

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

After months of anticipation, Celia James Carney finally arrived at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, November 27th. She managed to wend her way right between mine and Jamie's birthdays but to hit Allison's husband, Daniel's brother's birthday.

She was 7 lbs., 19 inches long and lost down to 6 lbs. 6 ozs. before making the turnaround. Of course, she's beautiful (I think she looks just like me, jk Allison).

I spent a couple of days with Allison and Daniel to try and help out but began feeling bad so decided to go home because there was no reason to make them take care of me and a new baby.

During that time, I was reminded of how much havoc a helpless 7 lb. baby can wreak. Between the bouncy, pack and play, a portable crib and the other items that seem essential these days for a newborn, it was mine boggling. Not to mention, two adults trying to function while resembling zombies. Her first night and day at home were trying for everyone but she has adapted and on the sleep and eat schedule. Of course, the eating comes every two hours right now so Mom and Dad are still a little zombie-like. Allison is already dreading having to leave her to return to teaching in mid-February but the grandmas are going to fill in a few days a week so she'll be in good hands.

The main thing is she's here and everyone's alright and Allison and Daniel really appreciate the many well wishes they have received.

The same thing happened in my family. Jim was more laid back and you notice that Allison chose to name her daughter after her dad. Of course, her two choices with me are Perlina and Jane so who can blame her.

Now, if we can just, somehow, keep this country from falling apart maybe Celia and others of her generation will have the chance to grow and prosper in a free society. Their chances are actually looking dimmer every day.

The honeymoon will last for a few years and, then, reality will set in with the teenage years.

Actually, I have good memories of my children's teen years. My mother never tolerated a sullen child and neither did I. Of course, there were incidents of rebellion, many of which I was unaware. At family gatherings, my children have been known to say, "did I ever tell you about..." that's when I immediately stop them and say, "I didn't know about it then and I don't want to know about it now." I usually go on to tell them that, as a teenager, I didn't do things that I didn't want mom and dad to know about and just assumed my children's philosophy would be the same. Obviously I gave them too much credit at times.

My mother was the strict disciplinarian but it was my dad that I was more concerned with. He very rarely took me to task but if I got the slightest indication that I had disappointed him, the feelings of guilt overwhelmed me.

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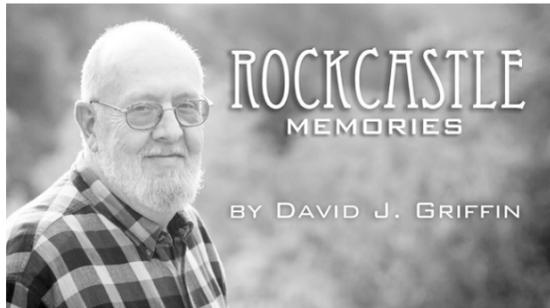
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Even though I did not usually go home often, that particular Friday evening I longed to be with my family, so I headed to Mt. Vernon to spend the weekend there. As I pulled into the driveway at my grandparents' home, my mother (Bee) met me at the door, "David Joe, have you heard the news?" I have no idea why, but I put my arms around my mother, and we simply held each other for a few minutes. I said, "I just had to come home." She replied, "I am so glad you did."

For the next three days, we (Bee, my grandparents, and I) sat in the living room, watching the historical television broadcast on our small black and white TV. Like many families at that time, we were truly glued to the television for the entire weekend.

At first, it seemed like everything was getting worse - like our world had gone half mad. We witnessed the live murder of Oswald and the arrest of his killer, Jack Ruby. I was glad to be at home with my family.

Of course, each of us continued to fight back tears as we watched the somber proceedings following the assassination, his lying in state and then the funeral



ROCKCASTLE MEMORIES

BY DAVID J. GRIFFIN

Remembering John F. Kennedy

This past weekend proved to be more difficult to go through than I would have ever expected. Reviewing so much of the raw footage of the assassination, in conjunction with listening to the reflections of those whom he touched and inspired, was both physically and emotionally draining. I have no doubt that many others experienced the same thing. It was all just a little too close to home for those of us who lived through those calamitous days.

On November 22, 1963, I had just finished a college chemistry class and was returning to my dorm when the radio in my '63 Chevy announced, "Moments ago, shots rang out from the Texas School Book Depository in Dallas hitting President John F. Kennedy and Texas Governor John Connally as they rode in a motorcade at Dealey Plaza." That was all that was known at the time; no additional information was forthcoming. From the tone of the unknown broadcaster, it was obvious that this could be a newscast of monumental proportions. My heart began to race, and my palms were sweating. Immediately, I headed to my dorm room and turned on the radio to WHAS in Louisville.

