



Points East

By: Ike Adams

I don't remember exactly when it started, but I'm guessing it was about the time I turned forty so it must have been about 11 years ago. I remember talking to a bunch of other folks that spring I knew from high school, and of course, I did a column on the event and we started talking about stuff we joked when we were younger.

One of the things that I had enjoyed was paperback westerns, especially Zane Grey, and if you know anything about pocket sized westerns, you also know that 20/20 vision is required to read the darn things without glasses.

One day I was out yard salting and ran across a box of old Bantam westerns, most of which I had read in my youth, and I decided that revisiting them would be interesting. I wanted to see if they would still keep me up at night patiently turning pages till all the bad guys had hit the dust and all good cowboy got the pretty girl. If you haven't lost sleep worrying about stuff like that, you haven't lived as far as I'm concerned.

Anyway, the night after I made

the purchase I pulled out *Riders of the Purple Sage*, old Zane's best piece of work as far as I'm concerned, propped myself up in bed with a couple of three pillows and got ready to be entertained. I opened the book, but no matter which way I held it or how hard I squinted, I couldn't read the print without struggling.

Like I said, I can't remember exactly when I started collecting reading glasses but I remember the circumstances, because the next day I found a pair for three or four bucks at the Dollar Store and when I tried them on that night I discovered that magnifying the print 1.5 times made it legible. I took them to work the next day and found that they made reading a lot of the technical stuff I have to put up with was much easier too.

A few days later I ran across another pair at a yard sale that were marked 1.75x on the frame and I figured that if 1.5 made such an improvement these would be even better. Sure enough, they were.

Now the bad thing about reading glasses is that you lose them all the time and the only sure way to find them is to buy another pair whereupon you will find the ones you lost in a desk drawer or under the bed where they've fallen off a night stand or down between two cushions on the

couch or in a shirt pocket that you took in the laundry and what not. It's aggravating as heck to lose your glasses and don't be laughing cause most of you have been in the same boat.

My solution to the problem has been simple. I've bought them in at yard sales and even had a bunch given to me by Charlie Deaton one time and I've placed reading glasses in or on every desk top, night stand, refrigerator top, briefcase, medicine cabinet, computer monitor, dash board, glove compartment, fishing vest, tackle box, tool box, book shelf and magazine rack that I come in contact with on a regular basis. I've even left at least one pair and all my friends and relatives homes.

Just last week my sister-in-law called to ask if I'd lost my glasses and I told her to put them up somewhere handy cause I might need them the next time I was there. To be on the safe side, like Fred Sanford, I have a shoe box full out in the garage that I can always go to in an emergency.

But since I'm fifty just over a few years ago, reading glasses just haven't been enough. Stuff was getting blurry even with those 3x jobs that normally make fine print look more like those flash cards that teachers hold up for

first graders so they can guess what the word is.

A few months ago I discovered that eye care, including glasses, were covered by my insurance at work so finally, last Friday, I went to Gary King, the eye doctor in Berea and let him examine my peepers.

He made me look through all sorts of fancy scopes, shined all kinds of lights into my eyes and said "hmmmmmmmm" a lot. At least a hundred times he had to know, "Which looks plainer: one or two? Which is darker; the lines that go up and down or the ones that go across. How many dots do you see?" Etc.

The bottom line was that I needed something better than Dollar Store glasses in his opinion. And even though the insurance was paying for it, I nearly had a calf when I discovered that the cheapest frames in the place cost \$75.00. I told them I'd be happy to bring in some perfectly good frames that they could break out the old glass and put the new lenses in, but that didn't go over.

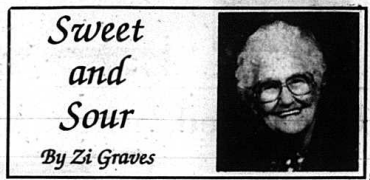
This afternoon I went back to Dr. King and got my new glasses. They made me sit down before I tried them on and I discovered why in a flash. Whoaaaaa!!!! I could see details in the wall paper that I'd never

have known were there and as those of us in the photography business like to say, everything was tack sharp. I'm more than impressed.

But man do I ever have a problem. I'm afraid to take my new glasses off now because I might lose them, but also because I'm worried that

they'll get mixed up with the umpteen pair I already have. They gave me a nice leather carrying case for them (a jewelry box would be more appropriate for a set of frames that cost \$75.00) and now I need to find a beeper that I can attach to the case

because I know that before the week is out, I will have thrown two or three cutting fits because I can't find my glasses. And I have a horrible feeling that I'm not going to find any at a yard sale that will replace them.



Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

Where Have All the Children Gone?

Small talk with friends, while playing a game of dominoes, or any other game for that matter, may not solve the world's problems, but it can sure bring up some interesting subjects and ideas for future use. And, who knows, some of these just may work their way around to someone who can do something about it. But, not if we, ourselves, don't make that "someone" who can do something about it, know we want a few changes made such as better programs for the very young to watch on that famous, or infamous, babysitter, "the T.V." We talk about better child care centers and yet allow T.V. to fill the young minds with scenes and language not fit for adults. That "someone" could be our representatives in congress, both state and federal, and it is up to us to let them know we are asking for, and expecting, results for our tax dollars and votes with more programs fit for adults and children to share. Since Falcon T.V. has been the local sponsor for our area, I haven't seen a program I would want to share with a grandchild sitting on my lap. If it isn't a ball game, it is violence of one kind or another. Sex in all its forms being the most prominent. In my opinion, this is child and elderly abuse. The child's mind is being contaminated and the seniors right to those decency over violence is denied. Football, baseball and basketball are wonderful sports but enough is enough and there are other things in life that should be filling the minds of little ones and we oldsters are fed up with it. Some, some on you elected officials, get busy with things that improve our society and quit arguing about which party will get the credit. Frankly, what we want is the powers and action. We are tired of the run-around we get when we ask questions.

The conversation between my two neighbors and I, while playing dominoes the other evening, got around to the empty yards in our neighborhood and the question was asked, "where have all the children gone, where are they?" Then the reminiscing began. A few short years ago, the big yard beside Bear's house would have been running over with kids playing Run-Sheepy-Run, Teacher May!, tossing ball or playing London Bridge is Falling Down. Or a croquet game would be busy in full swing with kids trying to see who could out play the others and become the champion for the day. This game was a favorite for years and during those hours of fun for children and adults alike. Our own front yard on the farm was a favorite place for our neighbors to gather on weekends and the croquet game sometimes went on until late at night. A big spotlight was placed so the game could be enjoyed by the older ones after the kids had gone home. Even Mat, who never liked games, became addicted to it and proved he could knock the ball into the edges of the woods and win points by doing so.

Our two neighbors, Bill and wife, Mable, would be at our house early on Saturday morning so not an hour would be lost playing our favorite pastime. I would get up early and cook enough to eat and snack on all day so the game would not have to be interrupted by cooking. Wickets would be set, and since our yard was not big enough for a full set to be far enough apart to be interesting, we would often set some of them around the corner of the house to

son had ever asked to leave our premises and he never knew how badly it hurt me to do so. Years later, he apologized and said he knew better but his familiarity with our home and hospitality had blinded his judgment to our rules of no drinking allowed. He is still very dear to me and I think of him as one of my own and he is a real pleasure to allow him to be intoxicated. We did not allow drinking or anyone who was drinking to take part in our social affairs. He argued awhile and I had to ask him to leave. This was the first per-

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