

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Changing Times

Changing times. And I don't mean clocks and the way the decision makers, whoever they are, have fouled up our days and nights with moving backward and forward the time pieces that determine when we get up or go to bed. To me there are twenty-four hours in what we know as a day and no switching of the clock can change it. Farmers have always used the rising and setting of the sun as the beginning and ending of a day whether they lived on the Eastern or Western coast. Next was daylight saving time, then came the bright idea of moving the hands on the clock back an hour to extend the evening hours for outdoor activities. By now bankers and businesses were opening their doors after the farmer had been at work several hours so the had to stop their work in the middle of the day if they had banking or other business to take care of. Oh no, the changes of time were not finished, at the end of this long evenings session the hands of the clock had to be moved back for an hour to accommodate those needing an extra hour in the morning. That was when we learned how to manipulate the hands on the clock. Spring forward, fall back. Now there are many of us who have no idea, except the hands on the clock of what time of the day it is. But one thing is for sure, the sun still comes up and goes down at the same time it always has. And when the middle of the day arrives it is directly overhead. So much for that little bit of philosophy. I could go on and tell of the problems this has caused little kids who have to brave the dark at ungodly hours to get to school, but that can wait till another time.

What I began writing about was the change in the way we are living. I have witnessed changes in every phase of life my ancestors would have believed possible. My transportation as a child was walking or getting to my destination in a wagon or buggy pulled by a team of horses. And I remember the first car I saw when I was four years old. Trains were quite popular then so when we moved to Ohio our family went by train. That was a wonderful experience, and one I will never forget. Then I was it, slued to the trolley cars that passed our house every fifteen minutes. And big steam boats piled the Ohio River we lived close to. I had my first experience on one of them when Mom took us back to Kentucky to visit and the steam boat. The Mary-Ann was the easiest way for a mother and six kids to travel. That also was a trip I will never forget. It took four days to get from East Liverpool, Ohio to Ashland. Sometime I'll tell you about that trip. The airplane was just being introduced to the world, and my first sight of one was when it soared over our house in Wellsville, Ohio. Everyone gathered in the street and craned their necks upward to get a glimpse of that new flying machine. Another miracle before my very eyes, "a real live man flying in a contraption made by man."

It was years before I was privileged to soar up into the heavens on one of them and watch the earth below become a speck as we drifted into the clouds. Changes! Oh yes, and everyone of them a miracle to a little girl from Kentucky, trying to learn what progress was about. Looking back from where I am now I see it as an exciting time and I wish I could remember more of it.

Then there were other changes that influenced my life. The automobile was becoming popular and every family wanted one. I remember the first one my brother, Jim brought home one day. Since we had never even been close to one before we thought it was the greatest thing in the world. It was a Metz and the motor was driven with a chain that fastened to the rear part and connected to the motor/some way. I didn't know anything about the way it operated then and still don't. All I know is it had four wheels with tires on them and had a motor that made a loud noise when it was cranked up front and took off when Jim got inside and steered it out of the yard. But the automobile and we kids couldn't wait to ride in it. And I don't remember ever doing so. From the first experience I don't think we were ever without a car of some kind. Yet my dad never learned to drive. He could tear one apart and rebuild it till it was as good as new but to get behind the wheel and drive, uh-huh.

Then highways were built. I watched them grow from two lane winding road to six lane expressways connecting every state and with interchanges that cover miles of what

am hard to fit, but so far in life I have always dressed appropriately. So, since I have always liked to shop in Somerset, that is where we headed for. The first one we went to, no such size as petite 18 in stock. We went down the list of my favorite dress shops, the same answer. One place had one I liked and would have suited the occasion, but it had a big flaw across the back. Belts, I have always found my size there, had one in my size. I bought it although it was not the dressy one I was looking for. After visiting every dress shop in town with no results we had a late

lunch and came home. The next day we began again in another direction. We were sure we could find a simple long dress to wear to a wedding there. Again we went to every dress shop and clothing store, tramping up and down aisles and climbing stairs to find the department marked women parties, which when found, was in the farthest corner of the floor we were on with always the same answer, "Sorry, we don't have that size in stock." Not to be outdone Polly headed for Lexington. Now I was

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with Pat Buchanan or Ralph Nader. Actually, I'd rather run with Dave Barry, the Miami Herald columnist who may have a better chance than any of the others and he might well put it off if someone would from him a couple hundred bucks to pay for bumper stickers. I feel sure that I could raise a hundred dollars myself if Dave would go along with having the stickers printed with both our names on them. Don't you think that "Dave & Ike, your tandem tag team to save this country from ruin" has a nice ring to it.

Dave's primary platform is reduced gasoline prices. He figures that 29 cents a gallon is approximately fair to all concerned but if we get talking a little more seriously I think I might get him to negotiate a hay deal with the Arabs. After all, they have all these horses they've bought in Kentucky so why not swap a bale of hay for a barrel of oil. For that matter, I bet camels would like hay too.

I want to be vice president so I can preside over the senate. You have no idea how much satisfaction I would take in that position because I promise you that the first time Mitch

(Cont. to A5)

was once farmland. At the same time watching the air become a pattern of contrails from the planes flying overhead. Yes, I have seen many changes in my 86 years, and if I should live another 86 I am sure I will see many more.

There are many more changes I am not excited about. One is the way we are deserting our hometowns and taking up permanent or space for new homes by building shopping malls. And consolidating familiar stores we have always respected for quality merchandise into a meandering, huddle and bustle through the aisles of consolidated businesses that resembles a flea market.

My experience a couple weeks ago is proof of the turmoil and problems with BIG IS BETTER. I needed a dress for a special occasion so Polly took me shopping. Now I'll agree I



Points East

By: Ike Adams

I've sworn for most of my life that I would never, ever so much as think about getting into politics but over the last couple of weeks I've been having second thoughts.

At this writing almost nobody is speculating on who the next vice

president will be and none of the usual suspects seem to be making a serious bid so I'm thinking seriously about throwing my name into the hat. I would be happy to serve with either Bush or Gore, but I don't want my name even printed on the same page

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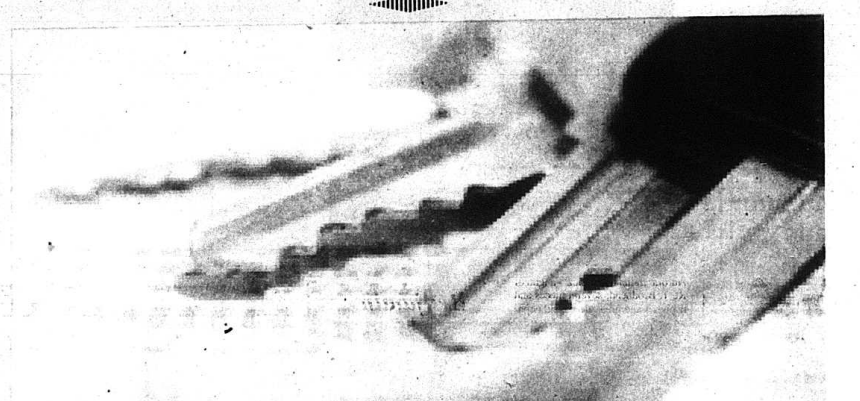
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