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## Inside, Murray State News, April 26, 1988

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# INSIDE

## MURRAY STATE

Vol. 2 No. 5

Murray State University

April 26, 1988

# Homeplace 1850



## Settlers from the early 19th century are alive and well in the Land Between the Lakes' 'living museum'

Once or twice a month, Doug Nesbit travels back in time about 130 years.

Nesbit works as an instructional consultant in the Murray State Faculty Resource Center during the week. But every once in a while, he likes to go back in history to a time that he finds more comfortable than present day life.

"I've got that desire and preoccupation to live in the past, I guess," he said. "I've been told that I was born in the wrong century anyway."

But Nesbit does not use a time machine to go back to a year when machines did not exist. Nesbit travels (by car) down the Trace in the Tennessee Valley Authority's (TVA) Land Between the Lakes about two miles south of the Tennessee state line to work at the Homeplace-1850, a living historical farm built to portray rural life in Tennessee in the mid-19th century.

The Homeplace is a reconstructed 1850 Tennessee farm which reflects as accurately as possible the character of this region as it was and allows visitors to experience that part of history, according to TVA brochures.

But the Homeplace differs from most historical attractions in that it is a "living" museum, complete with authentic farm buildings, tools, livestock, crops, farm animals and "historic interpreters," said Ed Graves, supervisor of visitor services for Land Between the Lakes.

"What the Homeplace is designed to do," Graves said, "is to tell the story of how the settlers came into this region and built homesteads out of the wilderness and to tell that story as accurately as we can."

As many as nine staff members work the farm daily from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., acting as historical interpreters for visitors.

But, according to Graves, the farm staff are not merely tour guides or actors.

"We just didn't bring these buildings together and make this all up," he said. "A great deal of research goes into everything that is done on the farm to make it authentic."

The farm is built in what is known as Pryor's Hollow near the Tennessee state line on the Trace in LBL on the same site of an actual 1850's farm,

called Pryor's Farm, according to Ralph Ward, assistant farm manager.

TVA had been considering the idea of a farm since 1966 to preserve the 19th century buildings which TVA acquired when they purchased LBL in 1963, Graves said. In 1976, restoration work began on the farm buildings which were moved from various parts of LBL to the farm site.

Research for the farm was done by a team of professors from Western Kentucky University, Austin Peay State University and the University of Tennessee at Martin. The professors studied diaries, court records, wills, deeds, journals and newspapers from the period to get a clear picture of the 1850's lifestyle, Graves said.

The farm opened in October of 1978, with costs totaling slightly over one million dollars. The opening of the Interpretive Center adjoining the farm followed in March of 1980, according to Graves.

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2609 University Station  
Murray, Kentucky 42071

# INSIDE MURRAY STATE

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April 26, 1988



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Hi again!

It's springtime again and time for the last issue of *Inside Murray State*.

We wish all students the best of luck during finals week. Just remember-summer is just around the corner!

And to those who will be graduating on May 14, we wish you the most success and happiness that life has to offer.

I would like to say a special thanks to the staff of *The Murray State News* for their cooperation and support as we strived to make *Inside* a regular publication.

A very special thanks goes to those who helped with the production of this edition. Thanks guys!

Well, this is it for me. Thanks to each of you for reading *Inside Murray State*.

Good-bye and good luck!



# Fort Jefferson - An important missing link in Kentucky's role in the Revolutionary War

Fort Jefferson, the first American settlement in Kentucky's Jackson Purchase area, was established and occupied during a two-year period during America's Revolutionary War by George Rogers Clark.

Dr. Ken Carstens, associate professor of anthropology at Murray State University, has been researching Fort Jefferson, located near the mouth of the Ohio River, since 1979.

The story of Fort Jefferson began in 1777 when George Rogers Clark submitted three proposals to the then governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry.

"First, they needed to take over the British at Kaskaskia, on the Mississippi River," Carstens said. "Second, they needed to take over the French community, Vincennes, on the Wabash River.

"That was important because both cities were on major waterways and were major north-south arteries for transportation," he said.

"Third, they needed a fort with a civilian community to support it, at the mouth of the Ohio River," Carstens said.

Before anything could be accomplished, Henry stepped down from the position of governor and Thomas Jefferson took the reigns. It was Jefferson who authorized Clark to have a fort built at the mouth of the river.

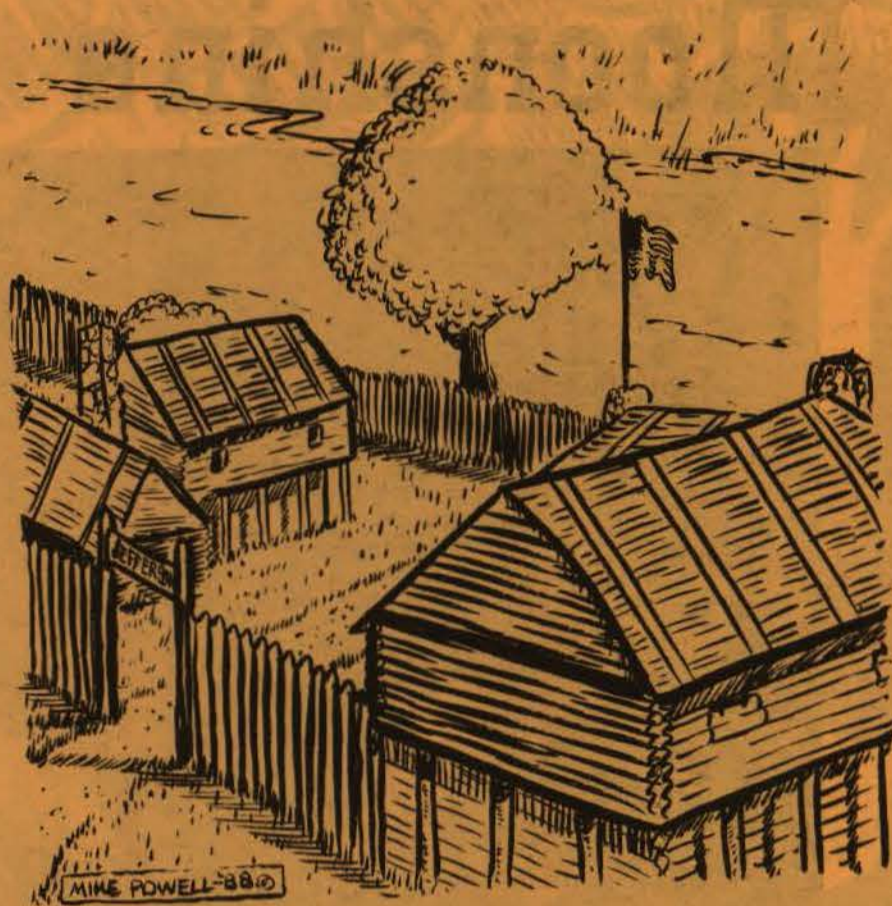
"At that time, the area was part of Virginia," Carstens said, "or at least they said it was theirs.

"Clark attacked both villages and set up American control in the Midwest," he said.

