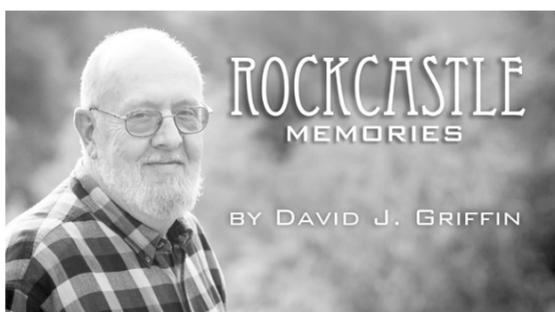


# ramblings...

*by: perlina m. anderkin*  
 Spoke with Gary Lane on the phone recently and it was very enlightening. Gary is a big advocate of the healing powers of a relationship with the equine race. After speaking with him for about 20 minutes, I was ready to go out and buy a horse and a farm to ride it on. Gary is not only high on horses, he is high on Rockcastle County. He spent a good portion of our conversation extolling its beauty and the goodness of its people. Gary came here as a state trooper many years ago and rode horses for pleasure. He has since evolved into a top "horse whisperer," known nationally, even internationally, and we decided to let our newest intern, Kelsey Mattingly, write a feature about his accomplishments which will appear in a later issue. My experience with horses has been very limited. At one time, when we lived on a farm here, Jim bought two horses for the children. One turned out to be so ill-tempered that we were all, including Jim, afraid of him. The other was a big horse but very even-

tempered and well trained. The only problem I had with him was that if you wanted him to turn, you laid the rein on the side of his neck you wanted to turn. No one told me that. The first time I got on him, realizing that he had a real novice on his back, Tony decided to go to our apple orchard which was on a small hill. I didn't want to go to the orchard on the hill and kept trying to get him to turn around by pulling the rein. We went to the orchard and stayed there while I had a meltdown. Jim thought it was funny but that was my last outing on a horse. Both of them got out one night while Jim and the older children were at a basketball game and I was home with the baby at the time. A kindly neighbor caught them and brought them back. I didn't know what else to do but have him tie them to our swingset until Jim got home. Jim thought that was funny, too, but, hey, it worked. I said all that to say that I appreciate hearing good comments about our county. It is a beautiful place and we, who live here, often fail to appreciate it or to take advantage of its beauty.



**ROCKCASTLE MEMORIES**  
 BY DAVID J. GRIFFIN

### Do You Remember These

In 1955 a gospel group was forming in Staunton, Virginia, and little did they know that they would be singing for almost fifty years. The group was The Statler Brothers, and their gospel harmonies were heard on television, radio, records and in concerts before countless millions of fans. One of those fans was my mother, Bee. The Statler sound played for Bee, arising from her AM radio that was strategically placed in her kitchen on top of the refrigerator. When they began to sing, she stopped what she was doing, turned up the volume, and listened carefully to each verse.

Because I was only a small boy playing in the kitchen, I also acquired a taste for their music, especially the spiritual songs that were sung in the Mt. Vernon Baptist Church. It wasn't long until the group became so popular that they crossed over to the country music venue and found a new audience. Bass singer, Harold Reid explained, "We took gospel harmonies and put them over in country music." The group remained closely tied to their gospel roots, with a majority of their country records containing at least one gospel song. They continue to be the most awarded act in the history of country music.

Recently, my wife and I watched a re-run of their final concert which originally aired on October 26, 2002. The idea for a column was created instantly when they sang Do You Remember These. The song is a sometimes silly compilation of items that were popular as I grew from a child and into my teen years. You will remember many of these:

- Saturday morning serials, chapters 1 through 15*
- Fly paper, penny loafers, Lucky Strike Green*
- Flat tops, sock hops, Studebaker, Pepsi Please*
- Ahh do you remember these?*
- The Hit Parade, grape Tru-Aid, the Sadie Hawkins Dance*
- Pedal pushers, duck tail hair, and pegging your pants*
- Howdie-Doodie, Tutti-Frutti, the seam up the back of her hose*
- Ahh do you remember those?*
- James Dean he was keen, Sunday movies were taboo*
- The Senior Prom, Judy's mom, Rock and Roll was new*

