



East

By
Ike Adams

One night last week I was tuned into one of those obscure satellite channels that spends most of its time talking about how bad things are (or used to be) and they were playing old interviews that some film crew from the East Coast had done on a visit to central Appalachia back in the sixties.

Here on the Old Railroad Grade in Paint Lick, we don't have access to cable TV and we live way below the hilltop that getting reception to your basic four network affiliates and KET is a pain in the behind unless a neighbor will let you run a line up to the top of the ridge and hook up some antennas on his property. Otherwise you have ghosts and shadows and snow on your screen year round and even then, if a bird takes a notion to light on your line you can wind up wondering whether anyone still loved Raymond at the end of the last episode.

A few years back we found out about satellite dishes and now we get everything digitally crisp and clear except the Lexington stations. We don't really miss them because they only come in handy during storm warnings and by then the RECC has shut our power off anyway. Thank God for stuff that operates on batteries.

We'd run the cable company off if they ever tried to put service up our road because the dish is far cheaper and we get somewhere in the neighborhood of a million stations for \$29.99 a month. Most of us who subscribe to the satellite don't have enough time to scroll through all the channels and see what's playing because they cleverly intersperse "premium" channels in amongst the freebies.

Then among the "premium" channels they cleverly intersperse freebies like the Outdoor Life Channel and the International Film Consortium and so

forth. About once a month they'll make upwards of a dozen of the big, modern movie stations free for a few days and it pays, if you want to see a movie with naked women in it, to scroll through and click on anything that looks interesting just in case it's free this week.

All of which is beside the point; the sub-point being that satellite television can be a real adventure if you have lots of time on your hands.

Anyway, I got involved in this show that had a bunch of kids with New Jersey and New York accents interviewing destitute hillbillies back in the sixties and it was pretty clear that they feared for their lives as they asked questions such as, "What are you having for dinner tonight?"

And the woman answering the question said—and this is dead near an original quote—"Soupbeans with a little piece of fatback cooked up in 'em, turnips and greens, fried laters and cornbread."

You'd have thought that she was starving to death.

Then they panned to the table and, sure enough, there it was. A pot of pinto beans with some pork floating to the top and enough fried potatoes to feed an army in a big cast iron pan sat square in the middle of the table. A big bowl of cooked turnips and another of mustard and turnip greens and a huge pone of cornbread were scattered around the side and the narrator and the guys behind the camera obviously thought this was pitiful fare.

"This is all they have to eat," said the narrator even though milk and butter and a couple of quart jars of some kind of pickles and other preservatives were also conspicuous.

Last Sunday evening I was over at my friend, Doug Rhodus' house in Cartersville and he invited me into his turnip & greens patch. Doug is one of the most successful business men in Garrard County. He runs the

same large collection system in our county on contract and he has run numerous successful retail establishments. His home would be the envy of about anyone in the county and his vegetable garden is consistently prettier than anything you've ever seen on the cover of a seed catalogue. Besides all that, he is just a wonderful human being.

I left Doug's place with collards, turnips, kale and five different varieties of mustard greens and I came home and commenced cooking up the so-called poverty meal described above. I wouldn't have traded it for the best New York Strip with the trimmings or anything you can find in a 5-star restaurant in Manhattan. Tonight I'm having leftovers from

last night's meal and there's not a restaurant within 75 miles that could possibly serve a meal that I would enjoy better.

And if the thousands of families living in REAL poverty in central Appalachia today had not lost sight, years ago, of growing their own food making their own way, and if they had resisted the notion that they were

poor, I suspect they would be richer by far than they have let society lead them to be.

I know, absolutely, that quailing about soup beans and turnips and mustard greens and fried potatoes for dinner is a patently lame excuse for pleading poverty. Especially if you have leftovers.

"I tell the boys, you keep customers by delivering on your promises, fulfilling your commitments and continually investing in the quality of your relationships."

-- Luke Gooch



2000 Ford Mustang
15K, CD & Cassette, Loaded
\$11,995/*232 Mo.



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CD, Loaded
\$13,500/*256 Mo.