Hence, came the name Fort Jefferson. Carstens said the civilian community built adjacent to the fort, Clarksville, was named after Clark.

The construction of the fort began April 19, 1780.

"Most 19th century historians of Kentucky said the community never



had more than 35 people," Carstens said. "However, we have found references of up to 565 people in that community.

"The fort was abandoned June 8, 1781," he said. Historians believe the reason for the abandonment was twofold.

"First, they were too far from supplies, food and other people to survive," Carstens said. "Second, Clark failed to obtain permission from the Chickasaw Indians to build a fort on their land.

"The Chickasaw were allies of the British — since when do you ask the enemy where you can build a fort?"

Carstens said that two attacks were made on the fort.

"One in July 1780 and the other at the end of August 1780 that lasted four or five days," he said. "Most of

the fighting actually occurred in the civilian community.

"We have been able to find documents that were believed to have been lost after the American Revolution," he said. "Most of Clark's records were thought to have been lost when the capital of Virginia was moved in 1780.

"When a reference in a text was made to some recently found texts in Virginia, I asked for a grant to look for the documents," Carstens said. "I found over 50 boxes of things.

"From those documents, we have been able to find who died or who was killed, and we've been able to put together families," he said.

"We are building genealogical records and military payrolls," Carstens said. "We are creating a master calendar of events.

"For instance, we know that six court martials took place," he said. "We have enough information to keep me going for the next 20 years.

"Historically, Fort Jefferson is important because it kept anybody from encroaching Virginia's back door and it was a contributing factor to the history of the old Northwest," Carstens said.

"Locally, it is important because it is the first settlement in the Jackson Purchase — be it short-lived," he said.

"Murray State is in the position of being able to clarify, correct and supplement old 17th and 18th century information," Carstens said. "All of those documents will add light to interpretation.

"I hope by June of this year to find the fort," he said. "We do know that when it was evacuated, it was done in a hurry.

"This fort is the last undisturbed American-occupied fort in the Midwest," Carstens said. "Once it is found, it needs to be left alone."

Carstens said the people in the community survived on a diet of buffalo, bear and corn.

"I think that people came here because they saw it as a chance to get away from the war and leave it behind," he said. "Overall, they seemed quite happy.

"After the second Indian attack, things changed," Carstens said. "The Indians burned the corn and killed some of the livestock."

He said that when the people evacuated the community, most went south.

"The military could cross into Mississippi and Americans could not pursue them," Carstens said.

"Archeologically, it was short-lived but it was well documented," he said.

**CATHY COPE**, a sophomore from Lexington, is a staff writer for *The Murray State News*.

**WPSD-PADUCAH  
CARES ABOUT YOU**



White lightning, corn squeezin's, rot gut, hillbillies, 'revenooers,' copper stills and Golden Pond all mean . . .

# Moonshine

Shine, rot gut, corn squeezin's, tiger water and white lightning are only a few of the names it has been called.

But then most people just call the clear, potent and illegal liquid "moonshine."

The word evokes visions of barefoot, overall-clad hillbillies furtively checking their stills, always on the lookout for "revenooers," — federal lawmen.

To some people who used to live in Golden Pond, formerly a town in what is now the Trigg County section of Land Between the Lakes, making and selling moonshine was a way of life, especially during Prohibition in the 1920s and early '30s and even as late as the 1950s.

One of those who used to make shine was Trigg County native Boyce Birdsong, who is now a Tennessee Valley Authority forestry aide at LBL.

Born and reared in Canton, about five miles from where Golden Pond used to be, Birdsong said he made shine "on and off" from 1949-1951, about the time federal agents really began to crack down on shiners' stills.

"The federal men got to cracking down on the moonshiners so bad, they (the federal agents) just about phased them out," Birdsong said.

But not before Golden Pond had earned a national reputation for high-quality moonshine.

The use of copper stills, which produced a better quality of moonshine, and an abundance of small streams and springs made the woodland area near Lake Barkley a natural site for making moonshine.

Jim Carpenter, the coordinator of professional development at LBL, said Golden Pond's woods and isolated location made moonshining easy.

Carpenter said moonshine was made at Golden Pond during two different periods — during Prohibition and in the early '50s. More of the liquid was made in the '50s, he said, but it was in the earlier period that Golden Pond earned its fame.

"It was a way to make a living in the



See WHITE LIGHTNIN', page 11



**REFORMED MOONSHINERS GOT A CHANCE** to revive their trade during a moonshine-making demonstration at the Land Between the Lakes in July 1987.

(Above) A child wants to get a taste of the finished product at the demonstration. (Left) the ex-moonshiners keep a close eye on their still and its contents during the demonstration.



# Your subconscious leave you filled with fear? Remember, it's just a dream

It is a dark, gloomy night and you are walking alone. You are not sure where you are or what you are doing. All you *do* know is that you are afraid of something.

Suddenly, someone is chasing you! You don't know who he is, or why he is after you — only that you cannot seem to run fast enough to get away from him.

Faster and faster, you run. Closer and closer, he comes. You are out of breath, and your heart feels like it is going to burst. Then, it happens!

You awaken suddenly to find yourself sitting up in your own bed. Your heart is racing, you are sweating, and you are confused by an unexplainable feeling of terror...until, finally, you realize you have had a nightmare.

If this scenario describes an experience you have had often, or perhaps only once, you are not alone.

In fact, according to Nancy Wahl, adjunct professor in the department of psychology, this frightening dream of being pursued by the unknown is a very common one among college students. Psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud would label it an anxiety dream and attribute its cause to the fact that college students are often in a situation of much anxiety, Wahl said.

It has been assumed for centuries that dreams have meaning, according to the text *Psychology* by Bernstein, Roy, Srull and Wickens. Psychoanalysts believe that dreams express wishes, impulses and fantasies that the dreamer's defenses keep unconscious during waking hours.

Wahl, who teaches general psychology courses and the Psychology of Death and Dying, said she, too, holds this belief. Like Freud and other analysts, Wahl said she believes that all dreams have a *latent* content, or an unconscious meaning which lies in the dream's symbolism.

She said she enjoys studying dream interpretation as part of teaching, and she touches upon the subject in most of her classes.

"Dream interpretation is interesting," said Wahl, who holds a master's degree in clinical psychology from Murray State. "It gives students something to think about. Everyone likes to talk about their experiences," she said.

Also, dream interpretation is something that almost everyone can relate to because everyone dreams, Wahl said. And many of us share similar dreams.

For example, the dream in which one suddenly finds himself in a situation over which he has no control — such as behind the wheel of a moving car when he does not know how to drive — is a common anxiety dream. Wahl said that a person entering into a new job or a student beginning school for the first time might experience such a dream because he unconsciously fears that he is not adequately prepared for what he is being thrust into.

Another common dream places the dreamer in a public situation in which he suddenly discovers that either he is totally naked or missing some article of clothing. Wahl said



this type of dream can be analyzed in two different ways.

