

Points East

By:
Ike Adams

Three or four times in my life I've actually planted peas during the first week or two of February but mostly I've just read about other people doing it.

It used to be that you couldn't get signed on as a correspondent to the Mountain Eagle unless you got your peas planted on or before Groundhog Day and then made a point of writing at least three paragraphs about it in your column.

Eagle writers have been known to get out in the fence row and drill holes into the frozen ground with a breast auger into which they'd drop their sugar snap seeds so that they could keep up their bragging rights.

I've even watched the paper like a hawk though and so far pea planting hasn't even been mentioned.

They have laws nowadays about possessing and using dynamic and nothing short of some serious blasting would have broken the ground until last week.

And then, for those of you who didn't notice, it rained. At least it rained here in the flat lands for the better part of a week. I called around to all the building supply places to see if anybody was ordering lumber by the truckloads because I wanted to be the first to know if some of that crowd who bought out Kroger's in December of '99 because they thought time was ending in a few days had started an Ark this year.

If they'd been in my basement last week I'd have had more fear of the world getting covered with water again than they ever had about the new millennium because it looked for a while like it was going to happen.

And speaking of Groundhogs, I'm pretty sure that one has crawled up into my basement drain and either died or refused to wake up. I have a four inch drain running about 6 feet underground for maybe 200 feet to a ditch line was ending in a few days purpose it serves is to drain any water that accumulates in my basement and that begins happening every time a cloud crosses the sky.

John Edwards helped me one night and his twin brother Jack the next and the 40th insist they're getting hair on it. End of the pipe snake we've been using to no avail. Dead or alive, whatever is in there is stuck as a wire snail.

A couple of years ago it stopped up and it took all of my HVAC unit was a goner. I was using water until I got one of those little gasoline pumps and managed to keep it pumped out about as fast as it ran in. After that, I installed a sump pump rated at 1,600 gallons an hour and also managed to clear the drain line.

Last week the pump pretty much ran steadily around the clock because the drain was stopped up. Thank God it didn't thunder a single time or I would have been in trouble because the power would have gone off.

We live here in the last house on the end of the RECC line and you

can sneeze real hard and make the juice go off.

Unfortunately nobody makes a sump pump that runs on propane. Anyway, I did spend an hour or so last Saturday planting my garden. Actually, I spent time putting onion seeds in those 18 x 30 inch flats because the garden was under enough water to float the aforementioned ark.

A few weeks back I was filling out my order to Parks Seed Company and decided to try some Walla Walla onions. They're supposed to be sweeter than Vidalias and grow big as a basketball. The catalogue sold them by the packet, quarter ounce, half ounce or an ounce without saying how many seeds were in any measure. To be sure that I got enough, I ordered an ounce. That made a long story short, that was enough. In fact, if all the seed sprout I'll have enough onion sets for everybody in central Kentucky and I even saved about a hundred to mail to Tom Miller who wants to see if they will do in Kenya.

And speaking of onions, The Paint Lick Sportsman's Club will be having its first meeting since November on March 6 at 7:00 PM. We'll be having a huge pot luck dinner and everybody will have one of those big sweet onions to go with it. We'll also be taking up dues and going about the general business of doing good and doing evil. Now is the time to join up if you haven't already.

You can thumb your nose at these high falutin country clubs and have far more fun at the Sportsman's Club which is actually dominated by a host of good looking women and it won't cost you an arm and a leg. Yes we do have fancy flats with the club's name on the front that look a better than those fancy little jacketed cars at the golf club, and you get one for signing up. The hat alone is worth more than the annual dues and that's not all you get for your 7 measly dollars. We also give you a full year's subscription to Kentucky Field which is commonly regarded I swear.

I'm fishing the truth as the best hunting and fishing magazine in the country.

So fix up your kettle of beans to go with that big onion with lake a cake or fix something with latkes in it and come on out on March 6 and sit around with us and feed your face. Bring the youngsters, the grandchildren, or the grandparents. Bring the dogs if you want to. If you've got a mean rooster bring him and we'll turn him loose on the dogs for entertainment.

Even though we call it the Paint Lick Sportsman's Club, membership is available statewide. Don't hesitate if you're Russian or Chinese, French or Tanzanian. If you've got seven dollars we'll sign you right up.