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\$12,500/*240 Mo.



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LS, Loaded, Spoiler
\$12,995/*247 Mo.



2000 Mitsubishi Mirage
4 Dr., Auto
\$8,500/*165 Mo.



1999 Chevy Lumina
Loaded, Nice
\$8,995/*175 Mo.

'01 Dodge Neon, 4 Dr., Auto.....\$8,995/*175 Mo.

'01 Pontiac Grand Am, 4 Dr., Loaded, Auto, SK.....\$13,500/*256 Mo.

'00 Toyota Camry, LE, 4 Dr., Auto, Loaded.....\$13,500/*259 Mo.

'00 Mercury Mystique, Auto, Loaded.....\$9,995/*193 Mo.

'00 Pontiac Sunfire, 2 Dr., Auto.....\$8,995/*175 Mo.

'00 Chevy Impala, loaded, Spoiler, Sporty.....\$12,995/*249 Mo.

'00 Ford Focus, 2 Dr., ZX3, Auto, 10K.....\$9,450/*182 Mo.

'99 Pontiac Grand Prix, 4 Dr., Loaded, Spoiler.....\$10,995/*212 Mo.

'98 Ford Mustang, 32K, CD, Loaded.....\$9,995/*209 Mo.

'98 Ford Taurus, Fully Equipped, Perfect.....\$8,995/*188 Mo.

'98 Saturn, 2 Dr., Black, Sharp.....\$8,500/*183 Mo.

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'96 Pontiac Sunfire, 4 Dr., Local.....\$8,995/*155 Mo.

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'96 Isuzu Oasis Van.....Nice, Low Miles, Same as Honda Odyssey

\$7,995/*209 Mo.

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'93 Mercury Cougar.....\$2,000

'92 Chev. S-10, V-6.....\$1,500

'92 Olds Cutlass, V6, 1 Owner, Low Miles.....\$2,995

'92 Lincoln Town Car.....\$2,500

'92 Pontiac Sunfire.....\$1,995

'92 Chevy Corsica.....\$700

'90 Cadillac Sedan Deville.....\$2,200

'89 Chevy Beretta.....\$750

'87 Olds Cutlass, V6, Mint.....\$1,700

'84 Chevy C-10, V8, Auto, Good Truck.....\$2,000

'72 V.W. Beetle.....\$1,500

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Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Daily Thankgiving

By: Beatrice Wilson

I thank Thee, Lord, for daily things—

The song a little wild bird sings,

Misty asters on the hills,

Geraniums on windowills,

For dewdrop jewels angels spill.

When the dawn is cool and still,

For laughing child and romping pup,

For cold, sweet water in my cup,

First snow drop, and fall wind's

caress,

A friend's warm hand in time of

stress,

For work to do, for rain and sun,

And quiet rest when day is done.

For blue woodsmoke and firelit

pane,

For surety spring will come again.

For each day's sweets and eyes that

see,

Father, I thank you, joyously.

Hickory Nut Pie

3 eggs

1 tsp. vanilla

1/8 tsp. salt

2 Tbs. melted butter
1 cup dark corn syrup
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup hickory nuts
1 9-inch unbaked pie crust

Preheat oven to 350 F. In a medium bowl, beat eggs lightly, then add next five ingredients. Fold in nuts. Pour mixture into crust. Bake 55 minutes or until knife inserted in middle of pie comes out clean. Cool. Makes 8 servings.

Depression seems to have gotten lost in the typewriter, or the storage room where memories are carelessly tossed so Sweet and Sour has been put in storage for a while. I am sure the sun is still shining somewhere and the clouds will disappear. In the meantime I wish all of you a Happy Thanksgiving.

There is also a recipe you might want to try. Sounds like a winner to me. "If I knew where a hickory nut tree was, and if I knew it had nuts on it, and if I knew I could stoop over and pick them up and if I knew I could still bake a pie, I would try this recipe myself."

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