

AND WHO ARE YOU?

I was watching Scenes of Louisville, Ky. on TV during Derby week and it reminded me of the week we spent with our daughter and family during that week two years ago.

The weather was perfect and the flowers were in full bloom. The mocking birds singing in the tall magnolia trees held me spellbound.

All through the week, Louisville was in the throes of excitement. Outdoor shows, markets, sidewalk cafes and much more.

Come the day of the race of the paddle wheelers. The Delta Queen against two other paddle wheelers.

The crowds were huge, but good natured, it was like a colorful circus ring. Bands playing and hawkers selling everything imaginable.

My granddaughter wanted a balloon, and leaving the family all settled on a blanket on the quay with a good view of the Ohio, she and I found the balloon man. Having only a five dollar bill which he couldn't change, we asked several people but had no luck.

We heard the caliope playing My Old Kentucky Home and mournful whistles from the Delta Queen so we pushed through the crowd and watched the beautiful people going on board for the race. Along came a bevy of beautiful girls in georgous hoop skirted anti bellum costumes. They too were boarding.

Then several men came aiter them and one had on a yachting cap and he looked important. (I was still clutching my \$5 bill.) When he was opposite to me he smiled and I smiled. Ha, I thought -- the purser. He should have change. It couldn't be the captain - he didn't look that important.

Out of the blue he reached over the rope and shook my hand and said "Hello and how are you?"

I replied, "Just fine, and who are you?"

AND WHO ARE YOU? (CON'T)

Well, he stopped dead in his tracks, pulled himself up to his full height (9 feet I think) and looking me right in the eyes he said, "I am Julian Carroll, the governer of Kentucky."

For once I was struck speechless! He then asked "Are you having a good time?"

I replied, "Great, are you?"

What possessed him to then say "My wife is eight months pregnant." And what possessed me to shake my finger at him and say, "tsk! tsk! tsk!," much to the merriment of the bystanders.

Needless to say, I didn't get change for my \$5 bill, but did bring back a two foot chunk of limestone imbedded with fossils that I use as a stepping stone. I call it -- Who Are You?

Catherine McHugh

DIAMOND SAW BLADE SHOP TIP

by Bill Ammerman

I have found not infrequently hobbyists recommend that a diamond saw blade be reversed in rotation periodically, assuming that this will increase the life of the blade. Quite the reverse is true. A blade should be rotated continually in the same direction as the manufacturer designates. By looking at the edge of the blade through a magnifying glass; the reason for this is apparent. The impregnated diamond particles are exposed on the cutting face or direction of rotation, and backed by the metal itself. Reversing rotation not only reduces efficiency, but can also cause the diamond particles to be dislodged. I occasionally saw a piece of obsidian. This sharpens the blade.

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