

Points East

By: Ike Adams

My first inclination was to sign onto the Internet and send out a line to the newspaper! "Canceled until I quit hating." It was going to say.

And then it occurred to me that getting out of bed and getting situated behind the computer was half the battle and that I could seek a little pity and that maybe somebody would offer to make me some hot ginger tea.

When I get sick I want folks to feel sorry for me but it never works. Most of the time everybody around me is sick too.

At my house we pounce on the bathroom door. "Hurry up in there!" We scowl if someone says anything above a whisper. "Who left the @%\$%?! orange juice out this time," we demand? And that's when we're being friendly with each other.

Last Friday, I thought I was a healed man. I was breathing through my nose and I could smell food and not only that; it smelled good. I'd been fighting a bug all month in January and I thought that February had arrived with glad tidings.

I even woke up before daylight feeling great this Monday morning but by noon I was running a fever again and basically living in the bathroom, going up only long enough to let someone else in and giving them five minutes before pounding on the door.

"Hurry up in there!" "You were just in here."

"I had reasons to be there and I have them again. Hurry the heck up."

If I ever build or buy another house or even remodel the one I'm in now, I want it to have no less than 6 bathrooms, one of which I'm going to put my name on the door, install a heavy lock and carry the only key that will allow it to be entered.

My mom used to call this a back-set meaning the misery has set back

again because you've caught it off someone else just about the time you had it shipped the first time. I don't think it's the flu because I had a flu shot but the symptoms are raw throat, stuffed sinuses, back door trots and piercing headache.

The sinus part of it has been with me for weeks and I know that hundreds of you reading right now are nodding your heads cause you've been here too. But this other stuff makes me wonder why they don't sell Pepto-Bismol by the gallon.

Nephew Chris rolled in Sunday afternoon for a visit complaining that his stomach hurt but that he wasn't sick and he ate like a horse but I suspect he's sick now and that we caught it. If I do find out that he's sick, I'm going to whip him the next time I see him.

In the meantime, I've found that drinking sassafras tea makes the stomach cramps go away for awhile. So I've experimented by mixing a teaspoon full of ginger in with it and that seems to make the fever less aggravating. I've gone through several bottles of pills that didn't seem to do anything except prolong the agony.

I talked to my brother Keith this morning and he said I should stop drinking milk. He said the doctor told him that and that sure enough, his sinuses cleared right up.

I told him he was going to get better anyway and he didn't want to be spreading that tale around because the cows would get worried for nothing.

I haven't run a word count but here's hoping the editor of your paper will call this a column which means that I will get paid. I need the money to cover the copy that my insurance won't cover. So far this year, the medical profession has already taken most of my take home pay. We might as well let them get into the newspaper's business too.

to that is, bring all medical care prices down enough so everyone can pay his own way. Most of the older people I know do not want handouts nor do we want to beg. I was taught to work and pay my way, and do without things I didn't need so I could pay for those I did need. I think I have agreed with Rick on most of his ideas and just enough of mine to explain and enlarge on some differences, if any, were there.

Now Rick, comes a difference of opinion on landfills and the purity of the water we all must drink. I think we all know the lack of dependability of the State health monitor to check anything when it comes to water, landfills or coal mining, whether it be deep mines or strip mines. So if McFarland is depending on that to keep Little Clear Creek

and its tributaries safe for the next generation, I would have to vote against it. I am sure McFarland is a nice person and a good neighbor, and I am glad he cleared off the land surrounding his would be and may still be, dump. That in itself is a contribution to his community.

My Hahs wouldn't be complete if I didn't add a bit of spice from life's experience with a computer. I tried one out when I recently visited my niece, Janet in Walton and understated his problem much better than I did the jibberish on that machine. But thank goodness she had it operating and guided me through the maze of instructions till we reached the chat room where I was able to chat Uncle Sam out of several dollars in postage by mailing several cards and letters to a few people. Then talked to, they call it talking, but I never heard a voice, first I thought it was my hearing problem and decided on the spot to go have something done about it before I realized I was supposed to be writing my comments. Then the first thing I knew I was chatting away to nieces and nephews I hadn't seen in years. I enjoyed the relationship you must have with your daughter, Jennifer, she sounds like she is and will be in the future, a good teacher. Now maybe you can add a few children to help you get acquainted with that cantankerous, but marvelous piece of machinery that calls a written message talking. That is still one I am having trouble with. My voice is not a silent clicking and when I speak I want to HEAR the answer. When you finally get the hang of it and send those kids home, will you please loan them to me so they can open my medicine bottles, tear off the invisible paper around boxes sealed as if for overseas travel, as well as all the other mysterious seals attached to everything for the safety of chil-

dren that aging eyes and stiffened fingers can't budge. I then decided that somewhere along my lifespan something had gone wrong and my children had come at the wrong time in life, they were needed now. By now have you found out what dot.com means?

