



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

It's time for another raffish at the Paint Lick's Sportsman's Club where the women members may soon outnumber the men even though no mention has been made of the gender specific name of the organization. Before I get into the details, let me invite you to join the club by showing up at our meeting the first Tuesday of every month and shelling out \$7.00 dollars in annual dues. In exchange for that piddling sum you will get six meals throughout the year, one of which is worth twice the price of membership. We'll also see that you get a year's subscription to Kentucky Afield.

That's still not all. How about a nice camo, baseball type cap that boldly proclaims your membership in the club? It comes with your paid membership and, alone, worth more than the dues.

There's not another club in the world where membership is as economical and the privileges as great and we do accept members from all

over the world. If you currently live in Russia, Zimbabwe, China or wherever, don't let that stop you from joining up because we'll gladly accept you into the fold. And if you live in reasonable driving distance of Paint Lick, you need to have your head examined if you don't wish to sign up right now. Think free chili supper, chicken and dumplings and fried apple pie. Need I say more?

Basically, as a club, we do good and avoid evil. What them members

do outside official club business is their own business. Every once in awhile a politician sneaks in, for instance, but we act like they're human too, just like most everybody else. We do ask anyone who has to tell a lie to step outside if he or she gets the urge in the middle of a meeting and now that the women have been taken over, even I try hard to keep from cussing out loud.

Aside from providing the social event of the month here in Paint Lick,

the club organizes clean up campaigns, makes sure that all the sick and shut in get nice Christmas baskets, and organizes special events like fish fries and picnics and, of course, does whatever it can to solve world problems.

By now you're probably wishing that you, too, could make \$7.00 stretch as far as the Paint Lick Sportsman's Club. Unfortunately it's not legal for you as an individual to hold a raffle. As a non-profit organization, the Sportsman's Club can do so.

We only do two or three a year so don't be thinking that every time you turn around someone is going to be asking you to sell a handful of raffle tickets. In the past we've raffled off nice, top of the line, hunting rifles and shotguns and the tickets go like hot cakes.

This Spring however, the women's caucus has strongly suggested that they have no interest in owning a gun and very little interest in selling chances to own one. We men gently refer to this attitude as a "Bambi Complex" but we're relaxed. So this Spring we're raffling off fishing tackle and camping gear. If you don't like fishing tackle and camping gear, you can take the \$400.00 in cash as an option and go buy yourself a nice gun. Or you can use the money to go to Disney World, Gatlinburg or Kings Island if that's your fancy. You can buy a new dishwasher, install satellite television in every room in your house, put down new linoleum, or

buy a whole truck load of junk off eBay.

There's any number of things you can do with \$400 if you don't want the nice two person tent, two new sleeping bags, two class act reel and reel combos and a giant cooler that compromise the official alternative to cash in this raffle. Personally, though, if I win the thing, I aim to have new carpet installed in my house. That's right, even though a club member has never won a raffle, it's still okay to buy tickets and try your luck.

Here's the deal. We have printed up 2000 tickets. When they're all gone that's it. Tickets are \$2.00 each or 3 for \$5.00. Most folks do buy 3. I happen to have 30 in possession right now and I need to move all but three of them between now and the end of the month. We'll have the drawing at the first Tuesday in April because we don't believe in dragging things on and on.

You can get your tickets by calling/emailing/writing me. The phone number is 606-925-2105. Email is ikeadams@aol.com or you can just go ahead and order however many tickets you want by writing to me at 301 Charlie Brown Road, Paint Lick, KY 40461 and I'll send your ticket stubs back by return mail. Better yet, you can stop in Paint Lick at Uncle Tom's Grocery and purchase them and get the best cup of coffee in

Garrard County while you're there.

In the meantime, the Club is organizing a community wide clean up for the week of March 18-25 and if you can't come over to help us pick up the litter that the pigs who drive through our village toss out their windows, we hope you'll join in and help some other group do the same thing wherever you live. It's Clean

Up Kentucky Week statewide and while you know you didn't make the mess you might as well realize that the dimwits who call themselves the Kentucky State Legislature aren't going to do anything to keep other people's garbage from winding up in your front yard.

