

Points East

By:
Ike Adams

We've been eating catfish here at 249 Charlie Brown Road in Paint, Lick for a week now. We started last Sunday when we had a house full of company and I thawed out the mess of fish that Michael (I still call him Mikey, but you probably shouldn't) Leger brought to my house in late July.

Michael and my son, Christopher Richter, started kindergarten together at Paint Lick Elementary and graduated together at Garrard County High School two years ago. They were on the same soccer team for four years in high school but while Chris had musical tastes that ran toward the far extreme of "alternative rock," Mikey was more at home with an old flat top guitar, beating out the chords to "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me" (Let me hide myself in thee). (And I might add, the sorta-kind you sort of dream of even though they are one in a billion.)

Chris is not a hunter/gather. Unless you call bringing in a box of HoneyNut Cheerios a gathering feat. Chris's idea of a successful hunt is to bone steaks at \$8.99 a pound on the clearance rack at Winn Dixie. Michael figures that venison is leaner, contains far less cholesterol, tastes better in the long run and is cleaner slaughter with a .30.06 caliber rifle and a hunting knife than a beef steer electrocuted and hung upside down before it is mechanically turned into steak and burger.

Which is okay by me. I still want the bone and rib-eye and New York strip steaks to be red and cool in the middle and brown on the outside and if they ain't saying moo and they don't have a pulse, I really don't care about the killing of the cow.

Nor should you. And if you do, eat 'em burgers for awhile. Odds are that soy will make you have an entirely, profoundly, different appreciation for dead, mutilated cow. At least that works for me.

Michael comes and goes at my house like a mule. He doesn't knock at the door, and there is no reason that he should. It's family thing. Michael Leger was not born into our family but that makes no difference. He's family, as tried and true as though our blood was mixed.

"Hey Ike. Is Chris home?" Michael comes strolling through my study.

"Not my day to watch him Mikey. How you doing?"

"Not bad. Man we caught the hook out of them cats last night. 150 pounds."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, so when are you going bring me some proof-----"

And the very next night Michael brings over to my house a two-gallon zip-lock bag full of water and catfish fillets. The bag weighed 17 pounds. I figured 15 pounds of that was water. I was wrong.

Fifteen pounds of that was catfish. Inch-thick, and twelve-inch long flat head catfish fillets, more precious than the finest cut of beef ever known to man and frozen into a single block. And proof, they unfolded in the sink before my eyes.

And so, last Sunday, I broke out a 6 ounce bottle of Holland House White Cooking Wine and I cut up four fillets into eight pieces and sautéed them in the cheap cooking wine, a cup of butter, milk, and a root of chopped ginger for about 3 hours I let them soak.

Then I rolled the fillets in Martha White Corn Meal Mix and fried them in inch-deep, extremely hot, (400 degree) olive oil for about three minutes on each side. (you gotta flip em).

And if you know John and Celeste, that is a remarkable recommendation.

Patrykins and I have had catfish fried, broiled and/or hard baked everyday for lunch this week and we are ready to go out and catch something else. Patty has even eaten catfish for breakfast.

Patty went back to Maryville, Tennessee this week to spend a week at home with her mother. I had an email from her tonight.

"Mikey was here earlier and he asked about you," I told her. "Please," she said. "Please, please tell Michael to not bring catfish when I get home."

"Pizza," I asked?

"Not even pizza," she said. "Mikey will put catfish on it."

game of marbles or hopscotch or listen to our next door neighbor, "old man Leatherose," tell about his escapades with the Indians. He could tell some hair raising stories of witnessing a raid and them scalping a man while he was still alive.

Time, and getting this article out before that time runs out, bring reality to my dream world and I use the old procrastinator's phrase, another time Z1, wait till you can sit and dream about the past without worrying about today's task and dreaming about what life used to be.

It wasn't long till Dad changed jobs and we moved to another location where things were quite different and our new home was a bit more modern. We now had electric lights and running water which meant we had a bathroom instead of a "necessary room" in the backyard and running water instead of a pump. We were close to the Ohio River and I was sure I could smell the scent of

river water when I turned a faucet on to fill the big white tub in the attic. The room with a toilet and wash basin. This was a luxury I had never experienced or dreamed of. Now I no longer had to scrub with lye to make the floor and toilet seat white. The walls were plastered and papered all over with matching paper. No one (Cont. to A7)

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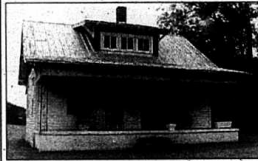
Absolute

Auction

of Todd Heirs'

House and 49.50 Acres in Tracts
& Personal Property
Saturday, August 18th • 10:30 a.m.

Quail Section of Rockcastle County



Location: 10 1/2 miles southwest of Mt. Vernon and 6 miles southeast of Brodhead. Turn off Highway 150 at Adams Feed onto Highway 70 and go approximately 4 miles to Highway 618. Turn left on Highway 618. Proceed approximately 1 mile to the property. Auction signs are posted.

The Todd Heirs' have decided to sell this well located farm at absolute auction.

The sellers reserve the right to offer the tracts separately, in combination and as a whole selling in the manner which reflects the best returns. When combined, there is a total of 49.50 acres. Each of the tracts have city water available.

Tract 1 contains 3.7035 acres and is improved with a 4 room home with an enclosed back porch. In addition to the house, there is a 40x48 barn (in need of repairs) and smokehouse with a root cellar. This tract has approximately 334 feet of frontage on the Todd Road.

