



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

So far all the tests have yielded positive results to Dave Maggard and I are currently putting together a marketing plan for our sure-fired solution to the drought that is plaguing Kentucky.

We don't yet know what to charge to make it rain and Dave is of the opinion that we should just ask whomever feels like he or she needs rain most go through the neighborhood with a big plastic bag and take up collection of hard cash. Put the money in a plain brown wrapper, preferably a sturdy cardboard box, and mail it to us along with directions to both your neighborhood and the nearest fishing lake that allows outdoor motors and we'll be right there, provided you put enough money in the box.

So far this year, every time we've tied the boat onto the truck, rain storms have followed us around until we unloaded back in my front yard. On at least two occasions we haven't actually had to hook up the boat to make it rain here in Paint Lake. All we had to do was catch bait and make solid plans and the clouds rolled in and opened up.

Last week Dave called me up with a proposal to go to his Uncle Ed Maggard's place on Woods Creek Lake in Laurel County. He had just gotten off the phone with Ed who was complaining that his gardens were drying up and Dave promised that we would do something about it. Ed said he didn't know if his two vegetable gardens would make it till the weekend so we made plans to head out early Thursday morning.

We packed our stuff in the boat Wednesday night and on Thursday morning it was floating because the boat was half full of water. Nobody in Paint Lake, I might add, so much as said thank you. Dave called London and discovered they had barely had a sprinkle so we headed down 75 and the rain followed us like a well-trained

pup. It rained so hard that we stopped the truck and turned on the boat's bilge pump to keep it from filling up and light enough that the truck would pull it.

We finally got ahead of the rain just outside Mt. Vernon so when we got to London we stopped at several places of business and asked them to spread the word that the rain was right behind us. Sure enough, when we got to the dock, it opened up again when we started launching. However, and this has been the rule so far, once we started fishing the rain went away so we had a couple of days and

nights of excellent fishing. We had taken pots and pans to cook with while we stayed in Ed's camper out by the lake but we never so much as built a fire because Mrs. Ed (Carrie Maggard) kept us supplied with thick egg, bacon and cheese sandwiches made with toasted bread. Carrie is one of those people who can just touch food and make it taste ten times better than the average cook because she swore she hadn't done anything special to make them taste so good. I made five meals on her egg sandwiches and I would gladly have had them for five more if we'd stayed longer.

If Carrie hadn't fixed the sandwiches and sent back a full every time Ed ran home to check in, we probably wouldn't have caught a fish because that's what we had planned on eating. As it turned out we brought home tens of pounds of prime trout and catfish fillets because, as I said, the fishing was great.

We had planned on being back home early on Saturday afternoon, but no sooner had we commenced loading our stuff back up than the storms rolled in again and we had to sit for another three hours because the lightning was so fierce and because Ed had been so generous that

we decided to let him get a good soaking rain. Rufus Harrison, if you're reading this, I'm sorry we missed you while we were there, but you too have Dave and I to thank for the rain you got. (Rufus is another friend who lives on Woods Creek.)

On the way home I talked Dave into driving up old U.S. 25 so I could stop at Smith's Produce in hopes of finding some fresh green beans. The parking lot at Smith's was dusty even though it had rained non-stop for two hours not ten miles away. One of the guys working at the place took notice of the fact that Dave and I had obviously been in a wetter climate in the not too distant past and shook his head in disbelief when we told him where we'd been.

I told him not to worry because he could expect it any minute. He was literally gawking when we left the

produce store because rain was coming down like it was being poured from a bucket. We stayed on 25 all the way back to Mt. Vernon because Dave has a buddy in Livingston and he was worried that the rain might have missed him.

Right now Dave and I are planning to go back to Woods Creek this coming Friday night, not because they need the rain as much as because we like the trout fishing and egg sandwiches. However, if you hurry up with the collection box and tell us where the lake is, we might be persuaded to visit your community instead. We'll drive right through the middle of your garden if the price is right and the rain is sure to be right with us. It might even beat us there by a few minutes, if we have to slow down very much at your neighbor's place.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Why

The autumn days of 1940 are almost a blur as I look back on them so if I get a few dates mixed up blame it on my poor record keeping of important occasions in my younger years. But things that happened that fall are etched in faint and scrambled incidents that I will try to untangle.

Judy had started school at Buffalo and had to walk the mile or so alone. She was little more than a baby and she walked through the woods frightened her. I would accompany her part of the way before she joined an older girl, to accompany her the rest of the way. I thought this was the way things were done in that area and I never questioned it. Yet I will never forget her crying and saying she was afraid and I didn't know how to handle the problem. This was the beginning of her education, a lonely walk through the woods to a one room school taught by Hattie Mink. I was proud of my little girl with brown curls touching her shoulders and large hazel eyes brimming with tears, marching off to school with her lunch bag and tin drinking cup clasped tightly in tiny hands. Her time in that one room school was short though for soon there were other happenings that changed things.

Things weren't going to well on the farm, it seemed fate was against us in every project we thought would surely be a success this time. We failed when Mat ordered the best white rock baby chicks and raised them to maturity to find there was no market for them. The market was too far away to succeed in raising sweet potatoes so bushels of them had to be destroyed. Sheep, that he had bought fencing for untold acres to keep them in died from eating poison shrubs.

