"How Pig Store Got It's Name"

My Brother –in-law was the owner of a small grocery store, located in Edmonson County, Kentucky, in approximately 1975. I still dream of having sliced barbecue ham sandwiches from the deli like he had in his store. Neither Walmart or Kroger can compare with that barbecue ham.

The store was called Pig Store, not because it was located in the Pig community but the surrounding area was called Pig community because it was located near Pig Store.

The store derived its name from an incident that involved a pig getting hung up under the building. It was not unusual for hogs to wander the country and rummage around anywhere they could find something they liked to eat, and they were not too particular about what it was. The store sold all kinds of merchandise . . . anything the neighbors needed from food, to clothes to animal feed, fencing supplies and fertilizer. The food for humans and animals sifted through the cracks in the wooden planked floor, attracting the pig to follow his nose. It was only when his squeals became constant and extremely loud that anyone knew that there was a problem. Since there was no plumbing or electric wires requiring a crawlspace, the floor was close to the ground with no place to get under it. The pig had rooted up the ground and made his own crawlspace and it was too small for a human.

The operator of the store and men of the community put their minds together to solve the dilemma. It was no small chore. They found where he had gone in but the squeals were coming from a direction a good distance away. After determining, as close as they could, where the squeals were coming from, they chose a place to dig and went to work. It took several hours to get a tunnel large enough for a person to crawl through and get to the pig to rescue it. A lantern

was also necessary to see how to get him loose. No one knows who the person was that did the rescuing but you can believe that was one happy pig and several relieved customers. The squealing was beginning to get on their nerves.

The story spread swiftly throughout the community and from then on when referring to the store everyone described it by where the pig got caught until finally it was just reduced to "Pig"

Belvy Barbee, my brother-in-law says that the Merediths were the original owners of Pig Store, probably in the last half of the nineteenth century; Rowena Woods ran it during the first half of the twentieth century and her daughter, Rometta Dawes after that. He was one of the last owners and at that time the small grocery stores could not compete with the supermarket and other businesses that had taken over. All good things must come to an end and except for a few country stores here and there, this is one that has, and yet the name lives on.

The original building for the store is gone and a new, more modern one sits in its place.

Right across the road is the Porky Pig Restaurant that claims the fame for Pig today with patrons coming from far and wide to sample their fried cat fish.

A few years ago when the ambulance and fire departments were remapping country roads and giving them names, someone in the community wanted to change the spelling of Pig to Pigg so it would not make you think of the animal, which they felt bore a negative connotation, but it didn't take. Names are very important, and they usually stick hard whether good or bad.

I believe there is a moral to this story, and that's no hogwash!