

Around Rico May, 2006

By the Bugle's roving reporter, Der Floss Spode. (At the feast of ego, everyone leaves hungry.)

As spring approaches, what's going on around Rico? Tom Bennett is nearly finished with a spiffy new front on his place:



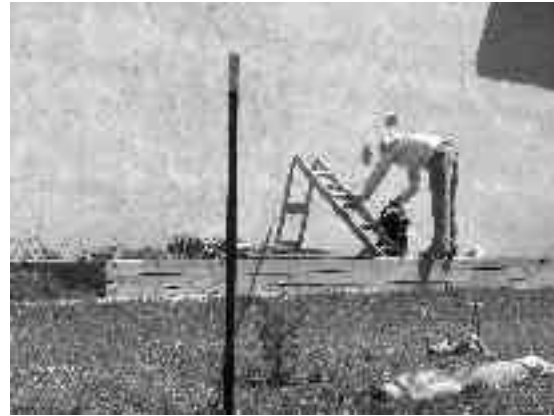
The Pro-Patria Scale house down the street is gone. I hope someone saved the sign:



The old Broughton house across from Town Hall suffered much this winter.



By the post office an unidentified young lady is beautifying the south side. In a month or two it will be a credit to the town:



Time to find another Rico. This time it's Rico, Georgia, near Atlanta. Firing up my trusty rust and green 1972 Gremlin, I set off. Somewhere I took a wrong turn and wound up in this Michigan hamlet:



As you can see, this town froze over - you have to figure out what that means for yourself. I won't touch it.

Heading south through Tennessee I came on an interesting sign:



I picked 55 just to be safe and nearly got blown off the road by Boss Hogg. He was chasing a couple of dudes in an orange 68' Dodge and was not pleased with my lackadaisical driving.

At the next town I was told to watch out for kids:



Tennessee is another strange state. I headed into Georgia - or, as my southern friends call it - Geaw-gaj. Hurts my mouth.

Rico, Georgia, it turns out is 20 miles southwest of Atlanta, just off State Rt. 70. It doesn't seem to be a town - maybe it was once but I think General Sherman swallowed it. I turned west - towards home. On the way through Arkansas, in Bill Clinton's home town, I encountered:



What to do? You guessed it. Parked the Gremlin and took a bus home. No point messing with the law in a strange state.

For those who worried about my dog -- Spot came home. He no longer reeks of spot remover, but I notice he is keeping his distance these days.

Spode