In the meantime, keep your powder dry. That means keep it out of my basement unless you can figure out a way to get it down my drain line in which case, we'll try to blow the whistle pig out right after the Club meeting.

where running, skipping and playing catch ball, exercised the body and cleared the brain? Do you remember going barefoot to school till frost bit your toes and a fire had to be built in the pot bellied stove? Or perhaps you wore your shoes to school then kicked them off so you would be able to run in the dirt yard and play hop-

scotch with the other children. Were there chores waiting for you when you got home, like going to the spring for water, help cook supper, milk the cow and get in enough wood to last through breakfast the next morning?

And, Do you remember when going to school was for learning to read, write, spell, learn the times table, as apart of arithmetic, know and be able to name the states and their capital and give a book report on a book written by a familiar author?

Do you Remember: when little girls made playhouses on a rock, covered with moss for a rug, and used broken dishes for china, and scraps of twigs for furniture, etc? And boys made their own slingshots and bows and arrows to hunt imaginary wild bears in the woods? When boys climbed trees and made swings from grapevines? When girls played and played marbles with the boys and pitched horseshoes, made from mule shoes, with them?

Do you Remember: washing clothes on the washboard and hanging them to dry on a clothesline stretched between two poles in the yard? Then ironing them with sadirons, heated on the cookstove? Of picking blackberries all morning and making them into jam in the afternoon? Then baking a blackberry cobbler with those saved for the purpose, for supper? Do you Remember when supper was the last meal of the day, dinner was at noon and breakfast was soon after getting up in the morning? And fried chicken, biscuits and gravy was as popular for breakfast as it was for supper? And singing while it was being prepared was a good way to start the day off.

Do you Remember the days before electric lights and running water in the house changed our way of living? Of how we had to wash the lamp chimney and be sure there were no streaks left so we could read after the old folks had gone to bed, Or, if the baby cried out in the middle of the night, how you hurriedly fumbled for, and struck the match lying close by, removed the lamp chimney with a quick flip of the wrist and applied the flame to the wick, replaced chimney, then, while holding lamp in one hand, examined the baby in the crib, changed the diaper if needed, and it usually did, or warm the bottle in the teakettle of warm water left from breakfast, comfort baby with a pat, blow-

out the lamp and snuggle back down for another nap? Or, if the baby was sick and needed more attention, the wick was turned down on low and you sat in the soft glow of lamplight and rocked the baby on your arm until he'd felt back to sleep.

Do you remember your first trip to the city to see all the bright lights at night? Or took your first elevator ride, then discovered there was a moving stair that took you either up or down them? Then the convenience or inconvenience of searching through more clothes than you ever dreamed of being in one place while looking for a dress, etc, without the help of a clerk?

Do you Remember working for fifty cents a day, helping with house and garden work, taking care of the kids and doing most of the cooking? Or the men earning a dollar a day for farm work? Do you Remember the Great Depression when hunger was the norm and a full table of food the exception for the average family? Or, World War II, when our sons and daughters went to war for a cause many did not understand except it was to protect our country. Later they learned it was the world being threatened by men called Hitler and Mussolini, from Germany and Italy, both of whom wanted to rule the world with Nazi and Fascism, instead of freedom for all people. When ev-

everything was scarce and food was rationed. Every month we were given little books filled with ration stamps to be punched out when a purchase was made of the rationed merchandise.

Do you remember how women filled positions during the war that only men had held before, and what a good job we did as machinists and engineers?

Do you remember when the war was over and our boys came home? When women lost their jobs and factories closed down?

Since memories are free and there are no taxes out there to explore, I'll try this again and we can continue our reminiscing.

Church News

Chili Supper

Crossroads Assembly of God, US 150, Broadhead, will have a chili supper Friday, February 23rd followed by a singing with the Vernon Dots Family and others at 7 p.m. Adults \$3, children \$1.50.

Revival

Crossroads Assembly of God revival starts Sunday thru Wednesday with a different Evangelist each night. Services begin at 7 p.m. Everyone is invited. Come and feel the love of Jesus.

