

# Points East

By: Ike Adams

Last Saturday morning Loretta and I took off toward Richmond yard sale and I started noticing that the pigs have been at it again. Name a brand of beer, a fast food chain, or a soda company and the containers in there all populates its product are scattered along highway 52.

Ordinarily I relish these outings because I don't have to drive and I can stay focused on grazing cattle and gardens close to the road I can manage to pay attention to Loretta's driving. Usually when I do pay attention to her driving I tend to give lots of advice.

"Watch out."

"Be anything if you put your foot on the gas pedal this thing will go faster."

"Did anyone ever tell you what that yellow line in the middle of the road is for?"

When I give too much advice she is prone, without uttering a word, to pull off the side of the road, come around to my side of the van and hold the door open until I get out and switch places so I try to keep my mouth shut or at least refrain from acting like a driver education instructor.

But last Saturday morning all I could see was garbage, garbage, garbage and the further we went the madder I got.

"People who do that ought to have to pull jail time," Loretta suggested.

But I don't think so. People who toss their garbage out the car window and advertise to the world that Kentucky is a pig sty probably live in ranch infested houses, never do their laundry, bathe twice a year, eat their cereal out of moldy bowls because they are too darn sorry to do the dishes, have head lice and make kool aid in the toilet bowl. Jails are clean, sanitary places.

I think it would be far more appropriate to tattoo, in bold, chateaux, glow-in-the-dark letters the word PIG on their forehead. The jails would be reserved for employees at any gro-

cery, fast food place or beer joint caught selling anything disposable to a PIG. Let em learn to eat and drink out of their hands, or better yet, serve them only in containers that they have rescued from a roadside ditch line.

"You want a Big Mac Pig? Run out on 52 and get a box and we'll fix you right up."

What gets my goat on yard sale trips though and makes me even angrier than the slop the pigs leave on the side of the road is signs that are out of date. The first two yard sales we tried to find were several miles off the main road and had little signs attached to power poles and trees along the way to lead you in.

"Yard Sale, Saturday, 8-3," the first one said. "3043 Poosy Ridge Road."

Not only was there no yard sale, there was nobody home. These folks had conducted their yard sale two weeks ago but they sure had a good string of traffic driving 16 miles out of the way to see the signs on Poosy Ridge.

Another one took us to the last house in a subdivision just outside of Richmond—another 4 miles out of the way to an address at Adams Court—and there was a guy out in the front yard scratching his head with one hand and his behind with the other wondering why everybody was turning around in his driveway.

Even the Rotary Club has signs at major Richmond intersections advertising a yard sale at a local bank that took place in mid August.

Some people in Lancaster leave their up until they rot.

There ought to be a law allowing the criminal justice system to take them down old yard sale signs, duplicate them in mass and then force the person who put them up to pin them on their backs, fronts and forehead and wear them 24 hours a day for the rest of their lives.

The same law ought to allow the courts to spray paint their cars and the

sides of their homes with the aforementioned chateaux paint and they should not be allowed to remove it.

When they die, the law should require that instead of a tombstone, both ends of their graves be marked with removable yard sale signs.

It should also be legal for work crews who drive around cleaning up

the PIGs to dump the stuff they collect on the front lawns of anybody who has left up an old yard sale sign. Because I'd bet, if a little sign were put into it, that the same people who leave up their yard sale signs are guilty of losing a major portion of the garbage along our roads out their car windows.

are attending by the many people evicting reunions. The breakup of families and neighborhoods has contributed to the need for reunions since this is often the only time ones sees his Mom and Dad, siblings, kin-folks and friends. This is the time and place to re-learn acquaintance, compare accomplishments and failures, inquire about family status, wedding dates, new babies and deceased ones; then enjoy all the communion created by these events.

Reunions have become quite popular and if one hasn't gone two or three during the summer he or she will be the one not attended. A wife or husband will say, "You know, my Aunt Mary, the one who practically raised me, was there and now I may never see her again. I wouldn't have missed that for anything." Or, I had no idea John and Sue would be there with their new baby." Now he will be grown before I get to hold him. And so on, till even one present has been discussed and those not present talked about.

It is at these reunions we find out who has passed away when we notice an empty seat beside a loved one or miss the hearty laughter of one who was the life of the party. It is here we are introduced to the next generation, little kids now, but in a few years will be taking our seats at the table. It is also here we get to taste culinary skills of one here we are introduced to and enjoy the Chicken and Dumplings, beans with potatoes cooked on top and cornbread as surely being the ones prepared by Aunt Sue and so. Some generations' cooks while still being able to identify and enjoy the Chicken and Dumplings, beans with potatoes cooked on top and cornbread as surely being the ones prepared by Aunt Sue and so. Some generations' cooks while still being able to identify and enjoy the Chicken and Dumplings, beans with potatoes cooked on top and cornbread as surely being the ones prepared by Aunt Sue and so.