I hope you two experienced writers aren't offed by my intrusion into your column and the use of your topics to help make my "Hash of Words" edible. Your columns were the base, or meat in the pot to build on, my fill in was straggling thoughts.



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Our Readers Write

Dear Editor:

I am responding to Mr. Truman Reams' letter in last week's Signal, and I feel that it is none of his business who or who don't have markers put up at Brierfield Cemetery. Truman, let me ask you something, if you pass away and they put you over there and there is more room for your family, wouldn't you want your family beside you for so be it. But let me tell you something, my Dad is buried there also a grandmother, grandfather and uncles and my marker is by my dad, that is the way it will stay. But if you're so jealous and trying to tell people where they should be put

I don't know about you. By the way, I think that is some kind of letter to put in the paper telling people that they can't put up markers where their loved ones are. It makes people wonder what kind of Christian are you? And if you're afraid there won't be room for you, there's plenty of room by the road. By the way, if the people have got their stone down and put up and their loved one is beside them are you going to tell them that they cannot be put there too? Because it is the same as a marker.

Debbie Higgins & Melodie Brown
Orlando, KY

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Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

Hash

I am home again after two weeks visiting in Walton, with my niece and nephew, Jan and Lynn Barras. I had a wonderful time.

In case you don't know what hash is I'll give you a quick recipe. "Start out with a piece of leftover cooked meat, cut or hand shred to bite size, any kind will do but we always like beef best, chop or shred it into pan large enough to hold several servings and begin to add to it all the leftovers from previous meals, such as potatoes, stewed or pan fried, beans, carrots, celery and onions. Enough water or tomato juice to cover, place over medium heat and stir till all flavors mingle and fill the kitchen with memories of days long gone by. Of course you can add more veggies, tomatoes and water and call it soup, but my favorite is Hash. I like the flavor of all ingredients cooked almost dry, but certainly not overcooked. Oh well, that wasn't what I was going to write about anyway."

The hash I am talking about today is another kind, but very pleasing to my taste because it deals with words, ideas and writing styles of other writers whom I admire.

Today I will be trying to reply and add a few of my ideas and experiences to the many interesting things the two talented writers for the Mt. Vernon Signal, Rick Anderson and Ike Adams have been treating the readers of the Mt. Vernon Signal to. Each one has his own style of writing and different subjects of interest that catch and hold the attention of those interested in their particular subject of the week. That is what I am making into, hopefully, a delectable bowl of Hash this week.

Now I may agree or disagree with some of their ideas and solutions, but that is what freedom of speech is about. Rick, I loved your article on "Drug prescription benefits to medicare recipients. Just add it on with-out fuss, and I would like to add immediately, not at some future time. Those needing it are at an age they can't wait for the future. And I think most of us know what would happen to \$48 billion dollars going to the

state, help to the needy medicare recipients. It would get tied up in red tape and the only ones benefiting from it would be those who were chosen to run the program. And who, pray tell me, will be helped by the research if those needing medication now can't afford the price charged today? The rich? Welfare? Immigrants? Our elected officials? or prisoners? From what I read in the papers these are the ones most eligible to receive worry free and modern health care. And vouchers instead of a monthly check, to many of us older ones who cannot keep track of the paper we just laid down would be a travesty, that is unless we could get our Governor or President Bush to hire us a helper paid by the taxpayers. (The simplest solution I can come up with is, when they reach the required age for S.S. send them to an ice floe in the Arctic ocean or the gas chamber.) Of course you understand this last comment was a joke implying our leaders do not know what to do with their older citizens. But this would solve the problem of the pharmaceutical empire deciding who got medicine and who did not.

And as for revitalizing the S.S. plan, the one Roosevelt planned has worked for 60 years or so and will continue to do so if handled the way it was planned and if the greedy politicians use it fit, and only for the working people who paid into it like an insurance policy. The Social Security system (not medicare) was self sustaining, paid for by a deduction from the laborer's paycheck and a matching contribution from the employer. Regardless of reports it is in financial trouble, I know it's not true. Where did all the surplus come from? You guessed it, the returns from laborer and those who paid for his services. Now if some of that surplus would be returned to those that earned it in the first place, I could understand and approve it. But that would probably cause conspiracy, try to trace them, our neutrality in Congress couldn't handle it. Medicare is another problem they don't know how to solve. My answer

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For more information contact:
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Renfro Valley Entertainment Center
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