The price of hogs dropped till the government asked people to destroy what they had to reduce the supply. We won prizes for the quality of the honey we produced from the new bees and hives we had invested in, but there was no market in our immediate area to sell to. But there was a market for what was called (bug wood) the small timber that had been damaged by fire or insects, could, and was cut to be sold to mills that

ground them up into sawdust. So, Mat sharpened the crosscut saw and we took to the woods to try again. That was when I learned how to use a crosscut saw and rather liked the hum of it as it turned waste timber into money. There is a trick to using one of these, you never push the saw, you allow the other person to pull it across the log. It didn't take long until I was swinging and swaying to the sound of it and legs began to pile up ready for loading onto the truck and taking off to a ready market.

In the meantime we had added a couple of good milk cows, a few heifer calves and a bull calf for fattening to the farm and things seemed to be improving. We at least had plenty of milk, meat from butchered hogs in the meat-house, a cellar full of canned garden vegetables, bins full of potatoes and sweet potatoes in the loft. One little girl in school and a curious toddler exploring every nook and ladder in the house. What more could one ask for?

Remember now, this was the fall of 1940, other things were in store for us we had not reckoned with. One morning in mid October a neighbor passing by asked if I would like for her to pick up my mail since we was going to the post office anyway, and

since we hadn't been there for a few days I was glad for her to do me the favor. A few hours later, she hadn't returned yet, another neighbor, Etta, came by and asked me to go the grist mill with her. I was nearly out of meal so I quickly filled the meal bag with shelled corn, tied it securely, threw it over my shoulder and we took off for the mill. I wonder if any of you remember when we took our corn to the mill to have it ground into meal? Or know what a meal bag was? Well, the meal bag was a specially woven bag that meal could not leak out of as it was carried. After the bag was filled at the mill it would be thrown over the shoulder, if one was walking, and carried, sometimes quite a distance. This was usually done by the men, but if the men were busy the wife would often volunteer to go. This could be an excuse to get out of the house. And if a neighbor joined her she would have someone to talk with. The grist mill and post office were on the same road, Highway 80, but were separated by a mile or so of paved road over a steep hill. The path Etta and I took with our load of corn thrown over our shoulders led to the grist mill by another path that didn't get close to the post office so I had no reason nor chance to stop and see if

my mail had been taken home. On our way we passed by still another neighbor's house and she called out to me that a telegram for me was at the post office. Knowing E. was supposed to bring it to me I did not take the extra mile to get it but rushed home to see what it was about. When I arrived home there was no sign of E. anywhere and no mail had been delivered. So quickly saying a goodbye to Etta and dropping my bag of meal I headed back to the post office. This two mile hike was performed much quicker than the first one. By now it was after four o'clock and I did not know what was in the message awaiting for me. I almost stumbled in the door and as I did so E.R. was sitting there still talking, as she had been

doing since early morning. As I entered she looked up at me and said, "Oh, Zi, here you are, I was just about ready to leave so wait a minute and I'll go with you, I'm sure this has had news in it and you shouldn't be alone. It is probably about your mother." There was no answer from me as I grabbed the yellow envelope and tore it open. It was bad news, my brother, Jim had been killed in a motorcycle accident. Mrs. Cooper, postmistress and owner of the store, came around to my side, took me in her arms and told me how sorry she was the message had been delayed by the post office and a nosy gossipy woman. E.R. did go along with me but was not comfort, in fact she was a hindrance, she ridiculed the idea of me going to his funeral, said I had better use for my money. My brother, Jim, the oldest one in the family and the first to be pressed by death, and me not go to his funeral? What kind of woman was she anyway.

I arrived home shaken by the news and tired to the point of exhaustion from my day's work, and two hikes totalling five miles and most of it with a bag of meal on my shoulder, was almost more than I could handle. What should I do, Mat had no answer. The last bus, one that traveled between Somerset and London at that time, has passed while I was at the store. Our truck was not in running condition, there were no other cars in the neighborhood, it was a 17 mile walk to Mt. Vernon, over rough roads, but I had to get there. I was obsessed with the necessity of being with my family at the first tragedy in the family.

I did my white shoes black, searched the closet for a decent dress to wear, finally ran across a grey suit I hadn't worn for so long it had to be pressed and mended, packed a bag

and walked the floor. My big brother, Jim, the one with the contagious laugh, and the whistling that could be heard a mile away, gone! But how

Cont. to A4

What Is Written

The other day I saw an article by a denominational preacher seeking to uphold homosexuality. He said, "Homosexuality as we understand it today - albeit very imperfectly - was not a concept people were aware of in Biblical times, and the Bible quite simply has nothing to say about it." Do you think that you could look up in the encyclopedia, and find that homosexuality was first discovered in 1963?

Indeed these are vain, spuriously teacherish words from human wisdom. Let us notice the word of the Lord. "For this cause God gave them up into vile affections: for even their heart did change the natural use into that which is against nature: And likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned in their own lust toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet." Rm 1:26-27. In 1 Cor 6:9 we read, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor sodomites, nor idolaters, nor envious, nor murderers of themselves with mankind." The NKJ says on these last 2 points "nor homosexuals, nor sodomites." Now I don't think it takes a rocket scientist to see that homosexuality and lesbianism is SINFUL! Let no man deceive you with vain words

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