One abstract meaning of the dream might be that the dreamer has a deep desire to be understood for what he is rather than for what he looks like, she said, while a second interpretation might be that he is overly-dependent on looking nice and is afraid someone is going to see his true fears.

Wahl also explained that there are many myths about dreams that have existed for years.

It is not true, she said, that if you dream the same dream three times it will become reality. And it is also just a myth that, if you dream that you are falling, you will die if you do not wake up before you hit the ground.

Wahl said that she does not believe that dreams are a way of predicting the future. Instead, she said she believes a person worries about something for a significant

reason in his subconscious and then dreams about it. Then, when the incident comes true, the person thinks he predicted it in a dream.

"Someone will have 500 dreams that don't come true and one that does, and that's the only one he'll pay attention to," Wahl said.

Instead of believing in universal symbols in dreams, Wahl said she believes that dream interpretation relies mainly on the person having the dream.

"The feeling you have while you're dreaming has much to do with the interpretation," she said. "The best way to interpret is to ask the dreamer what he felt. Most people know what they feel."

Everyone dreams every night, Wahl said. In fact, most people dream several times each night. However, we remember only approximately .01 percent of our dreams — or about one or two each month, she said.

"Most dreams are about just very boring, everyday experiences like sitting, talking, or other non-emotional representations of life," Wahl said. "The ones we do remember are the ones we have closest to awakening."

Furthermore, some dreams may actually last for hours, while others last only a few minutes, though they may seem to cover a span of several days, she said.

And while some people dream in black and white, others dream in color. Also, most of us watch ourselves in our dreams. In fact, Freud believed that every person in a dream is the dreamer himself, Wahl said.

All in all, we should not be afraid of our dreams, she said. After all, some people believe dreaming is merely a way of working out our futures.

**CATHY DAVENPORT**, a junior from Hopkinsville, is the viewpoint editor for *The Murray State News*.



# Take a journey with a family into the world of imagination - into the world of . . .

# S

**T**he couple sat at the table looking at each other. Their eyes had the look of parents who are deeply worried about something that is very important in their lives.

The man sat with his hand over his mouth, as if in contemplative thought, while his wife absent-mindedly fiddled with the salt and pepper shakers.

Finally, he moved his hand away from his mouth, lowered his gaze, and said, "Jeannie, we've got to do something about this before it gets out of hand." She looked away from for a moment to focus her thoughts, then sighed, "I know, I know."

"His imagination is really getting to be too much. I mean, I'm glad that he has one, but it's starting to dominate every little thing that he does," he said as he reached for the coffee cup that sat in front of him. Taking a sip, he glanced at Jeannie, waiting for her reply. She darted her eyes nervously back and forth, from him to the salt and pepper shakers, then back to him.

Setting the cup down, he continued, "Listen, he's up there right now trying to get those blasted things to come back, you know, reappear on his wall. I stood in the doorway telling him to come down to breakfast, and it's like he never even heard me!"

"But Tom, he's just a little boy!" she said with a whine. "He's going to have imaginary playmates and all that. He's just a little boy!" She repeated herself thinking it would soothe the hurt she felt and make the problem go away.

The bickering went on like this for a while. Meanwhile, upstairs in his room, five-year-old Andy sat on his bed with the curtains pulled tightly shut and his night lamp on. He stared intently at the only empty wall in his room. The rest were covered with posters of space movies and super-hero cartoon characters.

Even though the day outside was promising to be bright and sunny, Andy's room was fairly dark. He sat in his pajamas and watched his wall for a sign of their return. His friends would be here soon. Then they could play some more.

"Mom and dad yell at me a lot...mostly dad. They won't let me make friends or play," he was thinking. He could think of nothing else than having fun with his new-found friends, his new playmates.

Nothing appeared on the wall for a moment. The sun filtered in through the closed curtains and added some brightness to the room.

**A**ndy crawled over to the gaily-colored curtains and yanked them tighter. "They won't come if the light scares them away," he thought. He resumed his vigil, this time moving to the foot of his bed.

Slowly, vaguely at first, shadows began to appear on the wall opposite him. At first, all he could see was his own shadow, hazily imprinted on the wall. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, they began to appear. Their shapes were about the same size as Andy's. They seemed to be small, child-like images turning this way and that,

looking around them as if to see if the coast was clear.

Andy got down off of the bed and walked over to the wall.

"Hi," he said with a giggle. "I'm glad you came back. Let's play, OK?"

The shadows congregated to the spot on the wall nearest Andy. It seemed that they were close enough to reach out and touch him.

Andy had been seeing his little playmates for some time now. They first came when he was just a baby laying in his crib. They would appear to him then just over his crib, on the ceiling. He would coo and reach for them, but could never quite get them. They would move about on his ceiling so slowly, and they watched him.

Ever since then, he played with them every night. He was always sad when they would have to go because his dad made them leave when he would turn on the lights or open the curtains.

Andy tried to make his mom and dad understand that they were his friends, and that he really liked playing with them. Mom always seemed to understand, but dad would always frown and get mad at him for "making up silly stories."

Andy sat down right by the wall, as close as he could. The shadows moved as if to sit down too.

"Let's play super-heroes!" Andy said excitedly. There was a sighing sound that emanated from the wall that sounded like the wind blowing gently. The shapes moved about again. The sound of the sighing wind came forth once more, only this time it was directed at Andy.

**H**e felt, or heard, the shapes say to him, "We want you to come and play with us. Come and play with us, little one."

"The big ones are not like you," they sighed to him, "they are not our friends. They want to keep you away from us. We are your friends. Let us be together and play always."

Andy wanted to be with them. He knew they were his friends, because they liked him, they didn't yell at him like dad did.

He got up off of the bed and walked toward the wall. The shadows were shifting now, milling around the space in front of Andy's eyes. He reached out his hand, to touch the wall. He wanted to touch his friends, to be where they were.

The wall shimmered with a life all its own. It seemed to take on a milky glow, then changed to a swirling, luminescent mass that began to move outward from its former flat surface.

The shadows were reaching for Andy. The wall, or rather an extension of the wall, was inches away from Andy's fingers, reaching out to make contact with him. Andy was laughing loudly now. His friends were coming out of the wall this time, to play with him.

Downstairs, Tom and Jeannie heard the pealing laughter of their son ringing down the stairwell. They both looked at each other, wondering what on earth would make him laugh in such a manner this early in the morning.

"What in the world is he doing up



there?" wondered Tom aloud. He rose from his chair and turned his head in the direction of the stairwell, to listen to the laughter. There seemed to be another sort of voice mixed in with the laughter of his son. A sort of a sighing laughter. It was there, yet it wasn't there. He couldn't quite get the sureness of that odd laughter fixed in his mind. It seemed otherworldly, far away.

Jeannie stood up, listening too. "Tony," she said, "I feel something is wrong. That's not just Andy up there laughing. My God, do you think someone has broken into his room while we were down here talking?"

"Don't be stupid," whispered Tom. "We would have heard something like that!" They stood there, transfixed, listening to the laughter of their son, and the sighing, odd laughter of...something.