You all come and see us when you can.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



School days

It is amazing that a short trip outside the confines of one's home can do so to awaken old memories. That happened to me today when I ventured a drive to Berea. Not much of a trip to most of you, but for me it was a treat. Since I have all but quit driving, these little trips to Berea, and occasionally Somerset, is the farthest from home I have driven in several years and it is a treat I seldom give myself. It is comforting to drive past some of the old familiar places that are fast disappearing under the developing hands of the now generation's enthusiasm to grow, tear down and build. And it was such a short time ago I was driving when I wanted to see old familiar places that a day didn't bother me. But there is a way of putting a stop to many things we did, and got enjoyment from, when we were a bit younger. I am one of the first to acknowledge and list my own convictions of "there is a time for all things". Driving after one loses some of skills that are required to do so safely, especially on the crowded highways of today, is one of them. Do I miss it? You bet it is, it is still exciting to feel the power of the engine vibrating through the steering wheel and hear the motor rev up as the gas pedal is touched. I even remember when the sound of the motor told you to change gears and your hand automatically reached for the gear shift.

The day of my latest excursion I took I-75, to Berea (Now I could drift into a list of my experiences, but after the advent of I-75, but that can wait for another time.) The traffic as usual was crowded with Trucks, Semi's, Rigs, or whatever they want to call them, many as large as the store houses they are taking the place of, so shopping malls have more room for people instead of merchandise. Their theory is, one can always go back the next day, after a new shipment comes in. For some reason I was patient that day and drove slowly behind one big rig while I watched other little cars dart by and search for any corner of space available, then after catching their breath driving back out to continue their fight for space on the thoroughfare. Commercialism has taken the space once allotted to ordinary people driving cars. Where -oh- where have the railroads gone? And when will we ever have the pleasure of driving on highways built for, and enjoyed by, the owners of pleasure vehicles?

My shopping done and weariness beginning to seep into my body, I headed back home. I have never minded traffic on the highway, in fact I have always enjoyed the challenge of it. I used to love to drive to Cincinnati just for the thrill of seeing the beauty of the city streched before me when I topped the hill overlooking it and know that soon I would be in the midst of people entering the mainstream from every angle and I would have to be on my toes to stay out of their way. I really loved it. But today I took the other route home, Old Rt. 25, paralleling I-75 is almost like being in another world. Ordinary life goes on here. Flowers are beginning to bloom in and around homes, fruit trees are showing their colors and life in general has been awakened. Traffic may sometimes be tied up for a spell by some older driver taking his/her time to get where they are headed for, or someone in a hurry may pass so they can get home a little early, but

all in all it is a pleasant drive. One sees his/her own speed and dashes or meanders down the valley that is showing evidence of the changes being made in a growing community.

This drive today was maybe for a selfish reason, I wanted to see if spring was really close enough to be showing off some of it's beauty. I saw it was. The bright glow of Forsythia, seemed to be announcing Spring is here! And daffodils from almost every space available seconded the announcement. Shrubs and trees were also showing signs of waking up by changing their cloak of grey to shades of pink and mauve.

As I left Berea my first barrier to the scenes ahead was a school bus. I usually try to avoid the hours of "home pickup or delivery by bus," but today I was caught by an off schedule one. Poor little kids seem to have now become the product of efficiency experts, stagger shifts, leave earlier, come home later, anything to keep the factory running, but not much concern for the finished product.

I drove slowly behind the bus enjoying every minute of the time it took to unload the kids and watched as some of them went flying up the path or through the yard to a few hours of freedom. At one stop it looked like an elderly grandparent opened the door a bit wider as she greeted the young fellow coming up the path. Stop after stop the driver waited for one or two to exit, then he would slowly lower the flag and continue. I followed until he flagged the end of the run and the bus was empty. And I wonder what he thought the short look of my bum was for when I tapped it and waved to salute to Kids of today's society and the cause of getting to and from school.

This is what took me back a few years when a ride to school was unheard of, unless it was by a family member getting a sick child or one that was called a "slow poke" there before "school took up." Maybe those were the good old days, but I'll tell you one thing, these kids don't know what they are missing by not being able to walk to school. Whether the school house was next door or two miles away the trip was made twice a day and sometimes, maybe a home at noontime for lunch. If a kid was really sick it was kept home and rubbed down with Vio salve, given an aspirin and sometimes a dose of castor oil and told to be quiet. Quiet meant, lying in bed or sitting on the floor playing with building blocks or paper dolls or building fence rows or little buildings with old fashioned clothes pins. This kind of play allowed them to use their imagination. With a big old Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalog our disposal the girls would usually go to a big empty room and sit for hours on end fantasizing the future home of their dreams by cutting out the pictures of fine furniture, curtains and anything that suited their fancy, and assembled them in the order of the home they were dreaming of. The little boys also had toys or the making of them from things around the house. I spoke of clothes pins, they were used at our house as constructive toys. I always bought a new box of the old fashioned kind, ones that were split and slitted over the clothesline instead of snapping on when my babies were learning to sit up, and dumped them in their bed or play

(Cont. to A4)

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