Just moments later, several guys came into my room to listen to the radio that was playing. They were sitting on the beds and lying on the floor. The room became deathly silent as we listened for any additional facts about the attempted assassination. The silence itself seemed alarming - boys' dorms were never quiet.

Because of the historical importance of the news from Dallas, I decided to record the broadcast on my Webcor reel-to-reel recorder. Within a few minutes, the reporter stated, "An announcement was made a few moments ago from Parkland Memorial Hospital - President Kennedy has died from gunshot wounds." Our worst fears had been realized.

For the next four hours, I taped the events and the commentary coming from my radio about the killing of our President. I was only 19 years old. Fifty years later, I still have that tape of the AM broadcast.

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march and the service. Somehow it felt like time had suddenly stood still. I suppose it was the fact that everyone was just in shock.

During the course of the weekend, many memories of President Kennedy were telecast on the news. I remember that his inaugural address was re-played, and I listened intently to his words of encouragement and inspiration. One passage remained in my youthful memory.

"Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans - born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage - and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this Nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

At that time in my life, I was unaware that Kennedy was the youngest President to be elected (age 46) and Dwight D. Eisenhower had been the eldest President to hold the office. Yes, Kennedy was ushering in a new generation of Americans; I could relate to him and to his ideals because I was a part of that generation. Politics finally included me!

When Kennedy was assassinated, he carried in his pocket the speech that he intended to deliver at the Trade Mart in Dallas. When I became aware of the last paragraph of that undelivered speech, I was touched beyond belief. See if you agree.

"We in this country, in this generation, are - by destiny rather than choice - the watchmen on the walls of world freedom. We ask, therefore, that we may be worthy of our power and responsibility, that we may exercise our strength with wisdom and restraint, and that we may achieve in our time and for all time the ancient vision of 'peace on earth, good will toward men.' That must always be our goal, and the righteousness of our cause must underlie our strength.

For as it was written long ago: Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

The President's funeral was held on Monday, November 25, and Jacqueline Kennedy requested an eternal flame for her husband's grave. Almost everything was closed for the national event, including college classes, so I remained in Mt. Vernon to witness the historic memorial service with my family.

I will never forget
(Cont. to A4)

Points East

By Ike Adams



When I was growing up there in the head of Blair Branch, what little Christmas shopping to be done in our family had already been completed in mid November courtesy of the Spiegel's mail order catalog. In fact, said catalog, had already served its end utility in our outhouse by this time of year. If you hadn't mailed your order to Chicago before Thanksgiving, chances were good that, the package contents would be used for birthday presents in the coming year.

In other words, by the first of December it was way too late to be aggravating Mom about what you wanted Santa Claus to bring. Which meant it was high time to start pestering my Uncles, Willie Adams and Stevie Craft about what they ought to be making me for Christmas. Uncle Stevie could whittle all manner of stick figurines, toy guns and knives, as well as make water pistols and pop-guns out of sections of elderberry bushes that he hollowed out and fitted with pieces of harder wood. He also made whistles from sections of paw-paw limbs and once made me a paw-paw "Indian flute".

Somehow or other he would manage to get the bark to loosen on a foot long section of paw-paw that was about an inch in diameter so that he could slip the solid wood core out. He whittled one side somewhat flat and tapered the wood in such a precise way that he could slip it back into the hollow bark, lay it on the mantel and let it dry for several days

until it hardened and the bark re-adhered. Then, using his pocket knife, he cut little note holes in the bark that covered the section he had whittled on. When you blew through the tapered end you could make musical notes by covering the appropriate holes with your fingers.

I never did learn to play a tune on it, but Uncle Stevie could play "Old Sally Goodin", "Billy in the Low Ground" "Camptown Races" "Ole Dan Tucker" and several dozen other traditional fiddle tunes. He was also a master fiddler, an instrument that baffles me to this day, but I loved to hear him play the homemade flutes as well.

Uncle Willie's specialty was sling shots. If he was in the woods and happened upon a forked Y-shaped dogwood, sourwood, or ironwood limb of a certain size he would "harvest" it for use as a sling-shot prong. Any time a vehicle had a tire blow out, we would procure the inner tube so that it could be cut in strips to make slingshot rubbers. Not just any old inner tube would work. Tubes that were made before WWII worked best because they were made from real rubber of which there was a vast shortage during the war.

Inner tubes made after the war contained so much synthetic material that they wouldn't stretch like the real McCoy. Suffice to say that the older the better when it came to using inner tubes to make slingshot rubbers. I'm

(Cont. to A4)



Celia James Carney

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Berea Rotary Club's Jingle Bell 5K Run
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28th Annual Twilight Christmas Parade
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6:00 p.m. along Chestnut Street

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