**S**uddenly, the laughter stopped. The strange sighing sound continued only for a bit then hissingly dissipated, like a faint wind dying down.

"Jesus!" yelled Tom, running to the stairwell and bounding up the stairs, taking two steps at a time. Jeannie was not far behind, eyes wide with fear, not really knowing what to expect.

Reaching the top of the stairs, Tom rounded the corner to step into Andy's room. The room was dark, so Tom reached for the curtains and yanked them open. Although everything was where it was supposed to be, the room

was empty.

They stood there stunned, not comprehending or knowing what to do.

Then Jeannie screamed. Her loud long shriek jarred Tom into action. Cursing, he looked at the window. It was fine. The locks were still locked. Nothing had been moved or tampered with.

"The windows are still locked and shut, so no one could have gotten in here," said Tom. "He's probably hiding under the bed!"

He bent down onto one knee and looked under the bed. Nothing under the bed except toys.

Jeannie had started screaming Andy's name as she looked for him in the closet. When she found nothing she went to search the other upstairs rooms.

She called and called but to no avail. Tom had searched the upstairs with her, as well as the downstairs, in the vain hope that he might be hiding down there. They found nothing.

The most baffling thing was that like Andy's bedroom windows, the doors were all still locked. The double bolt locks were firmly imbedded in their jambs, just like they were when they went to bed last night.

**T**om thought, "This is crazy. Everything is still locked. How, in God's name, could he have gotten out of this house without our knowing it?"

He ran back upstairs and found Jeannie sitting on her son's bed, sobbing quietly to herself. He glanced around



# h a d o w s



indiscernable at first, then coalesced into clearly outlined forms. There were, at first, three figures of smallish stature, perhaps no more than Andy's size, but so unlike Andy as to be fantastic.

The fourth figure hazily appeared on the glowing wall surface, then came more into focus. It looked as if someone had focused the lens of a camera to sharpen the image.

The large, round head and stout little body was unmistakable. They knew in an instant that it was Andy.

They couldn't take their eyes off of the wall. They simply stared at it in disbelief. What they were seeing was impossible in the real world. This isn't the movies, this is real life!

All thought left their minds. They could only focus on that moving, shimmering wall, and the images on it.

By now, the sighing sound had dissipated a bit and a voice spoke to the astonished couple. It had a hollow sound, yet was soft, almost sibilant.

"Do not disturb us with your light and noise, big onessssss," said the voice. "Little one issss our friend, and shall be forever. We are thosssse who care for him...we are thosssse who truly want him becausssse he isss like ussss."

Tom and Jeannie were dumbfounded. Voices coming out of a wall!? Were they both losing their minds? But no...they both heard the voice at the same time and they heard it audibly.

"Andy?" gasped Tom. "Andy, can you hear me?"

**T**he far-away, watery sounding voice of their son answered them. "Yes, daddy, I can hear you, but you and mommy look funny. I can't see you very good."

This brought fresh tears to Jeannie's eyes. She spoke, "Darling, who are these new friends of yours? Mommy and daddy don't know them."

"These are my friends that I always told you and daddy about, my shadow friends," said Andy. Then he petuantly added, "But you all never b'lieved me. You din't listen," he said.

The sibilant voice broke in. "We want the little one. He issss like ussss. He wants to be with ussss. You cannot have him, for you do not care for him."

"That's a bloody lie!" screamed Tom, then immediately felt foolish for yelling at a wall.

The shadows milled around the small figure of Andy at Tom's outburst. Tom restrained himself, then said slowly and softly, "Son, daddy loves you. Daddy didn't mean to hurt you." He stared at the image of his son's shadow on the wall, still not quite believing that such a thing could be happening to their family.

He went on, "Andy, please forgive daddy for not believing you, I'm sorry, OK?"

Jeannie stepped up closer to the wall. She reached out to touch the wall, but was shocked when she felt her hand slip right into the swirling, luminous mass of the surface. A four foot section of the wall shimmered and shifted about as her arm sank in the swirling mass up to the elbow.

Jeannie glanced back at her husband and, with a look, beckoned him to her. Tom, still not trusting his senses walked over to the wall. He placed his hand next to where her elbow was. His hand met no resistance. Tom and Jeannie were aware of the real world behind them, Andy's room, taking on a hazier aspect. It dimmed even more so than when the clouds covered the morning sun.

The hissing voices became clearer. "This is insane," thought Tom.

Suddenly, it hit him. A way to get Andy back. He would go through, get him and bring him back.

**W**ithout hesitation, he stepped through the milky barrier into a world of nebulous shadows. Their world. "How in the name of heaven could a place like this exist?" he asked himself.

Nothing had any clearly defined shape. What shapes were to be seen had no hard edges to them. He considered the landscape a secondary thing, then began calling to his son.

"Andy," he yelled. "Andy...son, can you hear me?"

The sighing wind was more prevalent here than in the real world. It helped to carry his voice over the ethereal landscape. Nothing absorbed the sound. The sound went through things as if they didn't exist.

In the distance, standing by a lighter haze were four figures. Tom could see them milling about, pointing first at him, then at something protruding from the haze. That something was his wife's arm. He could barely make out the shape of it. Standing a little to the left of her arm was Andy.

Tom broke into a run, or what seemed like a run to him. The ground, if you could call it that, gave under his feet. There was that sighing sound with each step he took, like he was violating the ground by merely stepping on it.

As he reached the spot where the figures stood, the shadows turned around. He stopped abruptly. Tom stared open-mouthed at the three small figures before him. Only a little shorter than Andy, they appeared to be fully grown, if such a term would apply in this situation.

They stepped back from the "big one".

The shadow beings resembled children themselves, but their looks changed from one minute to the next. At no time was their initial appearance unpleasant, but they were quite obviously non-humanoid.

**T**here was an awkward moment of silence between the man for the real world and the beings of the imaginary world. After all, Tom thought, this is an imaginary world. This is Andy's imaginary world.

Andy ran to his father and grabbed him around the legs, hugging him. "Daddy, you're here. You came to play with us," said the little boy.

Andy looked at the shadow beings and said, "It's OK now. He b'lieves me. He came to play. It's OK."

the room, looking for some sort of a clue that could tell him what had happened to his little boy.

Tom was trying very hard to control the panic that he felt was trying to take control of him. "He has got to be in this house somewhere," he kept muttering to himself.

"Andy! Son, come on out. Daddy's tired of playing this game now!" he yelled. Jeannie looked up at him, then she too began to call her son in the same manner. "Darling," she said, "please come out, mommy and daddy are tired of this game. It's time to eat breakfast. Come on out!"

They both heard the child-like giggle at the same time. But there was something wrong with it. It sounded like it was coming from far away, but still from within the confines of the boys room.

Tom darted his gaze back and forth in a visual sweep of the room, trying to find out where the sound was coming from. "Keep talking Jeannie," he whispered hoarsely.

Tom went to the closet, throwing everything out in a vain attempt to find out where the giggle came from. Jeannie was calling her son's name out with some desperation now, her mind still not comprehending why it sounded so far away.