*Cracker Jack Prize, stars in your eyes, ask Daddy for the keys*

*Ahh do you remember these?*

*The boogey man, lemonade stands, taking your tonsils out*

*Indian burn, and wait your turn, and 4 foul balls and you're out*

*Cigarette loads, and secret codes, and saving lucky stars*

*Can you remember back that far?*

*To boat-neck shirts and fender skirts and crinoline petticoats*

*Mum's the word and a dirty bird and a double root beer float*

*Moon hub-caps and loud-heel taps and he's a real gone cat*

*Ahh do you remember that? Dancing close, little moron jokes, and cooties in her hair*

*Captain Midnight, Ovaltine, and the Whip at the County Fair*

*Charles Atlas Course, Roy Rogers' Horse, and Only The Shadow Knows*

*Ahh do you remember those?*

*Gable's charm, Frog in your arm, loud mufflers, Pitching Woo*

*Going steady, Veronica and Betty, white bucks and Blue Suede Shoes*

*Knock-Knock jokes and Who's there, Dewey Dewey who*

*Do we remember these?*

After listening to the lyrics of the song, I was amazed at the number of items that the song lists and how perfectly they reflect my youth. Even in the first verse, I felt like I was transported back to my junior-high days at Mt. Vernon High School. The list sounds like it was designed for me - penny loafers, flat tops, sock hops, Saturday morning serials, Studebaker automobiles, Lucky Strike cigarettes. Was someone following me around listing all of my favorite things?

My life was chronicled in additional verses when it mentions The Hit Parade, pedal pushers, duck-tail hair, pegging of our pants, Howdie-Doodie, and seams going up the back of our mother's hose. Yes, my friends, I do remember those.

I was especially gratified when The Statlers reported that Rock and Roll was new in verse four. As I have said on countless occasions, I was thrilled to be alive when rock music was born, and I am still playing those old

(Cont. to A4)

## Points East

By Ike Adams

Last Saturday evening about 8:45 when darkness was coming fast upon us, Loretta and I were hurriedly trying to get our flowers watered in the front yard and on the porch and then away off in the distance I heard the call. Whip-poor-Will, Whip-poor-Will. I said, turn that hose off Baby and listen" because I thought maybe my imagination was running wild or that maybe Mr. Parkinson was messing with my mind.

But sure enough, the song was repeated, and I pointed toward Paint Lick Creek, nearly a mile away out Gillespie Pike and excitedly whispered, "Did you hear that", and cold shivers were running up both my arms. Loretta said, "Yep I did." And I said " Oh wow, just listen to that little bird sing!"

There are few, if any, birds that size that can sing with louder volume than the eastern Whip-poor-Will.

She turned the hose back on anyway and irritably muttered, "Ike we have to get this job done because it's going to be pitch dark in ten minutes and the mosquitoes are eating me alive!" As far as Loretta is concerned, a night bird is a night bird, is a night bird and she saw no reason to get excited about this one just because it

didn't sound like the screech owls in the woods across the road.

But I sure did because it was the first one I'd heard in the fifteen years we've lived in Paint Lick and it was a huge deal to me. So five minutes or so later after she'd turned off the hose and I'd gotten the dog in the house, I went back out and listened to it for another 30 minutes or so until the blasted skeeters also got the best of me. I even considered jumping in my truck and driving out the Pike to see if I could get closer to it and maybe hear it better but I decided I'd wait and see if it was still in the hood on Sunday night.

I woke up to answer nature's call at a little after 3:00 A.M. then stepped out on the porch to see if my bird was still up. I had just barely got the door closed when suddenly, no more than 200 feet across the way, it literally boomed, WHIP-POOR-WILL, WHIP-POOR-WILL, WHIP-POOR-WILL! And it repeated the call over and over for several minutes until the vampire mosquitoes ran me back into the house. They're bad enough when you are fully dressed but they are darn near lethal when you're standing out there with nothing on but your skivvies.

