot singing our favorite BS&T songs. I think my most favorite is "You've Made Me So Very Happy," because it is a song to which I can relate.

*I lost at love before,  
Got mad and closed the door  
But you said "Try, just once more"  
I chose you for the one  
Now we're having so much fun  
You treated me so kind  
I'm about to loose my mind  
You made me so very happy  
You made me so very happy  
I'm so glad you came into my life  
You made me so very happy  
I want to thank you girl.  
Every day of my life,  
I want to thank you*

It has been more than four decades since the members of that band assembled as a group to successfully blend rock-and-roll with jazz, creating a most unique and genre-crossing sound and style. For many, many years, I have continued to listen to that extraordinary band. Without a doubt, the music of Blood, Sweat & Tears made an inroad to my soul back then, and now I find that the depth and the beauty of their musical compositions remain as powerful as ever. We call that a classic.

# Points East

By Ike Adams



Last Saturday was my birthday and somehow the word got out.

For the first time since I opened an email account, over 16 years ago, my mail box was full on Sunday morning. I'm not sure how AOL goes about allocating mail box space, but I do know that 516 birthday cards, mostly generated by facebookers, is all that mine will hold.

If you tried to send me email over the week-end and got a message suggesting that I am not very responsible about tending to my email account, you now know the rest of the story. The truth of the matter is that email is my lifeline. I confess to ignoring it for a few hours last Saturday evening and early Sunday morning, but I never expected that everybody I know and a huge bunch of people that I don't know would take it upon themselves to send me email birthday greetings.

I asked Loretta what I'm supposed to do about this and she suggested I simply write a thank you note and paste it on my facebook page. I told her I didn't know how to do that because the only thing I ever use facebook for is to look at the latest pictures of my grand kids. I only "post" stuff when I get a facebook generated email to which I can respond by simply hitting the "reply" button on my regular email.

I don't need or want to know when my facebook friends went to the toilet, nor why, nor how long they were in there. I am not interested in why the baby is crying nor about recent excursions to Walmart. It matters not at all to me that the meat loaf you made for supper last night gave hubby gas and that he started farting when he came to bed and kept you

awake all night.

So that's why I don't spend much time on facebook. I have neither the time nor inclination to scroll through a ton of idle gossip to find the occasional bit of news worth knowing. I do belong to three facebook "groups" that allow me to see posts on straight email without ever having to go to the site.

Anyway, in regards to responding to birthday cards, another friend advised me that protocol demanded that I personally thank every single person who sent me a birthday email so I spent the better part of Sunday, doing just that.

Sunday evening, my double first cousin, Barbara Adams Girdley (Babs) who now lives in Richmond, fixed a birthday dinner for me and also invited Loretta, my best pal, Ralph King and his girlfriend, Cathy.

Babs can do some serious cooking! Easily the best, juiciest, and most tender pot roast I have ever tasted served with broccoli, cauliflower, taters, carrots and sweet corn with a big pone of corn bread baked in a cast iron skillet straight from the oven, topped off with coffee and sugar-free banana pudding. I ate way too much, but thank Heaven, I only have one birthday every year. Figuring that Babs will cook for me again next January is huge incentive to guard my health and live to celebrate another.

And now, just to prove I can, when Loretta gets home, I'm gonna have her post this column on my facebook page. I haven't had any hate mail in a long while and I'm commencing to feel left out. And I figure that I can also give some people with way too much time on their hands something else to gossip about.

# The Roots of Rockcastle

by: Tonya J. Cook



"Folklore-The Sweet Savor of Twice-Told Stories, Part III-

The Power of the Curse"

In this Roots series we will continue with the folklore of a long ago era. In the days before the modern television, radio, video games, and the readily-available printed page, there was old fashioned conversation. Friends and families gathered in the lull of the day, especially on cold winter days such as these, and spoke of retold tales that they had heard.

One popular topic of ages past was the curse. From what I've heard, a curse uttered from one's deathbed was particularly powerful. I've even seen a recent documentary tracing a curse to a certain medicine man of a native tribe. It is a curse on the American presidents. The presidents who were elected in a year where the date ends in a zero died in office. Ronald Reagan broke the curse with the aid of his wife, Nancy. Nancy Reagan often sought the advice of a psychic, and the psychic aided in the breaking of the curse, according to the theory.

However, the curse that I want to discuss here is that of Chocorua, also a Native American. He and his son were the last of their tribe, and they lived peacefully in New Hampshire with the white settlers. Once Chocorua had to be away and left his son with settlers,

the Campbells. Chocorua had only been gone a short while when his son accidentally drank poison and died. Chocorua was overcome with grief upon his return, believing his son had been killed on purpose.

A few days later, he had devised a plan of revenge. He waited until the men of the house where his son had stayed had left, and then butchered the women and children.

Chocorua was hunted down and found on top of a local high mountain that now bears his name. The posse was about to shoot him when he thundered his curse on the white men. He cursed their crops, homes, and cattle before throwing himself on some sharp, jagged rocks below where he died.

The settlers believed they were safe from the threat of the natives now. However, the curse outlived all of the settlers of the area. Cornelius Campbell, whose wife and children were butchered, later went insane, became a hermit, and died in about two years. Soon the crops failed, the cattle died, and the settlements were abandoned. Behold, the power of the curse.

\*Information in this column was obtained from Reader's Digest's "American Folklore and Legends". (Remember, I'm always looking for a bit of Rockcastle history. If you have a story to tell, and all of us do, please contact me at therootsofrockcastle@windstream.net)

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