Tom stepped back out of the now-empty closet, and yelled, "Andrew, you get out here right this minute! I'm getting really mad, son! You get yourself out here NOW!" The power in his voice had barely finished echoing off the

walls when they heard a sighing sound. The sound seemed to emanate from the wall directly in front of where Jeannie was standing. Along with the sighing they heard the little voice. It was his voice! It was Andy's voice! But where was it coming from? Once again they ran from room to upstairs room searching for the sound's origin.

They noticed that it faded when they left Andy's room. They stood, panting, in the upstairs hallway, listening for any new sound. They heard only the faint snickering and the moaning, sighing sound of...what? Whatever that sound was, it came from Andy's room.

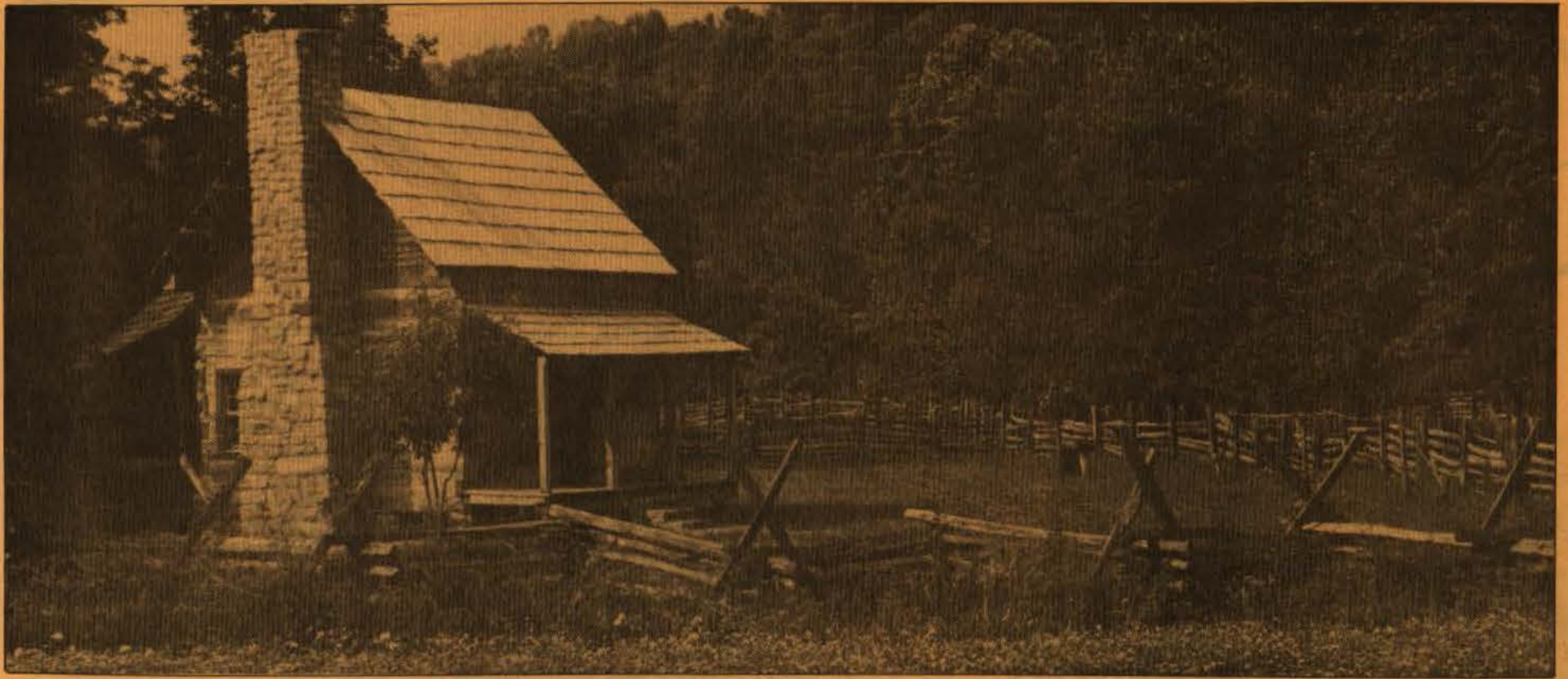
Tom slowly walked back into his son's room and stood in the doorway. The sun had disappeared behind a dark cloud, throwing the room into a hazy darkness. He noticed that Andy had pulled his night-light from the wall socket. He looked at the electrical receptacle for a moment, then let his gaze roam up the wall itself.

**W**as he seeing things, or did the wall seem to have a movement to it? Jeannie stepped up to the doorway and peered around her husband into the darkened, shadowy room. She saw the wall shift and shimmer.

Their senses were being assaulted by something, but they didn't want to believe it.

Tom thought aloud, "This can't be happening, I'm not seeing what I'm seeing!" Before them on the wall images began to appear. Shapes that were





# Homeplace, continued from front

Today, nearly 150,000 visitors see the Homeplace a year, making it one of the most popular attractions in LBL. The Association of Living History Farms and Agricultural Museums rated the Homeplace-1850 in the top five such attractions in the country, Graves said.

Recent federal budget cuts, however, have given LBL and the Homeplace some problems, Graves said.

Visits, which were free two years ago, are now \$2.50 for adults and \$1.50 for children. A hiring freeze and

staff reductions have reinforced the importance of volunteer workers at the farm, Graves said.

But these problems are met by dedicated volunteers who serve important functions at the Homeplace and other places in LBL, Ward said. The volunteers are the heart of the Homeplace, according to Ward, who also works as an interpreter on the farm.

More than half of the interpreters on the farm are volunteers who usually work on weekends or when

they have the time, according to Ward. These are the people who get the most out of the Homeplace experience, he said.

"These are people who visit and think, 'hey, that looks like fun,' or they just want to learn more about their regional history," Ward said.

The volunteers range in age and occupation but are all very interested in what the Homeplace offers, Ward said.

"The thing most people dislike about working here is not being able to come out (and work) more often," he said.

To become a volunteer, one must first "show an interest," Ward said. He or she must then go through a brief orientation of the Homeplace and be trained in a specific farm interest in order to work effectively on the farm, Ward said.

The best thing about working on the farm, Ward said, is the food. Although most of the food cooked is grown on the farm, most people gain weight while working on the farm.

But for some, the learning experience offered by the farm is its biggest asset.

"I learned a lot," said Roderick Reed, a senior from Murray who portrayed a black slave during the Black Experience in the Mid-19th Century program last Saturday at the Homeplace.

"I learned about my heritage," Reed said. "The slavery issue is a touchy subject and I respect them (the Homeplace staff) for doing it. I couldn't have asked for a better setting or stage to do it than the Homeplace."

Reed said that working at the Homeplace has made him appreciate his history.

"I have experienced my past," he said. "I think that

it's important for everyone to know one's past."

Nesbit agrees. "At the Homeplace, the rules are different," Nesbit said, who portrayed a 1850 groom in a wedding ceremony at the farm last year. "You sweat. You get cold when it's cold. You work with your hands. You get that tactile feeling of what life was about."