Tract 2 contains 12.065 acres with approx. 44 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 3 contains 1.3731 acres with approx. 465.8 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 4 contains 2.0089 acres with approx. 216.4 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 5 contains 2.1346 acres with approx. 200 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 6 contains 2.1469 acres with approx. 200 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 7 contains 2.1638 acres with approx. 200 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 8 contains 2.1747 acres with approx. 200 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 9 contains 2.1014 acres with approx. 200 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 10 contains 2.1014 acres with approx. 200 feet of frontage on Todd Road.

Tract 11 contains 1.3326 acres with approx. 271 feet of frontage on Todd Road and approx. 193 feet of frontage on Highway 618.

Tract 12 contains 1.3669 acres with approx. 205 feet of frontage on Highway 618.

Tract 13 contains 1.9099 acres with approx. 750 feet of frontage on Highway 618.

Tract 14 contains 6.7025 acres with approx. 398 feet of frontage on Highway 618.

Tract 15 contains 6.1442 acres with approx. 342 feet of frontage on Highway 618.

Personal property that will be selling includes: Two end tables * Two Rockers (1 platform) * Dresser with stool * Card table * 2 Iron beds * Ringier Washer * Cabinet * International Harvester Refrigerator * Kitchen cabinet with flour bin * China cabinet * Gas range * Lounge chairs * Metal table and 6 chairs * Electric sewing machine * Sewing box * Siegler/Matic fuel oil stove * Black & White TV * Vacuum cleaner * Coal oil lamps * Radios * Ashray w/ magazine rack * Cream separator * Pitcher & bowl * Electric skillet * Iron coffee pot * Pots * Pans * Dishes * Iron broiler * Stone jug * Utility cart * Ironing board * Shoe lap * Press * Porch glider * 3 concrete flower pots * Single tree * 2 milk cans * milk buckets * 2 Kerosene lanterns * Step ladder * Pick wheelbarrow * Ax * Shovel * Scoop shovel * Grubbing hoe * Horse Muzzle * Spd iron * 2 Cord Cut Saws * Manure spreader * Approx. 300 tobacco sticks * plus more.

AUCTIONEER'S NOTE: Whether you're in the market for a small tract or a farm in its entirety, this farm offers a great location, level terrain and privacy. Be sure to mark your calendar to attend this absolute auction on Saturday, August 18th at 10:30 a.m.

Notes: The purchaser of a single family residence, built before 1978, has a maximum of 10 days to inspect the property for the presence of lead based paint. The period for inspection begins August 8th through August 17th, 2001. The successful bidder must sign a waiver of the 10 day post sale inspection period.

TERMS: Real estate: 20% down day of sale, balance in 30 days.

Personal Property: Cash or good check in full day of sale.

Announcements day of sale take precedence over printed matter.

OWNERS: Wayne and Gladia Todd, Ronald and Joyce Rogers, Lillie Barron, James A. and Nellie Todd, Bonnie and Bobby Barron.

For additional information, contact the auctioneers.

www.lgthbrothersinc.com

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Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

Necessary Room "Or Toilet"

Happy Birthday wishes to Rodney, Graves and Polly Abney.

My only son Rod and youngest daughter, Polly were blessed with the same birthdate August 13, but nine years apart. Sorry kids you can't share the usual birthday cake today, but Mom's arms won't reach that far. Nor the less, I'll be remembering each of you, just as I am right now. And hope both of you have a happy one although 400 miles separate you.

Do you, the readers of Sweet and Sour, remember the little "necessary house out back"? I am sure my three kids do. So do the folk from the city who enjoyed the hospitality of Mat and Zi for a week or so at a time but hated that little "out house" out back. Come rain or snow, when one had to go, the path in the dirt house was used. In case no one else knows what I am talking about it is about time you learn about the "necessary room," out house or commonly known as the "toilet" from one who learned about them the hard way.

When I was child, we lived in a little town without the conveniences of plumbing and bathrooms, but there was a small building out back that served the same purpose. It was called a toilet, or "out house" and was usually equipped with a wood bench across the back wall with two neatly cut out holes, a space beside each large enough to hold a Sears Roebuck catalog, a door with an open space above it out in the shape of the half moon and a handle attached to a small bar to slide over the frame for closure.

A deep hole underneath had been prepared to catch the waste so the surrounding area was not contaminated. It was my job as child to clean the toilet every Saturday. And when mother said clean, she meant the bench scrubbed, floors scrubbed and spider webs removed from the rough walls. Saturday was the day it had to be done. I guess, because someone usually spent a big part of the day on Sunday at our house and Mom didn't want this "necessary room" to be found like it had been used by teenage boys and a hassle of kids that didn't cure where the pages of the catalog landed or the dirt from shoes, lately trampling in mud, were scraped. I was eight, my sister eleven, but we papered that toilet with left-over wall paper to brighten it up a bit.

Looking back eighty years to that little necessary room we took pride in keeping clean, can bring back so many other memories it is hard for me to concentrate on writing. I want to stop and savor a memory one of mom making clothes for Katherine, "Katie" her last baby. I want to remember going to school in the big red school house at the top of the hill above us. I want to remember my response to dad, "here Dad, let me try it again," when he scolded me for not holding my fork correctly when he was trying to show me how to cut a piece of steak. I would like to watch "my two big brothers strut off to go courting, and my pretty sister primp with her hair when she saw her "feller" coming down the street. I want to hold and cuddle little red haired Katherine, "Katy" or push fat little two year old Buddy around the yard in the little red wagon I'd used to deliver his papers in. Or call Thelma and Herb to join me in a

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Items • Sports Equipment & Uniforms

Friday, August 17, 2001
9:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.

Saturday, August 18, 2001
9:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon
(Saturday is 50% Discount Day)

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