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- 00 Ford Taurus SES, Alloys, Loaded** \$13,995/\$279 Mo.
- 00 Chevy Impala, Loaded, Spoiler** \$14,995/\$298 Mo.
- 00 Chevy Monte Carlo LS, Spoiler, Loaded** \$15,995/\$318 Mo.
- 00 Pontiac Grand Am, 4 Dr., Auto, Loaded, Spoiler** \$11,995/\$239 Mo.
- 00 Ford Focus Wagon, CD, Alloys, 6K** \$12,995/\$259 Mo.
- 00 Pontiac Grand Prix, 4 Dr., Loaded** \$13,995/\$279 Mo.
- 00 Hyundai Elantra GLS, 4 Dr., Loaded** \$9,995
- 00 Nissan Altima GXE, Loaded, Spoiler** \$13,250/\$264 Mo.
- 00 Dodge Intrepid, Loaded** \$10,995/\$219 Mo.

- 99 Toyota Camry LE, 4 Dr., Loaded** \$13,500/\$269 Mo.
- 98 Olds Aurora, Perfect, Books for \$20,000** \$16,995/\$316 Mo.
- 98 Chevy Cavalier, 4 Dr., Auto, Air** \$7,995/\$159 Mo.
- 98 Saturn SL2, Loaded, 4 Dr.** \$8,995/\$179 Mo.
- 98 Buick Regal GS, Sunroof, Leather, Every Option** \$14,500/\$288 Mo.
- 95 Cadillac Sedan DeVille, Leather, Alloys, Like New** \$11,995/\$306 Mo.
- 95 Mazda Miata Convertible, Alloys, Loaded, Low Miles** \$8,500/\$239 Mo.

Trucks • Vans • Sport Utilities



99 Chev. S-10 LS
15,000 Miles
\$9,450/\$189 Mo.



00 Mitsubishi Montero
LS, Sport, 4x4
\$18,995/\$354 Mo.



98 Chev. C-1500 Silverado
4x4, X-Cab, Like New
\$18,500/\$345 Mo.

- 00 Dodge Dakota SLT, V6, Auto, Loaded** \$14,500/\$279 Mo.
- 00 Suzuki Vitara, 4 Dr., 4x4, Auto, Loaded, 9K** \$12,500/\$249 Mo.
- 00 Ford F-150 XL, 19K** \$10,995/\$219 Mo.
- 99 Plymouth Voyager SE, 4 Dr., Loaded** \$9,995/\$199 Mo.
- 99 Chev. S-10 LS, X-Cab, 4x4, V6, Auto, 28K** \$16,995/\$317 Mo.
- 99 GMC Sonoma, 4x4, V6, Auto** \$13,500/\$268 Mo.
- 98 Toyota Tacoma, 4x4, X-Cab, Lots of Extras** \$15,500/\$289 Mo.
- 98 Dodge Grand Caravan SE, 4 Dr., V6** \$11,995/\$239 Mo.
- 98 Chev. S-10, V6, Auto, LS** \$9,450/\$189 Mo.
- 97 Chevy Blazer LS, 4 Dr., 4x4, Loaded** \$13,995/\$299 Mo.
- 97 Dodge Caravan SE** \$9,995/\$214 Mo.

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By Zi Graves

Do You Remember?

Today, you can pretend you are a third taking a test on what you remember as a happy, or unhappy, life in the area you grew up in. This won't be the kind children are required to take every few years to see how well they have been taught or retained in memory what the teacher put before them, to prove they are learning something in school. And you won't be graded for wrong answers so, relax and enjoy going back over things you thought you had forgotten but now remember as the happy time of your life or perhaps a time in your parents' life that has been told often enough till it has become a part of your own memories.

So, Do you Remember: one room schools where all eight grades were taught by one teacher and the primer class was taught by an older student? And, when you had to walk several miles to school in all kinds of weather and carry your lunch in a lunch bucket and your own tin cup to set on the

shelf beside the bucket of water which came from the well or spring and was kept filled by one of the older boys? Do you remember the "outside toilets," one for boys and one for girls, and holding up one finger for permission to go? Do you remember the blackboard made of black slate standing in back of the teacher's desk and the squeaky white chalk used to write on the board, where math problems and sentences to be diagrammed were on displays for the students to solve? Do you remember the poems you learned by heart, and the spelling bees when all the students were lined up and each took turns at spelling words called out by the teacher, substituting down when you missed, until the last left standing was called the winner. And, above all, do you remember the wonderful time you had at recess, when at mid-morning noon, the kids were dismissed and went outside to play for half an hour? This was their time to relax, play and explore or choose to sides and play a competitive game