Nesbit said he plans to go back to the Homeplace whether people believe he belongs in the year 1850 or not.

"People need escape; to get away," Nesbit said. "Living history is a way of finding your own identity through living another lifestyle. The Homeplace is a relatively safe way of doing that."

**MARK COOPER**, a senior from Mayfield, is a photographer/reporter for *The Murray State News*.



(Top) THIS LOG CABIN IS ONE of 16 such structures at the LBL's Homeplace. (Above) One of the workers at the farm loads his rifle. (Right) A woman at the Homeplace cooks over the wood fire.



## College 'kids' eat up home cooking of

# Lubie & Reba's

Reba's cooking is the next best thing to Momma's.

At least that's what citizens of Murray and University students have told Lubie and Reba Parrish, the owners of Lubie and Reba's Restaurant.

"I was told when we moved down here that we would have to watch out for the college students," Reba said. "The college kids are partiers, but they are good kids — real good kids."

Those kids have been especially good to her and Lubie since they moved to their new location on Coldwater Road last year.

"On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights we get students in here from midnight until 4:30 in the morning," Reba said. "What's that other night they party? Oh, yeah. They come in on Tuesday nights too."

"We're open 24 hours a day. I only sleep about four out of those 24 hours," Reba said.

"You sleep more than that," Lubie said.

"Okay, on the weekends I only get four hours of sleep," she said.

"The kids come in here to have a good time," she said. "I know several students personally, now. I listen to them talk all the time."

"On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, the students will come out here and if it is full, they will go back to their dorms and then come later," said Lubie, a former employee of Ryan Milk Company and now a farmer.

"We turn over about four times on the weekends which means we get about 300-350 kids in here," he said.

"We get all kinds of kids in here," Reba said.

"We get the rodeo boys when they are in town," Lubie said. "And we get basketball players," Reba added. "One night after Murray State won

the OVC, we got the cheerleaders in here. They were the only ones in here that late at night — they really partied."

Lubie and Reba have been in Murray for 50 years and have been in the restaurant business for 16 years. Fifteen of those years were at their old location on Chestnut Street across from the old city park.

"We can seat 70 here at the new place — 60 according to the fire marshal," Lubie said with a grin. They could only seat 17 at their old place. They used to get a few college kids there (football and tennis players, mainly).

"It is altogether different here," Reba said. "Kids come out here and sit and talk. It works out really well. The local people come in for breakfast and lunch, and are here up until 10 p.m."

"Then they leave and the college kids come in — it works out real well because they like the jukebox loud," she said. "Then on Friday and Saturday nights we get the Moose crowd (Moose Lodge). They're pretty wild, too."

And that is pure country coming out of the jukebox, but that doesn't seem to bother the students.

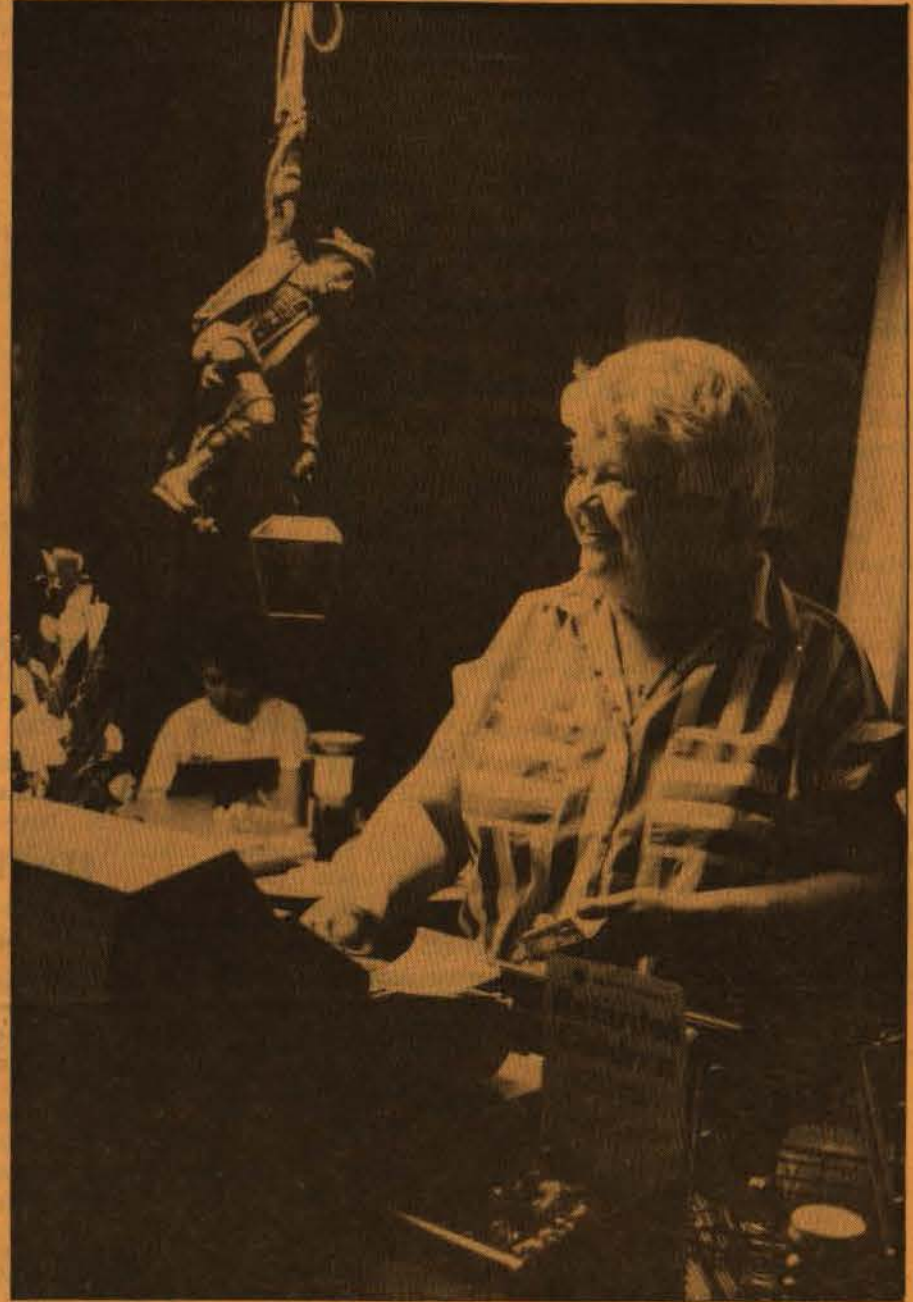
"We don't have any trouble with the kids at all," Reba said. "I know 90 percent of the people that come in here. There are very few times that I don't go to every table and talk to the people. I laugh with people a lot on the job. I even danced with a few kids before."

"It is good, clean fun — nothing fancy," she said. "Just like home."

"We get lawyers and doctors," Lubie said, "and you see that guy that just walked in? He's a preacher — a very strange preacher."

"But one person is just as impor-

See LUBIE & REBA'S, page 12



REBA hams it up while she watches the late night crowd that fills her restaurant to the brim during weekends.