Saturday, Polly, Chuck and I attended the Graves reunion at Blue Springs and we enjoyed every minute of it. There were members of the family I hadn't seen since the last reunion three years ago. The small children, now playing ball in the yard, were babies in arms then. And the young men and women since at the next table were the little boys and girls I remember as the little

ones playing in the yard. I don't know if that made me feel older or made me realize what I had been missing. Whichever it was, I don't want it to happen again. This is a coveted seat I've been privileged to hold. I have watched a generation mature; leaving a world better off for their having been here. For some reason God has spared me for an unusual duty to the next generation still unknown to me: When He reveals what it is I'll do my best to perform it.

Some of the memories of guests and things happening to them when they were visiting at the farm have become dim and an occasional job that I needed to pry it out of storage. One such thing happened when Clinton Anderson Graves, the elder Clinton's son, stopped by for a chat and took me back to the days when Mat and I lived on the farm and nieces and nephews were frequent guests. I wish I had kept a list of all those I welcomed, with open arms, to share our lives. It seems like I had my cousin Van, Mat's sister Lucille, son came down for a few days to camp out in the yard. As it turned out this was their first camping trip, probably their last. They may have stayed the night in the house and ate a few meals with us but they were anxious to be on their own so put up a pup tent in the yard and slept, fitfully, or so he said the next night in it. Now I don't know what really happened but his story of what happened went something like this. After a walk in the woods he returned to the house scratching what he supposed was a mosquito bite till it began to spread to other parts of his body. The itching became intolerable and his eyes began to swell so he told his uncle Mat about it. That was when Mat discovered he had slept close to a patch of poison ivy and was covered from head to foot with the flaming eruptions. Mat had him take a hot bath, and told him not to scratch it if possible and he would get something to take care of it. While he was bathing Mat went to a patch of "touch-me-nots", an herbal flower growing close by, gathered a big bouquet of it and boiled it to a small amount of liquid which he applied to his whole body before allowing him to get up on fresh clothes. Clinton said it worked like a miracle. And he has never had poison ivy since. But he lost the clothes he had been wearing for Mat told him to throw them away. They were

(Cont. to A6)

# Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



## Reunions

Reunions, the gathering of kin-folk or people with like interest to renew acquaintance or share old memories.

The year 2000 A.D., the beginning of a new century, has not, nor cannot, blot out the past generations of the courageous pioneers, the people that settled the mountains and valleys of a new country, raised their families to the best of their ability to be hard working and honest men and it is today. Nor can it do away with the memories stored in the fertile minds of the offspring of such people tied together with the bonds of family love and loyalty, even though they may now be scattered around the world. Modern highways, fast cars, and air travel have made it possible for more people living in far away places to come back home where their roots were embedded deep in the soil of their ancestors.

Family, or community, reunions have taken the place of the old fashioned get-together on the front porch or under the big tree in the yard where family members and/or neighbors once sat, some in rocking chairs, the men leaning back against the wall in home made straight back chairs, with young people sitting on the steps or porch floor, and the voices of the little kids playing in the yard completing the happy evening of fellowship. It was in this setting the problems of cking out a living were discussed and the memories of yesteryears were exchanged. The young folks, obviously doing or resting, seemed uninterested in the conversation, but did occasionally ask a question, was taking in more of the history of his past than he knew. He or she was learning what it was like to pioneer, or settle a part of the country without any of the conveniences of today's world of automation. They heard about plowing corn on a hillside with a team of mules and bull tongue plows, then hoeing the corn, one hill at a time with a hoe, and be sure the balk between the rows of corn was cleared of any weeds that may have sprung up since the last cultivation? They heard the women tell of making all the clothes on a peddle sewing machine and working the button holes by hand with a needle and thread, of making lye soap and washing clothes

on a wash board before hanging them on the line to dry before ironing them with sad-irons heated on the cook stove. And of the hardship of educating their children. Whether they realized it or not this listening to their elders speak of their past was an important part of their education.

These mini-reunions on the front porch were the days when the picking of a fine string banjo could be heard in the background, soon joined by the strumming of a guitar and a voice joined in with "She'll be coming round the mountain" followed by other popular songs before ending with an old time fiddle or yammy, "Amazing Grace" which was joined by all.

We had several such occasions in our front yard and many more on the front porch at the home of Alice and Hattie Mize during my early years in the country. Our children, along with the other children in the Buffalo community had many of the experiences I described. In fact, Rodney learned to plow with a team of mules hitched to a bull tongue plow and his first experience of being on his own was when Mat handed him the reins and told him to plow the new ground when he was a mere 14 years old.

Memories like this has followed many a young man or Lassy through college or into far and distant lands; then brought them home again when the dust on their boots began to wear off and the longing for home took its place. The song, "There is no place like home", must have been written by someone raised in a family like this.

Today the scene has changed quite a bit, but the yearning for one

## Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366-000  
Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456  
606-256-2244

Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky 40456.

Jama Anderson, Jr., Publisher Emeritus - Richard F. Anderson - Editor  
Terina M. Anderson - Manager Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
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