(Cont. to A4)

## Strange... But True?

by: Tonya J. Cook

### Giles Corey and His Curse on Salem, Massachusetts

Many years ago, I toured Salem, Massachusetts and saw quite a bit of history firsthand. It was a very picturesque little town, even quaint to be exact, or at least those sections I visited. I had a very nice lunch at a little restaurant/inn known as The Copper Kettle. We had parked in front of the house that had inspired "The House of the Seven Gables" and I saw several museums and other points of interest, even the Witchcraft Museum.

Sadly enough, I was young and foolish, being in my early 20s and hadn't the sense to research all of the history and significance of what I was about to see. Had I done this, the tour would have been more complete. I've learned more about Salem since.

One of the more interesting characters of Salem was an elderly gentleman named Giles Corey. He was born in Northampton, England, prior to August 19, 1621. By 1640, records show that he was a resident of Salem. He was a wealthy farmer and landowner who lived about five miles out of Salem in what is now Peabody, and had at least three daughters.

Around 1692, there was an outbreak of people in Salem and surrounding communities accusing others of witchcraft, a crime punishable by death at the time. If you were tried and found guilty, the state or county could seize your property, even to your personal effects. As fate would have it, Giles Corey had a will stating that at his death, his property was to fall to his two sons-in-law.

Being a man of means, he, too, was accused of being a witch and was brought before the court. According to court records, a 19 year old girl named Mercy Lewis claimed she saw the apparition of Giles Corey beat her, almost breaking her back. She also stated that she believed that he was a wizard. When questioned about his guilt or innocence, he remained mute. According to the law of the day, a person who refused to plead could not be tried. However, the law also had ways of getting a plea from the accused, "pine forte et dure". It was a process of being stripped naked, being lain down, and having heavy

boards placed on their body, then heavy stones were applied to the board.

On September 17, 1692, Sheriff George Corwin led Corey to a pit in an open field near the jail and proceeded, with the aid of six other men, to enact the prescribed method of extracting a plea. The elderly Giles Corey still didn't utter a plea nor even a sound. This endured for two long and agonizing days. All the poor man was offered in the way of comfort was a little bread and a few sips of water. From time to time, the sheriff would stand on the rocks looking down at the accused, questioning him about a plea. Corey's tongue was pressed out of his mouth by the pressure of the stones, and the sheriff would be so generous as to shove it back with his cane. Sometimes, when being questioned, Corey would say, "More weight." He was determined that his property would remain with his family.

Finally, the ordeal ended with Giles Corey being pressed to death at about noon on September 19, 1692, according to the diary of Samuel Sewall, who was a witness to the event. Just

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## Livingston Homecoming Schedule!!

# 2013

**Friday August 30th, 6pm-9pm Gospel Singing**

**Saturday August 31st, OVER 25 Venders!!**

- 8am- Pancake Breakfast / Livingston Leap 5K
- 10am- Parade Line up at White Star
- 11am- Parade
- 12pm- Bittersweet Cloggers
- 1pm- Awards Ceremony at the old Firehouse
- 2pm- Bittersweet Cloggers
- 3pm- Kids Karaoke
- 4pm-Shaolin Do Karate Demonstration
- 5pm- Lawn Mower pull / Ky stomp n romp Cloggers
- 6pm- Wilderness Rd Bluegrass
- 7pm- New generation Bluegrass / KY romp n stomp Cloggers
- 9pm- The Moron Bros Comedy Bluegrass

**Mechanical Bull Rides!!**

**Chainsaw Artist!!**

**Daniel Hawthorne Freak Show!!**

**Sunday September 1st**

- 12pm- Devotional Bro. Chris Davidson
- 1pm- Lions Club Pet Show
- 2pm- Kids games Hula hoop etc...
- 3pm- Watermelon eating contest
- 4pm-Auction
- 7pm- Ugly woman contest
- 8pm- Medley Boys
- 10pm- fireworks

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(Cont. to A4)