## Biblical prophecies come true in near earth-ending 'The Seventh Sign'

Most of you probably don't think about the world coming to an end, but if you take time out to see *The Seventh Sign*, you will definitely have some disconcerting thoughts about the future of our planet.

Demi Moore is Abbie Quinn, a young woman who enters her seventh month of pregnancy with trepidation because she's already had one miscarriage. Michael Biehn is Russell, the husband who fears not only for the life of his unborn child, but also for his wife's sanity.

The troublesome tale begins when the Quinns rent their garage apartment to the ominous David Banner, a scuzzy-looking vagrant who seems to threaten the future of the Quinns' baby.

This man looks so evil and wicked that the Quinns should have had the sense to keep him out of their home, especially since he seems to be the root of all their problems.

Meanwhile, fish are dying in Haiti and an entire village is frozen in the middle of the Negovi Desert in Israel. What is happening you ask? Well, it seems that the biblical prophecies about the end of the world are coming true.

While Abbie tries to save her baby's life and figure out how to stop the world from being destroyed in one week, her husband is deeply involved in a complicated capital punishment case of a man who killed his parents. Not just your

average, everyday occurrences, folks.

This woman has to endure so much pain it almost seems like she has the nine lives of a cat — she just keeps getting back up after she gets knocked down time and time again.

The story will pull at your heart and beat at your brain. You might even come out of the theater a different person from when you went in, but only if you have a conscience.

This movie will not only entertain you with excellent performances by all of the actors, writing by W.W. Wicket and George Kaplan and the direction of Carl Schultz, it will also make you sit up and take notice of the direction the world seems to be taking now.

It's quite unusual for a movie to be enjoyable and thought-provoking at the same time in this day and age of spaceships, stereotypes and sex.

Moviegoers should be happy to know that someone has finally produced an uplifting and morally sound film that doesn't drone for three and a half hours or take an interpreter to understand.

Don't miss this one, kiddies. It's a definite winner and worth every cent of the price of admission. Maybe even more. You can't say that about too many films nowadays.

JEANNIE BRANDSTETTER, a senior from Salem, is the assistant news editor for *The Murray State News*.



# Inside's poetry and fiction

## Meditation - scattered petals

Roses are red, Violets are blue...What's love?  
 Ancient tales of a prince and a maiden?  
 I used to listen, in the dark, to songs of love, suffering the aches the words imposed.  
 Carousels, roses; kisses, and noses...  
 "Why'd you leave me?" or "I love only You."  
 I wander through the gleaming night's abyss looking for the revels I have heard sung.  
 I see flashing, rose red lights in darkness,  
 music thundering, bestial dancing, shouted conversation, sparse —oblivious—  
 a hollow distance, sipped drinks, drink and drink...  
 I sit bored as rosy flesh sways and bosoms are revealed to an uncarving mob.  
 The girl seems to wish she could vanish.

Half naked bodies sit and talk for free.  
 I see withering roses with thorns.  
 A wife cooks while a husband relaxes.  
 Quarrels through the years are frazzled and worn.  
 A child sneaks away to another room.  
 Always the thorns, I've seen those eyes before.  
 The name has changed, but I've seen that sparkle  
 I've spoken undramatic lines that are not written in the script, then tried again.  
 The images of carousels and roses only seem to fly away when I reach like the gleaming fruit before Tantalus.  
 Now I listen — and see illusions.

**ROBERT CALDWELL**, a graduate student from Birmingham, Ala., is a photographer for *The Murray State News*.



### The Beauty

The Beauty fell asleep never again  
 T.B. vive'; T.B. muere.

When all seemed dark, and hope was lost, The Beauty, T.B. Vive' was saved from herself. Glory of life two times had passed, until he, her true love, came to her rescue; dead was the past.

Although he came Twas not from soul, eyes of blue, strong in mind, deceived those of green; playful was he. Her riches and wealth unto him freely gave, fulfilling his purpose; cold was his heart.

Soon truth came face; David did flee from the love of T.B.; hunger satisfied. Lonely again, no life to lead;

**LINETTE HENDRICK** is a freshman from Benton.

### Homeward Bound

I'm on my way to a wonderful land, where dreams come true and faith withstands; temptations will cease, angelic praises we will sing to the glory and honor of our King.

I'm homeward bound, I'm on my way to meet my Saviour on judgement day When dead shall rise, and trumpets sound I'm coming dear Lord. I'm homeward bound.

**LINETTE HENDRICK** is a freshman from Benton.

### Untitled

Faceless strangers I meet in the crowds. Anger, anxiety, fear — the only features I see.

Swimming a sea of vast confusion. Weary, distraught, cold — I feel no pain.

Cutting the strands, I drift from you. Alone, afraid, belittled — I made mistakes.

Opening your arms, you take me back. Warm, strong, confident — Thank you.

**LANDY M. JACOBS** is the penname for a junior journalism major from Murray.

### Our Mirrored Lives

As a child I gazed into your eyes, and there I was complete. Your love was never ending — your love never knew deceit. I was welcome in your open arms. In their grasp, I was alive. Now that I am on my own, I know I will survive.

As a man I gaze into your eyes, and there I see a child looking on his father's face compassionate and mild. The path is never ending in the mirrored lives we live. When a child gazes in my eyes, I hope I have as much to give.

**LANDY M. JACOBS** is the penname for a junior journalism major from Murray.

### Hand in Hand

Hand in hand, you embrace my heart with healing warmth — like fire.

Heart to heart, you reach in my soul for feelings of desire.

Soul to soul, you chase my darkness with piercing, hopeful light.

Kiss to kiss, you silence my fears. You take away my fright.

Hand in hand, I'm in love with you. Just hold me in your arms.

**LANDY M. JACOBS** is the penname for a junior journalism major from Murray.

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# White lightnin'

Continued from Page 4

Prohibition era and they (the moonshiners) knew there was a demand," Carpenter said.

Many of the people making the shine were respected members in the community who were trying to get through the hard times, he said.

"They were good, honest folks," Carpenter said.

To avoid surprises by ax-wielding lawmen, most shiners would hide their stills or take different routes to them to keep from making a noticeable path.

Birdsong said most shiners would often park a few hundred yards from their stills and carry their materials in.

"They were usually pretty careful about being caught," he said. "Most of them would pick an escape route in case a federal agent showed up."

Many of those who got caught, got off relatively easy. Carpenter said the shiners would accept the fact that they had been caught, go to court and pay their fines.

"(Federal agents) would get their word on a handshake that they (shine makers) would show up in court in Paducah," Birdsong said.

He added that he recently talked to a retired federal agent who said he had never had a person caught making shine fail to show up in court.

The two basic elements it takes to make moonshine are the ingredients and the still.

A still is made of three parts: a cooker, a lead (pronounced LEED) pipe and a condenser.

Birdsong said the cooker is a big pot usually made of copper, although sheet metal was sometimes used.

The lead pipe connected the cooker to the top of the condenser, which was a hollow shell with a spout at the top and bottom.

A paste of sugar, flour and water, Birdsong said, was usually used to seal off the pipe's connections to the cooker and condenser.

After the ingredients were put in the cooker, a fire was built underneath.

The steam rose to the top of the cooker, went through a one-foot wide opening at one end of the lead pipe, through the narrowing pipe and into the condenser which was kept in cool water.

Birdsong emphasized the importance of using cool water in order to get condensation. He said water had to be changed if the fire began to heat it up during the cooking process.

The steam then cooled and condensed, forming the moonshine that came out the bottom spout of the condenser.

Birdsong said stills ranged in size from single-barrel operations to outfits involving four, 55-gallon drums.

Birdsong's personal recipe for moonshine calls for a 55-gallon wooden barrel, 25 gallons of water, 50 pounds of sugar and a bushel of meal soured by water. He said five or six

After putting the ingredients in the barrel and stirring them together, Birdsong said he mixed in warm water during the winter and cold or tap water in the summer.

The mixture was then allowed to ferment for seven days in the winter and four days in the summer. Birdsong said he strained the mixture with a clean, burlap bag and then put the concoction in the cooker.

Birdsong said a wood fire built beneath the cooker was kept going for different lengths of time, depending on the number of barrels used.

The ingredients in a two-barrel operation were cooked for about four hours; for a four-barrel operation, about five hours cooking time was needed.

The fire, Birdsong said, was carefully tended. If it got too hot, some of the liquid could boil too much and go up the lead pipe. That resulted in what Birdsong called "puking," short for "puking water."

If the fire did not get hot enough, the ingredients would not cook, he said.

The shine was then collected in glass jars, stone crocks or whatever could be found. The shine was usually transported in gallon jugs or five- or 10-gallon kegs.

Birdsong got a chance to use his talents again — this time legally — in July 1987 at LBL.

Birdsong, his cousin Arvil Birdsong, also of Canton, and Billy Joe Hooks, a former moonshiner-turned-LBL maintenance foreman, made a batch of shine at a moonshine demonstration.

In order to cook up a batch of the potent brew, LBL had to get a special one-day federal permit from the Cincinnati branch of the United States Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

A slide show of the re-enactment called "The Kentucky Legacy: Golden Pond Moonshine Era" was made by the Trigg County Historical and Preservation Society and LBL. The slide show, which Carpenter coordinated, was partially funded by the Kentucky Humanities Council.

John Hall, a Kentucky state trooper and a historian for the *Cadiz Record*, taped the re-enactment as part of a movie called "The Boy and the Moonshiners" in which the Birdsong cousins and Hooks starred.

Hall, who helped plan the re-enactment, played the part of a federal agent who finds the stills.

Another demonstration was held April 9 at Empire Farm in LBL using a four-barrel still. All the moonshine was destroyed and no free samples were given to visitors.

Ed Graves, the coordinator of volunteer services at LBL, said LBL is going to try to have a demonstration every month.

"Making moonshine is fast becoming a lost art," he said.

**DAVID BLACKBURN**, a senior from Fredonia, is a staff writer for *The Murray State News*.

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## Shadows

### Continued from Page 7

The three beings, whose faces were constantly changing and shifting, looked at each other, then looked at the little boy holding tightly to his father's legs.

One of the beings stepped forward and stared into Tom's eyes for a moment. "I can see that you care for this little one, in truth," it said.

Tom lowered himself to better get a glimpse of this queer little being. The face was a shadowy thing. At no time were there any discernable features present, but the face was not a demonic thing.

The beings had an elfin-like quality to them, yet their faces looked, almost for an instant, like the faces of small children. Or was that his imagination?

The being went on. "From the first time that we heard the little one's cries, we knew that we were needed. This is a child whose mind is a wondrous thing. It brought us this far from where we were."

"Yes, he gave us, with his power of imagining, is that how it is call-

ed?...the power to BE!"

Tom looked at his son, then back to the three beings. "You mean he brought you into being with just his imagination, and that gave you a more solid form than you would normally have had?" said Tom.

**A** second figure approached Tom and said, "It is as you say. A little one's power to imagine, as you call it, it is very strong within him. To not have it is to no longer have the spirit of a little one."

The third figure moved closer and said to Tom, "By your coming through the barrier, you have proven to us that you do care, and that the power of imagining is something precious to you." "Yes," said the second being, "we cannot now keep this little one from you, for we see that now you do believe."

The first being touched Andy on his back and said to him, "You must now go with this one. He has changed. He will hear you now when you

call, when you need to be heard, this one will hear you."

Tom said, "May he leave this place now with me?" The three nodded as one. Tom was glad that these things weren't mean and evil like some of the creatures in the movies.

"Uh...how do I get out of here?" he asked the beings. They all three pointed to the forearm of his wife still sticking through the milky-looking haze.

"There is your way out, big one. Take the little one back to his world," said the being who spoke first. This being then turned his gaze to Andy and said, "We feel that everything will be well now. This one has changed, he can now let himself be as he once was. We will come this way no more, for you will no longer need us. Only remember this, little one, never forget what brought you here, and never forget that loss of one's imagination is sadness indeed."

Andy, with tears in his eyes, said, "I won't ever forget, I promise."

As father and son approached the

shimmering wall, Tom turned and looked at the three figures and said, "I also won't ever forget."

As Tom lifted Andy into his arms and they clasped Jeannie's hand, he could have sworn he saw the beings smile, but he wasn't sure.

Stepping through the wall, he was embraced by his wife, who was crying with joy. He handed her Andy, and while she kissed her little boy, he sat down on the bed and stared at the wall.

**A**ndy came over to him and put his arm around his daddy's neck. Andy said, "See, I told you they were real. Now do you b'lieve me?"

Tom looked up at his son and smiled. He said, "Yes son, I'll never doubt you again. Say, let's go have some breakfast, and you can tell me and mommy about those dinosaurs that you saw in the back yard the other day. And don't leave anything out!"

**MIKE POWELL**, a senior from Paducah, is a staff writer for *The Murray State News*.

## Lubie & Reba's

### Continued from Page 9

tant as the other," Reba corrected him.

That homey touch and word-of-mouth advertising has got business booming at Lubie and Reba's.

"Word of mouth is the best advertising we get," Lubie said. "That's advertising you can't buy. You have to earn that."

Although it is in a better and larger location, Lubie and Reba's is still cramped for space because of the number of people they bring in each night.

"The place needs expanding, but the way it is set up it would be impossible," Lubie said. "There's not a lot of parking and not much room to expand. When it rains, the water

runs off on the other guy next to us."

Momma Reba cooks the food along with two other cooks. "I bake the pies, which reminds me that I've got to bake pies tonight."

Reba said her pies and super cheeseburgers are the specialties.

"But omelettes are big right now," she said. "The college kids really

like omelettes and my homemade biscuits and milk gravy."

Lubie and Reba have two grandchildren, a daughter and a daughter-in-law that work for them.

"It's sort of like a family business," Lubie said.

**TODD O. ROSS**, a junior from Murray, is the news editor for *The Murray State News*.

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